

# ENGLE BYEN

A PLACE TO CALL HOME



DAVID GOLDON

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# Home

Sample Chapters

by

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# Chapter One

It was time for me to go.

I bought a large paper map, opened it up and laid it out on the table. Closing my eyes, I raised my index finger and moved it over the map until I eventually got a strong feeling and put my finger down, bang, on an unusually named town of Engel Byen, and here I am.

I decided to move to Engel Byen without much thought. My old life was becoming confused. For the first time in my life, I wanted to run away, I wanted to get away. Being a nurse means work is easy to come by and I knew I would find work wherever I ended up moving to.

Just like that, I packed up my old life and moved. Totally on a whim, which was quite uncharacteristic for me. I felt like a magnetic force was dragging me away from my previous existence before something bad happened.

Engel Byen is a coastal town, overrun by tourists in the summer months and as autumn sets in, they all leave and just the locals remain. This town is such a beautiful place to call home. Just about every second house in my court location is empty at the moment as we head into autumn. I live in a lovely, newly renovated Californian bungalow style house.

Being an organised person, all the boxes were quickly unpacked and the few sticks of furniture were neatly arranged in the appropriate rooms. Even though I've only been living in this house six months, I've already accumulated twelve goldfish which were donated, a few at a time, from various co-workers, who, rather than flush the sick fish down the toilet, gave them to me. I seem to have a knack for restoring sick animals back to health. Maybe I should've been a vet.

I do love my new position at St Angelina's hospital. Nursing is a rewarding career and looking after my patients is my top priority. Though the shift work can be a bit of a bummer, especially being new to the area, I'm eager to make some new friends.

I've already met some of my neighbours, they're a mixed bunch. There's Gabriella who lives at No. 33, I have some suspicions about her.

There's the lovely Muriel at No. 24 to my left. Coincidentally, she was a patient of mine and we've become close quite quickly, though I think it's because she found someone (me) to look after her from time to time.

Ralph lives behind me. His yard backs onto mine and we often have a chat over the back fence. I swear I saw him having a peek at me a few days ago, through a hole in the old wooden fence, when I was getting a bit of the last of the autumn sun in the backyard. Ok, I did give him a reason to be a peeping Tom; I was only wearing tiny football shorts. I like to keep trim and in shape and I look pretty good in the mirror, even if I do say so myself.

## Chapter Two

There was an odd sound coming from outside my bedroom window as I gradually woke from a deep sleep; the sun was just beginning to rise and I heard the sound of crows calling out.

'Oh bugger, the damn crows are rummaging through my garbage bin,' I thought. I jumped out of bed, threw on some clothes and headed for the front door. It was deadlocked so I headed to the back door to find the keys, damn where are the keys?

I found them in the lock of the back door. I could still hear the crows calling but they seemed louder like they were on the other side of the back door. I unlocked the back door, threw it open; nope, no crows out there. With keys in hand, I made my way to the front door and walked outside but saw the garbage bin with the lid still closed, not a crow to be seen.

I made my way over to the garbage bin, my feet getting wet with morning dew as I crossed over the pavement. I inspected the lid, it was closed tight, no sign of crows anywhere. Maybe I heard their calls coming from a neighbour's house?

"Good boy, it's ok, who's a good boy, I won't hurt you," I said to the big black dog that had suddenly appeared growling at me. I was trying to keep calm and not appear to be nervous even though I was shaking.

Animals and I have some type of affinity, they are never fearful of me nor me of them; they tend to be drawn to me, but not this dog! He just stayed there in front of me growling, kind of transfixed on me. Usually, Rottweilers are pretty scary looking but this one was a mean son of a...

"Cujo, stay, drop!" came a voice from behind me.

'Cujo, what? Really? You're kidding me! What a clichéd name for such a vicious dog like this one,' I thought. 'Calm down and pull yourself together Michael, situation under control.'

Cujo did exactly as the voice asked. "Sorry about that, mate."

I turned around and saw the most beautiful looking man I had ever seen. He was about the same height as me, six foot; lean build, thick black hair and a bit of scruff on his chiselled face that would have been about two days in the making.

He walked right up close to me, so close he was invading my personal body space. I was mesmerised by his eyes, they were the most beautiful shade of dark brown; his lips were full and luscious. My heart was pounding fast and my body began shaking, but not out of fear this time, I was totally consumed and enchanted by this guy's devilish good looks.

Wearing a tight black polo top outlining his perfect pectorals and muscled biceps with a perfect amount of dark chest hair exposed around his neckline. If I could describe the perfect man, he was standing right here in front of me. Close. So close. Too close. I welcomed him into my personal space.

Next thing I recall, "You OK, mate? I'll call an ambulance," I heard him say as he picked me up off the wet, dew covered grass.

"No, I'm fine, I'm a nurse," I managed to say as I steadied myself into standing position.

"How long was I out of it?" I enquired.

"About six minutes, I was about to give you mouth to mouth but realised you were breathing." Damn, I thought.

"Jacob, nice to meet you, mate. I just moved into the area about six weeks ago, and this guy you have already met, his name is Cujo."

'You may be the most handsome man I have ever met but you suck at naming your dog,' I thought.

"Michael. Likewise. Thanks for picking me up."

"Cujo, home," the handsome Jacob shouted at his big butch dog and off Cujo headed. I couldn't quite see which yard he went into but it must have been close, he disappeared just as fast as he had appeared when he frightened the bejesus out of me.

"I haven't seen you around, Michael. Are you new to the area?" Jacob asked quizzically.

"No. Well, I've been here for about six months, moved from interstate and just felt drawn to come to this area, and here I am. I work at St Angelina's as a nurse and do shift work so I'm in and out a bit."

A sly smile came over Jacobs's handsome face. "I used to come here on holidays with my parents when I was younger; they owned the house that I live in now. They both passed away several years ago. I inherited the holiday house and let it sit empty for a while so now I'll probably live in it for a bit. I'll keep an eye out for you, Michael; we should get together and hang out a bit if you're up for it." Jacob said in a flirty way.

"Yeah, that will be great," I said with a stammer. 'How embarrassing,' I thought, as I walked back up the three wet steps into my house. I went directly to the bathroom and looked in the mirror, oh god; I looked a bit of a mess. I had bed hair but at least my bright, ice blue eyes weren't all crusty and I cut a decent figure in the tight t-shirt and tracky dacks that I threw on to go outside.

I recalled why I went outside in the first place, it was in search of the noisy crows. What is it they call a group of crows, ah yes, a murder.