

# ROSE HAWTHORNE: THE IRISH WANDERS

## by Shannon O'Gorman

### EXCERPT

Sam glanced at her grandmother's well-lined face. It was flushed and her green eyes were shining. It was nice to see her so excited and not worrying about books or people following her around Toronto.

Rose turned to her large floral Louis Vuitton bag, snapped it open and reached her hand inside.

"Let's take a look, shall we."

"This is so exciting!" said Sam peering inside.

"KNOCK. KNOCK."

Sam gasped involuntarily, turned her gaze away from the bag and looked to her left. The guide from Newgrange was standing under an umbrella and banging on her window. What did she want? Had she realized that her grandmother had taken something?

It was a good thing the windows had fogged up a little; the woman couldn't see inside very well.

Rose snapped her bag shut, and Sam carefully rubbed her hand on the steamy window. A woman's grim ruddy face and large nose pushed up against the window.

Sam rolled down the window a little. "Um, what can I do for you?" she asked stiffly, feeling the first stirring of panic start to bubble up down in the pit of her stomach.

"I was wondering if I could have a word with you," the woman said.

Sam gulped and glanced at Rose, who gave her a look that said it wasn't time to explain anything.

"About what?" Sam said to the woman cautiously.

"It's about something that was found in Newgrange. I'm glad I caught you before you drove off."