

FOR EVERYONE WHO'S LOVED AND LOST  
AND LEARNED TO LOVE AGAIN



# JAMES PATTERSON

THE NUMBER ONE BESTSELLER

*Suzanne's Diary  
for Nicholas*

*Suzanne's Diary  
for Nicholas*

A NOVEL

BY

JAMES PATTERSON

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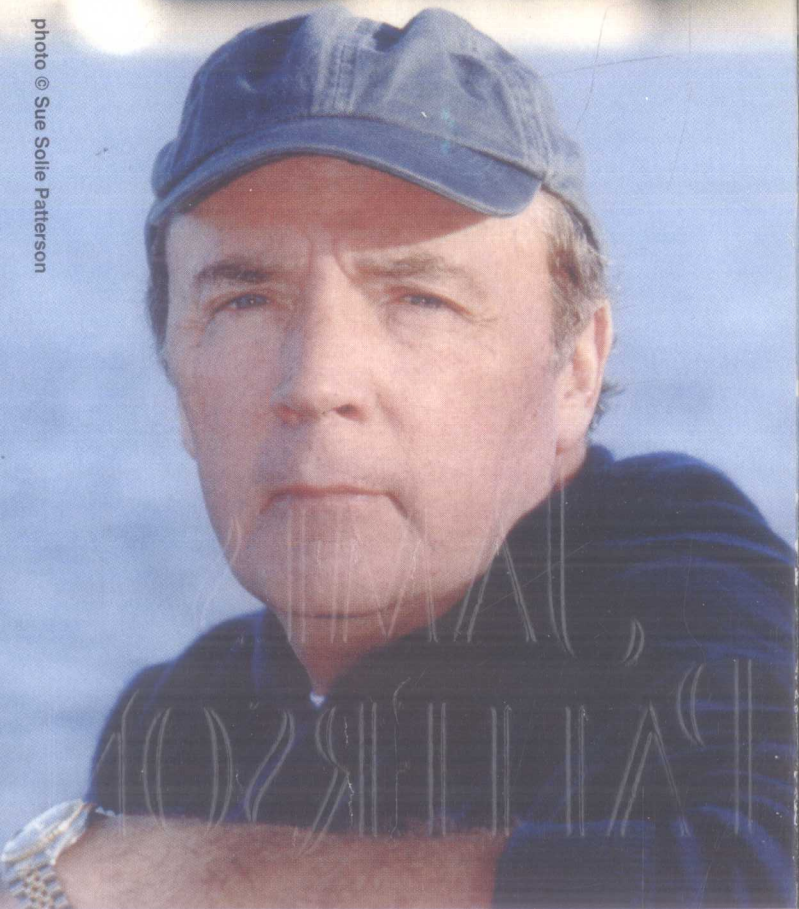
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**JAMES PATTERSON'S** previous international number one bestsellers include *ALONG CAME A SPIDER*, *KISS THE GIRLS*, *JACK AND JILL*, *CAT AND MOUSE*, *WHEN THE WIND BLOWS*, *POP GOES THE WEASEL*, *CRADLE AND ALL*, *ROSES ARE RED*, *1ST TO DIE*, and his most recent, *VIOLETS ARE BLUE*. *KISS THE GIRLS* was filmed by Paramount Pictures and became a number one hit movie, and the film version of *ALONG CAME A SPIDER* was released in 2001.

Praise for James Patterson's novels:

'Romance, suspense, action ... There's magic here, too, leaving readers more than once struck deep by wonder' *Publishers Weekly*

'Reads like a dream' *Kirkus Reviews*

'A fantastic fable ... Compulsively readable, a seesaw of hopes and fears that keeps the reader guessing right up to the last minute and then trumps expectations' *The Times*

'A fine writer with a good ear for dialogue and pacing' *Washington Times*

'Another brilliant *tour de force*' *Book Magazine*

'Skilfully put together' *Cosmopolitan*

'Compulsively readable' *Times Metro*

*Also by James Patterson*

Ist to Die

Roses are Red

Pop Goes the Weasel

Cat and Mouse

Cradle and All

When the Wind Blows

Miracle on the 17th Green (*with Peter de Jonge*)

For those who have loved, and lost, and  
loved again

For Robin Schwarz, whose valuable assistance,  
and big heart, are much appreciated

Also, thanks for help –  
Mary, Fern, Barbara, Irene, Maria, Darcy,  
Mary Ellen,  
and Carole Anne

Most of all, for Suzie and Jack; and for Jane

# Pop Goes The Weasel

James Patterson

'It's all just a game, darling. I play with three other men, their names are FAMINE, WAR and CONQUEROR. My name is DEATH. You're a very lucky girl – I'm the best player of all.'

