

I See You

Book 2 of The Majek Family Mysteries

By Jeanne Grunert



Published: October 27, 2019

Paperback ISBN: 9781695139107

Kindle ASIN: B07YXCL8SW

Length: 342 pages

Genre: Mystery, Ghost story

About the Book

It's just a few days before Christmas, and the Majek family prepares to celebrate the holidays. But the festivities take a darker turn after Turquoise Daniels, the family's housekeeper and property manager buys a vintage snow globe as a Christmas present for David. Soon, the family is beset by cold spots, strange shadows, haunted dreams, mysterious floods of foul water, and unexplained accidents. In their quest to rid themselves of the vengeful spirit attached to the gift, the family finds themselves at the heart of a 50-year old cold case involving the disappearance of a six-year-old girl with Down Syndrome on one of the Gold Coast's elegant estates.

Reviews

“I love this story. It is like a roller coaster that gradually takes you higher and higher and higher with some dips and curves, but then to THE big hill. Held my attention throughout, characters that are relatable, a mystery that makes the reader hungry to know what...who...etc. Well done.” – Donna Sundblad, Author

Excerpt: Chapter 11, *I See You*

“Stay in the car for a few minutes, please.”

“What are you going to do?” Josh tensed.

“What I should have done a few days ago when you took that fall,” David gritted his teeth.

The boys waited in the car while their father unlocked the back door. His first stop was the basement, where he briefly checked for water, saw none, and checked the electrical box. The lights in the basement worked, but he saw the circuit breakers tripped on the second floor of the house; each of the switches had moved to the left. He quickly reset them, then returned to the first floor, closing the basement door behind him.

He strode into the living room. The couch loomed dark and threatening, the temporary work desk hulked in the corner. He strode to the mantle and reached for the snow globe.

It wasn't there.

With a shiver, he whirled around. The hairs on the back of his neck stood. The air seemed colder. He thought his breath would ice in the air. He wrapped his arms around his coat and strode to the wall switch, flooding the living room with bright, pure light. The hulking desk and crouched sofa vanished under the wash of light, turning back into the plain desk and burgundy sofas he knew well.

The mantle remained empty. The silver bowl was there, and the candlesticks, but not the snow globe.

He had a feeling he knew where it was. Pushing past the air that threatened to engulf and squeeze him, he made his way towards the stairs.

On the third step from the bottom, the snow globe gleamed.

There is no way that it could have gotten there, his rational mind whispered. We were all at the hospital. It's half past six in the morning, and Turquoise isn't here yet. The only other people who have keys to this house are Eva and Alex. Eva is in the hospital with Anna, and Alex is in Massachusetts... there is no way that thing could have moved.

Except it had moved, and it was there, and he knew he hadn't touched it nor the first responders who had come to the house the night before. Clearly, in the shuffle of police and EMTs, with Josh concerned for his little brother and trying to text his father, no one would have played with a toy like that.

“That's it,” David said aloud. The pressure around his head that squeezed with ungodly force, the icy air, all vanished in a puff as if it hadn't been there. “That's it. It's you or me, and you've got to go. I don't care if Turquoise's feelings are hurt. You. Are. Going.”

He snatched up the snow globe and stomped to the back door. He saw his boys' white faces pressed against the window glass of the Yukon. With a muttered swear, he pulled open the lid of a trash can next to the garage. It was stuffed with balled wrapping paper and stunk of carp from Christmas dinner.

“Goodbye.” David threw the snow globe in the trash. He slammed the lid onto the can, and for good measure, clicked the plastic lid locks into place that they used to keep the covers on during windy days.

Author’s Comments – from Jeanne Grunert

I grew up on Long Island, New York, and spent many hours exploring the old estates on the North Shore. My favorites included Old Westbury Gardens and the former Eberstadt Estate, now Target Rock Nature Preserve.

I love the history of the old estates and the lost era they represented. Although many still survive, more fall to the developers’ bulldozers each year.

The Dalinger Estate found in *I See You*, White Oak Hall, combines several attributes of my favorite estates. The grounds, including the freshwater pond and the beach, are modeled after the Eberstadt Estate. The ballroom is loosely modeled after the music room at Old Westbury Gardens.

If you’d like to learn more about the grand estates of Long Island, my favorite resource is Monica Randall’s book, [The Mansions of Long Island’s Gold Coast](#).

About the Author

Jeanne Grunert is an award-winning writer and marketing consultant. Readers have described her fiction as "a cross between Flannery O'Connor and Edgar Allan Poe." She loves writing tales that blend vivid imagery, supernatural elements, and at least one colorful senior citizen among the cast of characters. Follow her work on jeannegrunert.com