



# Amazon Diet

PAMELA SARAGA





*Amazon Diet* is a novel about a group of curvy women who decide to take an adventure vacation in Suriname for fun and weight loss. This simple plan is complicated by a millionaire ex-husband and an alcoholic hit man. Stranded in the jungle, they are joined by a monkey called Elvis, and helped by a native tribe. They find confidence and romance, Elvis finds a home, and they all agree that anaconda tastes just like chicken.

# Amazon Diet

**Order the complete book from**

**[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)**

**<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/7379.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**

**Your free excerpt appears below. Enjoy!**

# Amazon Diet

Pamela Saraga

Copyright © 2014 Pamela Saraga

ISBN 9781626467071

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Bradenton, Florida.

Printed in the United States of America.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2014

First Edition

## Chapter 1

The water rose over their feet at an alarming rate. The rain was swelling the river faster than they could climb its bank. The only illumination were the flashes of lightning, each bolt reflected in the eyes of the creatures that surged around them. The river seemed alive shining, moving, serpentine in its flow, threatening to pull them down.

What had she done? She was responsible for this mess. No time to think she yelled to everyone, "We have to get to higher ground." Seven faces looked up at her with a mixture of fear and confusion. She grabbed the nearest shoulder and started pushing the body up the bank. "Come on ladies, follow me toward those trees," she yelled. The wind began to tear at the thick jungle foliage. Stella Schmidt the leader of this ill-fated expedition gathered her group. She led them inland until the dense tangled foliage muted the sound of the river. A lightning flash showed that they were in the middle of four huge trees, a natural shelter where they clustered together, waiting for the morning.

She thought back to the beginning of this fiasco. It was that last visit from her mother, she remembered. The hours of being berated about her weight, her marital status and her attitude. She had heard it all before but for some reason this time it got to her. Then the parting shot, "Stella if you'd just lose a little weight, you'd be such a pretty girl."

Sitting in the muck, Stella remembered her mental reply to her mother, *that may be true mom but nothing is going to give you enough brains to stop you from running off at the mouth.* She remembered closing the door hard and thinking, sometimes you're forced to believe that sort of crap, if you hear it enough times.

*Pamela Saraga*

That visit from her mother had started the whole process. The planning, the research and the recruiting of her friends to join in the big adventure had become an obsession. It was an oddly logical idea. She had always wanted to see Suriname. She and her overweight friends would fly down to this primitive area and set up a wilderness camp with sparse provisions. Roughing it for four weeks, they would have to lose the weight. The 10-mile trek alone into the camp would kick-start their 4-week journey. It was the reason she was sitting in this awful swamp waiting to be eaten alive, responsible for six women and a dog.

They landed at Zorg en Hoop Airport in Paramaribo and met with Mr. Peter Van Dyke, the lawyer who had arranged their transport into the interior. He escorted them to an out of the way section of the airport. The flight to Afobaka Air Strip was an adventure all by itself. The small plane bucked and dipped like a constipated seagull. The camp was supposed to be set up beside a large lake called VJ Bloomenstein or more locally known as Lake Brokopondo. The lake was huge more than 30 miles across in the dry season.

They had paid a great deal to have the camp set up correctly with just the right amount of isolation and provisions. They were determined, not suicidal. A minor official in the Suriname embassy in New York had recommended Mr. Van Dyke. All seemed well that morning at the airport.

Mr. Van Dyke was a small tan man in a rumpled tan suit. His welcoming damp handshake made Stella want to wash her hands. He assured them that all was prepared but they would have to begin the river journey right away, because the rainy season was continuing extra-long this year. They were packed into a bus and brought to a dock next to the dam. The boat that was waiting for them was called the Flying Dutchman, a bad omen. It was a low draft anachronism that seemed to have floated out of history. Filth swirled on its exposed deck with the dirt extending up to its two man crew. The captain was

### *Amazon Diet*

named Charlie something and his first mate was called Juan. Neither man seemed to speak much English. Mr. Van Dyke quickly hustled the women on board. He rapidly returned to the bus and they began the trip upriver immediately.

The conditions were deplorable. Eight women with one toilet was drastically inadequate. They traveled for three days twisting and turning from the large lake through snake like rivers that seemed unending. The group began to become concerned. After a great deal of gesturing and pantomime, the captain and his mate slowed their boat to a crawl and lowered an inflatable raft. She remembered the captain's smiling face as he helped each woman down into the small inflatable. She also remembered the gun he pulled out when everyone was on board. The blast took out two of the chambers on the raft and it began to sink rapidly. Everyone except Becky dove into the river. The current grabbed them and was taking them toward a bend in the river. The Flying Dutchman turned in a tight arc and sped away downriver. It barely missed Becky as she flailed in the water desperately trying to grab hold of the leaking raft. The youngest member of the group, Rose swam back toward her, reaching her as the inflatable began to submerge. Together they followed the group toward a long sandy spit sticking out half way across the river. Toward the shore the current slowed, forming a lagoon.

They all reached land as the sky opened up dropping unbelievable amounts of rain. A barely perceptible wave coursed down the river. Stella yelled a warning as the mini tidal wave built upon itself. She had read about this happening in the canyons of the southwest. Thank you Louis L'Amour, she thought, as she remembered the book that had taught her about flash floods. They all scrambled up the riverbank. Stella counted heads aloud, "Ann, Becky, Lois, Rose, Joyce, Aberly, where is Tia?" Tia Adams was missing. They all turned toward the sound of splashing. There was Tia dragging her suitcase clumsily through the water. Stella ran to help her. "Tia what is so precious in

*Pamela Saraga*

that luggage that you'd risk drowning?" "Girl," she said to Stella, "I don't go anywhere without my wigs."

