

Sample
Chapters only



MELODY R. GREEN

The
Angel Tea House
Book 1

*Maggie McCready's Travelling
Tarot Adventures*

MELODY R. GREEN

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Dedication

In gratitude and love to Spirit that comprises as many wondrous beings as humanity shows on planet Earth.

As above so below.



Dear Reader,

When I was the tender age of nineteen (and for those who need to know, that was 1975) I walked in my adopted university town and came across a brass plaque on a door jamb announcing a bookshop upstairs. I felt like I'd had the brakes put on my feet and before I knew it, I was climbing the stairs to find out what books lay inside. It was a treasure trove of esoteric delights. Although all the titles were in English, the words and what they spoke of was alien to me at the time, and yet I felt the strongest pull to take down the books from their shelves and pour through them. I spent over five hours in that shop that day and walked out with a pack of tarot cards and the book *The Sound of the One Hand: 281 Zen Koans with Answers* by Hau Hoo. Why I bought those two opposed teachings I had no idea, but this was where I was being led. I had never had a tarot reading done for me and I didn't even know what Zen Buddhism was.

Some weeks later, after working with the tarot and trying to read *The Sound of the One Hand*, I went to find another book on how to work with the tarot. You can imagine my surprise when the bookshop seemed to have vanished into thin air! I searched the whole street and streets either side of the one I expected to find and to no avail, the bookshop had gone. I'm sure there was a practical reason for its disappearance; the lease was up, the bookshop wasn't successful, or the owner got sick and had to stop his business. It felt strange ... but then everything about that event was strange.

Traditionally, tarot cards are given as a gift from one who is a practitioner of the art to a student, but I knew no one who had such a tool.

This was 1975 and for the most part anything spiritual was hidden from view and people did not practice in public, at least not where I grew up. Why was I drawn there, who directed my footsteps and decided it was time for me to begin my journey in Spirit? There is a famous saying that goes “When the student is ready the teacher appears ...” and so it was with me. Spirit (and in particular, the Angelic Realm) have always guided my direction and yet the tool for my learning at this point was to be the tarot cards.

When I bought that pack of cards there were only two packs in the shop to choose from, the Rider-Waite Tarot deck and the Aquarian Tarot deck. I chose the Aquarian deck and the bookshop owner said he thought that was an interesting choice as it was a harder deck to learn due to the subtlety of the images. I didn’t choose it for that per se, I choose it because the artwork felt more beautiful, and I loved the colours. (As I later studied colour therapy, it was not surprising that the Aquarian Tarot deck drew me, the colours, design, and sophistication resonated with me better than the more basic Rider-Waite designs.)

It took a long time of me working with the deck on my own and for friends before I decided to charge for my skills and turn myself into a professional. I didn’t turn professional until I was thirty-five, when I took up reading at a weekly market stall – at the time I was eight months pregnant and looking for something I could do that was time for me and would bring me in a bit of pocket money.

Like Maggie, I’ve read the cards at many cafés in different cities. Unlike Maggie I’ve also read at annual Mind Body Spirit Fairs, company Christmas parties in five-star hotels, on phone lines, internet radio shows, in community halls and shopping centres, private homes and cruise boats.

I’ve added many healing modalities to my repertoire, attended lots of workshops and classes in Jungian psychology, numerology, past lives, channelling, essences and aromatherapy, Feng Shui, karmic clearing, energy re-balancing and clearing, and offered many different workshops

and written books on humanity's soul journey to spiritual seekers that desired the knowledge I brought through from Spirit. My clients come from all over the world.

Under no circumstances are the readings explained in this book from people I have read for. One way Spirit protects me is through the "forgetful dust" that's spread all over my readings so I don't have to carry all the extra information from the people I read for ... who over the years must number in their thousands. To give authenticity to the readings contained in this book; I allowed the characters to come forth and tell me the story of themselves from what they looked like and who their guides were and then "read" a tarot reading for them. So, the reading is real, the character may not be.

I'm often asked what it's like doing what I do and writing this book is a way of answering that question. Maggie, her Spiritual Crew, and the story in this book is fiction but the elements are what I use to protect and work in Spirit. As part of my ongoing work as a Spiritual Teacher, I have included a link for you to access my book "Emotional Survival Guide." There are many techniques in this book you can use yourself to assist you with keeping your energy clear and yourself on your particular spiritual path.

May your journey be blessed with wonder and delight,
With love from the Angels and me,
Melody

Book Reviews and Accolades

“I was engaged from the first scene and stayed up late into the night to finish reading it. I can’t wait until the next adventure comes out!” *Mary*

“This was a joy to read! Cozy, uplifting and thoroughly entertaining. A great read.” *Ruth*

“I couldn’t read it fast enough or put it down until the last page!” *Lisa*

“Oh, my goodness, the Angel Street Business Network is just like the business network I’m a member of. Highly recommended – fun and surprisingly informative!” *Janice*

“Melody has created a rich cast of characters that I’ve fallen in love with. I want more, please hurry!” *Suzie*

