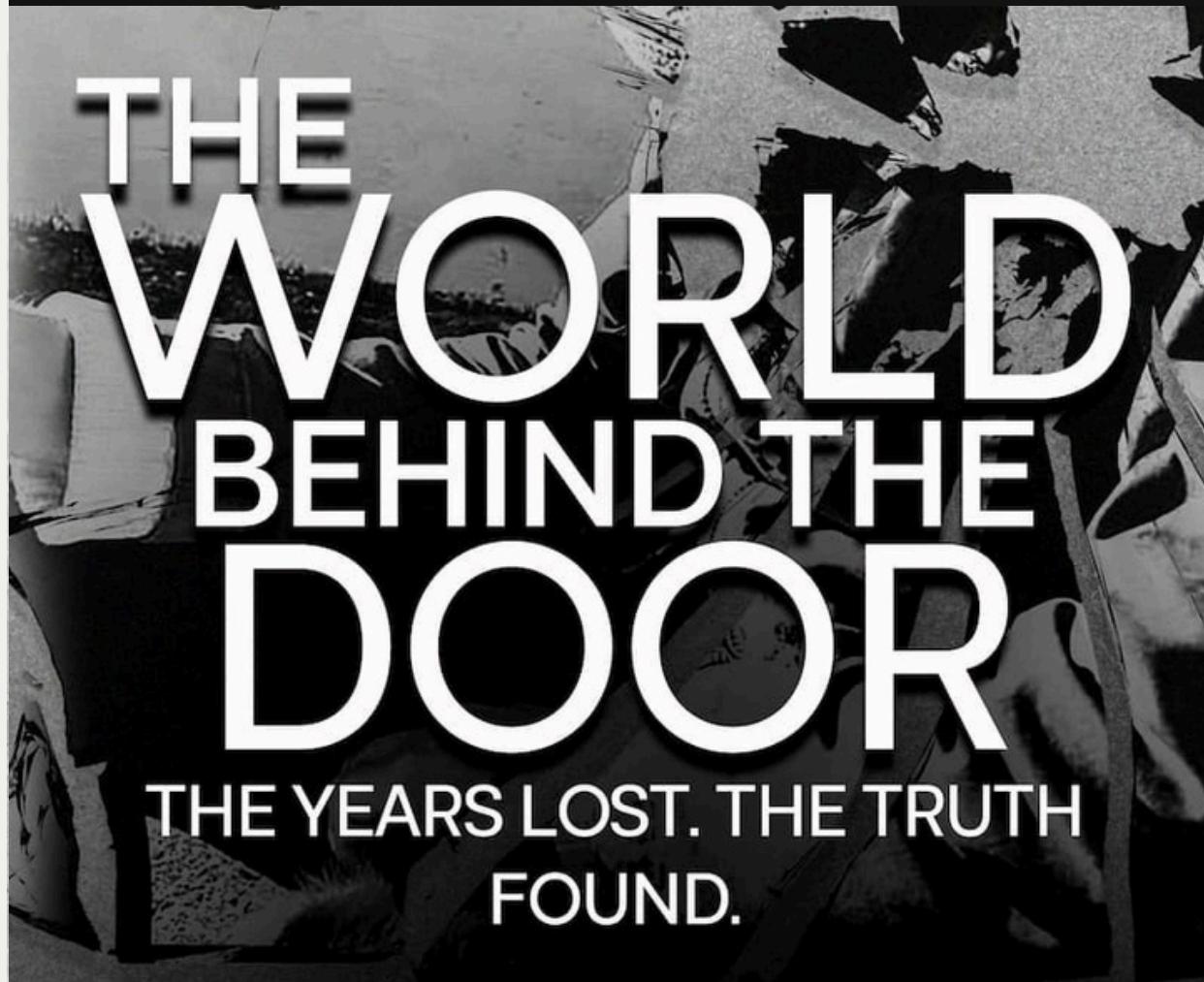
