

Investigation of Davis Swamp

Reviews

Kudos for Jason Hess and Dragoneye publishing for another riveting edition of the Mike Taylor series, Investigation of Davis Swamp. This book is a real page turner... keeps you in suspense.. Cannot wait to see where the Mike Taylor series takes us.

Nicole Conger



I loved reading Investigation of Davis Swamp! This is a book that I couldn't put down and had to finish it in one day! This book has the perfect amount of humor mixed with suspense to make it a must read for everyone. I also loved how I was able to put myself into a visual of the scene and became a part of the story throughout the book!

Amy Lefler

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Ghost Hunted: The Beginning of the Mike Taylor Series –
Book 1



Investigation of Davis Swamp: The Mike Taylor Series –
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**The Mike Taylor Series
Book 2**

By
**Jason Hess and
K. W. Kirkland**

Edited by
LK Kelley

Published By DragonEye Publishing

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Investigation of Davis Swamp: The Mike Taylor Series,
Book 2, by Jason Hess and K. W. Kirkland
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Publisher info. Contact
DragonEye Publishing
511 W. Water St., Unit E
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Phone: 1-(607)-333-5256
Website: DragonEyePublishers.com
Orders@DragonEyePublishers.com

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Foreword

I had an opportunity to sit down and do something that I was a bit shy about doing and did not have the confidence to do on my own. Jason asked me to help with this book.

He is a seasoned paranormal investigator and he knows all the different aspects of his hobby. But when it came to doing another fictional book he was getting a little lost in spicing things up. And that's where I came in.

The second book in the Mike Taylor series, takes us on a journey to the south. To a swamp where Mike and his buddy Kevin try to help out an older lady. Mrs. Davis is a widow who owns property on the swamp, and some weird twist and turns so some of the crazy things paranormal investigators get into.

After the first book where Mikes team were lost Kevin helps spark the love of the paranormal that Mike once had.

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A young lawyer named Jonathan Johnson finds a case down south and gets the boys onboard. They head down with their gear and dive in head first, even the reluctant Mike.

Once again this story shows knowledge that Jason has of the paranormal and legends. As well as his twisted sense of humor that we all close to him know.

No matter how serious any situation can get in the book as in real life Jason throws something into the mix to make even the Pope smile.

I fell luck to be able to lend a hand and even luckier to get credit for it. Hopefully Jason will do the same in the future with me.

K. W. Kirkland

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Dedicated to all of the ones I love

**My wife, my kids, all my family and
friends everywhere. Thank you all for being in
my life.**

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With the new day comes new strength and new
thoughts.

Eleanor Roosevelt

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As I sit here, I wonder what could have been. I slowly raise my head, and look into the closet where her clothes still hang. Although she has been gone for six months, I feel like she could walk through the door to our bedroom any minute. The reason she died is because of my selfish need to find answers, which stemmed from my greed. Now, more questions are running through my head like lightning bolts from a thunder storm.

My name is Mike Taylor, and I don't know what I am anymore. Years ago, I started a paranormal group called V.G.H. (Virginia Ghost Hunters), and made the mistake of accepting the wrong client. Six months ago, I received a call from someone, who we thought was a woman in need. Instead, everything turned around, and we became the hunted. I lost friends, and even more Samantha – the woman I truly loved.

I spent time in jail that night along with another member who also survived, not only for killing my girlfriend, but both of us were accused for the disappearance of the rest of the group. Eventually, all charges were dropped, and I was cleared of all charges due to lack of evidence. But this all still haunts me.

I am still friends with the last member of our group, Kevin. He and I rarely talk about that

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night, which left us both injured. He had a broken leg while I had a snapped arm and cracked ribs. While that pain went away, the emotional scars will never leave me.

With a degree in business, I have sold cars in the past, but now, I am a clerk at a video rental store. I ran through a trust fund from my grandfather, most of it having been depleted since I got out of jail. But, I am lucky. At least, I still have my house. I was afraid that would have to go to pay some lawyer to represent me in trial. One lawyer named Jonathan R. Johnson jumped at the chance to do so. He recently had graduated law school, and passed the Bar exam. He offered to defend me at no cost simply because he thought it would help make a name for himself. And, we were exonerated. He even escorted us to the house as it was being torn down where everything had happened. That just added to the mystery, because our equipment was there. Kev and I grabbed it, before it was gone, but there was still no sign of our friends who had been lost in the house. As it was knocked down, I was hit with mixed emotions. One that I knew the house would never trap anyone again, and two the sadness for the loss of our group.

Alone, I returned to my empty house. The house was filled with its own ghosts – the ones

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that will always remind me of her. They will never go away, but then, I do not want them to disappear.

I turn my head to look at the clock. I sigh. I was expected to be at work in thirty minutes. So, I finally stood, took a deep breath, and exited my bedroom. As I walk downstairs, I wonder why I was spared? I guess God has a purpose for me – to rent bad movies at a low, low price, and remember the popcorn.

Twenty minutes later, I jump out of my POS cargo van, and head inside for another thrilling day. Nothing is more interesting than a woman trying to explain why a rental came back late, or hearing the plot of a movie I hated ten years ago.

As the night went on Kevin came in to see me. Believe it or not this was the bright point of my night. See Kevin is a unique person that has been stuck in the days of hair bands.

“Dude, what are you doing after work?” said Kevin.

“Nothing. Just going to go home and crash,” I told him.

“Well, grab a flick, and come over to my place for beer and zza.”

First, the pizza is pizza, and it’s probably a frozen one. Another thing is his place consists of a

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one room studio apartment with one chair, a bed, and a sixty inch projection TV. Also, the sheets on the bed had to be white once but now seem to be an off gray, and they just might fall apart if they were washed. And, finally, the place smelled like dog crap, which is understandable. Kev cleans dog cages at a pet store.

