



DEADLIER THAN FICTION

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BUNBURRY - A GSY MYSTERY SERIES

Miss Marple meets Oscar Wilde in this new series of cosy mysteries set in the picturesque Cotswolds village of Bunburry. In "Murderous Ride," the second Bunburry book, Alfie discovers that he has not only inherited a cottage from his late Aunt Augusta but also a 1950s Jaguar. He is dismayed: for reasons of his own, he no longer drives. Aunt Augusta's best friends, Liz and Marge, persuade him to get behind the wheel again – but that's just the start of his troubles.

About the Book

Amateur sleuth Alfie McAlister enjoys his volunteer work in Bunburry's community library, set up in the mansion of the formidable Miss Radford-Jones. The library is home from home for eleven-year-old Noah, an Agatha Christie fan who sees murder round every corner. At first Alfie dismisses this as a child's overactive imagination - but then he himself is attacked. Could young Noah be right after all?

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Alfie McAlister flees the hustle and bustle of London for the peace and quiet of the Cotswolds. Unfortunately, the "heart of England" turns out to be deadlier than expected ...

Margaret **"Marge" Redwood** and Clarissa **"Liz" Hopkins** have lived in Bunburry their entire lives, where they are famous for their exceptional fudge-making skills. Between Afternoon Tea and Gin o'clock they relish a bit of sleuthing...

Emma Hollis loves her job as policewoman, the only thing she is tired of are her aunt Liz's constant attempts at matchmaking.

Betty Thorndike is a fighter. Mostly for animal rights. She's the sole member of Bunburry's Green Party.

Oscar de Linnet lives in London and is Alfie's best friend. He tries luring Alfie back to the City because: "anybody can be good in the country. There are no temptations there."

Augusta Lytton is Alfie's aunt. She's dead. But still full of surprises...

Harold Wilson loves a pint (or two) more than his job as local police sergeant.

BUNBURRY is a picturesque Cotswolds village, where sinister secrets lurk beneath the perfect façade ...

THE AUTHOR

Helena Marchmont is a pseudonym of Olga Wojtas, who was born and brought up in Edinburgh. She was encouraged to write by an inspirational English teacher, Iona M. Cameron. Olga won a Scottish Book Trust New Writers Award in 2015, has had more than 30 short stories published in magazines and anthologies and recently published her first mystery *Miss Blaine's Prefect and the Golden Samovar*. HELENA MARCHMONT



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www.be-ebooks.com Twitter: @be_ebooks_com Follow the author on Twitter: @OlgaWojtas "There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written."

Oscar Wilde

PROLOGUE

Trevor Mills shrugged on his expensive coat, carefully tucking in the ends of his cashmere scarf.

"Bye, lads," he said, raising his hand in farewell. "See you tomorrow." There was a scattered response of "goodbye" and "see you" from the other men at the bar.

He stepped out of the clubhouse into the night's darkness and began to cross the road. A car without lights, which was parked nearby, suddenly pulled out without signalling and he had to dodge sharply out of the way

"Bloody idiot," Mills shouted after it. "And switch your bloody lights on!"

Parking was always tight near the clubhouse, and he had left his BMW in the next street. He walked briskly down the narrow unlit lane linking the two, searching in his pocket for the key fob.

It was a chilly night, but he was feeling pleasantly warm after several whiskies. It had been a good evening, with he and his cronies setting the world to rights, and agreeing that they could do a much better job of running the country than the bunch of morons calling themselves a government.

He fished out the key fob and pressed the button as he reached the next street. On the other side of the road, the BMW's indicators lit up as its doors opened.

Mills walked into the deserted road, heading for the car, remembering a particularly witty remark he had made about the nincompoops in Parliament. It was a good word, nincompoops. That's exactly what they were.

He was so busy savouring the word that he was only dimly aware of the sound of a speeding car. A car that careered round the corner. There was no chance of dodging out of the way.

He didn't even have time to register that it was the same car he had seen earlier.

When Trevor Mills's crumpled body was found, the car was long gone.

1. THE COMMUNITY LIBRARY

The picturesque Cotswolds village of Bunburry had a range of attractions, including a gently flowing river, the Victoria Park with its Indian pavilion, a historic church, and The Drunken Horse Inn.

But there was no library: it had closed a good decade earlier, the victim of council cuts. Alfie McAlister, one of Bunburry's newest residents after inheriting a cottage from his late Aunt Augusta, wondered whether it could be resurrected.

He casually mentioned his thoughts one evening to Liz and Marge, his aunt's best friends. Marge rang him the very next day.

"Put on your best bib and tucker, my boy. Miss Radford-Jones wants to see you."

"Who's Miss Radford-Jones?" he asked.

"Alfie McAlister – born in Bunburry and you don't know who Miss Radford-Jones is? Shame on you."

He might have been born in Bunburry, but he was a Londoner through and through. His mother had moved to London for work before he was old enough to know where he was.

"Miss Radford-Jones," Marge told him, "is the lady of the manor."

"I had no idea that Bunburry had a manor, let alone a lady to go with it," said Alfie.

"Well, maybe not the lady of the manor as such, but she lives in a very big house, and she's what you would call formidable."