

Prologue

The water swirled around her. She breathed through her nose, inhaling the salty water and drowning in the warmth of the ocean. She stretched out her arms, stroking them with each breath as she moved toward the light.

More than a hundred years passed. Her time of sitting on the rocks was over, and she no longer sang out to the sailors and captains, luring them to their deaths. She no longer combed her long blond hair in the hopes of causing the demise of those who dared to come close.

She needed to make amends.

The lover who betrayed her. His face blocked her vision as she continued toward her destination. She had only a short time before it was too late. She had to atone for her sins, and make up for the lives she had so carelessly taken in anger and revenge.

She heard the cries of the dead, tasted the salty tears of the living, her beautiful face marred by an ugly soul that cried out for forgiveness. She felt the sting of pain, and the cruelty of deception. She'd been fooled by love, and would find peace by the end of her journey.

The year was 1890, and she sat on the cliffs of the River Rhine, running her fingers through her long, luxurious hair. It was the color of spun honey, and smelled just as sweet. She hummed a tune, heedless of the effect of the song on those around her.

A boat in the distance. She could see the men on the deck, calling to her, saying things that made her ears ring and her heart beat faster. She was angry and excited at the same time. She wanted to go to them, but felt their attention toward her was false, and selfish. They didn't care about her wants or needs, and they would have to pay.

The cliffs were dangerous. Sailors were warned to stay away, or face possible *death*. *But she began to sing louder, and more beautifully, standing tall so they could view her beauty and forget themselves.*

The cliffs loomed closer. The captain steered toward the angelic sound, not seeing the treacherous rocks until it was too late. She watched with glee as the leers turned to fear, and the ship sank. The men were lost at sea, and she was the only one to know the reason why.

Then she'd met the man of her dreams. The man who made her sing for love instead of revenge or hatred. She wanted to make him happy. Wanted to see him smile when she put her heart and soul into a song. She wanted him to love her.

And he had betrayed her.

Furious, and tormented by thoughts of his deception, she placed her feet at the edge of the cliff and said good-bye to the man she loved, and to the vengeance that had given her such pleasure for so many years.

The call of the red soil overcame her as she swam through the water. There were those who beckoned to her, needing her, and the promise of peace was too hard to resist. She had to swim to the voices, and though her lungs ached and her eyes burned, she couldn't stop until she reached her destination.

She could see land ahead. Her arms were tired, and her legs were growing weak. Her long hair became heavy and the darkening strands formed a shroud around her. As her feet touched bottom, she was able to lift her head high and gulp in a refreshing breath of air as she stood to take in her surroundings.

The configuration of these cliffs was unknown to her. One large rock faced her, and it was in the form of a great animal. It had four thick, wrinkled legs and a long nose that draped from the head into the water, and touched the bottom of the ocean floor.

She stood on shaky limbs and ran her fingers through her hair. She gasped, realizing that the once beautiful blond strands were now raven black, and shone like ebony in the bright sunlight. She shivered with the fear of the unknown, and walked toward the shore.

The voices grew louder, almost deafening. Pain, fear, and uncertainty filled the air as she covered her ears to drown them out. But she had to go; to climb the rocks and beckon those in need to safety--not to death. It was her responsibility to help them, and in the end, would help herself.

She climbed the cliff, observing the soil as it stained her gown and left her fingernails red. She marveled over the beauty of the land, and found herself comfortable in this strange country.

The waters were calm, and the waves slept as she sat on the edge of the cliff. No ships would come to her. Only people, and only those who needed saving. There would be no death for her, and no revenge.

She had come to make amends for those she had hurt in the past. She was there to put an end to the pain.

She was on Prince Edward Island.