

# DEAD ON ARRIVAL



**Katie Gray**

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

# Dead on Arrival

by

**Katie Gray**

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## About the Author



Katie has always enjoyed writing, although mostly just for pleasure. A few years ago she joined a writing group, and shortly after wrote a memoir - intended mainly for her grandchildren (for when they were a little older). She entered a number of writing competitions and was shortlisted a few times, and wrote some children's stories, once again for her grandchildren.

This cosy crime novel resulted from an idea of her husband's (although the body count was not high enough he told her!).

She went on to complete a second novel featuring the same leading characters, and at present she is currently working on a third.

*"Dead on Arrival"*

Her books are not meant to be other than entertaining - the events are mostly improbable, highly unlikely and thoroughly implausible.

Enjoy!

## **Book Description**

Pippsy and Jack Standage are private investigators who visit a luxurious Cotswold hotel for a restful break.

Alas it proves to be anything but restful.

Within a couple of days a car with a dead man in the driving seat arrives at the hotel's front door. Despite some initial reluctance on Jack's part, the pair become embroiled in a series of occurrences, which include finding a suitcase full of money in the boot of the dead man's car and a bag of diamonds lying in the bushes.

The investigating police inspector is perhaps not all he seems, and a number of the other guests look suspicious. There is an attempt on their lives, and some very nasty people kidnap them more than once! Somehow or other they always manage to extricate themselves, but can they find the criminal brain behind it all?

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# Chapter One

It was our first week away for ages. My husband Jack and I run a small private investigation agency and as there was a lull we took the chance for a holiday.

We were guests in a small country house hotel, The Flowerdew as it was called, quite luxurious and rather expensive.

Our room overlooked the glorious gardens, and even had a four-poster. Plus an en-suite the Queen wouldn't have found shabby.

As for the cuisine (too exclusive to be called food) it was exquisite. This was only our third day and I could feel my waistbands already growing tight.

As we sat on the front terrace enjoying the late Spring sunshine a car turned in the gates. Normally I wouldn't have paid much attention, but there was – something I couldn't quite fathom.

It proceeded at a snail's pace towards the front entrance. I screwed my eyes up trying to see the driver, but the setting sun caught the windscreen, making it impossible.

When it finally ground to a halt, that was it, the driver was in no hurry to get out. After several minutes I nudged Jack, who had leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

"What's the matter with that car driver? He's been sitting there for ages," I said.

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"

"Hm, what car, what driver?" Jack peered down. "I expect he's yapping on his mobile. The car looks the sort some hot shot city bloke would own."

I sat watching, it certainly was a long call.

After ten minutes had passed, Robert Jones the manager emerged from the reception hall, and ran down the steps to the driver's window. He tapped gently then tentatively opened the car door and leant in. He straightened up abruptly, looking appalled.

"My God," he shouted. "This man's dead!"