Characters in order of appearance

Maggie McCready

Maggie's Spirit Crew

- Callum
- Fiona
- Gupta
- Ailsa
- Archangel Michael
- Quan Yin

The Angel St. Business Network

- Lucy Silverton – The Angel Tea House
- Kaleisha Miller – Angel St. Angels and Home Care
- Alistair Carmichaels – Angel Street Hair and Beauty
- Malika Jindal – Jindal and Associates Accountancy
- Doris Hui Yan – Angel Graphic Design and IT
- Brian & Maryanne Jenkins – Angel St. Hardware
- Tobias Black – Black Haulage
- Sue & Terry Arnold – Angel St. Bakery
- Stephen Miller – Angel St. Pharmacy
- Magda Kaminski – Angel St. Grocer
- Lawrence Amesbury – Angel St. Real Estate
- Dr Amanda Davidson – Angel St. Surgery
- David Smythe – Smythe Photography
- Bikram Thandi – Curry in a Hurry Takeaway
- George Angelos – The Angel St. Chippie

- Simon Beecham – Angel St. Legal Services

Maggie's Clients

- Marion
- Richard
- Stella

God's Forces

- Archangel Michael
- Legion of the Light Leaders Council
- Archibald – Local Legion Leader
- Rank-and-file Legion Members

Lucifer's Forces

- Arch-demon Phineas
- Demon King's Council
- Local Demon King – Dragan
- Rank-and-file demons

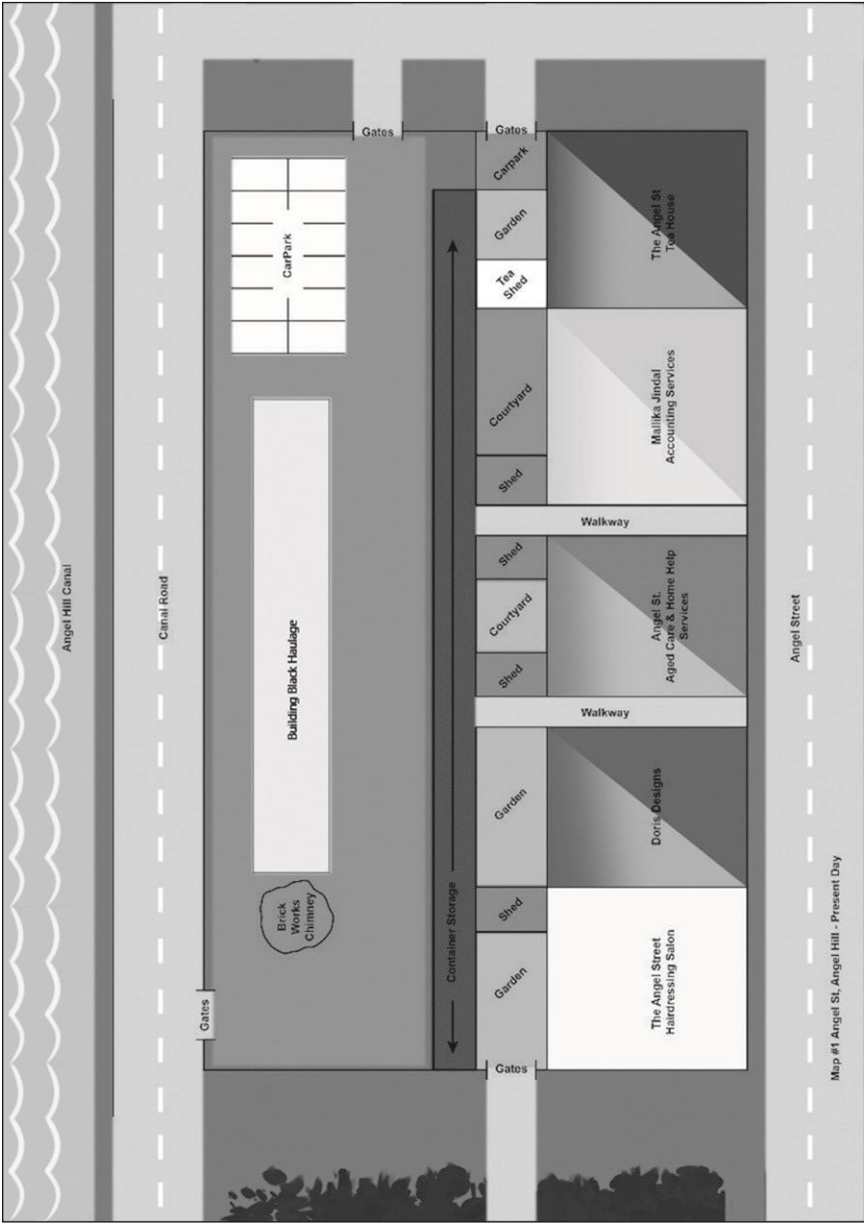
Dimension Energies

- Family clans and friends in Spirit
- Elementals
 1. Earth – Gnomes – King of the Gnomes – Lord Bartreck
 2. Air – Sylphs
 3. Fire – Salamanders
 4. Water – Undines

