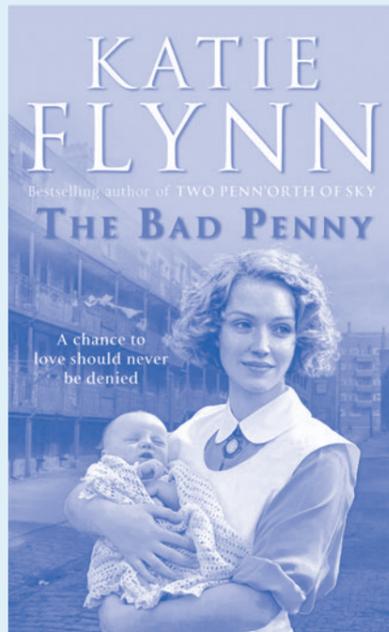


Read on for an extract from a classic Katie Flynn novel



As Patty wheeled the bicycle carefully down the steps, the child followed her and, when Patty would have mounted, laid a detaining hand on her arm. 'Where'll you put her, miss? The baby, I mean? I'd – I'd like to see her again, know folks is being good to her. It's true what me dad said; without me mam she wouldn't get brung up proper. Likely she'd starve, poor little bugger. The rest of us is hungry most of the time, but we gerralong, one way or t'other. This 'un's too little to help herself, and we's too busy wi' t'other kids to take on a baby.' She pulled gently on Patty's arm. 'Can I have a look at her, miss?'

'Course you can,' Patty said gruffly. 'I don't know where I'll take her yet, but I'll see she goes somewhere decent, where she'll be fed and – and looked after. I'll let you know where she is in a

couple of days.' She rebuttoned her uniform coat tightly to the neck, then turned towards Fanny once more as she mounted the bicycle. 'I'll come and see you in a day or two and tell you what's happening then.'

'Thanks, miss... Nurse, I mean,' the girl said gratefully. 'And don't think too badly of me dad. He were mortal fond of our mam, even though there were times... but least said, soonest mended; there won't be no more of *that*, any road.'

*The Bad Penny* is available now

We'd love to hear which of Katie Flynn's books is your favourite.

Do you have any questions you'd like to ask Katie? Why not write to us at the address below.

Any letters printed will receive £25 of Marks and Spencer vouchers.

You can order all Katie's books online at [www.amazon.co.uk](http://www.amazon.co.uk) or [www.whsmith.co.uk](http://www.whsmith.co.uk) or from all good bookshops

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# THE KATIE FLYNN

ISSUE 9

## NEWSLETTER

Hi everyone,

Well, summer is over and the autumn winds are bringing the leaves down in droves. Flash, the cat, spends most of his time on his hind legs, with his paws in the air, trying to catch himself a leaf which he will then 'kill' with ferocious growls.

When the weather was sweltering here, we spent a month in northern Spain, which was cool and green, and very beautiful. It's mountain country and the scenery is breathtaking, but no restaurants or cafés serve evening meals until after nine o'clock, and this gave me raging indigestion, so it was nice to come back to the UK, even though everywhere seemed to be dried out and brown. Flash was in his favourite cattery and seemed moderately glad to see us, though when we went off to the seaside for two days, leaving him in a neighbour's care, he got his own back. We came home and he disappeared for five days. We toured the neighbourhood, searching every nook and cranny to no avail, and then he marched in, fat and well groomed, so I imagine he's leading a double life! Thankfully, he now seems to have forgotten our bad behaviour and is living at home with us once more.

I am, of course, writing another book, which will be published in paperback this time next year. I'm having a lot of fun with it, as the heroine is a child stage star during the 'twenties and her mother is a magician's assistant and gets sawn in half each night. Fortunately, I have a friend who has played most of the summer resort theatres and is helping with my research, though he was not around in the 'twenties! It is a bonus when friends share their memories of times past.

All best wishes,

*Katie Flynn*



# KATIE FLYNN KATIE FLYNN KATIE FLYNN KATIE FLYNN KATIE FLYNN

*Little Girl Lost* is out at all good bookshops in paperback from 16th November

Brendan left the room and was halfway up the stairs before it occurred to him that the presence in the kitchen of a soaking-wet girl, naked but for a couple of blankets, might well raise a few eyebrows. On the other hand, one look at her clothing would convince the most hardened sceptic that this was not an orgy of seduction but merely a rescue, which, after all, was part of his job.

He was downstairs again, as he had promised, just before the kettle boiled. The girl had dried her hair on the kitchen roller towel and was looking a good deal more cheerful, though she eyed him rather apprehensively as he handed her a cup of tea. She had spread her clothes out on an old clothes horse which she had pulled around the fire and Brendan, blushing, hastily looked away from the steaming garments. He said, approvingly: 'That's right, alanna. We'll have you respectable again in no time, which will be just as well

because I don't fancy having to explain what's just happened to my landlady, or to the other fellows who lodge here for that matter. Suicide's a crime, you know, though how you can punish someone who's already dead I've not worked out.'

He settled back in his chair as the girl's large eyes – he saw now that they were an unusually brilliant blue – rounded in astonishment. 'Suicide?' she squeaked, forgetting to keep her voice low. 'Suicide? Wharrever do you mean? I were walking along the embankment, mindin' me own business...'

## Competition:

Win a bouquet of flowers and a copy of *Little Girl Lost*! To win, simply answer the following question:

**What does Brendan give Sylvie to drink after he rescues her?**

Send your answer on a postcard to: Katie Flynn Competition, Arrow Marketing Department, Random House, 20 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1V 2SA.

We will be drawing entries on 28th February 2007. Good luck!

*Beyond the Blue Hills* will be published on 1st March 2007 in a specially priced £12.99 hardback.

For a moment, Mike did not see the sisters, then Tina moved forward and he stared across at them, the enquiring look on his face gradually turning to the unpleasant belligerence which Tess knew well. She opened her mouth to speak but Mike was before her.

'What are you doing in here, Pig Face?' he said nastily. 'If you're hopin' to nick some fruit then I'll be happy to help you. Here's a rotten apple ...' As he spoke, he picked up an apple from the floor and drew back his arm. It was a bad one set aside, since Tess saw his fingers sink into it.

'Stop that!' and 'Don't you dare!' both sisters said at once, but it was too late. The apple sailed through the air and Tess only just dodged in time. Hot with fury, she ran forward, meaning to pick up some ammunition of her own, but Tina was before her. As Mike bent for another missile, Tina flew at him, thrust both hands deep into his curly red hair, and pulled as hard as she could.

'Hey, leggo you little vulture!' Mike screamed and seized Tina's small wrists. Tess had never fought a boy in her life but for one moment, she truly believed that Mike was going to hurl her little sister to the floor. She shot forward, slapped Mike's face as hard as she could and then bit the long bony wrist protruding from the sleeve of his delivery overall.

Mike bellowed and fell over backwards, letting go of Tina as he did so. Tess drew back her foot, for the target of his bottom was a tempting one, but at that precise moment, Mr Mitchell came through from the shop with another order in one hand. He stopped, obviously amazed. 'What on earth ...?' he began.

