

Mystery book

Belinda Penshurst always looked forward to nights out in the village, and nothing pleased her more than a few hours on a Thursday night listening to live music in the New Inn.

She strolled along the pathway from her front door towards the centre of Little Challham, the beautiful and comforting English village she was lucky enough to call home.

For most of her forty-one years, she had lived in the village, although there were periods of time she had spent abroad, frequently travelling by herself, sometimes enjoying the company of someone she'd met. Usually it was short-lived company, except for her last relationship. It had ended more suddenly than she would have liked, but at least it had propelled her home, this time for good.

Probably.

Belinda was always happy being on her own, yet she always felt as if something was missing, as if there should have been more going on. She had seen enough of the world to know it was not wanderlust, more curiosity and intrigue.

The route she was now walking was one she knew well, and her path was lit by the late evening sun. It was warm on her face and made her spirits soar as high as the cloudless sky.

	Document C
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	