“I will grab a movie, and we can order a pizza from my house. You just bring what you want, OK?”

“Cool,” Kevin replied. “Why don’t we say like eleven? That cool?”

“Cool.”

“OK. See you then,” he said, adding, “Oh! And, you also should check your messages once in a while. Jon Jon has been trying to get a hold of you.”

Kevin left the store, and I tried to think who in the hell Jon Jon was. And, then it hit me. Our lawyer, Jonathan, but why is he calling now? The case is over.

I guess I will find out when I get home. This, thank God, is soon since we close in a few minutes. So, I better go grab a movie, before I lock up.

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Well, it's now eleven thirty...and no Kevin. I walked over to the answering machine, and started to listen to the many messages. Most of them I just deleted, until I found one of ten messages from Jonathan.

“Mike, it's Jonathan Johnson. I need to talk to you as soon as possible. One of my new clients has said that she is losing her house in Georgia. They have twenty acres, and she told me that her husband hid money somewhere on them. But, here's the thing. She also told me that there is swamp land, and she is afraid to enter it! And, why? Because, his “ghost” prevents her from doing it! So, she has made a deal, and asked me to relay it to you. She said that if you will find that money for her in the swamp, he will give you ten percent. Please, let me know what you think.”

I backed away from the table and the answering machine as if a snake was about to strike! I swore that I would give up all this paranormal shit. But, it's a passion with me, and hard to not pursue it. I don't know what to do.

Seconds later, the front door crashed open, scaring the shit out of me! Kevin walks in carrying a beer in one hand complete with a smirk on his face. I should really lock my door at all times! That's my bad.

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We ordered a large pizza with everything except, as Kevin put it, “those little fishy things”. While waiting for it to be delivered, we started to watch one of those action movies with Steven Segal. Unfortunately, Kevin kept talking, so watching it was almost next to impossible.

“By the way. I talked to Jon today. Did you get his messages?”

“Yeah,” I said. “He offered me a job, but I think I am going to pass.”

“Dude! I *need* you to go with me.”

My head turn so quick I am lucky it didn't fly off, and into the TV! What did he mean “go with him”? Did Jonathan talk to him first, and Kevin actually accepted it? This isn't good! Kevin is a good cameraman, but as an investigator, he is weak.

“Kev, you know I gave all that paranormal stuff up! It's my past, and I just can't go back.”

“Now, you don't want to help people plagued by paranormal activity? Did you, or did you not, tell me that you got into this line of work, because you wanted to help people? Telling people that the noise they hear at night is their water heater, or that the voices they hear is really nothing more than their neighbors talking loud, does *not* constitute helping them!” Kevin exclaimed, then, continues. “This old lady needs our help, man! You can't turn her down!”

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“Absolutely not! We did all of that, and just *look* what happened. look at all we lost! Think about who *I lost!* No way will I you or me in danger, again! This sounds almost like the last time, and I can’t do it!”

The doorbell rang, luckily, and it stopped the conversation. It was the pizza guy, and after I paid him, I closed the door. The rest of the night, Kev and I didn’t talk to each other that much, and he left around two in the morning. I know he was mad, but he will get over it. I just hope he doesn’t go down to Georgia alone.

After I cleaned up the mess, I went upstairs to bed. After brushing my teeth, I walked into my room, and climbed into bed. Sleeping alone in a king size bed is weird now. I still sleep on my side of the bed, and always think that she would be there when I woke, but she is never there, of course. I rolled to my side, and saw a light coming from under the bedroom door.

I sat up and looked harder. I know I turned off all the lights, and I was just wondering where it was coming from, when the light disappeared. I lay back down, thinking maybe it was a passing car or something else. Again, the light appeared and disappeared once again. OK, now I got to check this out.

I carefully opened the door, and walked into the hall. No light, just plain darkness. So, I

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walked to the edge of the stairs, and still saw nothing. Scratching my head in confusion, I dismissed it, and went back into bed. This time, I closed my eyes so I couldn't see if it appeared, again..

Around four o'clock, I was awoken by a voice. It was very familiar; a voice I had heard many times. It sounded like Carrie. Carrie and her husband, Mark, were part of V.G.H., and had died by falling through the railing on the second floor. She was the group's sensitive, and had helped Sam and me.

Raising my head, I didn't see anyone in my room. But, I heard the voice, again. Was I dreaming? Or worse? I had become nuts, and I would just wait for those guys in the white coats with the big net to arrive!

"Mike! Wake up, Mike!"

"Carrie? Is that you?"

"Mike, it is me, and don't worry you're not crazy."

OK, now, this voice is telling me that it could read my mind, too. Then I realized that as sensitive, Carrie was able to communicate with people that have passed. What if it can work the other way too? I am about as sensitive as a rock.

"Mike, when we started this group, it was with a purpose. Now, you are going back on your word! You once said that we would never turn

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anyone down if there was something that needed investigating! You need to go with Kevin, and help this lady! Don't even think about what happened before, could happen, again. This was what you were meant to do!"

"Carrie, I can't take that chance, and I won't do it. What if..."

The voice interrupted me.

"Mike, I told you that I would always be with you. Now go to sleep, and when you awake in the morning, do what you promised!"

"No. I can't."

There was no answer. The brief time she was here was enough for me. I always had trusted her, so tomorrow, I guess I will call Jonathan, and see what I can do even though I'm not too happy about it. And, it is what I do – go to places that are haunted to help people and to record what I find. With this, my first task was to figure out where the old man had buried his family's money. People have a lot of faith in what we do, but I don't agree. Anyway, it's time that I suck it up and try.

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