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Death Down Under, Domingo Rocha, Old Line Publishing, LLC, 2010, 0984570411, 9780984570416, 274 pages. .

Kenai Catastrophe , Michael Barbour, Aug 1, 2002, Fiction, 275 pages. .

The Order of Ethyrea Code of the Brethren, Danica Fontaine, Jul 28, 2010, , 220 pages. Outside of the astral planes that parallel fate and the undead, lies a glorious realm known only as Ethyrea. This majestic land is home to a brave and courageous race of mystic

Selling Nails on the Beach An Original Collection of Reiki Poems, Michael Smith, Nov 1, 2006, Poetry, 87 pages. .

Altered Orchid , Edgar Beaumont, Jan 1, 2007, , 378 pages. .

When Strange Things Happen A Collection of Very Strange Stories, William Hughes, May 8, 2010, , 196 pages. They say that life is stranger than fiction. Indeed, all of the stories included in this book are fiction and each is very strange in its irony, its page-turning suspense and

Bloodmaiden A Fantasy Anthology, Christine E. Schulze, Rebecca J. Vickery, Apr 10, 2010, , 198 pages. "For, you see, I am the new Quelda of Tynan."These words echo the mystery, horror, romance, and redemption found throughout the stories of Schulze's fantasy anthology. A young

From Tyranny to Freedom My Journey from War-torn Holland to America, John Vandenberg, 2010, Biography & Autobiography, 190 pages. On May 10, 1940, early in the morning, my family and I were awakened by strange sounds. What in the world was that all about? Pa turned on the radio. We found out that during

Adriatic Blue A Collection of Short Stories, Barbara Unkovic, Jun 28, 2010, , 186 pages. Adriatic Blue is an anthology of 30 short stories from New Zealand to Croatia with some unexpected detours along the way such as the horrifying reality of the Balkan War; the

Blue Water Blue Island , Michael T Barbour, Jul 1, 2004, , 307 pages. .

Yolanda Prescott is Hispanic, 27, and impertinent. She carries unhealed emotional scars from a bout of alcoholism and more recently from the untimely death of her mother; a death that resulted in a pall existing between Yolanda and her father. She supports herself by hacking computers to locate deadbeat dads, runaway moms, etc. As she puts it, "it isn't much of a living, but its honest work - if not entirely legal." She stumbles onto a bargain trip to New Zealand and hopes to vacation away her pain. However, the first morning she is awakened with a dead man lying next to her. Initially incarcerated, she is quickly exonerated, but while attempting to restart her vacation, the bad guys attempt to kill her and force her to go on the run. During her ensuing travails, Yolanda discovers the secret of the dead body and the reason members of the New Zealand Government are using all

their power to capture her. The chase spans the South Island of New Zealand, during which she learns life lessons vital in healing the wounds from her mother's death and reconciling with her father.

Domingo Alexander Rocha was born in San Antonio, Texas the day after Thanksgiving 1955. His mother called him her little turkey for years (although she now denies it). After his first birthday, the family moved to Madrid, Spain to launch a restaurant business. On his turning ten they relocated to Jackson, Mississippi so he and his brother Richard could learn English and benefit from the educational system in place there. (Really!) The late sixties and early seventies were a tumultuous time in Jackson and the author was thrown into the maelstrom of desegregation in the south. That experience pushed him to understand how people speak volumes without using words. This skill later became essential in his medical practice. He attended college at delightful Kalamazoo College where he met his future wife Carolyn. The moment they met, each knew something special had come their way. He proceeded in his studies of Physics and Mathematics at the University of Maryland at College Park culminating in a master's degree in 1980. Revisiting a youthful desire to become a doctor he entered the University of Maryland Medical School in 1982, graduating in 1986. He finished his Family Practice residency in 1989 and opened a family practice office in Hampstead, MD on November 1, 1989 and continues to care for his patients, some of twenty years. He has been married to his wife Carolyn for 32 years. He has two daughters, Holly 19, a sophomore at St. Olaf College in Minnesota, and Allie 16 a junior at North Carroll High School. He has two cats, Tommy and Opus. The author loves to write and also loves to race his 1996 Miata during track season. He lives with his family in Reisterstown, MD.

When I pick up a book from John Grisham, I know what to expect. I did not know what to expect when I read this novel, as it was written by my doctor (his 1st book). That fact made it fresh to read as he is usually buried in patients' lives or racing his Miata. Knowing his sense of humor, I was surprised by the title. I began enjoying the book from its onset, even his unique "non-acknowledgement" before it began.

