

Reader Comments and Reviews for Jack Dey's Books

"Mahina is a great read. I really enjoyed Jack Dey's writing style and weaving a fictional tale through real historic events and locations based in Australia. It appears as though Jack has sailed the very waters of tropical north Queensland that he writes about and his dedication to being accurate with the details adds weight to the realism of the story. He manages to pull the stories of seemingly unconnected and disparate people, from different eras, together into one complete storyline. I particularly enjoy stories that have this 'time' element to them, that show how events, people or actions in the past can profoundly affect the present. More importantly, how God can redeem stories that sometimes start generations before. Mahina has all these elements and written in a very readable style. A great first novel by Jack Dey. Can't wait for the next!" Gary James

"I read Mahina over two days. It had me from the start. I love the way Jack weaves history with the present and it all comes together like a tapestry in the end with all the loose ends tied together. A fabulous book, well worth the read! I want the next one now!!!!" Corinne

"I'm on chapter 19 of Mahina. I was up reading half the night last night..." Kathy

"G'day splendid Author and Editor ! I've got it!!! Mahina is now ready to be devoured...I will try not to forget my family and housework!... I'm delighted to continue Mahina's reading. Why there is so [little] time in a day?... Yes!!! I've finished the reading of Mahina! I've really enjoyed it... I also like a lot how you introduce Papa God in the life of your characters and the end notes... Now I'm ready to read Paradise Warrior." Dominique

"Loving reading my hard copy of Mahina!... I am loving the intrigue! The book is great how the stories are unfolding! Can't wait to see how it all ties in together at the end!... Finished!!!!!! Loved it!!!!!!" Marie

"...Mahina. The story draws you in chapter by chapter. Thoroughly enjoyed it. When is the next book going to be published? I can't wait." Craig

"...I have just begun to read & I couldn't stop!!...I LOVE the AUNTIE Rosa... wonderful!!... I am relaxing reading your Mahina & I cry & I laugh & I don't want to put my book down... Man that was something!!! WONDERFUL!!! I LOVED MAHINA BOOK!!... I became so engrossed in it that at one stage on the "Annemarie" boat.... I felt sea sick!! I lived through "MAHINA" & was transported to the Torres Strait, New Guinea & our beautiful Coral Reef so much so that when I had finished your book.... man! I was looking for your next book to pick up straight away!!... I certainly was captured by "MAHINA" from the first chapter !! Jack... I loved reading "Mahina" on my iPad.... BUT.... I absolutely LOVE having it in BOOK FORM now.... to have & to hold.... forever mine! Congratulations Jack & Editor! Many thanks for... this amazing book out of FAR NORTH QUEENSLAND... "MAHINA"... It's top class, Jack!!" Gwennie

"My favourite character in your book is Auntie Rosa. She's great !..."
Laetitia

"Mahina is a fantastic tale involving multiple storylines from both historical times and the present. At first, there seems to be no connection between the various storylines which are beautiful and complex, like the threads of fine tapestry. However, Mr. Dey skillfully weaves all the loose threads into a nice, tight, happy ending at the conclusion of the book. The story has strong Christian overtones... a memorable and well-told story, full of adventure and romance... Mr. Dey's knowledge and passion for the sea give the story a realism that draws the reader into the story... Overall, it is a skillfully woven tale with a satisfying ending. It is a memorable read. Someone should turn this book into a motion picture. You should read the book." Kathy Olson

"Jack Dey in his novel *Paradise Warrior* has written a very intriguing and interesting novel... The author has the knack of getting you to the point where your interest has you caught and you are desirous of knowing what is going to happen next. He then leaves you in suspense and changes the scene... keeps the intrigue flowing... the intrigue deepens... comes to a head in the final closing scenes... In all, I found the novel very interesting and easy to read... experience the intrigue for yourself." Phil Hollett

Paradise Warrior

Other Books by
Jack Dey
MAHiNA

Soon to be Released
Aunt Tabbie's Wings

Paradise
Warrior

JACK DEY

Paradise Warrior
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Dedicated to: Papa
For Your Honour and Your Glory

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Note from Jack

Paradise Warrior is not a story for the faint hearted and its many twists and turns will leave you guessing right to the last.

The reader who perseveres to the end will be rewarded with a rich, unforgettable journey and hopefully, it will leave you with burning questions that will demand an answer.

This novel is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, incidences, places or events, past or present, is purely coincidental. Poetic licence has been taken in this fiction.

I hope you will enjoy reading it, as much as I have enjoyed writing it.

Jack Dey

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Acknowledgements

I would like to thank the following for their tireless support in bringing Paradise Warrior from a thought to a finished work.

Papa God, for loving a truly foolish thing of the world and allowing me to be a pencil in His hand.

