

The background of the cover is a photograph of a coastal scene. On the left, a two-story house with a grey roof and light-colored walls sits on a slight rise. In the middle ground, a weathered wooden boat is beached on the sand. To the right, a sailboat with a white sail is on the water. The sky is blue with scattered white clouds. The text is overlaid on the top half of the image.

**D**eath Comes to

**hellham Creek**  
and other stories

Amanda M Arnold

# **Death Comes to Hellham Creek & Other Stories**

**Amanda M Arnold**

**Published by and available from**  
theendlessbookcase.com

**e-Edition**

This booklet is available in a variety of formats both paper  
and electronic.

**The Endless Bookcase Ltd**  
71 Castle Road, St Albans, Hertfordshire, England,  
UK, AL1 5DQ

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**ISBN: 978-1-912243-51-8**

## About the Author



Amanda grew up in North London and after leaving school and college she spent several years working in the fashion world in London.

Relocating to Norfolk she has enjoyed living near to the coast and her interests include art, photography, entertaining and travelling abroad. These topics often find their way into her fiction.

## **Also by Amanda M Arnold**

### The Humptons

The Humptons is an entertaining tale of the inhabitants of two rival villages. It follows the lives of a number of the village members including the rumbustious titled owners of an ancient estate, a butler and his eastern mail order bride, several upright ladies and some not so upright, a professor, an artist and even a retired Brigadier.

The book makes for perfect light reading and has a fun, entertaining atmosphere to it. The Humptons takes a fond look at life in a village community, touching on the many happenings and relationships that take place in a rural setting. However, it is not all sweetness and happiness, darker events play their part too in a disappearing way of life.

### A Bolt Hole for Zelda

Romance has gone stale with no indication from Zelda's partner Donald to commit to their relationship. Deciding to put the eight years they've spent together and the life of luxury she has become accustomed to behind her, Zelda sets off to Cornwall after receiving the news of a property that's been left to her under very mysterious circumstances. With few possessions and her two Red Setters in tow, Zelda proceeds to investigate in an attempt to discover who left her the property and why.

After meeting an attractive man who is filming a documentary of the local area, Zelda finds a new relationship starts to blossom between them. However all is not as it seems in this quiet coastal beauty spot and with her new friends and challenges, some troublesome times lurk around the corner...

Full of twists, this romantic novel is perfect light reading that will keep you guessing.

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## **Death Comes to Hellham Creek**

‘She didn’t!’ Prue gasped!

‘She jolly well did.’ Aurora’s voice was cold with contempt.

‘But her attempts at writing are pathetic, I mean having a dig at you a professional author it’s ---Prue’s voice trailed off as she stirred her coffee and shook her head in disbelief.

They were sitting in the cosy Tearooms in Hellham Market on a misty autumn morning. ‘Yep, she told me she never reads chicklit! To be honest, I don’t think she has any idea what that is, she just wanted to be nasty.’

Prue short for Prudence, a name she thought her mother had chosen in anger because she really had wanted a boy, absentmindedly buttered her teacake while she digested this latest information on the despised Miriam.

‘I wouldn’t have minded so much if she had ever shown a glimmer of talent at the writers’ group. Completely without any idea of how to write fiction and with no imagination, her pieces are pants.’

Aurora shivered. ‘Someone on my grave darling.’ she said by way of explanation. ‘Miriam is not worth bothering about, a blot on the human race and not very human at that. Do you know she dropped my lovely rainbow opal ring that I bought when I was in Australia? I collect big rings and that ring is the biggest. She asked if she could look at it, then whipped out the jeweller’s magnifying eyeglass she carries in her handbag. After twisting the ring this way and that, she gave me a direct deadeye look and let my newest pride and joy smash onto the tiled floor. Miraculously it survived

but you could tell from her expression that she was disappointed. How nasty was that?’

‘Appalling,’ a concerned Prue said thinking that Aurora had gone deathly pale. ‘Miriam also tried to break up your relationship with some of the group by saying that you thought everyone’s stories were rubbish. A cheek from someone who mostly has an excuse for not producing a home story because she realises it highlights her lack of talent.’

Suddenly Aurora said, ‘Did you hear that? How very odd. An ice-cream van playing *Waltzing Matilda*.’

Prue had heard nothing and now was even more concerned about her friend however; she decided it would be best to pretend that she had, so nodded in agreement.

‘Not the sort of tune they usually play’, she lied, ‘and rather late in the year for ice creams.’

They chatted on however, Aurora was obviously still seething at the behaviour of Miriam, a recent arrival in the village and a fairly new member of the local writers’ group.

To change the subject Prue smiled and fixed her very green eyes on a still subdued Aurora. ‘Tell me about your trip to Australia darling. Was it fun, how did you get on with your cousin?’

‘Oh, Tony was lovely. He showed me a lot of the area round where he lives on the Western Coast. The beaches are fabulous, and we drove further up north to see the more remote towns.’

‘It sounds wonderful, I have always wanted to go there, and their wine beats all the others.’

Just then, a very loud siren sounded and came to an abrupt stop. They both glanced out of the bow window and saw people running past and stopping in a crowd outside the teashop. The flashing light of an ambulance cast an intermittent beam on people staring down at someone lying in the road.

‘Come on let’s go and see what’s going on.’ Aurora said, picking up the bill and going over to the cash desk. Having paid they joined the crowd of onlookers outside and gazed down at the figure lying motionless in a large pool of blood, their legs splayed out in an undignified tangle. The white face was familiar.

‘Good grief it’s Miriam!’ Prue gasped.

A Paramedic turned on hearing this.

‘Do you know this lady? What is her name?’ He said, getting out a notebook as the other medics loaded Miriam onto a stretcher and into the ambulance.

‘Yes, her name is Miriam Mills and she lives with her husband at the corner house in Shore Road, Hellham Creek, the village where we also live and that is how we know her.’

‘Thank you, that is a great help. Your friend is in a bad way, but we will get her to the hospital and they will do all they can. Try not to worry.’

‘We won’t.’ Aurora whispered in Prue’s ear, then seeing the ashen faced and shaken looking driver standing by his dented car, said to a Police Officer taking statements from witnesses.

‘How did it happen?’