

EXCERPT FOR ZEEKA CHRONICLES

INTRODUCTION

Zeeka's Chronicles is a series of stories about one man's desire for revenge in an island setting which makes it a standout.

In an era of advanced technology and medical advancement, why does he want revenge?

Who is this man? Why does he want to unleash terror on the Islanders? Can the authorities stop him, or is he unstoppable?

The plot thickens. This man has a son, but who is he?

Secrets, lies, betrayal, skeletons in closets, kidnapping, murder, arson, and corruption in the police force are waiting to be uncovered.

This novel, which includes Carnival celebrations, a vengeful husband,

unresolved issues, love and romance, a very unlikely hero, and startling plot twists, will dazzle readers.

You will inevitably be caught up in the rhythm of this story.

Who will save the islanders from Zeeka and his zombies, or will it be too late?

ZEEKA AND THE ZOMBIES

Series 1

Chapter One

RAYNOR HAS A VISION

The sound of sirens rudely awakened Raynor Sharpe from his bed. He heard screeching noises everywhere. People were also screaming and shouting outside. “What is all that commotion about?” he muttered. He tumbled off his bed staggering and grappled around for his eye- glasses. He was unable to find them in the confusion in which the room was. His clothes were scattered on the floor. A bottle of wine and two wine glasses were on the bedside table. He tripped on a woman’s pair of red high-heeled shoes. “What the

hell!” he shouted. “Whose shoes are these?”

He could not recall what happened the night before. As he looked around the room, he saw female garments and underwear on the couch. He scratched his head. “Was a woman here?” He was still half-asleep. “Where are my glasses?” he shouted as he brushed aside some clothing on the dressing table. Something fell. It was his eyeglasses. He picked it up from the highly polished wooden floor, put it on, pulled the curtain aside, and looked out of the window.

Was he awake? He shook his head as if to shake off his drowsiness. *Was he seeing something out of a science fiction movie? Were there hundreds of short people with tiny heads walking like robots on the beach?* He scratched his head again, and then pinched himself. That hurt. He certainly was not dreaming. He looked at the calendar on the wall to recall what day it was. It was Sunday 30th January 2036. He decided to take another look at the beach. He flung open

the window, and the pungent smell of rotting fish invaded the room. He could hear the waves pounding on the seashore. There was no one in sight except a lone angler trying to pull in a catch. He wondered, *Did I just have a vision? But what about those noises I heard?*

Suddenly the visual telephone rang, and as he turned around to answer it, a woman walked out of the second bedroom. "J - Janet," he gasped, "were you here last night?" Janet stood there smiling. "Don't you remember anything Raynor?" She continued looking at him intently. He glanced up and down her beautiful slim body. Her dark brown hair fell on her tanned shoulders. "You mean we spent the night together?"

Janet laughed. "No silly. I brought you home last night. You had too much to drink at the mayor's ball. You have a lovely house here on the beachfront. I like it here." Raynor felt foolish. The phone continued to ring with a deafening sound. "Thanks, Janet. Did you tuck me

in?” Janet pointed to the phone. “I only removed your shoes and jacket. Answer the phone, Raynor.”

Raynor looked at the telephone, which was like a small robot, and blurted out, “Hello.” There was a dial tone and no face at the other end. Whoever had rang had disconnected the call. “There’s no one there. Probably some prankster called. Where is my car, Janet? If you drove me home, where did I leave it?” Janet shook her head. “You have forgotten, haven’t you? You left it at the hospital. Dr. Mark Schmidt took you to the ball right after you saw your last patient last night.”

Janet started walking around the house and walked across to the window to admire the view. Raynor followed her to the window. “Did you see what I saw Janet?” Janet turned around to face Raynor. “What did you see, Raynor?” “The short people with the small heads. Didn’t you see them, Janet?” Janet laughed again. “There is no one out there Raynor. You must have been dreaming.”

Raynor walked away from the window. "I swear that I was wide awake. There were hundreds of people with small heads walking out there. There were police sirens and people shouting and screaming." Janet glanced out the window a second time. "Looks awfully quiet to me, Raynor. You probably have a hangover." Raynor murmured with a sigh of relief, "Maybe I was dreaming."

Janet was eager to change the conversation. "Let's have breakfast, Raynor. I made you toast, scrambled eggs, and hot coffee." Raynor seemed surprised. "Janet, you have worked at the hospital all these years, and you have helped me tremendously with my medical practice. You did not have to make me breakfast too." Janet started to walk towards the kitchen and beckoned to Raynor to follow her. "I wanted to, Raynor. I always start the day with a good breakfast. Let's enjoy it."

Raynor followed Janet to the kitchen and sat on the bar stools. Janet had laid out the toast, bread, and coffee

on the bar counter. There was a homely scent permeating through the kitchen area. The aroma of the freshly brewed coffee covered up the smell of the rotten fish.

He looked at her and wondered, *Why did I never have the courage to propose to her. I was secretly in love with her all these years. I even purchased a diamond engagement ring but kept it in my locker waiting for the right time. She is ravishingly beautiful, especially without her doctor's coat. I wish I could have breakfast with her every morning for the rest of my life.* Janet was wearing a soft red polka-dot dress and her body curved in all the right places. Her dark brown smiling eyes glanced at him. Her lips were pouty and full, like Angelina Jolie's, when she was young. He could not help staring at her as she sipped her coffee ever so graciously.

Unaware to him Janet was eyeing Raynor too. She was thinking, *Raynor Sharpe is not a bad-looking person at all. In fact, he is very good-looking. He looks*

like my favorite movie star George Clooney in his younger days. He has great abs too. I wonder why he never got married.

There was silence in the kitchen as they ate breakfast. Both were engrossed in thoughts of their own. Both Raynor Sharpe and Janet Jones worked at the Gosh Central Hospital. Both were gynecologists and were amongst the best-known doctors in the island of Gosh. Janet also specialized in oncology and helped many cancer patients survive with a new drug that she had recently invented.

Raynor broke the silence, "This meal is delicious, Janet. Where did you learn to cook?" Janet was pleased that Raynor was enjoying her cooking. "Thanks, Raynor. I am glad you like it. My Mom taught me how to cook." Raynor built up courage to ask Janet the next question. "Do you have a boyfriend, Janet?" Janet dropped her fork on her plate and sat upright. "Raynor, I thought you knew. I am engaged and will be

getting married in the next two months.” Disappointed in her reply he asked, “Who is the lucky guy?” Janet looked down at the floor. She seemed to be avoiding his eyes. “He is a doctor too.” Raynor could not stand the thought of Janet marrying someone else. He did his best to maintain his composure. “Do I know him, Janet?”

Janet picked up her fork again and played around with the food on her plate before she answered. “I doubt that very much. He works in another city. He does not attend many functions with me. He is a very private person.” After a brief interval, Raynor asked, “What’s his name, Janet?” Before Janet could answer, the shrill ringing of the phone interrupted their conversation. Raynor got up and walked swiftly over to the phone in the living area. Dr. Brown’s face appeared. “Doc! Doc! Come over to the hospital right away. We need all the doctors we have on this case.”