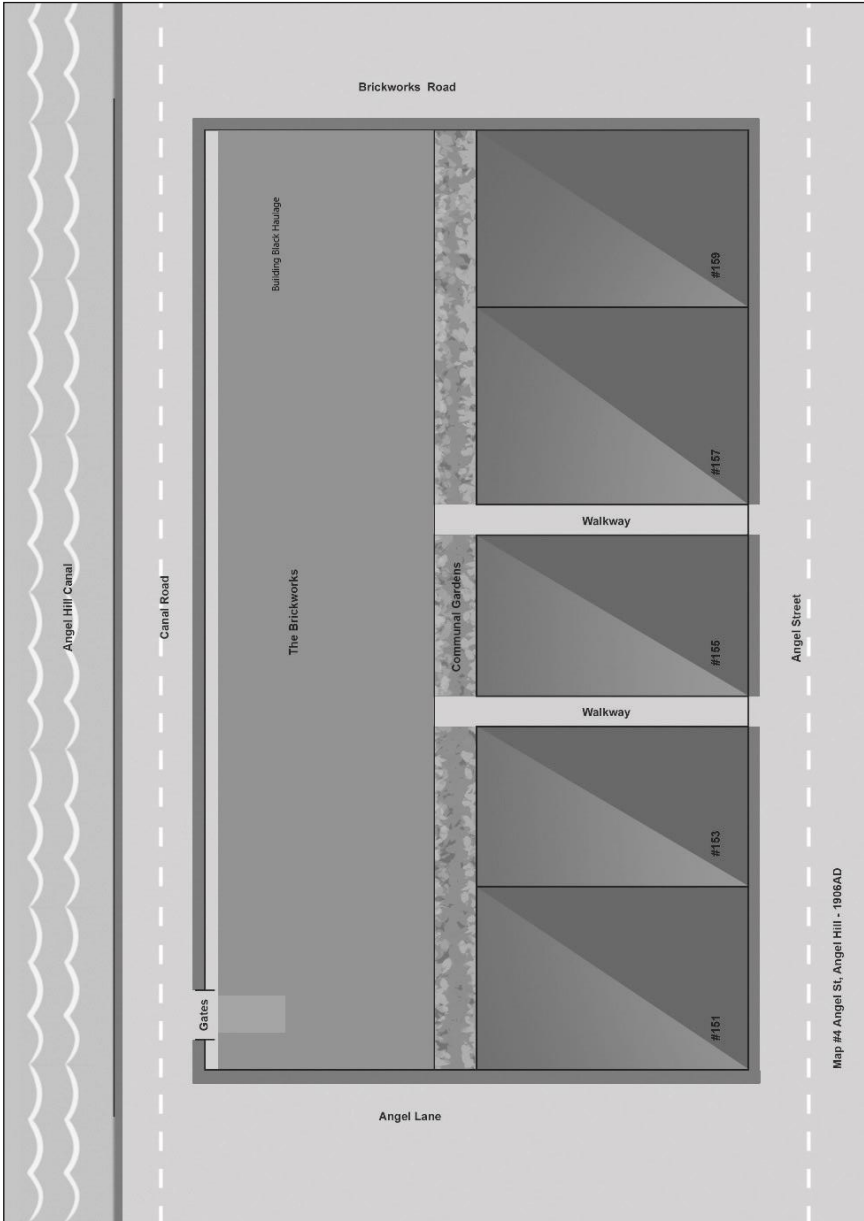
McDermott's Gang

- Malcolm McDermott
- Rob Flintock
- Graves
- Bullock

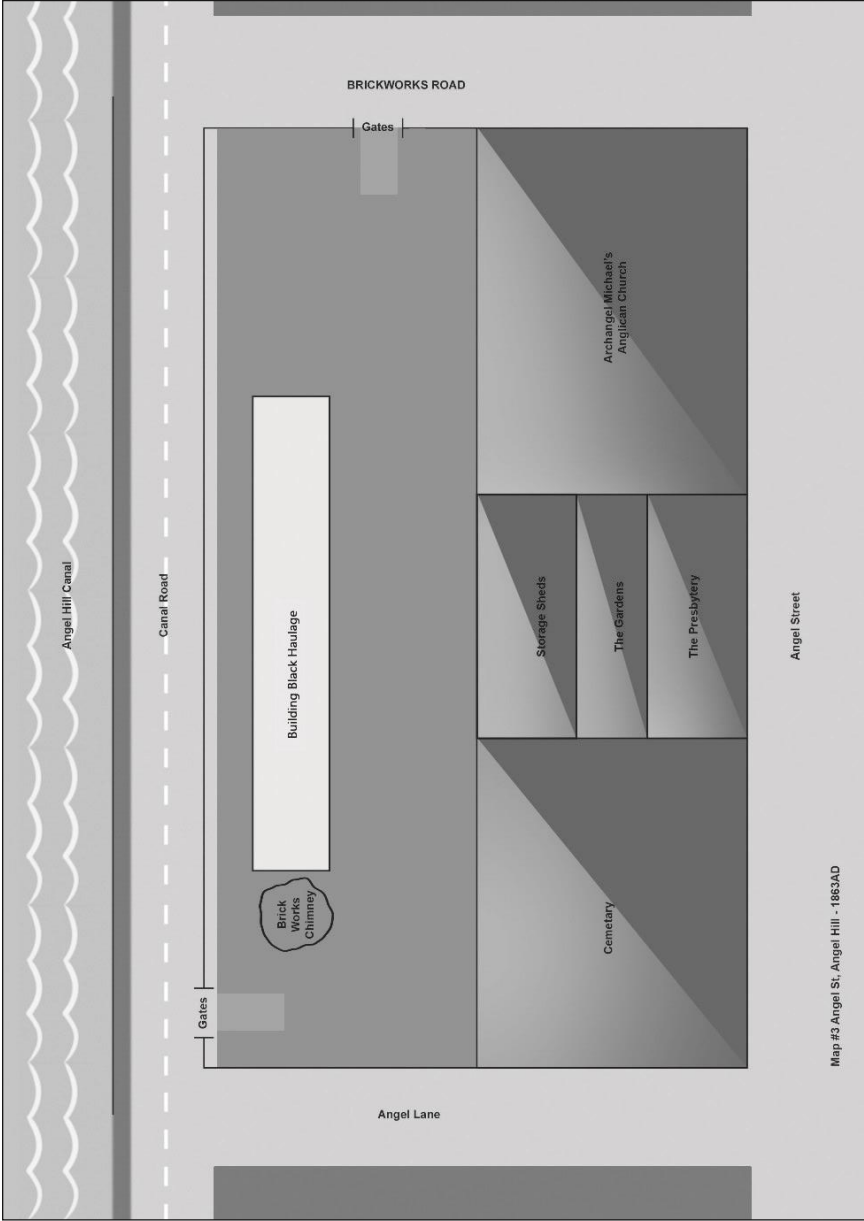
Neil Pinkerton - Angel Hill & Western Canal District Council – Health Inspector



