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<b style="color: #073763; font-size: x-large;">NEVER FORGOTTEN by Kelly Risser</b></div>

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NEVER FORGOTTEN by Kelly Risser is finally available. A New Adult Paranormal Romance published by<span style="background-color: white;"> <a href="http://www.cleanteenpublishing.com/" target="\_blank">Clean Teen Publishing</a></span>. <b>This paranormal love story just released! Also, get this:&nbsp;</b></div>

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<a href="http://www.amazon.com/Never-Forgotten-Book-ebook/dp/B00LEZ92TA/ref=sr\_1\_3?s=digital-text&amp;ie=UTF8&amp;qid=1404179315&amp;sr=1-3&amp;keywords=never+forgotten/?tag=bookesca-20" style="margin-left: 1em; margin-right: 1em;" target="\_blank"><img border="0" src="http://3.bp.blogspot.com/-JUxyouX5gD4/UwascUZf2GI/AAAAAAAAB4M/bRg4BlkFRYM/s1600/Never+Forgotten+1.png" height="640" width="424" /></a></div>

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How can one day go so very wrong? One minute Meara Quinn is making plans for how she will spend the Summer before her senior year and the next she's finding out that her mother's cancer has returned and they are moving away from the only home she's ever known.</div>

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Now every day is a struggle as Meara is trying to cope with her mother's illness, being forced to move to another country to live with grandparents—whom she thought disowned her mother—and having weird visions of a father who was absent her entire life. Top it all off with one whopping secret that everyone seems bent on keeping from her, and Meara has the perfect ingredients for a major melt down.&nbsp;</div>

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The only things keeping her from coming unglued are some new friends and Evan—the son of her mother's childhood friend—who seems to know Meara almost better than she knows herself.&nbsp;</div>

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Together with Evan and her friends, Meara embarks on a new journey to unlock the secrets that will not only tell Meara who she is, but whatshe is.</div>

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<b><span style="font-size: large;">Book #2— Current Impressions will release on 7/18/14! Add it to your Goodreads.&nbsp;</span></b><br />

<b><span style="font-size: large;"><br /></span></b>

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<a href="https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/22523293-current-impressions" target="\_blank"><img border="0" src="http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-OOEG3T1u738/UikftdEWWfI/AAAAAAAABFs/ToA9UPDUlWs/s1600/add-to-goodreads-button31.png" /></a></div>

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<h2 style="text-align: center;">

<span style="font-size: 19px; line-height: 28px;">READ THE FIRST CHAPTER OF NEVER FORGOTTEN NOW:</span></h2>

<b>Chapter 1 <br /><br />Present Day </b><br />

<br />

"Meara, come visit the ranch. I’m sure Uncle Jake won’t mind.” <br />

<br />

It was the second to last day of my junior year. I sat on the low, brick wall in front of Cedarburg High with my best friend, Kim. We were waiting for her boyfriend to pick her up. I didn’t care for Mark. I kept my opinion to myself, so I wouldn’t hurt Kim’s feelings. <br />

<br />

Kim would be working at her uncle’s farm in Minnesota this summer. I was staying here. We wouldn’t see much of each other, unless I visited her. <br />

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“I don’t know, Kim,” I said. “I’m scheduled to work most of the summer at the shop.” My mom’s friend owned a sewing and fabric store in downtown Cedarburg, Wisconsin. Mom and I both worked there. Rebecca and Mom taught classes, made quilts, and ran the store. I maintained the website and worked the cash register. <br />

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“You could get away for a week or two,” Kim persisted. “Just ask your mom, Meara. You’ll never know unless you ask.” <br />

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“All right, I’ll ask!” I laughed at her scolding tone. I said it to appease her, but the idea was interesting. Why couldn’t Mom and Rebecca run the shop for a week or two without me? They did it during the school year. <br />

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“I’m heading home.” I stood up and walked down the sidewalk. Mark pulled up to the curb in his crappy, old truck. There was no point exchanging words with him, so I avoided eye contact. <br />