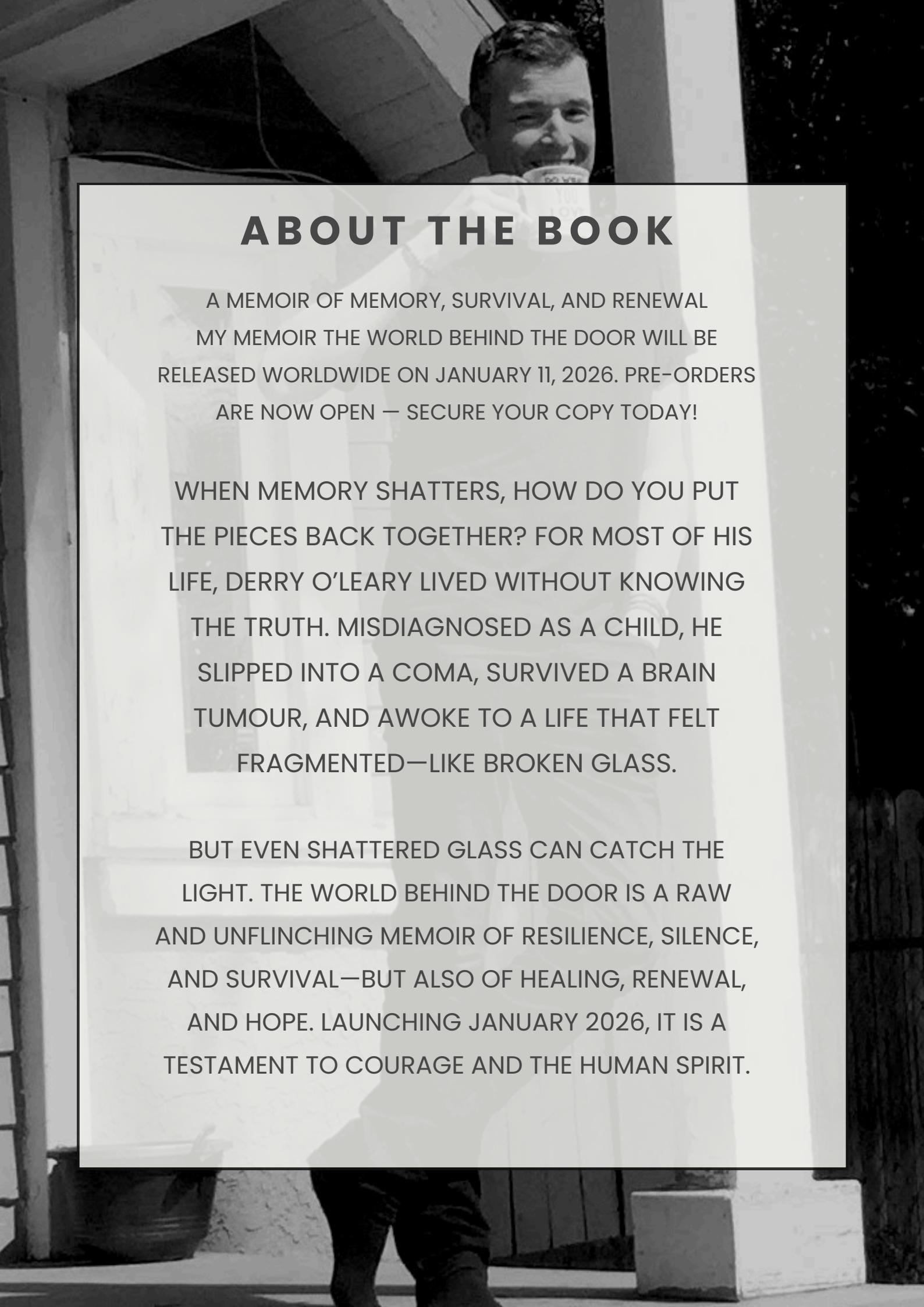


