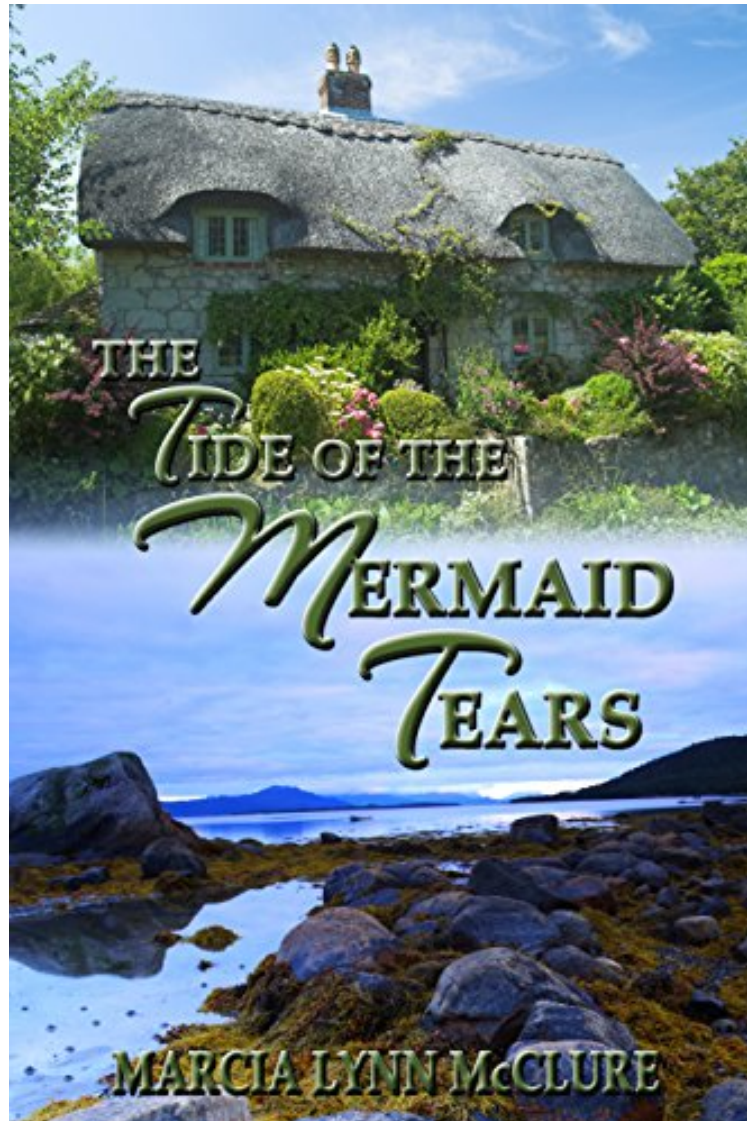


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## The Tide of the Mermaid Tears (English Edition)

Von Marcia Lynn McClure

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**Von Marcia Lynn McClure : The Tide of the Mermaid Tears (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Tide of the Mermaid Tears (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Light fairy tale romanceVon LaylaReaderSome of Marcia Lynn McClure's books (like Weathered too Young) are more complex, while others are fairly straightforward, like this one.The Tide of the Mermaid Tears has a fairy tale quality, but is very much couched in real life, accompanied by tales and legends of the sea.Ember (19) lives by the sea with her mother and sister and loves to walk along the shore collecting the objects washed in by the tide. One day she finds a

man, who has been battered by the sea and has barely made it ashore. They nurse Ridge West back to health and he feels drawn to their genuine warmth and especially to Ember herself. As their love develops we learn about Ridge's background and reason for being at sea and more about Ember and her family and the tragedy in their lives. There is dramatic tension, but we are never in doubt about the depth of emotion between the characters. It is a historical romance, but the period is secondary. The focus is on true and enduring love with more than one fairy tale ending. A light and charming 280-page romance.

Kurzbeschreibung Excerpt She took two more steps and paused squeezed her eyes tightly shut and Ember gasped as she looked forward up the shore to see a man struggling in the water. He was coughing spitting water from his mouth as he crawled from the water and onto the sand. As he collapsed face-down on the shore, Ember lifted her skirt and ran toward the man, dropping to her knees beside him. Sir? she cried, nudging one broad shoulder. The man was stripped of his shirt dressed only in a pair of trousers no shoes Ember shook her head, rolling her eyes at her own foolishness. Sir? she called again, nudging his broad shoulder once more. The man lay on his stomach his face turned away from her. Are you dead, sir? she asked. Placing a hand to his back, she sighed with relief as she felt he yet breathed. Sir? she said, clambering over the man's broad torso. The man coughed. His eyes opened his deep blue eyes, so shaded by thick, wet lashes that Ember wondered how it was he could see beyond them. Sir? Ember ventured. He coughed, asking, Where am I? On the seashore, sir, Ember answered. Kurzbeschreibung Excerpt She took two more steps and paused squeezed her eyes tightly shut and Ember gasped as she looked forward up the shore to see a man struggling in the water. He was coughing spitting water from his mouth as he crawled from the water and onto the sand. As he collapsed face-down on the shore, Ember lifted her skirt and ran toward the man, dropping to her knees beside him. Sir? she cried, nudging one broad shoulder. The man was stripped of his shirt dressed only in a pair of trousers no shoes Ember shook her head, rolling her eyes at her own foolishness. Sir? she called again, nudging his broad shoulder once more. The man lay on his stomach his face turned away from her. Are you dead, sir? she asked. Placing a hand to his back, she sighed with relief as she felt he yet breathed. Sir? she said, clambering over the man's broad torso. The man coughed. His eyes opened his deep blue eyes, so shaded by thick, wet lashes that Ember wondered how it was he could see beyond them. Sir? Ember ventured. He coughed, asking, Where am I? On the seashore, sir, Ember answered.