



## MOIRA DARRELL WILEY – AUTHOR

MOIRA DARRELL WILEY is this author's full name; however, she uses her first and middle name to write because, unbelievably, there is already an author named Moira Wiley!

Moira Darrell has been a daughter, a sister, a wife, a mother, a grandmother, a legal secretary (22 years), a school admin secretary (12 years), a poet, a hand-sculpting potter in many techniques, dabbled in drawing, painting and, recently, is the writer of *Selena and Her Mysteries*. Upcoming within the next 12 months will be a totally different book, entitled, *Two-Way Street*.

For her upcoming book, *Two-Way Street*, it is at 65,000 words. However, there will be months of revisions before it gets to publication.

Born in Saskatchewan, Canada, she has travelled to distant places – using modern modes of transportation. She loves nature and nurture, has had many pets – two closely resembling the animals in *Selena and Her Mysteries*, has loved them all, and she currently does have a kitty named Caylie Ceilidh

Pretty Lady – really. Her English Springer Spaniel, Snickers, now passed away, knew the hand commands described in this book and in her forthcoming book.

Moira now lives closer to the mountains in Alberta with her husband and kitty. Some family members are close by; others so far away that it brings tears to her eyes. Such is life.

She has volunteered for various groups throughout her life, such as community associations, city zone board, a women's shelter and housing project, and an arts committee. She believes in giving to charity by time or donation if you are able.

As a teenager, she loved writing in composition class, and had written several poems, some of which found themselves in Selena's story as well as *Two-Way Street*. She started *Selena and Her Mysteries* 30 years earlier with 3,000 words. Then she became busy with her own family, moving, living, working full time, and recovering from neurological West Nile virus. She put the book in a folder which moved from home to home with her until one day during the time of the pandemic, she couldn't get the book's idea out of her mind.

Originally, she says she didn't know how it usually worked for character development. As she parachuted herself back into Selena's story, the characters seemed to line up and introduce themselves. Each one indicated to her, not her to them, how they wanted to be portrayed, and they showed her what to say and the actions to take on their behalf. As time went on, she decided they could just "not shush up" at night when she should have been sleeping. This is how it is now for the upcoming book, *Two-Way Street*.

Book #1

### **SELENA AND HER MYSTERIES:**

***"Honestly, is there nothing that I believed five days ago  
that actually is what I thought it was?"***

Selena Jenkins, a young woman, lives in a huge house - full of mysteries. As doors are opened, mistakes are inevitable. Extraordinary travel takes place ensuring Selena must mature quickly or be lost in a situation where she cannot stay.

Duplicity is in the wings; friendships grow stronger; love is whispered; shadows drift by; and memories are blurred. Selena's life is complicated as people and events necessitate her to overcome heart-breaking deceit and to make difficult life decisions.

Family mysteries swirl tightly around her, overpowering her thoughts as she searches for answers in unexpected places and circumstances. What she finds will change her life and bring hope for love and, finally, understanding of all the mysteries that shape her past and present.

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Book #2

## ***TWO-WAY STREET:***

AN EXCERPT FROM THIS DRAFT BOOK. NOTE THIS IS A FIRST DRAFT OF THIS BOOK.

### Matthew's Notes

*When I'd regained consciousness, I had the oddest recollections. Were they real? Could this have been real?*

*Suddenly hazy views turned to panic. I had the startling realization that I was at the corner of a room – on the ceiling! If that wasn't mind blowing enough, I could see myself below lying on a cot. No, not just a cot, a hospital bed. What the hell? I was in the hospital!*

*I could see Jenna beside my bed. Déjà vu, but this can't be happening. Or, wait – this means that I didn't die. I'm going to be all right. Aren't I? Medical personnel were scattered about, and machines hooked up. Travis and Ashley were standing behind Jenna. Jenna's hands were clasped in prayer. In prayer? Then I noticed the clergy at the foot of the bed. Oh God!*

*As I lay there. Correction, as I was on the ceiling looking down, I had the memories flashing back to me.*

*Once I started to turn onto that road to act on my decision to end my life by overdose, the scenario could have gone both ways – like a two-way street. Now it appeared that I had survived. Wait, seeing all the tubes and machines, the fact that I'm up here, not awake down there, and our minister standing there... maybe I shouldn't get my hopes up too much. I'm still on the two-way street. Which way will I go?*

*What a mistake, what a bad decision I'd made. I don't think I really wanted to die. I just wanted something, but what? What did I want? I wanted my life, for certain; I wanted Jenna and the children; I wanted things to be easier. I needed someone to help me piece all this back together. I must find out what happened at my clinic. I can't believe that they think it was me that would do criminal acts.*

*God, please let me live. I don't want this to end this way. I know I must prove my innocence, not hide from the finger pointing. Running away or stupidly attempting suicide is never an answer. I must fight for what's right, prove to people they're wrong about me.*

*I'd stayed up at the ceiling for a long time, watching myself down below as I wondered what would happen to me. Why was I up here? I tried to move to comfort Jenna and the children, but I seemed to be trapped here.*

*I didn't understand what I was seeing. For that matter, I didn't understand why I was seeing anything. I was aware of the clearing of my airway, inserting a breathing tube, giving some sort of medication. I cringed at my body below being induced to vomit, my stomach being pumped and watched helplessly and hopefully as intravenous fluids were put into me.*

*Then I blanked out (again).*