My wife, the Editor and designer, for turning my full stops into commas, encouraging me to keep going and using words like 'disturbing' to keep me on track. Constantly filling my cup with tea and love.

My Assistant Editor, the very charismatic Phil Hollett, for never letting me get away with anything.

The Art Department, the very talented and beautiful Rachel James, for her cover illustration.

The ever vigilant prayer team.

Simon, for allowing me to borrow his identity and turn him into a character in Paradise Warrior. Don't give up looking for your Carissa, mate.

Finally, you, the reader. May you never forget the journey you are about to take and judge everything against what Papa tells you.

Jack

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ONE

Mendacante rocketed skyward, his tiny frame blurring, as he sped high above the community. Two Yellow Lights were close on his tail, grasping at the air, as he slipped out of their reach. Below, groups of people gathered and pointed skyward, marvelling at the sight.

He corkscrewed backwards and dived, gathering speed as he plummeted towards the ground. The Yellow Lights, although bigger than he, were caught off guard by his manoeuvre and overshot him. Incensed by Mendacante's tactic, they threw themselves at a blinding rate toward the little Grey Light, gathering speed and closing the gap.

Just as Mendacante was about to hit the ground, within reach of the Yellow Lights, he suddenly shot sideways and the Yellow Lights disappeared into an explosion of colour, as they ploughed headlong into the ground.

"Daydreaming again, little Grey?" came a gruff voice beside him, shaking him from his pleasurable thoughts. "How do you think you are going to earn your colour, if all you do is shirk your training?!"

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Mendacante recognised the owner of the voice. It was his drill sergeant. He wore his yellow and blue coloured light proudly, shining all around him, like a light through a prism. The superior being made sure his subordinates understood they were not yet worthy of the prestige that came with colour.

"I..I was just going through some tactical procedures in my mind, sir."

"Report to the colonnade and join your platoon. You will see what awaits those who do well!"

Mendacante made his way slowly to the colonnade. His dream of becoming a hero and enjoying the adoration that came with colour, seemed further away than ever, after the rebuff from his commander.

He wondered if he would ever make it out of the Grey Lights, the lowest in the ranks of the Army of The King.

He brightened when he remembered that his friend, Detanyun, was amongst those being honoured today. He momentarily forgot about his troubles and hurried to join the other Grey Lights, gathered around the great structure.

An impressive throng assembled around the place of honour, each in their respective colours and each in their ascending ranks. There were the Grey Lights at the back; next were the Yellow Lights; then the Blue Lights; Green Lights; and finally, the Red Lights at the front.

The platoon commanders wore a base light of red, interspersed with bands of coloured light. The higher the rank, the more coloured bands.

When a warrior did well in his training, he was honoured at the colonnade and depending on his achievements, was assigned a higher coloured light. The newly honoured warrior was then given an assignment for The King, to prove himself worthy and maybe earn a coloured band, if he did well in his assignment.

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Every warrior knew the assignment meant crossing over, through the door in the dimensions, that led into the Tempter's kingdom and the confines of four dimensions.

Being chosen for dimensionalism was a distinguished honour, but it carried terrible dangers, restrictions and extreme temptations, to indulge in the ways of the creatures of the Earth.

In the legends of the phenomenal battles of Heaven, it is said that Lucifer, the impressive Fallen One, had led a revolt against The King and was thrown out by the High Prince Michael. When Lucifer fell, he took a third of the warriors with him and in so doing, they lost their light and their honour, never to return. Dwelling forever in a place caught between dimensions, in an eternity of darkness, these fallen warriors roamed the dimensions often, finding entry points into the human world, when invited by humans looking for supernatural power. Once indwelling a human host, they could command terrific power and significant evil in the world using the host.

The Son of The Great King Himself, was the only one to take on four dimensions, become human and not indulge in the Tempter's kingdom. He was adorned with pure white light, an honour reserved only for the greatest warrior.

He came back scarred and disfigured, beaten beyond recognition from His battle, but He succeeded in releasing the chosen ones, from the captives of the Tempter's kingdom.

There were rumours among the ranks of an ensuing battle, soon to take place, where The Great King would send His Son back to the Earth, to rid it of the Tempter, judge the creatures identified by the Tempter's mark, and do away with the restrictions of the four dimensions, forever.

Today, however, there were murmurings that the impressive warrior, Michael, was going to be present, to honour a special

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warrior and assign him a dangerous mission. This was the stuff of dreams, the epitome of every warrior's desire, to be honoured by the prodigious and humble warrior prince.

From his distant position among the Grey Lights, Mendacante could see his friend proudly walk out into the middle of the colonnade, with three other warriors. Detanyun's light shone a brilliant yellow, among the three other Blue Lights.

