

# LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

The exclusive magazine from Elizabeth Ellen Carter

## FANTASY MODE

A MODERN TAKE ON A VICTORIAN BRIDE WITH VICTORIA VANE

## DRAMA IN THE OUTBACK

MEET THE TOWNFOLK OF BINDARRA CREEK

## PROGRESSIVE DINNER PARTY

EVERYBODY NEEDS GOOD NEIGHBOURS

## MYSTERIES REVEALED!

SNEAK PEEK READS FROM THE BINDARRA CREEK MYSTERIES

## LOVE COUNTRY ROMANCE

*Interview*

## Is She Haunted BY HER PAST?

EDWINA LETTE, PSYCHIC, INVITES YOU TO SPEND A NIGHT IN FIG TREE LODGE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

## INSIDE:

- FUN & GAMES: HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW BINDARRA CREEK?
- LOOK OUT! SEVEN SMALL TOWN MYSTERIES IN FILM & SONG

LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

Issue 18 June 2022

# AUTHOR'S DESK

## CHILLS AND SMALL TOWN THRILLS

Around this time of year in Australia, the temperatures dip for winter and when that happens, one of my first thoughts is Australian country towns. Duncan and I plan a trip out west to visit some of the beautiful regional and historical towns and small cities along the Southern Downs.

One place we're looking forward to visiting in July is Bindarra Creek. You won't find it on any map, but you will find it between the pages of a fabulous series of books by nine Australian authors who bring this farming community to life.

This is the second time the town has been revisited and this time it is a mystery... I'm delighted that this edition of Love's Great Adventure magazine has been taken over by the Bindarra Creek Mysteries, a series of novellas that introduce intrigue into rural romance.

I'd like to thank the authors, especially Susanne Bellamy, Linda Charles, and Suzanne Gilchrist for co-ordinating this edition and I hope you enjoy the country hospitality of Bindarra Creek.

\*\*\*

I'm delighted to announce the second book in my Gems of London series is with my editor. A Curio For The Count is fun, romantic and mysterious. Be sure to subscribe to my monthly newsletter for pre-order dates and to find my back catalogue.

*Elizabeth Ellen Carter*



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## LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

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from Elizabeth Ellen Carter

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## LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

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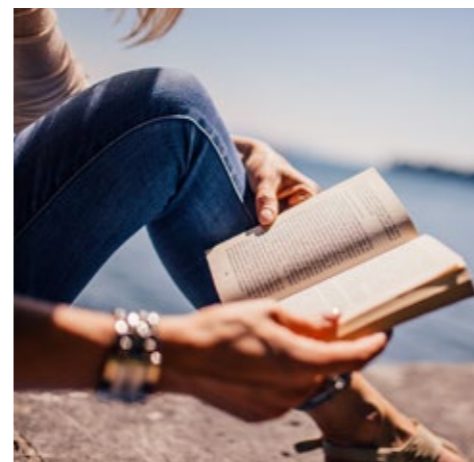
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### Bindarra Creek Mysteries

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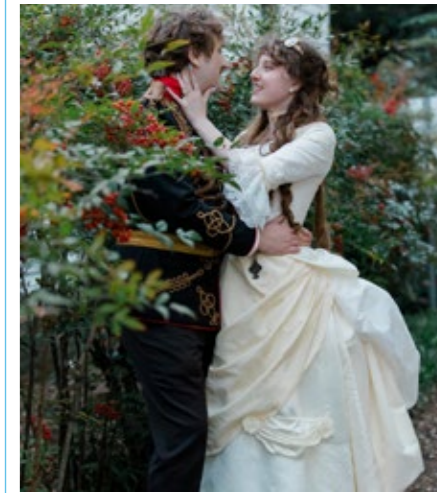
Edwina Lette doesn't believe in getting old - she believes in ghosts and yoga. She recalls the good old days of the Swinging '60s and dares our special correspondent to spend a night in a haunted house in our spirited cover feature interview.

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INTERVIEW  
EXCLUSIVE

# EDWINA LETTE'S NOT READY TO SHUFFLE OFF THIS MORTAL COIL JUST YET - BUT SHE'S SPOKEN WITH A FEW WHO HAVE...

COVER STORY

**E**DWINA LETTE is 75 years old with grey hair, sharp eyes, and a small and wiry frame. I've been warned she has a dicky heart and is gluten-intolerant so her family have her on a strict diet. She was a free spirit in her youth and still is, by all reports. She and her posse of equally elderly friends are 'active' in the Bindarra Creek community which is to say they aspire to run the town from behind the scenes.