As if to prove it, he stabbed her for the first time.

Geoffrey Shafer: a man who never loses, he is prepared to play the game of games for the highest stakes of all.

Alex Cross: senior homicide detective, he is determined, whatever the consequences, to unmask the man he has nick-named the weasel, the prime suspect for a spate of killings Cross has been forbidden to investigate.

In POP GOES THE WEASEL, James Patterson has created a formidable villain every reader will see in the shadows when the lights are out, a tender love story, a plot powered by relentless suspense, and psychological thrills kicked-up to an all-time high.

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# Cradle and All

James Patterson

*Cradle and All* is megabestselling author James Patterson at the height of his creative power. A breathtaking combination of suspense, love and apocalyptic nightmare, it will keep his millions of fans on the edge of their seats.

Kathleen, from privileged Newport, Rhode Island; Colleen, from a poor, remote Irish village – two teenagers on opposite sides of the Atlantic whose lives are in great danger. Both girls are pregnant.

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'The novel's considerable suspense arises as [Patterson] speeds the action from America to Ireland to the Vatican, sharpens it as supernatural forces come into play and spins it with a wicked twist' *Publishers Weekly*

'Compulsively readable' *Times Metro*

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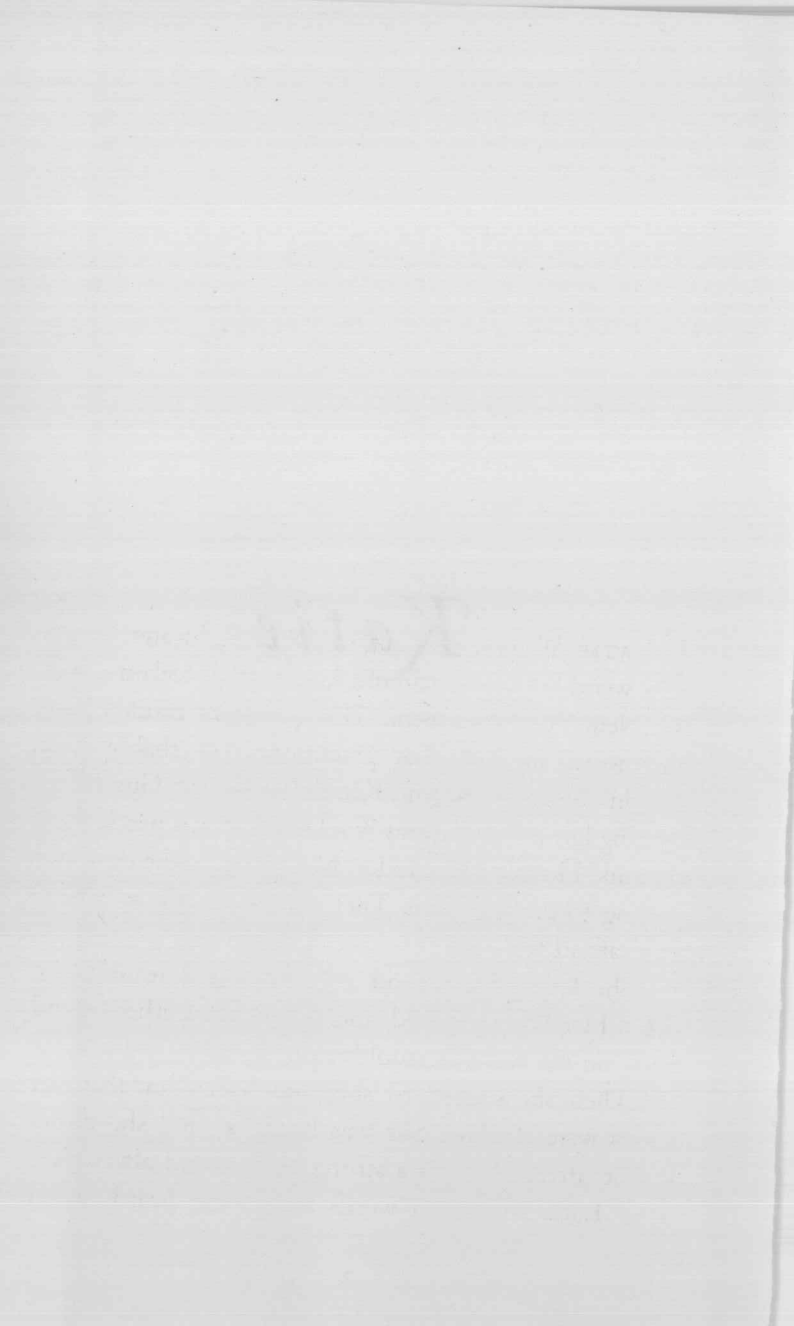
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*Katie*



