



## Kodiak Mysteries- Sample Chapter 1

I'm wrapping up my final tasks at the bustling office, where the hum of fluorescent lights and the tap of keyboards echo. Tomorrow marks the beginning of my vacation as I escape to Kodiak, a mountain community promising relief from the corporate whirlwind. The demands had been relentless, and this much-needed vacation was like a lifeline.

Exchanging weary smiles and nods with my co-workers as I turned off my computer. Carla, my dedicated assistant, passed by with a knowing look. "Counting down the hours, Rebeccah?" she quipped, her voice tinged with playful sympathy.

I laughed. "More like minutes."

Her eyes crinkled in amusement. "You deserve this break. The team can handle things here."

"Thanks, Carla. I'm leaving things in capable hands." I appreciate her reassurance and her unspoken understanding of our pressures.

Walking to the breakroom, I bumped into Mark, the innovative head of product development. His eyes sparkled with curiosity. "Kodiak, right? Your escape begins tomorrow?"

Replying, relief evident in my tone. "It's time to trade the boardroom for the mountains."

Mark chuckled. "You've earned it. Hey, don't forget to bring back some fresh ideas."

"You understand me too well," I quipped, appreciating his unwavering support for blending business with pleasure.

Heading to my office's exit, I ran into Emily, a vibrant graphic designer. She grinned. "Leaving us for the mountains, Rebecca? Can't say I blame you."

Laughing. "It's temporary, I promise. I'll be back with a tan and renewed energy."

"I'll hold you to that," Emily winked.

Exiting the office, I noticed a lightness that had been absent for too long. The night air was cool, and the city lights cast a glow. My phone buzzed with a text from Samantha: simple "Counting down!". The message brought a smile to my lips. Her excitement was infectious.

The night air was cool and refreshing, a welcome departure from the office's air-conditioned confines. The faint scent of nearby food trucks, intermingled with the aroma of blooming flowers, created an urban sense.

I found my car. It was a reliable companion, seeing me through countless late night conversations. Unlocking the doors, I slid into the driver's seat, the leather yielding beneath me.

The car hummed, marking my shift from work to personal time. Dashboard lights illuminated the space, casting a serene glow. Navigating traffic, the city's vitality enveloped me. Music filled the air as I drove past familiar sights, basking in Sunnyville's evening charm. The sun painted the sky in vibrant hues, a mesmerizing sight. Grateful for the respite, I turned towards home, content and at peace.

Walking through the door of my home, I was glad the day's demands had lifted from my shoulders. The inviting warmth of the interior embraced me. I kicked off my shoes near the entryway, and a sense of relief washed over me—the first step to unwinding after a long day.

With a contented sigh, I walked into the living room, my steps echoing against the hardwood floors. The promise of a quiet evening ahead was a comforting thought. In the kitchen, I retrieved a bottle of red wine from the cabinet and poured myself a glass. The rich aroma filled the air. My thoughts turned to the task at hand—packing for my upcoming trip to Kodiak. The suitcase stood in the middle of the room. I opened the suitcase and looked through my dresser for something to put inside.

"I don't want to do this right now. This can wait until morning," I told myself, closing the suitcase and placing it at the foot of my bed.

I entered the living room and settled onto the couch, my body sinking into the plush cushions. Samantha agreed to accompany me on the drive to Kodiak. A familiar warmth spread within me as I thought about the journey ahead.

I reached for my phone and dialed her number. The phone rang, and her voice on the other end carried the comforting cadence of familiarity.