Edwina fancies herself a psychic. She has a small room inside the local ladies' hairdressing salon where she does palm readings and claims to often communicate with a ghost at Fig Tree Lodge, the Lette historical home.

Her taste in clothing runs to flowing hippie garb or skin-hugging leggings, tight tee's (and a push up bra) when she does her yoga. She is fond of pink gumboots and wears pink puffer jackets in winter. Honest, outspoken, mischievous, meddling, and kind to her soul, she believes in saving the planet, is a member of the Bindarra Creek Women's Target Rifle Shooting Club, the Country Women's Association, and the State Emergency Service.

I caught up with the redoubtable Edwina Lette on a visit to Bindarra Creek.

by *Special Correspondent*  
SUZANNE GILCHRIST

**SG: Is it Mrs Lette?**

Edwina: It's Ms. I never married. (She winks.) Didn't want to limit my options.

**Of course. My apologies Ms Lette.**

Call me Edwina. Judging by your wrinkles you must be nearly as old as me! Seems silly to be so formal at our age.

*I'm not that old! Yet... I clear my throat.*

**Edwina, I'm sure our readers would love to learn more about you. Have you lived in Bindarra Creek your entire life?**

I was born here. Not much of a hospital in those days, mostly a mob of midwives who did amazing work. Bindarra Creek was a great place to grow up - swimming, fishing, and riding our horses. But I had itchy feet. I wanted to see the world. Took off in 1962 when I was 16 and got myself to London where I had a ball. That was the place to be in the '60's.

**Sounds fascinating. How long did you stay?**

A coupla years. Lived in a shared flat with a bunch of other girls. Some from the US and some from home. Managed to pay the rent by doing some modelling and some bar work. I kid you not - those were the days. Party all night, sleep all day. (She chuckles.)

*Continued on page 7*

# THE PSYCHIC HIPPIE

## AN EXCERPT FROM **AMULET OF DEATH**

“Good to see you, Natalie.” Dodge taste-tested his stew then shot a glance towards her.

“There’s plenty here if you and Noah would like to share dinner with us.”

“Thank you, but I’ve promised Noah homemade pizza tonight.”

Edwina snorted. “First nothing but coffee in your belly and now pizza. Doesn’t sound healthy.”

“I use a cauliflower base and load it with veggies. We’d love to come over another time.” Natalie looked up to meet Edwina’s eagle eyes. “I thought I’d do more work in the attic if that’s okay with you?”

“Of course, dear. I had a feeling you’d be along today, so I’ve organised a surprise.” Cunning glinted in those eyes of hers.

With several past occasions in mind when Edwina had had that same expression on her face Natalie braced herself. It always paid to be vigilant around Ms Lette.

Dodge chuckled and turned around, pointing the wooden spoon at his grandmother. “Gran, give the woman a break.”

“Pwush. She can take it. She’s tougher than she thinks she is.” Another appraising stare from Edwina before she reached out and crammed an entire cupcake in her mouth.

“Grannie! You know you’re not supposed to have more than one a day!” Kaylee snatched up the plate and stomped over to the cupboards where she smacked the plate onto the counter with a clatter.

Crumbs flew through the air as Edwina spoke around a mouthful of cake. “If I can’t eat cake and smoke, I may as well be in the ground.”

Dodge added a pinch of salt to the pot. “Don’t worry too much, Kaylee. I kept the sugar and fat down in that batch. So shouldn’t be too bad, if the old girl has nicked more than she should.”

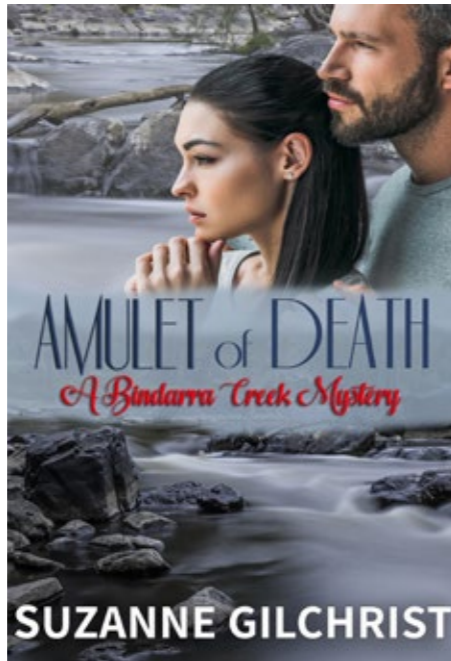
“Old girl! I’m not old. I’m in my prime. Just you wait my boy until you reach my age, then you’ll understand you’re never too old.” Edwina placed her hands on the countertop and scowled.