Map of Angel Street, Angel Hill - present day

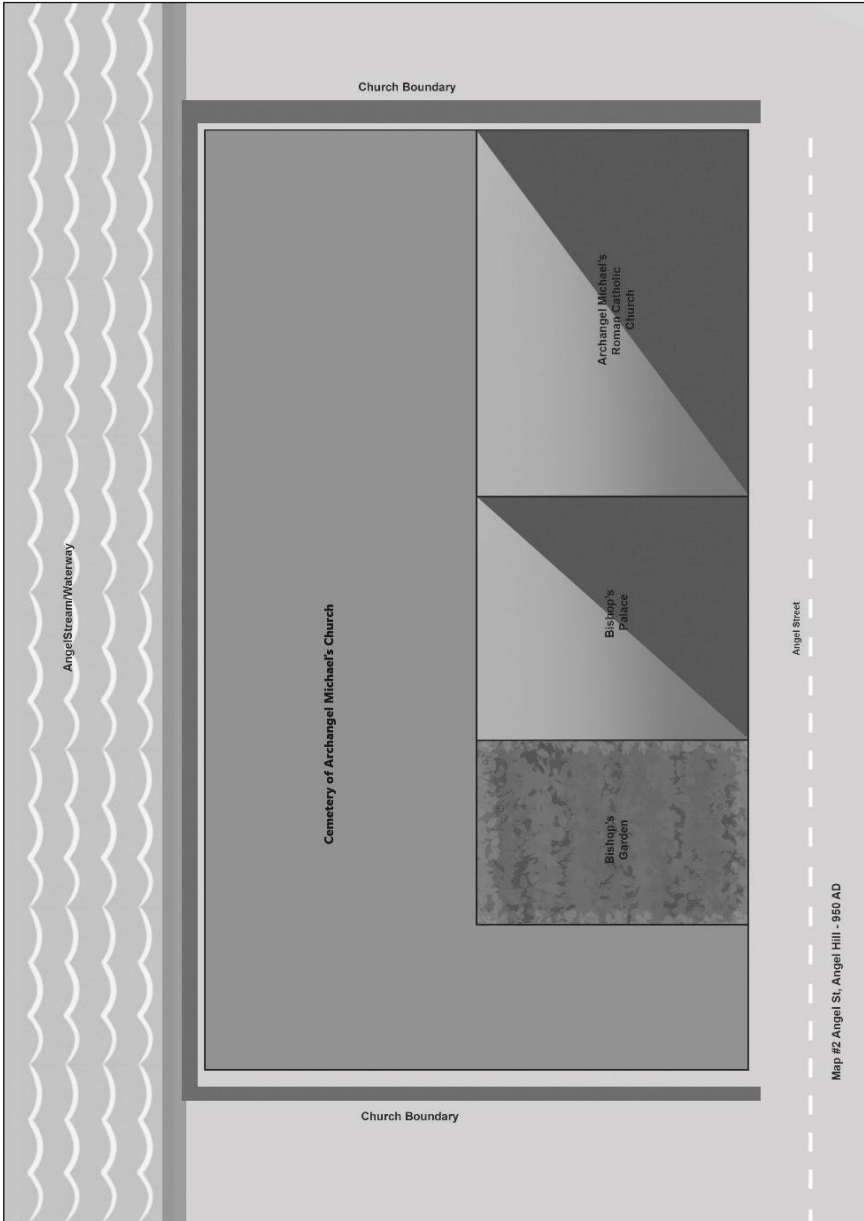


Map of Angel Street, Angel Hill – 1906



Map of Angel Street, Angel Hill – 1863





Map of Angel Street, Angel Hill – 950AD



The lump in the bed didn't move. The covers of the bed were all but covering the lump. The only thing that helped those looking, to decide it was the woman they knew and loved, was the fiery, ruby-red hair that as always was uncontrollable and lay spread under the pillow that was held to her head. Around the bed, a rather eclectic group of people stood. At first glance, a bystander might be forgiven for thinking they had been revellers just back from a fancy dress party but that wasn't who they were. Most people wouldn't even be able to see these beings, as they frequented a dimension unseen to the human naked eye. These were spiritual guides and helpers who'd agreed to assist the woman in the bed with her earthly mission.

“Why isn't she awake? It's time,” said a young boy who bounced on the bed all around the sleeping female. He appeared to be only about eightyears old with a scrawny, freckled face and gold-red hair sticking up in all directions. “Come on Maggie, wake up!” A grunt came from the lump, but no other action or sound issued forth.

