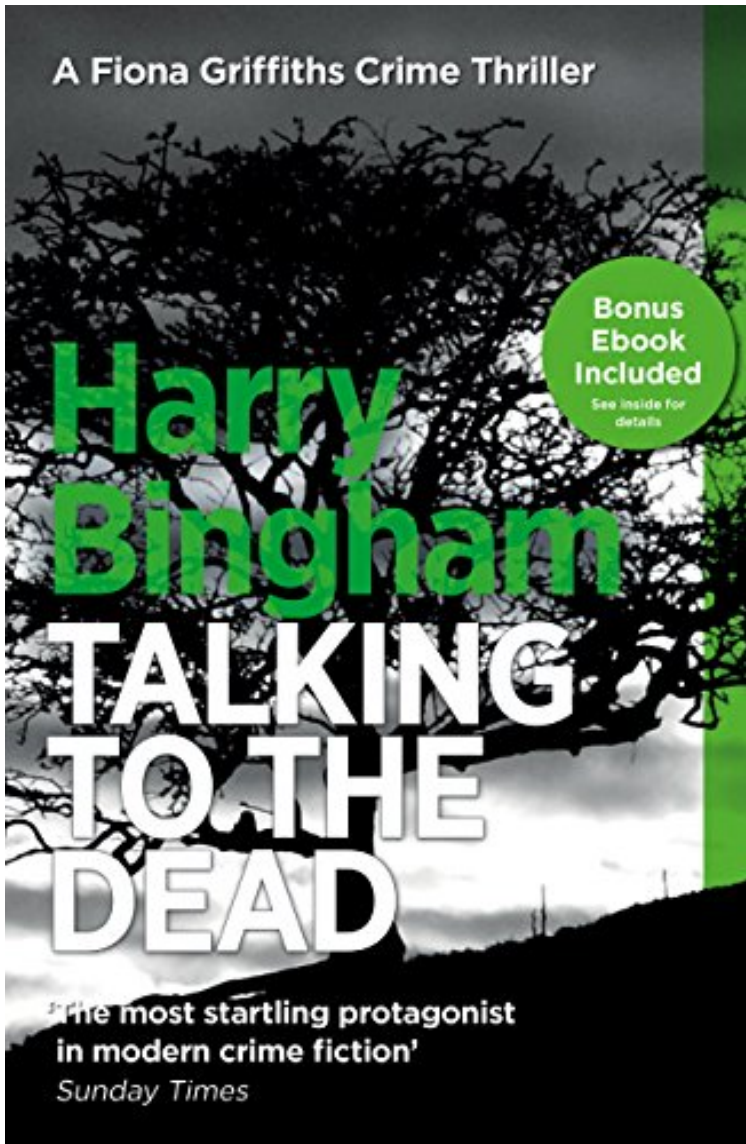


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# Talking to the Dead: Fiona Griffiths Crime Thriller Series Book 1



*Par Harry Bingham*  
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## Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurA crime you'll always remember. A detective you'll never forget.A young girl is found dead. A prostitute is murdered. And the strangest, youngest detective in the South Wales Major Crimes Unit is about to face the fiercest test of her short career.A woman and her six-year-old daughter are killed with chilling brutality in a dingy flat. The only clue: the platinum bank card of a long-dead tycoon, found amidst the squalor.DC Griffiths has already proved herself dedicated to the job, but there's another side to her she is less keen to reveal. Something to do with a mysterious two-year gap in her CV, her strange inability to cry -