“I surrender!” Dodge threw his hands into the air and over in the corner, little Tilly giggled and followed suit.

“Glad to see you know who’s in charge. Now then, where was I? Oh yes. A surprise for Natalie.” After taking a last noisy slurp of tea, Edwina pushed her empty mug aside. “Troy will be here soon to lend a hand moving some of that furniture out of the way.”

Despite her best efforts, Natalie’s heart kicked up several gears and something hot fluttered to life deep in her belly.

Thankfully, she was granted a reprieve from



having to respond as Dodge argued, “I could do it, Gran as my shift at the hospital doesn’t begin until eight o’clock.”

“No way, son. Besides, you can’t deny the bloke has some serious muscles.” She smacked her lips and made kissy noises while Tessa smiled.

“Pity he’s so old,” mourned Kaylee then she and Edwina giggled together like a pair of schoolgirls, which of course, Kaylee was but it had been more than half a century since Edwina had seen the inside of a classroom.



EDWINA ATTEMPTING TO CALL UP A SPIRIT TO COME AND DO YOGA WITH HER

## EDWINA LETTE - PSYCHIC HIPPIE

Continued from page 5

**That was when The Beatles were just beginning to be noticed, I believe. Did you attend any of their concerts or shows? Or see them play?**

Course I did! First time was at the BBC Playhouse Theatre in May '63. Remember it as if it was yesterday. Actually I remember it better than yesterday! I wore one of those tiny go-go outfits. My parents would have had a fit if they'd seen me.

**Your parents – they remained in Bindarra Creek, didn't they?**

Yes. Poor Dad never had an appetite for travel after the war you see. He fought in New Guinea and came home with terrible shrapnel wounds in his chest and arms. Married Mum - she was one of the Morgans - in January '46 and I was born in December that year. After a while I got bored with London, same ol' same ol', so I hitchhiked my way across Europe. Even sailed down the Nile in one of those boats. Can't remember what they're called. Arrived in Sydney sometime in 19...1965 I think it was. Got myself a job waiting tables and hung out with the art crowd. That's where I discovered my psychic ability. And that's where I met my daughter's father.

**I understand from my research that you've been quite coy about his identity. Care to finally share?**

(Folding her arms.) Nope. That's one secret I'll take to me grave.

**Okay. Moving on...Tell us a little about Cheryl.**

*Edwina sighs and a shadow of grief passes over her face. She pulls a tin from her woven handbag and lights up a rolled-up cigarette. After sucking hard, she expels a long stream of smoke. I cough as the sweet slightly pungent smell hits me.*

**Is that...?**

Medicinal. Where were we? Cheryl. I decided to head home when I found I was pregnant. Neither of us wanted to be tied down and he had no interest in playing daddy. Then once I was home, I ended up staying. I rented a room off my parents in Fig Tree Lodge and made a living with my palm readings and waitressing at Riverside Pub. After the farm was sold in 1980, Mum and Dad retired to Port Macquarie.

*Bracelets jangling, Edwina stubs out her smoke into the small tin and sticks out her pink gum booted legs.*

**I've seen photos of Cheryl. She looked like a happy child.**

That's my girl, alright. She was such a lovely baby. Grew into a sweet and kind young girl. Sent her to boarding school then college in Armidale. She met Warren there when she was 17, and they fell in love. Course, she's dead now, like Mum and Dad. Snake bite took her from us too soon.

**I'm so sorry. She had a son - Dylan?**

We call him Dodge. He's married to Tessa. I have two granddaughters - Kaylee, from Tessa's first bloke, and little Tilly.

“MATILDA'S MORE THAN A RELATIVE - SHE'S A GHOST...”

**Tilly is named after a relative, isn't she?**

Yeah. Matilda. And she's more than a relative. She's a ghost. We have quite the conversation, let me tell you.

**Can you really talk to her or are you making it up?**

Spend a night in Fig Tree Lodge and see for yourself.