# EXCERPTS FROM THE WORLD BEHIND THE DOOR

A MEMOIR OF MEMORY, SURVIVAL  
& RENEWAL BY DERRY O'LEARY

Launch date: January 11, 2026





## ABOUT THE BOOK

A MEMOIR OF MEMORY, SURVIVAL, AND RENEWAL  
MY MEMOIR THE WORLD BEHIND THE DOOR WILL BE  
RELEASED WORLDWIDE ON JANUARY 11, 2026. PRE-ORDERS  
ARE NOW OPEN — SECURE YOUR COPY TODAY!

WHEN MEMORY SHATTERS, HOW DO YOU PUT  
THE PIECES BACK TOGETHER? FOR MOST OF HIS  
LIFE, DERRY O'LEARY LIVED WITHOUT KNOWING  
THE TRUTH. MISDIAGNOSED AS A CHILD, HE  
SLIPPED INTO A COMA, SURVIVED A BRAIN  
TUMOUR, AND AWOKE TO A LIFE THAT FELT  
FRAGMENTED—LIKE BROKEN GLASS.

BUT EVEN SHATTERED GLASS CAN CATCH THE  
LIGHT. THE WORLD BEHIND THE DOOR IS A RAW  
AND UNFLINCHING MEMOIR OF RESILIENCE, SILENCE,  
AND SURVIVAL—BUT ALSO OF HEALING, RENEWAL,  
AND HOPE. LAUNCHING JANUARY 2026, IT IS A  
TESTAMENT TO COURAGE AND THE HUMAN SPIRIT.

"ONE NIGHT IN CORK, EVERYTHING I THOUGHT I KNEW ABOUT MYSELF SLIPPED AWAY."

## — ABOUT THE AUTHOR



### **DERRY O'LEARY**

Born in Cork, Ireland, Derry O'Leary grew up in a world shaped by silence and survival. An undiagnosed brain tumour led to years of debilitating seizures, followed by surgery that resulted in a coma and profound memory loss.

Over twelve years, Derry painstakingly rebuilt his life — relearning language, relationships, and identity. Today he lives in Granada, Spain, where he writes about resilience, healing, and what it means to begin again.

The World Behind the Door is his first book, a memoir that speaks to anyone who has ever felt broken, lost, or in search of themselves.

## BELOW IS THE FULL VERSION OF AN EXCERPT FROM THE MEMOIR.

Those long Cork nights — the gangs, the mischief, the music, the secret pints — were the first drafts of who we were trying to become. We were experimenting with freedom, testing boundaries, learning fear and thrill in equal measure.

One night, we climbed onto the flat roof of the drain building, blasted music from a battery-powered stereo, and danced under the stars like idiots. We were buzzing — not just from the drink, but from the rush of being wild and getting away with it. When a neighbour came out, we dropped flat on our stomachs, holding in laughter and breath as she scanned the dark. When she went back inside, we legged it — breathless, giddy, full of that wild teenage freedom.

Back then, I felt unstoppable — surrounded by friends, wide open to the world, certain life could never be anything but this.

That changed the night before my Leaving Cert.

I was studying late, the desk lamp throwing a tight circle of light onto the page. Outside, the road was quiet — only the odd dog walker or cyclist. Sometimes I'd look out to remind myself there was still a world beyond exams and nerves. Then suddenly, something in my brain froze. I couldn't blink. Couldn't move. It felt like I'd been pushed out of myself. Then came that strange presence — someone in the room behind me, unseen but there.

It passed, but left me sick, shaken. I ran to the bathroom, locked the door, and dropped to my knees over the toilet. Moments later, they heard banging — uneven, heavy. My dad broke the door down with the axe from beside the fireplace. He thought I was trying to harm myself. When he got in, he saw me on the floor — convulsing, eyes rolled back, foam on my lips.

The ambulance arrived within minutes. The paramedics moved fast. I was lifted onto a stretcher, rushed through the door, lights flashing off the walls of the house I'd grown up in.

Wheels rattled beneath me. Voices above my head — calm, firm, urgent. "Get him down to Neuro." Another voice asked, "Was this one witnessed?" The straps at my wrists held me gently but firmly. I could smell floor cleaner, warm plastic tubing, something like overcooked food from a distant ward kitchen. Then came the drop — that deep, sudden falling inside.

My hands twitched first. My legs jerked.  
"He's seizing again."

Noise. Rushed steps. Someone trying to calm me. Then — blackness.

When I came to, they told me it had been a seizure. My first. But not my last.

In the months that followed, my world shrank to appointments and waiting rooms — doctors' offices, white coats, small talk about big things. There was relief at having a diagnosis, but fear too. I learned how to follow instructions, to count bus stops so I wouldn't get lost, to sit still beneath scanners, to smile at nurses who didn't quite know what to make of me.

Looking back, that was the beginning of a different kind of education — one that had nothing to do with exams. It was about endurance, patience, and hope that wavered but didn't die.

I kept going because that's all I knew how to do. One bus stop, one handshake, one uncertain smile at a doctor who promised that this time might be different.

When the call finally came – the one that would change everything – I didn't yet understand its weight. I didn't know how much that next step would alter the course of my life. But it was the answer I'd been chasing for so long.

And I didn't even know it.

In retrospect, I feel a kind of pride – not in conquering the illness, but in never giving up the search. I pushed every angle, tried every door, asked every question. And eventually, one of them opened.

The missing piece had been there all along – just waiting to be found.

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*"Even shattered glass  
can catch the light."*

## THE WORLD BEHIND THE DOOR

BY

DERRY O'LEARY

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THE YEARS LOST. THE TRUTH  
FOUND.