





# BETWEEN TASTE AND SOUND

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# DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to Otto Frederick Warmbier.

(December 12, 1994 – June 19, 2017)

An American college student who was **imprisoned**.

*“No job is easy enough that you put your guard down,  
you will soon come to realize that in this book.”*

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# PREFACE

This novel is a work of fiction, any of the characters' names and habits are coincidental. Any resemblance to real-world events it's purely speculative and does not portray the beliefs or feelings of the Author. Proceed with caution.

Between taste and sound is a work of art that I have been engrossed with for the last three and a half years of my life. It's the first time I have finished a novel, and I'm very happy with how it came out. If I had to tell you what makes this story so special, I would not be able to comment. All I can say is that I had a lot of fun picturing in my head all the situations Yoishi entangles himself with. And even though you might not be able to relate to all the travel around the world and the riches, I can assure you it will entertain you for a few hours.

If you are a Latino like me, you will understand some of the pop-culture references that I throw at the reader every once in a while, like who is the celebrity in the book? The mystery of those Easter eggs will be revealed at the end.



## PROLOGUE

A middle-aged man with blue eyes and blond hair was having his meal. He seemed older than he looked. He was at his home, enjoying lunch with blood on his hands when two lawyers approached him.

“Your wife let us enter the house. How would you like to proceed with the game of the empire?”

“My contestant is Roberto, right?” asked the man.

“Yes, that’s correct!” both lawyers said in unison.

“Tell him that if he guesses the meaning behind the dish that I’m going to send him, I will divorce his childhood sweetheart!”

Both lawyers gulped in distress. “And why is there blood on your hands?” one of them asked.

“Oh, this?” He lifted up his hands and wiped them on his white shirt.

“It’s because I just killed the last Rhino that ever lived. I put the leg in the fridge.”

One of the lawyers took out a handkerchief and started pampering his forehead.

“Won’t you get in trouble for doing that? Roberto might find out.”

“I am not going to get in trouble. It’s not for Roberto after all. The person who would get in trouble is the one who gets to eat it.”

“And who is that?” asked one of the lawyers, the other one was curious, too.

“I don’t know. The next contestant, I suppose.”



## CHAPTER 1: THE MISTAKE

Hi, my name is Yoishi. However, that's only my second nickname, my first nickname is Fluffy Feet—because I'm always wearing my lucky charm. And you might be wondering what this lucky charm is. Well, it's a pair of bunny rabbit sandals, they are a bit smelly since I have kept them since I was nineteen.

Ever since I won a jackpot, those three hundred thousand dollars turned everything around. Playing in the casino was never the same. It's all thanks to me wearing the sandals, and I haven't looked back.

When people want to be nice to me, they call me Fluffy.

Oh, life is good. I can wear my sandals everywhere I go. Well, almost everywhere.

There's one exception ... Work. My job has a very strict dress code; I can't wear my bunny rabbits to work no matter how much I plead.

By the way, instead of doing this introduction right now, I should be at work.

There are two reasons why I should be out of work right this second. The first is for something embarrassing I did by accident—ripping my pants in half. It happened just when I was about to sit down. The second reason is—

A nurse walks into the room and sees me sitting on a chair. “Yoishi, have you been waiting long?”

“I'm surprised you remember my name. I was starting to introduce myself to my imaginary admirers.”

“Well, I remembered because you have been here quite a few times. I hope it's not the same thing.”

The doctor walks in. “Hi, Yoishi.” He grabs the form from the table in the room. “Let's see what we have here.”

He sighs, takes a deep breath, and flips the page. “Food poisoning again?”

I look up. “I know, but—”

The doctor shakes his head. “No buts.”

The nurse giggles. “Yoishi, listen to the doctor, he knows what he's doing.” She exits the room.

“Doctor! This won't happen again, I'm a professional at my job, this was just a mishap. It's because I wasn't wearing my lucky charm, I tell you.”