**I might just take you up on that offer. I've heard that you're not the only one who claims to have seen Matilda. And that she appears to certain people when they need her most. Like your recent adventure?**

*Her shin-length psychedelic coloured dress flairs wide, as Edwina surges to her feet and tosses back her long grey hair. She gathers her handbag close and clumps to the door. Over her shoulder, she throws me one last tidbit.*

Now that would be telling. If you want to know the answer, you'll need to read Amulet of Death.

*Her eyes twinkle and her mouth widens into a mischievous smile. A split second before the door closes is there something or someone standing by her side? Something that shimmers like pearl satin through opaque glass?*

*The door shuts and Ms Edwina Lette is gone.*

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Darryl Fraser*



# UNDER the DARK MOON

*Ransom Women: 1*

**Susanne Bellamy**

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A charming soldier.  
A kind and dedicated doctor.**

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pregnancy to soldier fiancé  
Seamus and keep her career?**

**And what is she to do about her  
growing feelings toward  
Dr Geoffrey Ransom?**



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# BINDARRA CREEK BEGINNINGS

Welcome to Bindarra Creek, a struggling country town where people work hard and love deeply. Set in the picturesque tablelands of New England, Australia, Bindarra Creek is a fictional, often drought-stricken community full of intrigue, adventure, drama, and romance. Life and love in a small country town have never been more challenging.

by  
**SUZANNE GILCHRIST**

The fictional world of Bindarra Creek was born in late 2013/early 2014 after I approached my local writing group with the idea of a multi-author series set in the same location. I thought it would be fun making a series with other writers and also thought it would be an excellent way of cross-promoting each other, thereby reaching different readers.

A small rural town setting was chosen as I wanted our stories to encompass the way of life of remote Australian towns where, these days, many struggle to survive.

We developed a pool of core characters we all draw from, as well as inventing more, and they have become much loved by the Bindarra Creek writers, seeming to take on a life of their own.

To date, there have been three series. The first, the *A Bindarra Creek Romance* series, consisted of novels by thirteen writers and came out in 2015/2016. Next was the nine story *Bindarra Creek Short and Sweet Romances* in 2019, followed by the eight book series *Bindarra Creek: A Town Reborn* in 2019/2020.

Now, here comes the latest - the *A Bindarra Creek Mystery* series features a new standalone story released each month beginning in July 2022. There are seven writers - Susanne Bellamy, Erin Moira O'Hara, Linda Charles, Annie Seaton, Rhonda Forrest, Phillipa Nefri Clark, and me, Suzanne Gilchrist.

Also coming in 2022 is a set of Christmas romances - but more on that later!

For those who would like more info, our website (<https://bindarracreekromance.com> - tap or click) has the details of every series (including buy links) as well as information about the authors and a special Extras page including book trailers and more.

Now, turn the page to learn more about the titles in the new *A Bindarra Creek Mystery* series.



# A BINDARRA CREEK MYSTERY



## What on earth is going on in Bindarra Creek?

The quaint country town and its quirky community of compelling characters aren't just searching for love and happiness in the latest series. They're unearthing secrets and facing threats from past and present. Read more about seven mystery romances from seven best-selling Australian authors.

## A Perfect Danger by Phillipa Nefri Clark

*Her perfect tree change is about to turn deadly.*

Nellie Sinclair swaps her life in Sydney for the hamlet of Glenmeer, close to Bindarra Creek. Buying a farmhouse sight unseen, she arrives to find no power, a leaky roof, and the unsettling discovery that somebody has recently been inside.

Kane Maxwell, local tour guide and Nellie's neighbour, is less than impressed with the big plans of this city slicker and suspects there's more to her tree change than she's willing to admit.

Keen to build her new graphic design business, Nellie talks Kane into letting her overhaul his brochures and signage. He agrees to give her a guided tour of the National Park to gather images.

They stumble across a makeshift shelter where belongings lie scattered, including photographs of Nellie's house.

As a sense of foreboding overwhelms her, she and Kane hike to an old house on the river where there is phone service, but when they step inside, somebody is waiting - for her.

“ I LIVE AND BREATHE MYSTERY SERIES. AS A READER, I DEVOUR MYSTERIES OF ALL KINDS. AS AN AUTHOR, I WRITE WOMEN SLEUTH MYSTERIES, MYSTERY ROMANCES, AND AUSTRALIAN COSY MYSTERIES. MY FAVOURITE FICTIONAL DETECTIVES ARE SHERLOCK HOLMES AND MISS MARPLE. WOULDN'T THEY HAVE BEEN A FORCE TO RECKON WITH IF PAIRED UP?  
- PHILLIPA NEFRI CLARK

## AN EXCERPT FROM A PERFECT DANGER

This was nothing like the pictures from the real estate agent.