“She’s always been a terror to wake up. You should have seen her when she was a teenager. I can’t remember the number of times I had to resort to torture.” A neat, no-nonsense woman in her late thirties stood over the bed, her hands on her hips.

“Torture, Madam?” asked a man of Indian descent, his eyebrow raised. He was a tallish, thin man extraordinarily dressed in bright turquoise. On his head, a turban of the same silk, held together with an oval-shaped faceted amethyst and the plume of a white feather attached, that bobbed every time he spoke. He was aghast to think they had subjected his beloved Maggie to violence in her teenage years.

“Not literally, Gupta. Just a series of actions that would get my recalcitrant daughter out of bed to go to school. Here, let me show you.” And with that she yanked the blankets from the figure in the bed, pulling all of them away from Maggie until they landed at the bottom of the bed.

Maggie was tall, solid and dressed in a turquoise onesie with purple hearts emblazoned on it. She was still lying on her stomach, her hands holding the pillow over her head. Gupta thought her onesie was a marvellous piece of clothing that he heartily approved of.

“What on earth is she wearing?” Maggie’s grandmother, Ailsa asked, leaning forward for a better look. Ailsa was a woman in her early fifties. She had the ruby-red hair of her granddaughter but hers had softened to a strawberry-red due to the many strands of white that had come with age. She kept her hair neat and tidy in a bun. Her face was barely wrinkled but it was her heather-coloured eyes that were the most distinctive features of her face. She was short with a stocky, strong body that showed the Gaelic origins. Her husband had called her his “bonny Shetland pony.”

“Enough!” the tall angel figure finally spoke. He was dressed for battle. No long flowing, white robes, harps playing, cherubs sweetly singing for him. He was encased from top-to-toe in black, even his wings were camouflaged and held close to his body. The planes of his face were

sharply angled, and his white-blond hair cut close to his head. His eyes were a startling blue, like the clearest skies of summer, and twinkled with humour. He bent to Maggie's head hidden under the pillow, "Wakey-wakey, Maggie!"

"Go away!"

"It's time, dear one."

Silence, and then on a deep sigh, Maggie lifted her head from under the pillow and stared at Archangel Michael. "Are you sure?" He simply nodded. Maggie rolled her eyes; she knew when she was beaten. "Okay, okay, I'm getting up. Let me get a shower and get dressed. Could I have a cup of tea please, Mum?" She looked at Fiona. And with that, the guides all tramped out of her bedroom and moved to the kitchen.



Maggie dressed in her brightly coloured full ankle-length skirt, tabard, and warm jumper. As she peered out the window to look at the day she was rather glad for them. The sky was that peculiar dull grey that northerners knew was ice-filled, bitterness. It would be cold. She'd need her coat, scarf, gloves, and beret today. She turned from the bedroom window and moved to the bed to make it, placing her purple-hearted turquoise onesie into the bed so the electric blanket would warm it when she was ready to use it again. Maggie could smell the faint aroma of toasting bread and coffee and went to the kitchen to see what was cooking. When she got to the large eat-in kitchen it was to see her table full of her Spirit Crew members. Everything was prepared to go, coffee pot, toast and the toaster, an egg ready to boil, but nothing had been switched on. Maggie knew her mother, Fiona was responsible for all this preparation. What she didn't understand was why she still had to switch on the coffee pot and flick the toaster button, herself. Surely, her mother could have done everything for her? But that was the way of Spirit she'd noticed – she still needed to add her energy to make things happen here on Earth. She looked at her motley crew made up of three family members, long passed

to the Spirit realm. Her Scottish grandmother Ailsa, her mother Fiona and her stepbrother, Callum. On the other side of the table was the flamboyantly dressed Indian Guru, Gupta, who only ever wore turquoise, purple, or magenta. It was hard to tell his age, but he looked like he was in his mid-forties.

Next to him was the diminutive in size, height and weight, the ascended master, Quan Yin. Quietly spoken and gentle-in-manner, her power was equal to the last member of the crew, Archangel Michael. A warrior angel of the light, Michael and his legions (thankfully, not at the dining table, thought Maggie) was a sight to behold. Tall, large with even greater wings, he transformed his energy as needed.

Maggie had just moved into the suburb of Angel Hill. She was by nature and design a traveller. Although hitting forty-two, she had never lived in a place more than two years and since taking on the work of professional tarot reading and angelic business coach some four years before, she rarely stayed in a place more than six months. When she finished her work with a business client and the locals had received her unique brand of wisdom for their own – changing their lives for the better – she would get that tickle in her feet and know it was time to move on to the next place.

Maggie spread her toast with almond butter as Archangel Michael called the assembled bodies to attention so the situation could be discussed and tasks assigned.

“You may not know of the reason we are here in Angel Hill. So, let me fill you in,” began Archangel Michael. “There is trouble brewing along Angel Street and we’ve been sent to deal with it. For your information, Maggie, street names, suburbs and cities that are named after the angels particularly interest me, as I and the legions are responsible for maintaining the light in these places to balance and protect humankind from the dark forces. Angel Street is under attack from demonic forces operating through the local community and we are here to ensure that we

redress the balance. This is our first mission.” A buzz of excitement and anticipation went around the table. “Secondly, we are here to help Lucy Silverton, the business owner of The Angel Tea House. She will be your business coaching client, Maggie. Lucy’s a member of the local business networking group and the meetings are held in her Tea House. The next meeting is tomorrow at 8:00 AM, so an early start for you, Maggie.” Archangel Michael’s eyes twinkled and his lips twitched into a grin. ”Your job is to find out who else is at this meeting; what the businesses are and how to get yourself a spot in the Tea House to read for clients from the area.” Archangel Michael glanced at the rest of the crew at the table. “The rest of you can take the day off but Maggie, Gupta and I need to check out the lay of the land. Gupta, I’d like you to check the earth grids and elementals etc, of the whole block from Angel Street, Angel Lane, Brickworks Road and Canal Road.” Archangel Michael took a map from inside his breastplate armour, opened it out and placed it on the table. The map fluttered down, changing shape, colours, and vibration as it travelled through the dimensions of time and space and become the current day map of the area. “Here’s the map.”

