



# CRYSTAL PEAKE

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Author: Charlotte Byrne

Category: Fantasy

Print ISBN: 978-1-912948-16-1

eBook ISBN: 978-1-912948-17-8

Publisher: Crystal Peake

# Author Bio

Charlotte Byrne is a writer and a professional gannet. Her short stories have been published in anthologies by Fincham Press, New Lit Salon Press, Anchala Studios, and DualBooks. She has also published articles in DIVA Magazine.



**Charlotte Byrne**

# Book Bio



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Magic is connected to everything. Good and Evil existing for eternity waiting for those destined to awake from their slumber. The fury of evil becomes impossible to tame once unleashed. Those that try to cross its pathway of destruction require bravery or stupidity to survive.

Matty Groves and his girlfriend Sandy have arrived at the Jack-in-the-Green Inn to perform their traditional folklore music. The Inn is a throw back into another century.

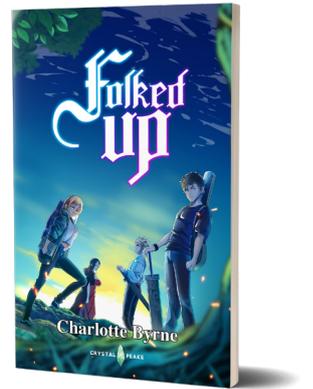
At the Inn Matty finds a leather-bound tome that is filled with Folk songs from Olde England. Sandy feels excitement as she brushes her fingers over the tome. Upon looking, Sandy and Matty find a song called Matty Groves. Only there is an extra page. At the end of the concert, the Groveses decide to sing Matty Groves, despite the warnings.

That was the beginning of catastrophe. Sandy and Matty are pulled apart from each other and thrown into a whole other world. A realm ruled by magic, where witches existed and evil was controlling. Are they strong enough to fight through this new world and find each other again?

# Testimonials & Reviews



"It's bawdy, brilliant, and effortlessly conveys the magic of music and the music in magic. Charlotte Byrne's reliably flawed characters, deft dialogue, and instinctive feel for place create a vivid and immersive world that stays with you long after the last page. Think Game of Thrones meets Middle England. You will never see Kent the same way again." [Dr Ariel Khan](#)



"This is definitely my favourite read of 2020 so far. The plot had me hooked from the get go and I loved all of the twists and turns it took me on. I felt real empathy for the characters and managed to get extremely invested in their stories. The character development of Matty and seeing his journey unfold was probably the highlight of the book for me as I loved seeing how his interactions with several different characters shaped him into becoming the person he is at the end. I loved how Sandy had this vulnerability to her as well as being strong and independent at the same time. The inclusion of an LGBT+ romance really made me happy as well and it was so well written into the storyline. [Read More Here.](#)" [Caroline Smith](#)

"A super fun read about a pair of young musicians who travel back in time to ye olde England! There are loads of references here to English folk songs and stories which are fun to spot, but you don't need to have prior knowledge of these to enjoy the story.

A big part of the fun is the contrast in language between the old and modern characters - this really helps to bring the story to life and see just how much our day to day language has evolved.

The main characters are super lovable and relatably flawed which makes you root for them even if they make questionable choices sometimes! But don't we all?" [Johanna's Reviews](#)

# Book Excerpt

## Chapter Two

It's got to be Sandy pulling my leg – screaming like something's up and trying to make me feel like I'm in the wrong. I don't get a chance to find out. The whole place erupts in noise, screams coming from all sides in full-on surround sound.

But why the hell is everyone running away, scraping chairs and dropping glasses, all trying to get out the door as quickly as they can? I turn to look at Sand, but I'm garroted by my guitar strap. The instrument's torn from my body, the strap breaking. It flies across the makeshift stage, just missing Sand's head by centimetres and smashing up against the wall. She doesn't flinch – not at the near miss, not at her own fiddle beating itself against the floor. Not even at the banner flapping madly in an invisible gale-force wind. Instead, her eyes are popping out of her head as she stares at the page from the book. She drops it and it's like its mass changes mid-fall. It stiffens and slams itself against the floor and it's now that I realise it's glowing white, lighting up the joint like Blackpool illuminations, shooting off sparks, and shaking violently. The flagstones under my feet grumble in what feels like an epic earthquake, but it's all coming from that page. What the actual –?

Sandy's gone at it with her mic stand, swinging it axe-style. It bangs and bangs into the ground, but it's doing nothing but sending even more sparks everywhere. Got it – *destroy the page, curb the magical bollocks*. If that's even what this is.

I crouch down, struggling to balance, and stick a hand out to grab it.

'Shit!'

I fly back and land on my arse. My hand's burning hot and tingling all at once, and it's bloody sore. Did the bastard just *electrocute me?*

'Matty!'

Sandy rushes for me. It all happens too quickly. The ground's still shaking and she's coming towards me, but the page is there, between us, flashing whiter than white. A slit of white shoots up, slicing my view of Sand in two. No, it's a *hole*, and it looks like invisible hands are fighting to open it up wider as the sides tremble and slowly part.

I can see her through the white flashes, it's like looking through net curtains. Her hand passes through it, grabbing mine. She grasps so tightly that my arm jolts as something tries to snatch her away. Our fingers separate as her legs are yanked backwards. She chins the floor as she falls. I hear her swearing and shouting as she's dragged backwards into the white making me go cold. They're distant, and it's not possible to sound distant when she's so *close*. I try to grab onto her hands, like claws as they flail, trying to catch hold of something, anything.

I'm too slow. My guts do a somersault when I can't see her anymore. She's not there. She's not anywhere. It's starting to close up, slowly but surely, and my heart boxes my ears as I scramble to my feet and take a few steps back. Then I start for a running jump.

'Don't!'

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