



In this sequel to . . . *It's Just the Wind*, only Jacks and Frank—owner and captain of the good boat *Valkyrie*—continue the voyage. Through sun and storms and visits with dolphins and sneaky, insistent apparitions, Jacks slips and slides as he continues on his improbable journey. They enter the dreamscape world of the Bahamas, where old bathtubs and tires are guideposts to a small island where Jacks finds that—although he's never been there before—he's clearly been expected. And he's either running late for his own surprise party . . . or he's right on time.

Second Wind, Kind of a Trippy Love Story holds a promise of magic, not the rabbits-in-hats stuff, but the kind that allows a peek through the veil. The kind that is a flash of recognition in the corner of your eye or a shiver up your spine. The kind where love lives. In that place where the heart and soul intersect, the shimmering realm between dreams and reason. And that place? Its name?

Some call it hope—some call it *home*.



Matt McConville is a musician, performer, songwriter, writer, and chef. This is his second novel, a sequel to . . . *It's Just the Wind, Kind of Sailing Story*.

Throughout his life, Matt has journeyed with ease and sometimes grace from the outer to the inner circles of society, has traveled like a gypsy, and has never been afraid to run away from anything. Along the way, he has climbed bridges and seven-hundred-foot smokestacks, washed dishes, waited tables, tended bar, managed dining rooms and kitchens, owned restaurants and bars, sold frozen steaks and seafood door-to-door off the back of a truck, dabbled in mortgages and headhunting, been a corporate spy and troubleshooter, decorated very large cafeterias, and learned to bake great bread. In the meantime, Matt founded and is president of Annapolis Musicians Fund for Musicians (AMFM), a nonprofit that provides emergency financial relief for Annapolis-area musicians. He currently lives in Maryland with his wife and two daughters, plays music in overly sanitized bars and restaurants, and smiles wryly while driving the big YELLOW bus.

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