

*A Psychic Detective's Vision of a Victim's Hidden Handwritten Letter Leads Houston Police Homicide Detectives in a Frantic Search to Discover the Murderers Identities.*

## **Two Peas in a Pod**

By Rick S. Sulik

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# TWO PEAS IN A POD

THIS ORIGINAL  
PARANORMAL RETRIBUTION THRILLER,  
WILL APPEAL TO YOU...  
IF YOU HAVE AN OPEN MIND.

RICK S.  
SULIK

## **Two Peas in a Pod**

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## **Cover Photo Design**

### **Blue Rubber Halloween Mask**

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## **TWELVE**

### **(The Face of Death)**

From his concealed advantage point behind a tall row of trimmed boxwood shrubs adjacent to the double garage he patiently waited Saturday morning and watched her like a vulture watering her pansies through the closed unlatched wooden gate.

The moment arrived for him to make his move.

He stretched a blue rubber Halloween mask down over his face.

When she had her back turned he slithered like a python and entered the canopied shaded patio of her enclosed backyard.

He remained low and moved swiftly behind the patio chairs and tables.

The yard consisted of an array and sweet scent of rainbow-colored plants in flower beds she nurtured daily bordering the fence line that divided their property from a wooded area behind their house.

A small garden under the branches of a Dogwood tree centered the green manicured Bermuda lawn.

The intruder heard a slight scuffle inside the house. He turned sharply on his heels and saw through a plate glass window his co-conspirator placing a choke-hold on an elderly woman in the kitchen.

In a split-second he snapped his head around at his target near the garden watering the Dogwood tree.

She was oblivious to any noise coming from the house or his stealthy approach.

The beautiful Dogwood tree's white flowers placed her in a tranquil state.

She admired and gently touched the stunning blossoms of the Kousa Dogwood tree and had a flashback of her mother helping her plant the tree in the garden a few years ago. The tree was a gift from her mother on her first wedding anniversary.

Suddenly, a cold shiver shot down her spine.

Her sixth sense sounded an alarm in her head to turn around and defend herself from the approaching imminent attack from behind.

She was too late in responding to ward-off the threat.

In lightning speed her assailant had her in a deadly choke-hold.

She struggled for her life and tried to reach behind her to scratch his masked face. Her attempt was futile.

With sheer terror in her eyes she tried to scream through a blocked airway.

She realized she was no match from his overpowering death-hold.

Her mother's traumatized face appeared in an apparition in an empty space between branches of the Dogwood tree.

*Mother!* Was her daughter's last thought on earth as she desperately tried to reach her mother's outstretched hand.

Daylight had turned to darkness.

The crazed executioner exerted more pressure to her neck and it snapped like a twig.

The perspiring and exhausted murderer let go of her dead-weight and watched her collapse to the ground.

While bent over trying to catch his breath the deranged maniac suddenly felt light-headed, and temporarily lost his balance.

To keep from falling down he grabbed and the force of his weight broke a limb on the Dogwood tree before he regained his footing.

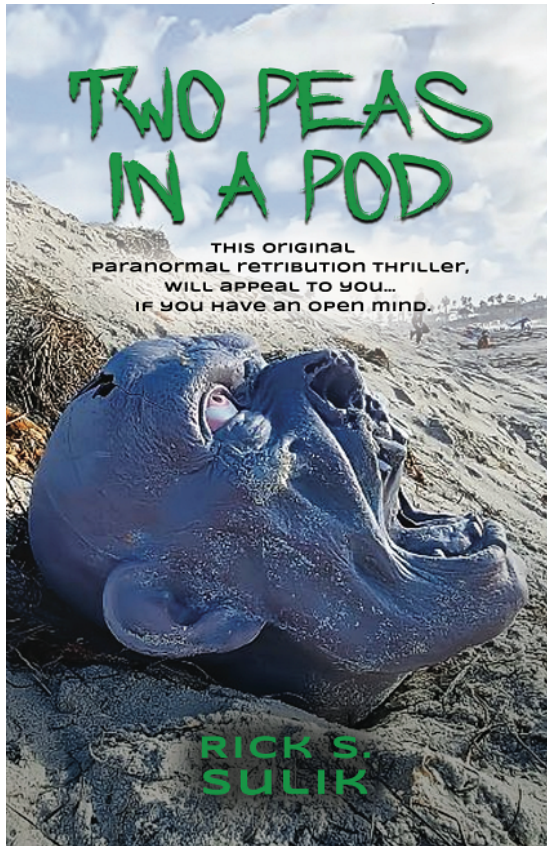
Without looking back, he quickened his stride to distance himself from the crime scene.

A school bus carrying a load of singing children on their way to a Saturday sporting event passed by the house where a double-homicide had occurred moments earlier and disappeared around the corner.



## **Author's Bio**

Rick S. Sulik was born and raised in Youngstown, Ohio. After completing high school in Boardman, Ohio, he enlisted and served four years in the United States Air Force Military Police. After receiving an Honorable Discharge, he worked three and a half years with the Houston Police Department, twenty-two years with the Pasadena, Texas Police Department, and ten years as a courthouse bailiff with the Gonzales County Sheriff's Department, before retiring in 2013.



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