

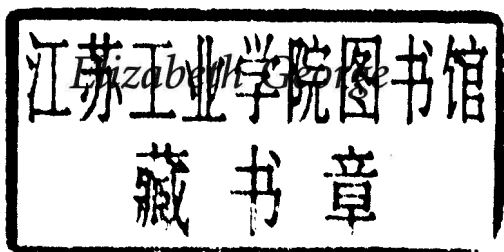
THE INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLER

# ELIZABETH GEORGE



I, RICHARD

I, Richard



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Hodder & Stoughton

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Elizabeth George's first novel, *A Great Deliverance*, was honoured with the Anthony and Agatha Best First Novel awards in America and received the Grand Prix de Littérature Policière in France. The critically acclaimed *Payment in Blood* followed, and *Well-Schooled in Murder*, which was awarded the prestigious German prize for international mystery fiction, the MIMI, in 1990. *A Suitable Vengeance*, *For the Sake of Elena*, *Missing Joseph*, *Playing for the Ashes*, *In the Presence of the Enemy*, *Deception on his Mind*, *In Pursuit of the Proper Sinner* and most recently, *A Traitor to Memory* were also highly acclaimed by critics. *A Great Deliverance* was made into a BBC TV drama in 2001.

'Elizabeth George reigns as queen of the mystery genre. The Lynley books constitute the smartest, most gratifyingly complex and impassioned mystery series now being published.' *Entertainment Weekly*

'[A] rich, multi-layered novel . . . All the important contemporary themes are covered and handled with a skill and sureness of touch that only years of practice can achieve . . . it all feels so right and real.' *Guardian*

'She can compete with the best . . . a book worthy of her immense talent.' *The Times*

'George is excellent at slowly unfolding plot and atmosphere . . . fine writing and sensitive handling of relationships.' *Independent*

*Also by Elizabeth George*

A Great Deliverance

Payment in Blood

Well-Schooled in Murder

A Suitable Vengeance

For the Sake of Elena

Missing Joseph

Playing for the Ashes

In the Presence of the Enemy

Deception on his Mind

The Evidence Exposed

In Pursuit of the Proper Sinner

A Traitor to Memory

**ELIZABETH GEORGE**

**DECEPTION ON HIS MIND**

Balford-le-Nez is a dying seatown on the coast of Essex. But when a member of the town's small but growing Asian community is found dead near its beach, the sleepy town ignites.

Working without her long-time partner, Detective Inspector Thomas Lynley, Sergeant Barbara Havers must probe not only the mind of a murderer and a case very close to her own heart, but also the terrible price people pay for deceiving others . . . and themselves.

Praise for Elizabeth George

'Immensely well plotted . . . a first class, page-turning read'  
*The Times*

'Splendid writing and a very good mystery'  
*Sunday Telegraph*

'entirely believable and wonderfully well drawn . . . the reader is in for a page-turning treat'  
*Sunday Times*

'[With] plenty of chill factor, this story is gripping from start to finish'  
*Daily Mail*

**HODDER AND STOUGHTON PAPERBACKS**

## IN PURSUIT OF THE PROPER SINNER

ELIZABETH GEORGE

Two bodies – the corpses of a young man and woman – are discovered in the middle of a pre-historic stone circle in Derbyshire. Each met death in a different fashion. Each died violently.

The grisly crime promises to be one of the toughest assignments of Detective Inspector Thomas Lynley's career. For the dead girl was the daughter of a former officer in an elite undercover unit, a man Lynley once regarded as a mentor. Now, as Lynley wrestles with the intricacies of the case in the Peak District, Barbara Havers, determined to redeem herself after her recent demotion, crisscrosses London seeking information on the second victim.

As the pieces of the puzzle begin to fall into place, Lynley and Havers are once again forced to confront the icy realisation that human relationships are often murderous ... and that the blood that binds can also kill.

Praise for *In Pursuit of the Proper Sinner*

'An excellent drama of life and death in an enclosed society.'

*Mail On Sunday*

'She writes extremely well, plots brilliantly and reaches an emotional level deeper than most ... Captivating.'

*The Times*

HODDER AND STOUGHTON PAPERBACKS

## A TRAITOR TO MEMORY

ELIZABETH GEORGE

Twenty-eight year old virtuoso violinist Gideon Davies has lost not only his memory of music but also his ability to play the instrument he mastered as a five-year-old prodigy. One fateful night at Wigmore Hall, he lifted his violin to play in a Beethoven trio . . . and everything in his mind related to music was gone. Gideon suffers from a form of amnesia, the cure for which is an examination of what he can remember. And what he can remember is little enough until his mind is triggered by the weeping of a woman and a single name: Sonia.