Nellie's heart sank as she stopped at the bottom of the steps. The wrap-around verandah was a far cry from the freshly painted white weatherboards, a love seat, and planter boxes she'd fallen in love with. Her torch darted from broken railings to holes in the timber decking and a broken window. Spider webs draped the corner above the door. Was this even the right place?

Thunder boomed again and the wind picked up. Heart thudding, Nellie climbed the half-dozen steps, hurrying as they creaked under her weight. The key worked in the door so this was right place.

At least nobody will look for me here! I wouldn't.

She'd arranged for the power to be on yet the lights didn't work. The house shook as thunder cracked overhead and rain suddenly hammered onto the metal roof.

She couldn't drive back to Bindarra Creek in this weather and where would she even find an open motel at this hour?

Back at the still-open front door, Nellie kicked herself for not thinking this through. She should have taken her time getting here. Stayed somewhere else overnight. Had the house inspected before buying it sight unseen. But she'd had to leave while she could.

*It will pass. Storms always do.*

Something landed on her head and she squealed as her hand brushed through her hair. No spiders. Water. Nellie raised the torch to the ceiling. Heavy drops of water formed on the plaster then fell.

Halfway between a laugh and a sob she whispered, "Welcome to your new life, Nel."

## AN EXCERPT FROM SECRETS OF RIVER COTTAGE

Cathy Kendall stood at the doorway of the old house and tried to stay calm. For once, the gentle burbling of the river across the paddock failed to calm her turbulent thoughts. There was no way she could live in this house again.

*No way.*

The memories, the fear and the expectation that her past would finally catch up with her turned her blood to ice. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath but a hand tugged at her arm.

'Mum, this is way cool,' Jett, her eleven-year-old son's voice was filled with excitement. 'I can fish all day.'

'You'll be at school *all day*,' Cathy said as she turned away for the door. 'Anyway, it's not certain we'll be living here yet.'

'Aw, come on Mum. I can fish after school.'

'Mummy, we have to come here. Look at that stove.' Laura's little hand snuck into hers. Her daughter was intuitive and had picked up on Cathy's mood.

Cathy turned reluctantly to the old combustion stove, and her hand tingled from the memory of an old accident.

*No, it hadn't been an accident.* She pushed that thought away.

“ A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, BEFORE I WROTE WORTH THE WAIT, I TOOK A FABULOUS RESEARCH TRIP OUT AROUND THE AREA WHERE BINDARRA CREEK IS SET. DRIVING THROUGH THE VALLEYS AND THE FARMLANDS, LOOKING AT THE OLD FARMHOUSES AND HISTORIC BUILDINGS IN THE SMALL TOWNS, AND SITTING BY THE PEACEFUL CREEKS FIRMLY CEMENTED THE CONCEPT OF FICTIONAL BINDARRA CREEK FOR ME. - ANNIE SEATON

'We can bake all sorts of cakes. Do you think it would be all right for sponges?' Her ten-year-old daughter had inherited Cathy's love of baking. 'And there might be duck eggs here too. I saw some ducks at the pond when we drove in. If there is, that would be the absolute icing on the cake!'

Cathy's lips tilted in a smile as Laura parroted one of her sayings. 'It would be, wouldn't it sweetie. 'The icing on the cake, indeed.'

She had to think of her children and get over the memories. Russ wasn't here, and he wasn't coming back. She knew that for sure.

## Secrets of River Cottage by Annie Seaton

Forced to move from the safe haven of her in-laws' farmhouse, single mum Cathy Kendall is horrified that she must return to the renovated River Cottage - a house that holds secrets and sad memories. When builders discover bones beneath the old house, and the site is declared a crime scene, speculation and gossip engulf Bindarra Creek.

Landscaper Grant Cummings has returned to his hometown to seek justice, and it suits him to keep a close eye on Cathy. As the investigation progresses, attraction flares between them.

But when a series of suspicious events threaten Cathy's life, should she share her suspicions with Grant? Or is his mysterious past a warning that trusting him could prove deadly?



*Continued on next page*

# A BINDARRA CREEK MYSTERY



## Forgotten Secrets by Susanne Bellamy

*If she's found, she's dead ...*

As a severe storm breaks over his farm, Seth Gordon watches in horror as a parachutist falls into the river.

