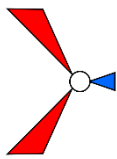


## 691 AB

<b>bncdoc.id</b>	CEB
<b>bncdoc.author</b>	Granger, Ann
<b>bncdoc.year</b>	1991
<b>bncdoc.title</b>	A season for murder.
<b>bncdoc.info</b>	A season for murder. Sample containing about 37282 words from a book (domain: imaginative)
<b>Text availability</b>	Worldwide rights cleared
<b>Publication date</b>	1985-1993
<b>Text type</b>	Written books and periodicals
<b>David Lee's classification</b>	W_fict_prose

<691/c>	told her to throw the lot away. I wish she had done. You know, once a woman's got a name as a neurotic no one takes her seriously any more. No matter what's wrong, they prescribe more pills and tell her to take it easy. Nobody listens to her. No one believes her any more but they're ready to believe anything anyone else says about her!' 'It's a tricky problem,' Meredith said cautiously. 'Dealing with a neurotic person is well-nigh impossible. They do go off the deep-end and tell you extraordinary tales. I've had to deal with a few.' 'Oh, I know it's like crying wolf,' Harriet nodded. 'But if you know that person, you can generally disentangle what's really happening from the rest. I'm not a fanciful person. I suppose I'm quite hard-headed in a way. But I don't lack sympathy. The reason I packed in the charity job wasn't because I didn't sympathise. It was because I got so frustrated. I'd slave my guts out on a case and think I'd got it settled and a week later the woman would turn up in my office with the same dreary tale. Working for an outfit like that helps you tell the real from the fraud.' She paused. 'But you still get it wrong, sometimes. I don't like being made a fool of!' Outside in <u>the little hallway</u> , the telephone rang. Harriet said 'Excuse me!', got to her feet and went out to answer it. She closed <u>the door</u> behind her and the conversation came to Meredith as the muffled indistinguishable sound of Harriet's voice. Meredith was relieved to be spared the embarrassment of unavoidable eavesdropping. Harriet's voice rose aggressively and then the receiver was slammed down. She returned, flushed, and walked to <u>the drinks cabinet</u> . 'Would you like a glass of sherry? Or something stronger? Wish each other Merry Christmas and all that!' She was reaching for the glasses already. Clearly, she meant to have a drink. 'All right, a sherry would be fine,' said Meredith who really didn't like drinking in the middle of the day. Harriet pushed back the whisky bottle and poured out two sherries. They toasted one another in Croft Original. 'Absent friends,' Harriet added before drinking hers. 'May they never be forgotten.' As foreseen by the dark clouds, it began to rain during the afternoon and by the time the headlights of Markby's car illuminated
 <p>Key:  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn1</a>  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn2</a>  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn3</a></p>	<p><u>the front windows</u> of <u>Rose Cottage</u></p> <p>, it was fairly tipping down. He dashed up <u>the short front path</u> at a run and shot through <u>the door</u> Meredith held open for him. Squashed against her in <u>the tiny hall</u>, he dripped water and spluttered apologies. She thought that he hadn't changed a bit. It was the same thin, intelligent slightly wary face and as far as she could tell the same old Barbour jacket. He was the sort of man who loathed new clothes. His hair fell over his forehead in a damp straight lock and his blue eyes were screwed up as if in concern or alarm. 'Have you got a mac?' he asked anxiously. 'We have to get from the pub car park into the pub. It's bucketing down.' 'I've got my anorak and it has a hood. I was afraid it might rain for Christmas.' Why was it when English people met again after an absence, they talked so determinedly about the weather? But he had spotted the wreath, hung up in the hall. 'That's a bit - bright.' He stooped over it, peering down. It hung at the level of his chest. 'It's Mrs Brissett's. She threatened to bring a plastic Father Christmas too. As it is, look in here.' Meredith</p>

	<p>threw open the door to the living room. ‘Good grief,’ he said faintly. Paper chains, turquoise, acid yellow and flaming scarlet, were draped about the room from corner to corner and back and forth. A large puce Chinese lantern dangled from the ceiling and a silver tinsel Christmas tree stood on the coffee table. ‘She did it all while I was in Bamford shopping this morning. It’s so kind of her and she must have worked so hard ... I can’t possibly take any of it down. She said she was sure I must have missed an English Christmas abroad all these years. I don’t know how she got up to fix the ceiling chains.’ ‘It’s, ah, cheerful ... and talking of Christmas-’ He broke off and looked embarrassed, then said, ‘I’ll explain later. Shall we go and get that steak?’ He took them by a tortuous route to a pub called The Black Dog, which made a change from horses and pookas, until she recollected uneasily that a black dog was one of the devil’s traditional earthly disguises. Meredith, trying to use her bump of direction thought they had gone in a circle and as far as she could tell through teeming rain and darkness, were in the</p>
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