“We must look into the other time dimensions, Michael, to ensure we clear all the emotional blockages that might assist the dark forces,” said Gupta.

“Agreed.” said Archangel Michael. “This is a complex assignment and there will be skirmishes on many levels. Callum, I want you to focus on finding any connections your family might have to the area. Check your family tree. Go back one thousand years and reach out from family connections, second cousins into the immediate family line. Call a meeting of the clans on both sides of the family and report back. If you need my help with the meeting because of any clan grudges let me know. You’re on the lookout for anyone who’s lived in the area or is connected to anyone who’s lived here, or still lives here.”

“On it!” Callum smartly saluted Archangel Michael, grinning widely as he did so.

“Ladies,” Archangel Michael smiled at Ailsa, Fiona, and Quan Yin. “It seems likely there will need to be a lot of healing remedies and potions made available for the humans on this mission. Take into account the diverse community that surrounds Angel Street. You may need to call on various healers from the globe to assist you in this. We must use everything and anything that can help.”

“Of course, Michael,” murmured Quan Yin. Ailsa and Fiona nodded in agreement.

“Right Maggie, have you finished your breakfast?” queried Archangel Michael with a smile.

Maggie took the last swig of her coffee, stood and said: “I’ll just get my coat and we can go.”



Maggie's flat was a few blocks from The Angel Tea House on Angel Street. There were a few mothers with children in buggies, walking to the park that was on the corner of Angel Street and Park Road. Maggie could see the park from her living room window. It was one reason she'd chosen to rent the flat.

Archangel Michael walked beside Maggie as they crossed the park end of Angel Street using the pedestrian crossing. The street was typical of a small suburb in any town in the country's north. The street's centre was the shops and at either end, they petered out to residential two-up-two-down dwellings that marked a terrace in this area circa 1906. As they started to move towards the shops, Maggie's heart beat a rapid tattoo. The energy was sticky and dark, almost like treacle, and she could feel her feet sticking to the pavement.

"You noticed then?" asked Archangel Michael.

"Ahuh!" she answered telepathically, as she nodded to the lone woman who walked past her. "It's like sticky treacle and I'm just now encountering the smell." Ick! Maggie turned her nose up and pulled a face as though she had just passed the most disgusting smell of garbage left to

rot on the street. “Most people living here would think it’s the canal but of course it’s not, it’s the darkness.”

“Correct. When the energy vibrates at a lower frequency than your own, it will give off an odour you can smell if you are sensitive enough to detect it.”

“In the same way ~~that~~ angels give off the most wonderful perfume. Some time, when you guys allow me a moment, I will spend time with the essential oils and recreate your perfume, Michael. It might be an excellent sideline to my business,” Maggie smiled.

Archangel Michael laughed as he said, “You’ll have to catch me to do that!”

The row of shops was coming into view. As though the shops on this side of the street were a lighthouse in the dark stormy seas, The Angel Tea House emanated a beacon of light that shone on both sides of the street, keeping the light and humanity alive with the energy. If The Angel Tea House was the lighthouse, then it was encroached upon by the black cliffs of darkness to its back. There was a clear delineation that told of the power of the dark forces.

“Who owns the Canal Road, side of The Angel Tea House?” Maggie asked.

“Tobias Black of Black Haulage.”

“Well, how appropriately he’s named!”

“How about you go in and grab a cup of tea and Gupta and I will take a look around the back?” suggested Archangel Michael.

“Sure.”

The Angel Tea House stood on a corner, its door facing out between Angel Street and Brickworks Road. The windows were wide, open, and clear either side of the door, and tables could be seen inside. The blue and white teacup logo was sign-written across each window and the glass of the front door. The open sign also showed the hours of business. The wooden surrounds of the shop were painted in dark navy-blue paint.

Maggie pushed open the door and moved into the Tea House. Wooden chairs and tables were in light ash. The wooden floor was stained a dark navy and a counter made from ash and stainless-steel topped benches continued the clean, almost Scandinavian lines. Along the one wall were shelves with blue and white tins of teas with different coloured labels. The tins matched the blue and white teacup pattern of the logo. There were a few tables with people having morning tea. One had three thirty-ish-something-looking mothers with sleeping babies in buggies and another two retired women obviously catching up for a chat, and a further table had a couple of businessmen having a meeting.

Maggie moved to sit at a corner table where she would have her back to the wall and a view of the street and patrons at the tables at the same time. A young woman dressed in black corduroy trousers and a black jumper walked towards her. She had a pen and order book in her hand and a navy half-apron with The Angel Tea House blazoned across it. She was a slim, pale, young woman, probably in her late twenties. Her hair was a natural white-blonde and her features were pinched and stretched across the prominent bones of her cheeks and chin. Deep blue smudges of sleeplessness sat under her eyes and her whole demeanour was weary. She smiled wanly, clearly exhausted and worried about something. The strain of some worry was starting to show.

