

## Chapter Zero

You'd think that moving to the beautiful Caribbean islands from the smog of London city life would be a dream come true...but I know different.

No matter how this story comes across, I fully appreciated the great gift of being allowed to experience my five-year stay in the tropics. But I wrote this life-changing journey down not to boast or celebrate, nor mourn, or wallow. I didn't write it as a complaint, nor for revenge.

I wrote it because it's a tale that's a little different from the norm.

It's nothing overtly special – just another life with all the trials and tribulations that emerge. There's greater fortune out there and even fiercer tragedy. This is simply an account that's slightly...irregular.

I honestly don't know if people will enjoy this or feel saddened by it, love it, hate it, or be completely indifferent. For the most part, I hope it bestows a few life-lessons and enlightens people about 'people.'

But let me be frank...

...in the following story, I get murdered.

Not once. Not twice. Not three times.

I get killed repeatedly in the deepest sense that a person can experience death, without emerging as a corpse.

The worst part of it?

I had no idea any of it was coming. No concept that an island so sunny could become so dark.

I walked in blind.

All I knew at the time, was that I was restarting life in a culture I'd never experienced, with a job that people dream about; all of this in a land that western society perceives as a veritable paradise; a place that provokes everybody's envy.

This blissful-looking 'paradise,' would be my spiralling downfall.

**- Christopher Charles**

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