Stella shook her best friend's shoulder as the first rays of the sun attempted to peek through the clouds. Ann Kelly awoke with a start. Stella led her a few yards away from the others. Ann said in a low voice, "Stella what are we going to do?" Ann's shirt began to move as a small head popped out from between the buttons.

"How you got that mutt through customs I will never understand." Ann protested, "He's not a mutt he's a Chiweenie, part Dachshund and part Chihuahua. Stella you know I couldn't leave him. Otto is all I have left after the divorce except for the alimony and maintenance." Otto wiggled out of her blouse, dropping to the ground. He went to the first tree and declared this jungle his.

Stella tried to project confidence but Ann knew her too well. "We will do what we have to do. I have studied the maps of the area," she said.

"You studied where we were supposed to be dropped off, not here. We don't even know where here is," Ann said, illustrating their predicament.

Stella smiled placing her arm around Ann's shoulder and said, "I know that but don't tell the others. Think positive, I bet you that swim burned off at least 500 calories."

They returned to the group with Otto running ahead leaping between the trees and awakening the other women. Everyone looked awful, bruised and dirty. Joyce Carter, a registered nurse, was checking each person for injuries.

"Joyce is anyone badly hurt?" Stella asked while surveying the scene.



*Amazon Diet*

“There doesn't seem to be anyone severely hurt no broken bones. We seem to have been lucky, only cuts and bruises.”

Stella decided it was time to organize the troops and make a plan. “Everyone, we have a difficult situation here. We have been cheated and left for dead. No one will even check for us until next month.” A few of the women started to cry and hung their heads.

Ann said, “Way to go Stella anymore words of encouragement?”

“I said it was difficult not impossible. Those bastards didn't count on fat women being so buoyant. We'll get out of here if we stick together and use our brains.” My first stop will be to that slimy lawyer's office and see what happened to our 40 grand, she promised herself.

“Do we have any camper types?”

Becky Lu-Ann Mitchum stood up, she said, “I've been camping since I was a baby. My family gets together in Waring, Texas every year for a family reunion. I have a large family and we set up close to 25 tents when everyone comes. We hunt and fish and barbecue the catch for supper.”

“Great Becky, you will be in charge of shelter. Does anyone want to help Becky?” said Stella as she searched the group. Rose raised her hand. She was only 19 and looked like a schoolgirl. Tears still smudged the dirt on her face. Nevertheless, she saved Becky from drowning, Stella was glad she had included her in the group. “That makes two, how about you Abery?” Abery was an imposing woman with bright white hair and a continually flushed face. “I'll do it,” she said, “but we need food more than shelter.” Abery Campbell was a celebrated chef with three best-selling cookbooks to her name.

She was right they would need food. “We will switch you over to food preparation when we have some food to prepare.”

*Pamela Saraga*

Tia Adams walked towards Stella and said, "I've been fishing my whole life. My daddy didn't have a son so he dragged me along."

"I didn't know that about you Tia, I thought you were just a devastatingly funny comedian, with a suitcase full of wet wigs," Stella laughed.

"Have you taken a look at yourself Stella? Looks like you could use a wig more than me." She got a laugh and said, "See girl that's why I'm the professional."

"Do you need some help?" asked Lois. She was a small round person with orange red hair. She moved in short jerky movements, especially her hands. She had six children and an old husband that she adored. "I sometimes go fishing with Richard and the kids," she said.

"Hey Ann, we need one more, didn't you use to fish with your ex. Why don't you join them?" Stella prodded, "and then we will have three fishing and three building. Joyce and I will go down to the river and see if we can salvage anything from the raft."

They had been lucky. The river was a red brown and the banks were littered with broken foliage and the dead bodies of animals who didn't make it to higher ground.

Joyce picked up a dead coatimundi and said, "What is this? It looks like a small raccoon and threw it back down on the ground." Stella picked it up and told her, "It's a coatimundi; I know this is disgusting but it's also dinner. Let's gather up all these animals and see what chef Abery can do with them." After the delivery of the carrion, they returned to the river and scoured the bank for any luggage or other useful flotsam.

Stella found some Styrofoam bits, an evening purse with jewelry inside, a couple of empty water bottles, an oar, a floating emergency kit and Abery's luggage. The luggage was broken open and a complete

*Amazon Diet*

set of chef's knives had tumbled out, the knives were a real treasure. They even found Otto's stainless steel dog bowl. It wasn't much but it was better than nothing.

They brought their treasures back to camp. The building project was coming along nicely, Becky and Rose had managed to lay fallen tree trunks between the four huge trees that had been their shelter last night. It would keep them off the ground. Stella was going to ask where Aberly was when a wonderful odor drifted past her nose. Their chef had managed to make a fire and was cooking the animals that they had found on the beach. Stella hadn't realized how hungry she was and was drawn to the fire like a moth. "How in the world did you manage to start a fire Aberly?"

"I'm almost ashamed to tell you Stella. I've been a smoker most of my life and I came on this trip for two reasons. One was to lose weight and the other was to quit smoking. I lost the two emergency packs of cigarettes to the river but my two lighters survived."

Stella reached over and squeezed her arm and said, "One goal accomplished, you are now a non-smoker. And I think the jungle will take care of the second goal."



*Amazon Diet* is a novel about a group of curvy women who decide to take an adventure vacation in Suriname for fun and weight loss. This simple plan is complicated by a millionaire ex-husband and an alcoholic hit man. Stranded in the jungle, they are joined by a monkey called Elvis, and helped by a native tribe. They find confidence and romance, Elvis finds a home, and they all agree that anaconda tastes just like chicken.

## Amazon Diet

Order the complete book from

**Booklocker.com**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/7379.html?s=pdf>

or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.