“Good morning, what can I get you?” she asked, trying to instil pleasant enthusiasm into her voice.

“I’ll have the Sultry Chai. That sounds delicious. Do you make it with hot milk or as a black tea with hot milk on the side?” “I can do it any way you wish,” she smiled.

“Oh, wonderful! Then I’ll have a pot of the chai made with full cream hot milk and three teaspoons of honey please, mixed in.”

“Would you like anything else?”

“No, thanks.”

The woman went about making the order and Maggie picked up the flyer sat at the table advertising the business network meeting the following morning. As Maggie placed the flyer down, the woman came back with Maggie’s tea and started to place the pot, cup, and saucer on the table.

“I see you’ve got a business network meeting happening tomorrow. Do you know how many you’re expecting to attend?”

“It’s usually about twelve to fifteen and it’ll be the businesses on Angel Street that attend.”

“Are they a friendly group?”

The woman smiled, “Mostly, yes.”

“Oh, that’s good. I’ve just taken a flat in Rowland Road, near the park and this networking group might just be the intro I need into the area. Do

you know ...” Maggie picked up the flyer “Lucy?”

“Yes, that’s me, Lucy Silverton,” she smiled.

Maggie put out her hand to shake hands with Lucy. “Hello, I’m Maggie McCready. Nice to meet you. Is there a fee for tomorrow’s meeting?” Lucy shook hands and Maggie instantly picked up the worry, exhaustion and what felt like fear coming from her. Her energy band was about a four out of ten – not enough to be running a business like the Tea House, Maggie thought.

“Not for the first meeting. I’ll sponsor you and you’ll need to pay membership fees if you join the group, ok? The network organiser will give you all the details.”

“You’re not the organiser then?”

“Lord, no! I only coordinate and offer a meeting place. That’s quite enough work for me.” Just then the bell above the door tinkled and a West Indian woman with a beaming smile walked in.

“Just the usual, Lucy, love. I can’t even sit and chat this morning. I’ve been run off my feet and will need to work through lunch just to keep up

to the minute today.” As they spoke Lucy was busy making a brew into the woman’s reusable takeaway cup.

“Well send Mary around and I’ll make sure you get your favourite sandwich, ok?”

“Oh, you’re an angel. Say 12:30 PM?”

“Yes, that’s fine Kaleisha. Enjoy your cuppa.”

“Thanks, lovely!” Kaleisha said over her shoulder as she rushed for the door.

On the whoosh of air in her wake, Archangel Michael walked in and sat at Maggie’s table. He looked concerned. A pinch of frustration and determination around his mouth and a frown between his blonde, arched brows.

“It wasn’t as you thought?”

“Oh, it was exactly as I thought! They’re galvanising troops and doing what they usually do; preying on the weak of Spirit and easily swayed. In other words, creating teenage gangs for mayhem and ruckus. Teenagers are the perfect age to convert young souls to the dark.” Maggie finished her tea and stood up. She walked over to the counter, paid Lucy and bade her farewell.

“See you tomorrow at the meeting, Lucy!” And then she turned and exited The Angel Tea House, walked across Angel Street down Mark Street and into Rowland Road.

Archangel Michael and Maggie didn’t speak, but as Maggie walked home to her new flat, she noticed the energy on this side of Angel Street was decidedly clearer and calmer than where The Angel Tea House was situated. She listened to her boots on the pavement, the occasional sound of voices and music as she passed homes where people’s lives were different to hers, yet where all humanity had one goal, to love and be loved. A door just in front of her opened and a little girl dashed out, free from the confines of her house and ready for adventure, laughter squealed from her as her mother asked her to wait. Archangel Michael immediately blocked her path so she wouldn’t run out onto the road in her desire for

adventure and freedom. She stopped and looked up at Archangel Michael's towering form, as though she were looking at a massive skyscraper and then her face beamed into the sweetest smile of joy, love, and acceptance.

"Oh, Mummy, look! An angel!" she said clearly. "A beautiful angel." Archangel Michael had changed his appearance from the avenging warrior in black to the soft, fluffy, white wings and gown most expect to see when they think of angels. He was humming softly as he crouched down to protect and comfort her.

"Yes, my sweet one, you're an angel too," he smiled at the young girl. Her mother finally came out of the house, seemingly distracted with the one-hundred-and-one things she had on her to-do list.

"Come on Michaela, give me your hand. Let's go to the park."

Michaela's mother took her daughter's hand, smiled briefly at Maggie and went to move away but Michaela had other ideas. She looked straight at Maggie and said, "You're lucky to have your own angel, Lady."

"I am indeed, but you have one too."

Michaela looked all around her to see where the angel was and Maggie pointed to Michaela's mother. "No! No! She's my mummy, not my angel!" Michaela said, exasperated by how stupid adults could be.

"Michaela, manners!" her mother said sternly, pulling Michaela forward.

"You have them too, just look to the end of your bed when you go to sleep Michaela," said Archangel Michael, smiling at Michaela.

Michaela obediently moved in the direction of the park but turned to look back at Archangel Michael, who had now stood up and was walking onward with Maggie as they resumed their journey. Maggie and Michael smiled at Michaela and then she turned and skipped next to her mother, intent on getting to the park. Maggie felt into her holdall for her keys and walked up the steps to the bright orange door of her new home.