and a disconcerting familiarity with corpses. Fiona is desperate to put the past behind her but as more gruesome killings follow, the case leads her back into those dark places in her own mind where another dead girl is waiting to be found... Praise for the Fiona Griffiths mystery series: 'I have to say that in a lifetime of reading crime fiction I have never come across anyone quite like Fiona Griffiths . . . Read this book. Enjoy every syllable. Hold your breath, and tick off the weeks until the next one' Crime Fiction Lover 'Compelling... a new crime talent to treasure' Daily Mail 'Gritty, compelling... a procedural unlike any other you are likely to read this year' USA Today 'With Detective Constable Fiona 'Fi' Griffiths, Harry Bingham... finds a sweet spot in crime fiction... think Stieg Larsson's Lisbeth Salander... [or] Lee Child's Jack Reacher... The writing is terrific' The Boston Globe 'This cleverly plotted police procedural introduces a likeable, maverick detective destined for a bestseller following' Choice Fans of Angela Marsons, Peter James and Ann Cleeves will be gripped by the other titles in the Fiona Griffiths mystery series: 1. Talking to the Dead 2. Love Story, With Murders 3. The Strange Death of Fiona Griffiths 4. This Thing of Darkness 5. The Dead House 6. The Deepest Grave (coming soon!) If you're looking for a crime thriller series to keep you hooked, then go no further: you've just found it.\*\* Each Fiona Griffiths thriller can be read as a standalone or in series order \*\*Extrait 1 Interview. October 2006 Beyond the window, I can see three kites hanging in the air over Bute Park. One blue, one yellow, one pink. Their shapes are precise, as though stenciled. From this distance, I can't see the lines that tether them, so when the kites move, it's as though they're doing so of their own accord. An all-encompassing sunlight has swallowed depth and shadow. I observe all this as I wait for D.C.I. Matthews to finish rearranging the documents on his desk. He shuffles the last file from the stack in front of him to a chair in front of the window. The office is still messy, but at least we can see each other now. There, he says. I smile. He holds up a sheet of paper. The printed side is facing him, but against the light from the window I see the shape of my name at the top. I smile again, not because I feel like smiling but because I can't think of anything sensible to say. This is an interview. My interviewer has my rsum. What does he want me to do? Applaud? He puts the rsum down on the desk in the only empty patch available. He starts to read it through line by line, ticking off each section with his forefinger as he does so. Education. A levels. University. Interests. References. His finger moves back to the center of the page. University. Philosophy. I nod. Why are we all here, what's it all about. That sort of thing? Not really. More like, What exists? What doesn't exist? How do we know whether it exists or not? Things like that. Useful for police work. Not really. I don't think it's useful for anything much, except maybe teaching us to think. Matthews is a big man. Not gym-big, but Welsh-big, with the sort of comfortable muscularity that suggests a past involving farmwork, rugby, and beer. He has remarkably pale eyes and thick dark hair. Even his fingers have little dark hairs running all the way to the final joints. He is the opposite of me. Do you think you have a realistic idea of what police work involves? I shrug. I don't know. How are you supposed to know if you haven't done it? I say the sort of thing that I think I'm supposed to say. I'm interested in law enforcement. I appreciate the value of a disciplined, methodical approach. Blah blah. Yadda yadda. Good little girl in her dark gray interview outfit saying all the things she's supposed to say. You don't think you might get bored? Bored? I laugh with relief. That's what he was probing at. Maybe. I hope so. I quite like a little boredom. Then worried he might feel I was being arrogant prize-winning Cambridge philosopher sneers at stupid policeman I backtrack. I mean, I like things orderly. Is dotted, T's crossed. If that involves some routine work, then fine. I like it. His finger is still on the rsum, but it's tracked up an inch or so. A levels. He just leaves his finger there, fixes those pale eyes on me, and says, Do you have any questions for me? I know that's what he's meant to say at some stage, but we've got forty-five minutes allocated for this interview and we've used only ten, most of which I've spent watching him shift stationery around his office. Because I'm taken by surprise and because I'm still a bit rubbish at these things I say the wrong thing. Questions? No. There's a short gap, in which he registers surprise and I feel like an idiot. I mean, I want the job. I don't have any questions about that. His turn to smile. A real one, not fake ones like mine. You do. You really do. He makes that a statement not a question. For a D.C.I., he's not very good at asking questions. I nod anyway. And you'd probably quite like it if I didn't ask you about a two-year gap in your rsum, around the time of your A levels. I nod again, more slowly. Yes, I would quite like it if you didn't ask about that. Human Resources know what's going on there, do they? Yes. I've already been into that with them. I was ill. Then I got better. Who at Human Resources? Katie. Katie Andrews. And the illness? I shrug. I'm fine now. A non-answer. I hope he doesn't push further, and he doesn't. Instead, he asks who's interviewed me so far. The answer is pretty much everyone. This session with Matthews is the final hurdle. Okay. Your father knows you're applying for this job? Yes. He must be pleased. Another statement in place of a question. I don't answer

it. Matthews examines my face intently. Maybe that's his interview technique. Maybe he doesn't ask his suspects any questions, he just makes statements and scrutinizes their faces in the wide-open light from the big Cardiff sky. We're going to offer you a job, you know that? You are? Of course we are. Coppers aren't thick, but you've got more brains than anyone else in this building. You're healthy. You don't have a criminal record. You were ill for a time as a teenager, but you're fine now. You want to work for us. Why wouldn't we hire you? I could think of a couple of possible answers to that, but I don't volunteer them. I'm suddenly aware of being intensely relieved, which scares me a bit, because I hadn't been aware of having been anxious. I'm standing up. Matthews has stood up too and comes toward me, shaking my hand and saying something. His big shoulders block out my view of Bute Park and the kites. Matthews is talking about formalities and I'm blathering answers back at him, but my attention isn't with any of that stuff. I'm going to be a policewoman. And just five years ago, I was dead.

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