One rainy evening, a woman called Eugenie travels to London for a mysterious appointment. But before she is able to reach her destination, a car swoops out of nowhere and kills her in the street. In pursuing the killer of Eugenie, Thomas Lynley, Barbara Havers and Winston Nkata come to know a group of people whose lives are inextricably connected by a long-ago death, a trial, and a prison sentence handed down as retribution for a crime no one has spoken of for twenty years.

Praise for *A Traitor to Memory*

'George still stands several rungs up the ladder from her . . . rivals.' *Kirkus Reviews*

'An absorbing read.' *Scotland on Sunday*

HODDER AND STOUGHTON PAPERBACKS



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## INTRODUCTION TO 'EXPOSURE'

I first wrote this story for *Sisters in Crime* (Volume II), having been inspired to do so by taking two summer sessions at Cambridge University through a program offered by UCLA. The first session in 1988 was called 'The Country Houses of Great Britain,' and from it I took my initial inspiration for a story which I called 'The Evidence Exposed.' The second session in 1989 was a course on Shakespeare, and its curious and whimsical look at William Shakespeare as a closet Marxist – no matter the anachronous bent of such a look! – became part of the foundation for a novel I wrote called *For the Sake of Elena*, which was set in Cambridge.

'The Evidence Exposed' was my first attempt at a crime story in abbreviated form. It was also the first short story I'd written in about twenty years. As such, it was a noble effort, but I was never completely happy with it. Indeed, fairly soon after publication, I realized that I'd killed the wrong person, and it became my intention to rewrite the story if I ever had the chance to do so.

A lot of life supervened in the meantime. I always seemed to have other novels under contract, courses

to teach and research to do. Occasionally, even, I was asked to write other short stories and when the request coincided with an idea that I believed could be contained in less than 600 pages, I'd apply myself once again to the challenging format.

Finally, my Swedish publisher wanted to put out a 'slim volume' of my stories – of which, at this point, there were only three. I agreed. My English publisher discovered this book and weighed in with a request to print it in English. My German and French publishers followed suit. And in very short order, my American publisher made the same request. At this point I realized that it was time to rewrite 'The Evidence Exposed' as well as to add to the small collection two more stories that I'd been mulling over.

Consequently, I set about revising and rewriting 'The Evidence Exposed,' and what you have here – for the first time – is the new version of that older and far clunkier story.

I'm quite pleased with the way it came out. It has a new point of view and a new victim. And Abinger Manor has a new owner. But the rest of the characters remain the same.

## *Exposure*

When members of the History of British Architecture class thought about the Abinger Manor Affair later on, each one of them would say that Sam Cleary had been the likeliest candidate for murder. Now, you might ask yourself why anyone would have wanted to kill a harmless American professor of botany who – on the surface at least – had done nothing more than come to Cambridge University with his wife to take part in a summer session at St Stephen's College. But that's the crux of the matter, you see, the *with his wife* part of it. Old Sam – seventy if he was a day and a spiffy dresser with a bent for bow ties and tweeds even in the middle of the hottest summer England had seen in decades – tended to forget that his wedded Frances had come along for the experience as well. And when Sam forgot that Frances was there, his eyes started wandering in order to take a visual sampling of the other ladies. It appeared to be second nature to the fellow.

This visual sampling might have been something that Frances Cleary could have overlooked. Her husband, after all, couldn't be expected to walk around Cambridge

with blinders on, and Cambridge in the summer brought out fine ladies like Mayflies looking for barbecues. But when he took to spending long evenings in the college pub, entertaining their classmate Polly Simpson with tales of everything from his childhood spent on a farm in Vermont to his years in Nam where, according to Sam, he saved his entire platoon single-handedly . . . well, that was too much for Frances. Not only was Polly young enough to be Sam's granddaughter and then some, she was – if you'll pardon the expression – drop-dead gorgeous and blonde and curvy in a way that poor Frances hadn't been even in her glory years.

So when the night before the Day in Question saw Sam Cleary and Polly Simpson in the college pub laughing, talking, teasing each other as usual, giggling like kids – which at twenty-three Polly still was, as a matter of fact – and acting otherwise like individuals with Something Specific on Their Minds till two in the morning, Frances finally had words with her husband. And her husband wasn't the only one to hear them.

Noreen Tucker was the messenger delivering news of this delicate subject over breakfast the next day, having been awakened by the sound of Frances's accelerating displeasure at 2.23 in the morning and having been kept awake by the sound of Frances's accelerating displeasure till exactly 4.37. That was when a slamming door punctuated Sam's decision to listen no more to his wife's accusations of heartless insensitivity and insidious infidelity.

Under other circumstances, an unwilling eavesdropper might have kept her own counsel regarding this overheard marital contretemps. But Noreen Tucker was a woman who liked the spotlight. And since she had so far achieved precious little recognition in her thirty years as a romance writer, she took her bows where she could.