He rushes to rescue the terrified woman with a head wound.

Injured and with no memory of who she is or her past, 'Angel' has no option but to accept her rescuer's help.

The bullet holes in her parachute warn she's on borrowed time, and Seth vows to keep her safe.

But as their attraction flares, she wonders can she really trust this stranger with her life?

“WORKING OUT 'WHODUNNIT' AND PITTING MY WITS AGAINST KNOWN OR UNKNOWN VILLAINS IS ENJOYABLE FROM THE SAFETY AND COMFORT OF HOME. FINDING THE CLUES AND SORTING OUT THE RED HERRINGS FROM THE REAL FACTS KEEPS ME ENTERTAINED. THE VERY BEST BOOKS ARE THOSE WHICH I CANNOT SOLVE BEFORE THE END IS REACHED.

- SUSANNE BELLAMY

## AN EXCERPT FROM FORGOTTEN SECRETS

'You said I fell from the skies, so call me Angel for now.' Maybe the woman she was had a sense of humour after all because Seth grinned.

'You're welcome to stay the night, Angel. That suits you, you know, with your hair fanned out around your head like a halo.'

Angel. She had no idea where that had come from, but she liked the humour.

A small furry head appeared at the edge of her vision and a pink tongue licked her hand. 'Hello, you.'

'Angel, meet Banjo, sometimes known as The Bandit. He's fast and forever hungry.'

'Hello, Banjo. You're a beautiful boy, aren't you?' The scrape of his tongue on her fingers reassured her as she closed her eyes and focused on the

simple connection with another living being.

*My memory will come back. I have to trust that it will.*

The alternative was beyond frightening.

'In the morning, I'll take you to the local hospital. If your memory has returned, I'll contact whoever is looking for you. If not, then I'll ring local airports and contact the police. We'll find out where your plane departed from and reunite you with your friends soon enough.'

*Whoever is looking for you ...*

The words chilled her to the bone, and she had no idea why.

Someone was looking for her.

Someone wanted to find her.

Someone—

'Please don't.' Her eyes flew open, and her hand shot out and gripped Seth's arm.

He covered it with his and patted. 'Hush, Angel. Everything will be fine. Don't upset yourself. Just tell me what you want and—'

'Don't take me to the hospital. And for pity's sake, don't tell anyone I'm here.'

'Why not?'

Flames crackled in the fireplace and Banjo whimpered, but silence stretched between them. Frowning, she tried to grasp an elusive thought. At last, she said, 'I don't know why. I can't remember anything.'

'Well then—'

'That's not true. I know that if I'm found, I'll be dead.'

## AN EXCERPT FROM BEYOND THE GATE

Lester McLean was sure of one thing. Before the year was out he'd be as far away from Bindarra Creek as possible. It was nearly time to gather his hidden loot.

Moving away would avoid the chance of being picked up by the police again or running into anyone who might remember him from his past life. Even though he'd done his time, the cops were always looking over his shoulder.

He smiled and stirred his cup of tea, three times to the left and three times to the right. The spoon tapped two times on the rim of the cup and two times on the matching saucer before he laid it gently down on the left-hand side of the table.

He sipped slowly. Strong, black, and full to the brim. Always the same. It had to be. Otherwise, there would be bad luck.

He stubbed his cigarette in the ashtray, making sure no ash went on the ground. It wasn't that he cared about rubbish, the point was it was unlucky to put tobacco or ash back into the earth. It meant that was your last cigarette, that your time was up.

It was just as well he knew how to keep the bad omens away. That skill had kept him alive in prison and once he was released, to safely spend his waiting time in a comfortable manner.

He pushed his hat back on his head and twisted his wristband so that the clover charm sat to the front, always to the front.

He was a fortunate man and soon he'd be even luckier with enough money to last him a lifetime.

No one would stand in his way, he'd make sure of that.

## Beyond the Gate by Rhonda Forrest

When Charlotte leaves her old life to start afresh near the township of Bindarra Creek, she experiences a sense of liberation and adventure.

The rural property she purchases is perfect for her new business venture, and a friendly neighbour, Alex, along with his two children, Isla and Eli, help her settle in.

However, plans for a peaceful rural life do not run smoothly, and when she stumbles on a sinister connection to her past, Isla is also drawn into the web of evil. Now Charlotte faces the perilous task of saving the young girl from a deadly situation.