The Angel Tea House

Tea Blends

As I started writing Maggie's story and realised, I needed to showcase tea blends as part of the story I went in search of a specialised Tea House that could deliver on the artisanal elements of tea blending. Fortuitously, I had just discovered a blend of chai superior to those I'd been drinking since chai became my go to instead of coffee. I cheekily sent off an email to Corinne Noyes at Madame Flavour and asked if I could feature her blends in my story with full disclosure of her work in the book. Delightedly Corinne came back with a resounding "Yes!" ... and so here we are finally listing the teas that are in this book. I have to say that Madame Flavour's Sultry Chai sustained me through the long and often lonely process of writing a novel, especially the editing process which I find challenging. Sultry Chai is warming and soothing which is exactly what I need when I'm faced with using my 'shadow' skills.

You can find out a lot more by checking out her website www.madameflavour.com

When it came to deciding what tea blend my characters would drink, I simply asked them! So, here's the list. You might like to see if your favourite character's tea choice reflects your taste as well.

Maggie's Tea Choice - Sultry Chai

Maggie was insistent that if Sultry Chai was good enough for me it was good enough for her! *“A spell binding blend of organic and traditional black leaf tea, whole cardamom and fennel seeds, pieces of cinnamon and organic Australian mountain pepper leaf for a tea that is a little spicy and deeply warming.”*

.....

Lucy's Tea Choice - Raspberry Hibiscus

Lucy said she tried all her tea blends and so drank lots of different blends but her favourite pick me up was the ruby-red Raspberry Hibiscus.

An uplifting ruby-coloured infusion. Caffeine free. A blend of large cut hibiscus, rosehip, freeze-dried raspberries and Australian Davidson's plum pieces, creating a colourful naturally sweet infusion, enjoyed hot or cold.

.....

Alistair's Tea Choice - Lemongrass, Lime and Ginger

“Oh Darling, you know me, I'm all for a bit of zing, warmth and a kick at the end!” laughed Alistair.

 MELODY R. GREEN

An organic, zesty blend gives clarity and serenity. Caffeine free. A blend of fine citrus notes of Australian lemon myrtle and large cut lemongrass with organic ginger and a hint of pure distilled lime.

Simon's Tea Choice – Rooibos Mint Choc.

Simon couldn't look past his favourite food groups, chocolate, mint, and a heads up to his South African roots, rooibos.

A naturally sweet treat. Caffeine free. A blend of South African rooibos leaf, sweet hints of organic peppermint, cocoa beans, and a sprinkling of dark chocolate drops, to satisfy the taste buds.

.....

Stella's Tea Choice - Luscious Liquorice.

“I love this tea – it feels so warming and nurturing and we all need a bit of that especially when you're a mum!”

Naturally sweet, pick-me-up tea. Caffeine free. Local organic aniseed myrtle has been paired with large cut liquorice root, organic peppermint leaves and whole fennel seeds to create a sweet and vibrant blend.

Archangel Michael and Arch-demon Phineas were not to be outdone! So even though they don't drink tea themselves, they did a memory test of their favourite tea.

Archangel Michael's Tea Choice

Maple Caramel

To say I was surprised when Archangel Michael told me his choice, was an understatement! “You thought I’d like chamomile or something bland?” queried Michael, his lips twitching in amusement. “I like a little sweetness and depth in my life thank you!” he smiled.

A blend of malty Assam and Ceylon black leaf tea with smooth flavours of maple, caramel and a sprinkling of mouth-watering caramel cubes, ideal as a cosy mid-morning pick me or afternoon tea.

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Arch-demon Phineas' Tea Choice -

Whisky Lapsang Souchong

“Charred, smoky and with a hint of alcohol, what’s not to love? This is the bad boy of tea blends. What else would you expect a demon to like?” he grinned devilishly.

In a past life this charred American oak barrel was ageing full-bodied red wines and Starward Whisky single malt, today it’s infusing our smoky Lapsang Souchong tea leaves with a tantalising mixture of sweet and malty notes.

P.S. Any characters I’ve missed would be coffee drinkers and are not listed here!

The Autumn Range - from Lucy's Tea Shed

As writers we have the added responsibility to use our creativity to create other options and this is how the Autumn Range of Lucy's Tea Shed in the story, was created. I have not tried to blend these teas, but if you see variations turning up in tea shops around the world drop me a line, I'd love to hear if they're good recipe ideas!

The Autumn-Tea Range reflects the colours of autumn.

Yellow for strength - Turmeric Chai – Turmeric, and warming chai spices to strengthen the mind and warm the body to take action.

Orange – for enthusiasm- Rooibos, Orange, and Cinnamon - Rooibos, cinnamon and bitter orange peel (also helpful to boost the immune system).

Green for confidence - Green Tea and Pear - Green tea and dried pear pieces with a touch of clove to help ground your confidence into your life.

Red (deep-purple red) – for comfort - Black tea, dried blackberries and raspberries pieces and spearmint - comfort in the changing cooler season, helps warm the body for rest and relaxation.

To find out how to make wish bombs and baking spells please go to www.melodyrgreenauthor.com to download the complimentary e-book for The Angel Tea House.

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You make the road to being a self-published author easier to live.

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And finally, to you dear reader ... Thank you for taking a chance on a new writer. I hope you've enjoyed this book, the first of Maggie's adventures. I would love to hear what your thoughts are - please write a review or drop me a line. melodygreenbooks@gmail.com

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Or