That's what she was doing on the morning of the Day in Question, as other members of the History of British Architecture class gathered to break bread together in the cavernous dining hall of St Stephen's College. Dressed in Laura Ashley and a straw boater in the mistaken belief that projecting youthfulness equated to youthfulness, Noreen imparted the salient details of the Clearys' early morning argument, and she leaned forward with a glance to the right and the left to underscore both the import and the confidential nature of the information she was sharing.

'I couldn't believe my *ears*,' she told her fellow students in breathless summation. 'Who looks milder mannered than Frances Cleary, I ask you, who? And to believe she even *knew* such language existed . . . ? Why, I was just *slayed* to hear it, truly. I was completely mortified. I didn't know whether I should knock on the wall to quiet her down or go for help. Although I can't imagine the *porter* would have wanted to get involved, even if I'd gone for him. And anyway, if *I'd* actually gotten involved in some way, there was always the chance that Ralph here might've been pushed into the middle of it, trying to defend me, you know. And I couldn't put *him*

at risk, could I? Sam might've asked him to step outside, and Ralph here is in *no* condition to get into a brawl with *anyone*. Are you, sweetheart?'

Ralph here was more a blob in a safari jacket than an actual person, Noreen's shadow and constant companion. No one in the History of British Architecture class had managed to get more than ten words from the man in the eleven days they'd been in Cambridge, and there were those among the larger group of students taking other classes in St Stephen's College who swore he was altogether mute.

What went for his condition was hypoglycemia, which was the topic Noreen segued into once she was done dissecting the Cleary marriage and Sam's attraction to the ladies in general and Polly Simpson in particular. Ralph here, she informed her listeners, was an absolute martyr to the ailment. Low blood-sugar was the curse of Ralph here's family, she explained, and he had the worst case of any of them. He'd even passed out once at the wheel of their car while on the *freeway*, don't you know. It was only through Noreen's quick thinking and even quicker acting that utter disaster was avoided.

'I grabbed the wheel so fast, you'd think I'd been trained as a rescue professional of some sort,' Noreen revealed. 'It's astonishing the level we can rise to when the worst happens, don't you agree?' As was her bent, she waited for no reply. Instead, she turned to her husband and said, 'You've got your nuts and chews to take on the outing today, don't you, sweetie my own? We can't have

you passing out cold in the middle of Abinger Manor, now can we?’

‘Up ’n the room,’ Ralph said into his bowl of corn-flakes.

‘Just make sure you don’t leave them there,’ his wife replied. ‘You know how you are.’

‘How you are is henpecked,’ was the description offered by Cleve Houghton as he joined their table. ‘Ralph needs exercise, not that junk you keep feeding him every time he turns around, Noreen.’

‘Speaking of junk,’ was Noreen’s rejoinder with a meaningful look at the plate he carried, overloaded with eggs, sausage, grilled tomatoes and mushrooms, ‘I wouldn’t be so quick to cast stones, Cleve dear. Surely that can’t be good for your arteries.’

‘I did eight miles along the backs this morning,’ he replied. ‘All the way to Grantchester with no heavy breathing, so my arteries are fine, thank you. The rest of you should try some running. Hell, it’s the best exercise known to man.’ He tossed back his hair – thick and dark, it was, something a man of fifty could be proud of – and caught sight of Polly Simpson just entering the dining room. He amended his comments with, ‘The second best exercise,’ and smiled lazily and with hooded eyes in Polly’s direction.

Noreen tittered. ‘Goodness, Cleve. Rein yourself in. I believe she’s spoken for already. Or at least she’s spoken *about*.’ Noreen used her own comment as introduction to the topic she’d covered before Cleve’s appearance



on the scene. But she added a few more thoughts this time round, most of them centering on Polly Simpson as a Natural Born Troublemaker and someone certainly fingered by Noreen on Day One to cause *some* sort of dissension in their midst. After all, when she wasn't sucking up to their instructor – the better to massage her final grade, no doubt – with exclamations over the beauties in *every* slide the tiresome woman foisted daily upon her students, she was cozying up to one man or another in a way that *she* probably thought of as friendly but anyone else with a grain of sense would have called outright provocative. 'What's she actually *up* to, I ask you?' Noreen demanded of anyone who was continuing to listen at this point. 'There they sit with their heads together night after night, she and Sam Cleary. And doing what? You can't tell *me* they're discussing flowers. They're laying their plans for *afterwards*. Together. You mark my words.'

Whether the words were marked was something no one commented upon since Polly Simpson was fast upon her classmates, carrying a tray on which she'd placed a virtuously weight-conscious single banana and a cup of coffee. She wore her camera slung round her neck as usual, and when she set down her tray, she strode to the end of the table and focused her shutter on the group at their morning meal. On the afternoon of their first session in the History of British Architecture class, Polly had declared to them that she would be the seminar's official historian, and so far she'd been as good as her