Will Alex rescue Charlotte and Isla in time? Or will the secret places beyond the gate hide forever their fate?

“I LOVE A GOOD MYSTERY SERIES. MY FAVOURITE FICTIONAL DETECTIVE, WHO JUST HAPPENS TO BE IN THE FIRST MYSTERY BOOK I EVER READ, IS NANCY DREW.

- RHONDA FORREST



# A BINDARRA CREEK MYSTERY

## Only She Knew by Linda Charles

*At what point do you trust your heart?*

Many years ago, three men passed through Bindarra Creek and robbed Stanley Rogers, the town jeweller. By dawn, their perfect plan had unravelled.

Now a sequence of suspicious events sets Jennifer Rogers, the jeweller's niece, to search for the truth. Somewhere in this small country town, her family's money and jewels are buried.

Brock Colder has drawn a line between his personal life and his troublesome brother. He has one last promise to fulfil before he is free of family obligations. Then he meets Jennifer.

As events get more dangerous and desperate for Jennifer, a pattern emerges, and she realises both brothers are somehow involved. Trouble is, Brock ignites a desire she can't deny. Are the brothers a joined force? Or does one have her back? Can she trust her enemy's brother?



## AN EXCERPT FROM ONLY SHE KNEW

*1.30am, Monday. Jennifer Rogers and her best friend, Taylah McKenna, are on the top floor of Laurie Chester's Real Estate agency, stuffing upcoming auction notices into envelopes.*

'What is going on out there?'

Jen shot a glance across at her best friend. 'Taylah, get away from that window! We're not supposed to be here.'

Taylah grinned at her. 'Laurie's flyers can wait. Check this out. These guys are walking in every direction from the cenotaph.'

Curious, Jen jumped up and joined Taylah. Inch by inch, Jen slowly pulled back the venetian blind.

In the soft glow of the street light, Jen studied the two dark figures as they stood beside the Cenotaph which faced the street. In unison they looked up in the direction of the girls, but their gaze settled on something much further along. Jen's chest tightened as she spied a familiar face.

She dropped her hold on the blind and leaned against the wall. Her body prickled hot and cold. 'It's the Colder brothers. What on earth are they doing?'

Taylah reached out and spread two slats of the blind and peered out. 'They're counting steps.'

Jen frowned. 'Counting steps?'

Taylah leaned closer to the window. 'I'll count. They're starting again.'

Jen ran across and quickly bundled Laurie's flyers about the upcoming auction and envelopes into the stationery box. She would take it home and finish it with her mother.

'Damn,' muttered Taylah. 'They're out of sight.'

'What?'

Taylah pulled up the blind. 'Take a look. It's a full moon. You can just make out their long shadows. They've stopped, and I think they're right on that junction before the butcher's. What do you reckon?'

Jen stood on her toes and studied the shadow. Taylah was right. In a blink, the shadow disappeared.

An unexpected mix of excitement and trepidation rippled through Jen's body. She turned to her friend. 'Come on, let's count steps.'

## AN EXCERPT FROM PROTECTING THEIR DESTINY

'This is all my fault. You've lost everything because of me.'

'Emma. We haven't lost everything. We have each other. Our baby is safe and Gypsy is on the mend. You are not to blame, babe. It's just been one hell of a day.'

'But the cottage? Where are we going to live?'

'There's plenty of room up at the main house. Dad and Antonia won't be back from Darwin for another week. Gran will be glad to have us stay with her. I'm sure Hunter can find us somewhere to rent, if you want to live in town.' The lack of enthusiasm in his voice drove another arrow of guilt through Emma's heart.

'I don't need to live in town, Reid. I was happy with you in the cottage.'

'I'll build us another cottage, Em, with a modern kitchen and wraparound verandah. I know you will make it into a beautiful home for us.'

She tried to smile, but it was more of a grimace. 'That was your great-great grandparents' cottage. It

has historical and sentimental value to your family.'

'I know, but we've dealt with far worse disasters over the years. It's just one of those things. We were both worried about Gypsy.'

He was taking the disaster awfully well. He hadn't yelled at her once. Would he stay calm and controlled? Was he reining in his tempter because of the baby? Would he one day lose his temper and turn on her?

His arms tightened. 'We have insurance, Em. Hopefully, once the police talk to Robert Farrell, we'll know if he is to blame or it was a freak accident. Tomorrow, I'll check the cameras to see if they caught anything.'

'What if it's not Robert Farrell? What if it's someone with a grudge against ... me.'

