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<191/c>	<p>but found her mind drifting back to that one subject all the time. Had he left the resort? Surely she would have bumped into him by now ... unless he was avoiding her. Pretending to be on a stroll, she hiked up to the car park. The Mercedes was still there. He had got back that night, hadn't he? Were there bears in these woods? Maybe he'd been mauled. Maybe he was out there alone, needing help ... Her thinking grabbed her and she raced down to the beach, and followed the rocky shoreline looking for signs of him, but saw nothing. No torn clothing caught on branches, no moans of pain emitting from the dark woods. She knew her imagination was going wild, and forced herself to stop and think. She could follow the shoreline all the way to where they had pulled up that afternoon looking for shelter, but that would take hours. It would be much simpler to ... She swallowed her pride and sought out her cousin, who, naturally, knew everything about everybody at the resort. 'Mandy, have you seen Matthew?' 'Does this mean you are relenting on your original position?' Mandy asked hopefully. 'It means no such thing! I just haven't seen him since ... you know ... and I started to wonder if he even got back.' 'He got back. In fact, I just saw him in the flesh, bruised as that might be.' 'Bruised?' Charity asked weakly. 'It looks as if he must have had a run-in with a few trees finding his way home that night. Serves him right.' Mandy took a look at Charity and hastened to assure her. 'Superficial. A scratch on his nose. It's nothing. But you know where I saw him? In with Mrs Foster. And she looked upset. I wondered right away if he'd registered a complaint against you, Charity. It doesn't look good dumping guests in the middle of the uncharted wilderness.' 'I wouldn't exactly call it the uncharted wilderness.' 'I don't think it matters what you call it. It matters what he calls it, if that's even what he's discussing. Honestly, he looked like an absolute bear. When I asked him about his nose he actually growled at me. Those bad-tempered brutes are so intriguing, aren't they?' 'Mandy, I might be losing my job, and you're contemplating the intrigue of bad-tempered men.' 'You won't lose your job. Mrs Foster is</p>
<div data-bbox="240 752 319 840"> </div> <p>Key: Footprint ConEn1 Footprint ConEn2 Footprint ConEn3</p>	<p><u>too much</u> of <u>a softie</u></p> <p>to fire anyone. <u>At most, she'll reprimand you, and she'd hate that so much she'd probably ask me to do it for her.</u>' Just then, Donna, who worked on the front desk, came trotting across the lawn towards them. 'I've been looking for you two. Mandy, Mrs Foster has called a staff meeting. What do you suppose that means?' Mandy frowned. 'I don't know. We've never had one before, have we?' 'Not that I can remember,' Donna said glumly. 'It's that man, I just know it.' 'What man?' Mandy asked. 'Matthew Blake. He's been with her for three days now. They've been having their meals in her office. That's too much for an old lady.' Mandy shot Charity a wicked look. 'Now that is one long complaint. Are you sure you told me everything about that night?' Charity glared at her cousin, but Donna seemed too upset to notice. 'Henri says he thinks he's from a big hotel chain, and he's trying to buy out Anpetuwi. Wouldn't that be awful?' 'Henri should stick to making soup,' Mandy said, obviously not liking her position as first with the news being usurped.</p>

	<p>‘I heard the Mafia loaned Mrs Foster some money and he was sent to collect.’ Donna gasped and looked at her, round-eyed. ‘Mandy, that’s awful.’ ‘Just have a look at him, the next time you go by. All that curly dark hair. When’s this meeting, anyway?’ ‘Tomorrow at ten. Everybody has to be there. Everybody.’ Donna scurried away to spread the news. ‘Mandy, you really shouldn’t have said that about the Mafia.’ ‘Oh, why not? If we’re going to have some rumours flying around they might as well be exciting ones. Now, I’m going to find out what’s really going on.’ But she didn’t find out anything. And the next morning when she and Charity arrived at the meeting they were as much in the dark as everyone else. The first person Charity saw was him. The meeting was being held in the dining-room, and he was leaning his haunches against a table at the very front of the room, looking extremely cool and self-possessed. Her heart lurched. He turned and looked at her, the welt across his nose red and ugly. His eyes narrowed on her, briefly</p>
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