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“Don’t forget to ask!” Kim yelled after me.</div>

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I turned back and grinned. “Why do you think I’m leaving now?” My smile slipped when I noticed Mark eyeing a group of freshmen girls. He exchanged meaningful looks with a tall blond. I wouldn’t doubt if they hooked up at a party or something. Kim trusted him too much. When was she going to wake up and see him for the jerk he was?<br />

<br />

“Mom? Hey, Mom, I’m home!” I yelled into the house as I always did, tossing my backpack on the bench in the front hall. When she didn’t respond, I figured she wasn’t home yet. Sometimes she stayed late to help Rebecca restock or change the window display. Heading to the kitchen to get a snack, I found Mom standing at the sink. <br />

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“What’s for dinner?” I asked and kissed her cheek. Not waiting for an answer, I took a carrot off the cutting board and opened the refrigerator. I was so preoccupied in my search for something tastier than a carrot, that it took me a few minutes to realize she hadn’t responded. I turned and looked at her. “Mom?” <br />

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She didn’t respond. She washed the same dish over and over, staring out the window. What was going on? My mom was many things, but a daydreamer wasn’t one of them. I walked over, placed my arm around her waist, and gave her a small squeeze. <br />

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“Meara!” She jumped and squealed. “You startled me. I didn’t even hear you come in.” <br />

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“Are you okay?” I asked. Her eyes were shadowed and sunken with dark circles. Mom never looked this exhausted. She was the most optimistic, dynamic person I knew. She exuded so much energy that she tired me out. <br />

<br />

“Fine.” She wouldn’t meet my eyes. “Why do you ask?” “Because I’ve been talking to you, and you didn’t answer.” “Oh, sorry,” she said. “I didn’t hear you.”</div>

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“Or notice when I kissed your cheek,” I added. <br />

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She looked startled. “I guess I was lost in my own thoughts.” <br />

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I touched her arm. “What’s going on, Mom? You’re not acting like yourself.” <br />

<br />

She smiled at me. My mom had a great smile, but this one worried rather than comforted me. It was fleeting, and it never reached her eyes. She touched my hair and motioned to a chair. “Honey, why don’t you sit down? I need to talk to you about something.” <br />

<br />

Uh-oh. Whatever this was, it wasn’t good. Mom sat first and waited until I was seated. She took my hands in hers, holding them so tightly that it was painful. I resisted the urge to cry out or pull my hands away. She seemed to need the contact. We sat in silence while she clenched my hands, then she sighed and closed her eyes. Tears escaped in a trail down her cheeks. <br />

<br />

“I saw Dr. Maxwell today.” Her voice was so quiet that it took me a moment to understand what she said. <br />

<br />

“Dr. Maxwell?” I was confused. Dr. Maxwell was my mom’s oncologist; he treated her breast cancer five years ago. “Why didn’t you tell me you had an appointment today?” <br />

<br />

She sighed and touched my cheek, “I didn’t want to scare you. I actually went in for some tests about a month ago, and he asked me to come back.” <br />

<br />

I couldn’t believe that she kept this from me. “You’re okay, right?” <br />

<br />

When she tried to smile, her lips just quivered. She shook her head and began to cry in earnest. Big, wet tears slid down her pale cheeks. “Meara, he said the cancer is back. Only this time, he found it in my intestines, liver, and kidneys. This new growth is aggressive. ‘Stage 4,’ Dr. Maxwell called it.” <br />

<br />

I blinked back my own tears. While my mother, who was so strong, sobbed next to me, I thought about the first time she had cancer. I was in sixth grade, and the severity of her situation hadn’t sunk into my twelve-year-old brain. Mom had been so strong, first going through a lumpectomy and then enduring months of chemotherapy and radiation treatments. She lost her hair and got so thin. I remember feeling each individual rib in her back when I hugged her. It was agonizing to watch the person I loved most in the world wither away in front of me. Thankfully, the treatments took effect, and she slowly got better. The doctor gave her a clean bill of health a year after her original diagnosis. <br />

