

Mystery book

Locking the shop door carefully behind her, Flora heaved the last parcel of books into the basket. Betty wasn't the most beautiful of bikes but she was functional, her wide wicker tray already filled to overflowing. Time for the Friday evening chore they both hated. It was Aunt Violet who had begun a regular delivery slot from the All's Well bookshop several years ago. *A community service*, she'd told her niece. *Some of the old dears find it difficult to carry even one book home from the village.* The problem was that the number of old dears had increased rapidly and there was barely a week now that Flora wasn't packing the bike to its maximum and labouring her way through Abbeymead and its surrounding lanes.

Today shouldn't be too onerous, though – three village addresses and only one a mile or so beyond. Just as well, she thought, looking up at the autumn sky. In the last hour or so, puffs of white cotton had given way to a darkening bank of cloud. She would need to be swift.

	Document B
Title of the book	
Name of the characters(Present or just Mentioned)	
Relationship between the characters or elements on the characters	
Name of the Village	
Informations/ Elements about the village	
Where the scene takes place (justify)	
Time of the Year/ Time of the day	
Elements about the weather	