Although Detanyun was a rank above Mendacante, he by no means treated him as if he was inferior. In fact, Detanyun had tried to coach the little Grey Light in all forms of combat, giving up as the little Grey stumbled over, tripping on himself.

Detanyun took note, on more than one occasion, that Mendacante could plan a battle strategy that left even his wiry skills stretched to the limit and trapped in an embarrassing defeat.

The sly little Grey would always say, "...and check mate!" with a crooked little smile on his face, leaving Detanyun tied up in knots.

Though they were worlds apart in capability, their friendship was strong. For many years, they had grown together in the Grey Light platoon, until Detanyun had been honoured and moved up a rank. Now, Mendacante spent most of his time dodging the drill sergeant and dreaming of glory.

A sudden '*aww*' rumbled through the colonnade as a huge figure, dressed in red light, with six bars of colour, one on top of the other, topped off with a band of white light, appeared.

Michael had made his entry and the gathering fell silent, at the sight of the majestic warrior.

Michael's booming voice echoed across the gathering. "Fellow servants of The King, messengers and protectors of the chosen ones, we have come together to honour the achievements of these, your brother warriors. Through their

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impressive performance, training as warriors of The King, they have been chosen to represent Him in a commando assignment, behind enemy lines. Their ability to carry out their assignment is imperative, to set the ground work for the plans of the next, looming battle against the Fallen Ones."

Michael walked up to the four warriors, dwarfed in his presence and nodded toward each one.

The three Blue Lights immediately turned green and the warriors smiled in appreciation to Michael, obviously proud of their promotion.

Detanyun looked up toward the great warrior and Michael smiled directly at him. Detanyun's Yellow Light turned red, sending a ripple of disbelief through the gathering. Michael reached down and handed Detanyun a medallion, a small, gold circle, encircling a six-sided star, on a chain.

The chain awarded to The King's elite warriors.

Mendacante broke protocol and cheered from the ranks of the Grey Lights and was immediately castigated by his fellow Greys, for drawing attention to them.

He didn't care.

He was living his dream through his friend.

Michael and Detanyun looked toward the direction of the ruckus and Detanyun smiled. He couldn't see Mendacante, but he knew his voice.

Michael then handed Detanyun a red folder, with the star emblem on the front. He commended the four warriors and made his way determinedly back, to stand in the presence of The King.

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Mendacante buzzed around Detanyun, like a fly attracted to a carcass. Detanyun sat with his back against a tree, staring

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dejectedly at the folder lying in his lap. Mendacante's euphoria, at his friend's promotion to a Red Light warrior and his acceptance as a member of the Special Forces, suddenly ceased, as he caught sight of his friend's downcast features.

"What's wrong, Detanyun?" Mendacante asked, with concern.

"My assignment is to watch over a baby Earth girl," Detanyun said, disappointedly. "An assignment any other colour, including you, could do. Am I to be a babysitter, after many years of intensive training? And now, the Prince chooses to embarrass me, with this."

Mendacante sat next to his friend and thought for a while.

"This baby must be very important, if she is to be assigned a Special Forces Red Light. I am sure there is more to the story, otherwise the Prince would have chosen someone else."

"Yeah, I guess you're right, Mendacante."

"When does your mission start?"

"Tomorrow. Michael will open the dimensions, for me to cross over, first thing in the morning."

"Are you scared?"

"No, just a bit disappointed."

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Gabriel, who also stands in the presence of The King, met Michael at the entrance to the throne room.

"How did he take it, Michael?"

"As expected. He thought we sent him in as a baby sitter," Michael responded.

Gabriel waited for a moment and then spoke.

"The King wants to give him the heart of a human, as soon as he crosses over."

"The heart of a human?! That is a heavy load for any warrior

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to carry."

Michael thought for a while. "The King is the Great Wise One. He sees things from every angle, at every moment in time. He must have a plan, Gabriel."

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Detanyun stood by the tree that marked the opening to the four dimensions. It was early morning and he could see Michael's huge outline approaching, moving swiftly towards him.

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As he was approaching Detanyun, concern gripped Michael, knowing the warrior wouldn't have any of his heavenly assets on Earth. For his own safety and the success of his mission, his identity had been masked.

He would be operating deep inside enemy territory.

Michael approached the tree and commanded the dimension to open.

Mendacante stood nearby, hoping to stay out of sight, but also wanting to see his friend leave. A doorway appeared and Detanyun stepped towards it.

Mendacante looked down at the place where Detanyun had been sitting and saw his medallion lying there. He scooped it up and sped towards Detanyun.

Just as he was about to hand it over, the dimension closed and both Detanyun and Mendacante tumbled through.

Michael watched the scene unfold in front of him and he spoke softly to himself.

"So this is the plan of The King."