

Mystery book

'I BELIEVE,' said Denys excitedly, 'it really is!'

From the depths of the big, round-backed chair facing the log fire there issued an enquiring voice.

'Really is what?'

'Going to be an old-fashioned Christmas!' Denys switched her attention from the leaden sky and gave a cry of delight as she caught sight of the first flake revealed in its gentle descent against the dark background of the laurels flanking the drive. 'Here it comes, Roger! Real, delicious, sugar-icing snow!'

The big chair groaned.

'Horrible!' it stated. 'Wet, beastly, uncomfortable stuff. I suppose we'll have to run the gauntlet of all the uninhibited little urchins in the village. Snowballs in the back of the neck every time we step outside the grounds. Brrh!'

Denys Arden laughed happily. It was a laugh that did disturbing things to Roger Wynton's self-control.

He was, of course, in love with her. He had been ever since he had swung his car a little recklessly around one of the many corners in the narrow lanes that meandered through the lush countryside about the deep-rooted village of Sherbroome to startle her horse and become the admiring victim of her fury.

	Document A
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	