KATIE WILKINSON sat in warm bathwater in the weird but wonderful old-fashioned porcelain tub in her New York apartment. The apartment exuded 'old' and 'worn' in ways that practitioners of shabby chic couldn't begin to imagine. Katie's Persian cat, Guinevere, looking like a favorite gray wool sweater, was perched on the sink. Her black Labrador, Merlin, sat in the doorway leading to the bedroom. They watched Katie as if they were afraid for her.

She lowered her head as she finished reading the diary. Her body shivered, and she set the leather-bound book on the wooden stool beside the tub.

Then she started to sob, and Katie saw that her hands were shaking. She was losing it, and she didn't lose it often. She was a strong person, and always had been. Katie whispered words she'd once heard in her

father's church in Asheboro, North Carolina. 'Oh Lord, Oh Lord, are you *anywhere*, my Lord?'

She could never have imagined that this small volume would have such a disturbing effect on her. Of course, it wasn't just the diary that had forced her into this state of confusion and duress.

*No, it wasn't just Suzanne's Diary for Nicholas.*

She visualized Suzanne at her quaint cottage on Beach Road in Martha's Vineyard.

Then little Nicholas. Twelve months old and with the most brilliant blue eyes.

And finally, Matt.

*Nicholas's daddy.*

*Suzanne's husband.*

*And Katie's former lover.*

What did she think of Matt now? Could she ever forgive him? She wasn't sure. But at least she finally understood some of what had happened. The diary had told her bits and pieces of what she needed to know, and also deep, painful secrets that maybe she didn't need to know.

Katie slipped down farther into the water, and found herself thinking back to the day she had received the diary - 19 July.

Remembering the day started her crying again.

ON THE MORNING of the nineteenth, Katie had felt drawn to the Hudson River, and then to the Circle Line, the boat ride around Manhattan Island that she and Matt had first taken as a total goof, but had enjoyed so much they kept going back.

She boarded the first boat of the day. She was feeling sad, but also angry. *Oh God*, she didn't know what she was feeling.

The early boat wasn't too crowded with tourists. She took a seat near the rail of the upper deck and watched New York from the unique vantage point of the brooding waterways surrounding it.

A few people noticed her sitting there alone — especially the men.

Katie usually stood out in a crowd. She was tall — almost six foot — with warm, friendly blue eyes. She



had always thought of herself as gawky, and felt that people were staring at her for all the wrong reasons. Her friends begged to differ; they said she was close to breathtaking, stunning in her strength. Katie always responded, 'Uh-huh, sure, don't I wish.' She didn't see herself that way and she knew she never would. She was an ordinary, regular person. A North Carolina farm girl at heart.

She often wore her brunette hair in a long braid, and had done since she was eight years old. It used to look tomboyish, but now it was supposed to be big-city cool. She guessed she'd finally caught up with the times. The only makeup she ever wore was a little mascara and occasionally lipstick. Today, she wore neither. She definitely didn't look breathtaking.

Sitting there on the top deck, she remembered a favorite line from the movie, *The African Queen*: 'Head up, chin out, hair blowing in the breeze, the living picture of the hero-eyne,' Bogart had teased Hepburn. It cheered her a bit, a *titch* as her mother liked to say back home in Asheboro.

She had been crying for hours, and her eyes were puffy. The night before, the man she loved had suddenly and inexplicably ended their relationship. She'd been completely sucker-punched. She hadn't seen it coming. It almost didn't seem possible that Matt had left her.

*Damn him! How could he? Had he been lying to her for all this time — months and months? Of course he had! The bastard. The total creep.*