"Yo" is resourceful and courageous beyond her years. As a computer guy, I found the technology aspects appealing. I found the book exciting - especially guessing whether she should really trust Inspector Yves or not. The book goes deeper than the surface mystery and also addresses facing one's demons and living through grief. Ultimately she made the most of her circumstances, did not question herself and relied on a close circle of friends/family to triumph.

I enjoyed this brash 'heroine'. It is apparent that Dr. Rocha is familiar with the language and behaviors of twenty-somethings. If I were picky, which I sometimes am, I would fault the editor for the mis-spelling of 'pique' as peak, of the use 'a myriad of', as myriad means many and it is redundant to say a many of, also use of the 'word' 'normalcy'. 'Normality' is the preferred form. Otherwise, the plot is good, the characters do grow and change, description of scenery is good...even inviting. Tension grows and there are plot twists and turns. A good first book.

Yolanda Prescott, a 27 year old world-class computer hacker, is attempting to escape the stress of unresolved family issues on a trip to New Zealand. However, on the first morning of her vacation she wakes to find a dead man lying next to her. Quickly exonerated, she tries to resume her vacation only to have an attempt made on her life which starts her on a run across the...more Yolanda Prescott, a 27 year old world-class computer hacker, is attempting to escape the stress of unresolved family issues on a trip to New Zealand. However, on the first morning of her vacation she wakes to find a dead man lying next to her. Quickly exonerated, she tries to resume her vacation only to have an attempt made on her life which starts her on a run across the South Island of New Zealand. Normally she uses her computer skills to locate deadbeat dads and runaway moms. (As she puts it, "It isn't much of a living, but it's honest work - if not entirely legal.") Now she is compelled to use them to solve the mystery of the dead body. In the ensuing chase Yolanda discovers a secret so powerful that members of the New Zealand Government will stop at nothing to silence her, but thanks to her natural feistiness, she remains one step ahead of the bad guys. Her ensuing struggles teach her life lessons vital to healing the open wounds remaining from her mother's tragic death. (less)

Presumably, my vacation to New Zealand would relax, refresh and renew my spirits. According to daddy dearest, it would help me obtain closure and revive our closeness once again. Big fat hairy chance. As far as I was concerned, we were done for good. His vicious betrayal of trust far exceeded what could ever be forgiven. Fortunately for me, my resolve was tested that first morning in my hotel room by the unusual event of being woken, by one of the Christchurch's finest, out of a coma-like state while I lay next to a dead male ex-person.

You may well imagine this had many elements of a nasty nightmare and thus I did not respond well. I did not initially understand that the man lying next to me was no longer with the living. My first impression was that two slime balls were trying to entertain themselves at my expense. If I noticed that the man waking me was dressed in a policeman's uniform, I did not notice nor would it have mattered to me. What should have been my first clue, however, was his solemn, courteous manner in conjunction with his gentle expression. So as soon as my brain began functioning sufficiently, I started swinging wildly and viciously. This combined with the unexpectedness of my attack meant that I actually managed to get a few good punches before he dislocated my left thumb while attempting to subdue me. I should have been thankful that they don't routinely carry guns down here, or I might have landed in the morgue next to whoever was next to me in bed.

When I later discovered that the man I had been sleeping with (now cut that out, you know what I mean) was in reality dead and not sleeping, I fainted. Well not completely unconscious fainted, but kind of dizzy, lightheaded, don't-know-what-else-to-do fainted. I could still mostly understand what was happening and what little I had left of my mind was desperately trying to piece the disparate puzzle pieces into any coherent picture whatsoever " particularly focusing on from where the hell did the dead man emerge?

I most certainly had not invited anyone to join me. Had I? I don't drink anymore so I could not have been too drunk to remember. Could someone have overpowered me, dragged me into bed, had his way with me then waited for me to fall asleep so he could do the decent thing and die next to me? No, I don't think so.

While I puzzled over my hopeless situation and still hoping I would wake up from the nightmare, I heard the policeman talking with hotel security. Apparently, the police station received one call about the sounds of fighting in my hotel room. MY ROOM! The hotel reported no such complaints but they sent a security guard upstairs. When their knocks at my door did not elicit a response (what knocks? I couldn't remember anything about last night), security queried the guests in adjoining rooms and they all agreed they'd heard shouting, but it only lasted a short while. No one admitted to calling the police. This morning they received another call. The operator thought it was the same male voice; however, this time he said there was a dead person in the room. They called the room as well as knocked for a while before deciding to use the security guard's passkey.