<br />

“You can fight it, right?” I asked. <br />

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“Dr. Maxwell recommends slowing the growth with chemotherapy and radiation.” Mom composed herself a bit, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand. I followed her movements, and my eyes tracked the long, black streak her mascara left on her hand. After I handed her a napkin, she dabbed at her eyes and added, “He says surgery is not an option. It’s too far spread.”<br />

<br />

“What does that mean?” I was angry now. Why would the doctor advise her not to operate?</div>

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Mom took a deep breath, and I sensed how much it pained her to say these next words. “If they open me up, I might never heal. My prognosis is six months to two years, perhaps a little longer with intense treatment.”<br />

<br />

It wasn’t what I expected to hear. The horror of it made me jump from my chair and bolt into her arms with gut-wrenching sobs. “Oh, Mom. I don’t want to lose you.” <br />

<br />

“Oh, baby, and I don’t want to leave you.” Mom held me tight, and we clung to each other and cried. Her body shook as she sobbed. I held her as tight as I could. I hoped to give her comfort and take my own in return. When we couldn’t cry anymore, we simply sat together, each of us lost in our own miserable thoughts. After a while, Mom straightened up and pulled away. She wiped her face with another napkin. <br />

<br />

“We’ll make the most of our time together, okay?” Mom touched my cheek. “And, I’ll do everything I can to fight this.” <br />

<br />

“Okay.” Grabbing a napkin, I wiped my nose.</div>

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Mom patted my knee and stood up. “I’m turning in for the night.” I glanced at the clock. “It’s not even six, Mom.”</div>

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“I know,” she said. “But I’m exhausted.”</div>

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She looked at the vegetables on the cutting board and smiled apologetically at me. “I didn’t get too far with the dinner preparations. If you are hungry, there are leftovers in the fridge or lunchmeat.”<br />

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“I’ll be okay, Mom,” I said. “Thanks.” I stood and kissed her on the cheek. “I love you.” <br />

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“Love you too.” <br />

<br />

Once she left for her room, I put the vegetables away. I took out a container of leftover chicken salad and a Diet Coke, going in the living room to flop down on my favorite recliner. Aiming the remote control at the TV, I mindlessly grazed through the channels. I couldn’t remember what was on that night. I barely noticed what I ate. I was seventeen years old, and my mom was all I had. What was I going to do?</div>

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NOT SURE IF YOU WANT TO READ NEVER FORGOTTEN?</h2>

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ABOUT KELLY RISSER:</h2>

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Kelly Risser knew at a young age what she wanted to be when she grew up. Unfortunately, Fairytale Princess was not a lucrative career. Leaving the castle and wand&nbsp;behind, she entered the world of creative business writing where she worked in advertising, marketing, and training at various companies.</div>

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She's often found lamenting, "It's hard to write when there's so many good books to read!" So, when she's not immersed in the middle of someone else's fantasy world, she's busy creating one of her own. This world is introduced in her first novel, Never Forgotten. Never Forgotten, a YA/NA Fantasy, will be released by Clean Teen Publishing in the Summer of 2014.</div>

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Kelly lives in Wisconsin with her husband and two children. They share their home with Clyde the Whoodle and a school of fish.</div>

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<b><span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-family: 'Trebuchet MS', sans-serif; font-size: x-large;"><br /></span></b><b><span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-family: 'Trebuchet MS', sans-serif; font-size: x-large;">More from Clean Teen Publishing:</span></b><br />

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&nbsp;<span style="font-size: large;">BE THE FIRST TO KNOW about our GIVEAWAYS, NEW RELEASES, COVER REVEALS and MORE!&nbsp;<b><a href="http://cleanteenpublishing.us7.list-manage.com/subscribe?u=9600a31298a9c998fef7687b6&amp;id=5df885a964" target="\_blank"><span style="color: red;">Join our VIP Mailing List</span></a>!&nbsp;</b></span><br />

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