Once subdued and with my dislocated finger throbbing, I had little choice but to cooperate. Prior to incarcerating me, they kindly had an urgent care clinic check me out. Although none of the eight carpal bones was actually broken, the thumb was dislocated at the MP (metacarpal-pharyngeal) joint and the wrist ligaments were severely strained. The doctor quickly and effortlessly reduced it while my screams were heard back home in Boulder. My instructions were to wear the splint until the swelling came down completely and assured me I would make a complete recovery. My only other physical injury was a nasty cut on the inside of my lip, but since it stopped bleeding, I wouldn't let them touch it. It was left to me to bandage what little was left of my ego and self-respect.

In this respect, I did not help matters that I prefer to sleep with few clothes on. Actually, usually with no clothes on. I insist it is a residue of my father always keeping the temperature too warm in our house. I have vivid memories of long sweltering summers, unable to get out of the heat, jealous of the boys' ability to go topless, but I digress. After being patched up at the clinic, they brought me to this lousy excuse for a cell. Sure, it was clean enough, the mattress was soft enough but the privacy had serious deficiencies. I even had my own cellmate, Louise. She wasn't a talker, but

from the little she said and her general disposition, I gather that she belongs incarcerated far more than I do, which is all the more reason my brain was telling me to GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

Every time I tried to figure how this all happened, I got a splitting headache. I remembered locking the door. I was exhausted from the fourteen-hour trip and went immediately to bed " alone. I clearly remember I was alone. However, not only did I not wake up alone, I woke up with a corpse (this is where the headache starts). I then struck a policeman " twice. The policeman (in defense I admit) dislocated my thumb, which by the way still throbbed inside the splint. During these events I was completely exposed to the policeman, the hotel manager, a maid and a very young and curious bellboy (this is where the headache becomes splitting). I am at this very moment in a foreign jail for murdering someone I never met while putatively on vacation (this is where it becomes a migraine).

He led me past the booking area with which I was now much too familiar. This is where I had been searched (For what? I wondered. I literally had had nothing on when they found me) prior to being jailed. We then walked down a hall sparse of decorations and oddly reminiscent of my high school at the end of which we climbed up two floors " four flights of stairs. Don't they have elevators here? It truly is wonderful technology, a button and up you go. I decided this might not be the best time to bring this up.

Another interesting discovery is that in New Zealand, and a good part of the world for that matter, the floors are numbered in European fashion. The ground floor is not numbered, the first floor is what we would call the second, etc. So we ended up on their second floor, but we were three stories above the ground (the little things I use to occupy my mind when I want to avoid a headache.) We finally stopped at a door marked "Chief Inspector Yves."

Or maybe I just wanted it to sound friendly. Within five minutes, the door opened to reveal a tall and totally striking man. Not just striking, he was drop-dead gorgeous. He had a full head of gorgeous wavy black hair trimmed perfectly. His mustache was bushy but understated. His eyes were questioning and definitely intense but also happy. That's what I noticed first " happy eyes. That was most unexpected. I had envisioned a combination of grand inquisitor and executioner.

I hardly know where to begin...first we get to today's inevitable plot accompaniment, the damaged protagonist. They are drug addicted, alcoholic, bipolar, etc, etc. They all have deaths in their families that cripple them emotionally ad nauseam. In this book the heroine's emotional turmoil and frequent sobbing seem totally fake. Immediately after one of her breakdown spells she's back to letting readers now how smart, clever and completely wonderful she is. This is one of the most self centered and quite obnoxious characters that I've come across in a while. The writing style is flip but not at all funny. I could get no connections with anyone in this book.

It is a bit of a shame since the initial plot line was interesting even though it got so out of hand the farther it went. This isn't the first book I've bought that was a disappointment so it's not an earth shattering fact that I thoroughly disliked this book. I'm sure I'll buy more bad books down the road.

I found this book to be well worth reading. It is a novel, set in New Zealand. Full of suspense, and just a fun book to read. I personally would love to see more of Yolanda's (main character) escapades. She is a computer hacker, who just can't seem to stay out of trouble. She is an interesting and complex, yet simple character, easy to relate to.

AUTHORBIO: Domingo Alexander Rocha was born in San Antonio, Texas the day after Thanksgiving 1955. His mother called him her little turkey for years (although she now denies it). After his first birthday, the family moved to Madrid, Spain to launch a restaurant business. On his turning ten they relocated to Jackson, Mississippi so he and his brother Richard could learn English and benefit from the educational system in place there. (Really!)

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