'Who? You don't have an enemy in the world.'

She squeezed her eyes shut and buried her face against his chest. *Yes, I do. A narcissist, control freak, who swore vengeance on me.*

## Protecting Their Destiny by Erin Moira O'Hara

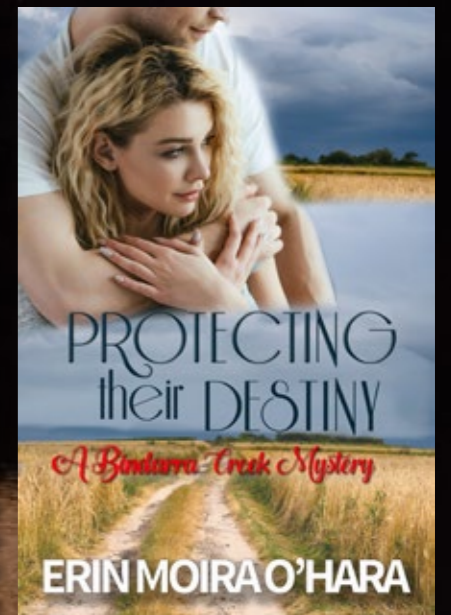
Reid Sullivan is close to fulfilling his life-long dream of returning his family's sheep station, Tulachmhor, to its former glory. He's also weeks from marrying Emma, his pregnant fiancée.

Yet a volatile childhood has left him with deep trust issues, and his soon-to-be bride has shared little of her past.

After a string of mishaps and disasters, he suspects Tulachmhor and his relationship with Emma are being sabotaged - but by who and why?

Gynecologist Emma Fahey left her previous life in Sydney for the rural peace and safety of Bindarra Creek. Yet, as her wedding approaches, her fiancé becomes distracted and moody, reigniting old fears.

Emma loves Reid with all her heart and is excited for the baby, but can their relationship survive someone with a deadly grudge? Will their trust issues irrevocably damage their relationship, or, worse, cost them their lives?



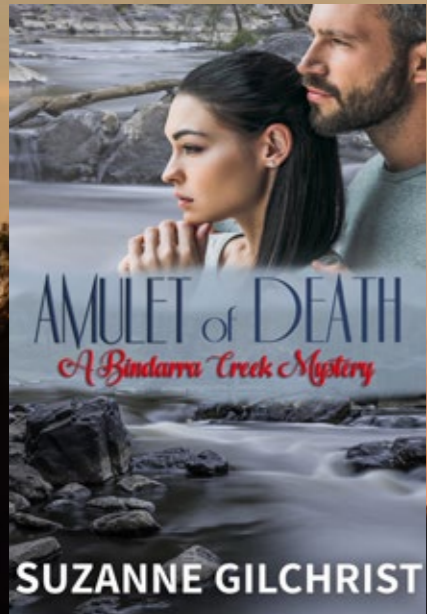
I ADORE MOST MYSTERY SERIES, WHETHER IN BOOK FORM OR ON SCREEN. I OFTEN DRIVE MY FAMILY CRAZY NOMINATING ALMOST EVERY CHARACTER AS THE BAD GUY. AS I'M PRESENTED WITH EACH NEW SHRED OF EVIDENCE OR RED HERRING, I NARROW DOWN MY LIST, JUST LIKE THE SLEUTH INVOLVED. WE MAKE A GOOD TEAM!

- ERIN MOIRA O'HARA

Continued on next page



# A BINDARRA CREEK MYSTERY



## Amulet of Death by Suzanne Gilchrist

*Old secrets can be dangerous...*

Forty-one-year-old widow Natalie Wasson needs money – now - for an operation that will radically change her son's quality of life. When she discovers forgotten WWI letters in Bindarra Creek's oldest home, she seizes the chance to write the family's history - and unknowingly invites danger to this small country town.

Loyalty and duty have been drilled into Troy Davidson's very core by his family and by almost twenty-five years of military service. But soon both traits are at war with regret and love after he comes face to face with the woman he could never forget.

A brutal childhood has robbed Ernest Callon of almost every drop of human kindness. His sole purpose has been honed into the location of a lost artifact – until he meets Natalie. Torn between his life-long obsession and the softening of his battered heart, which will he choose?

As the stakes become personal, Natalie must decipher an ancient secret before someone she loves pays the ultimate price. But the clock is ticking, and, if she trusts the wrong man, her choice could prove fatal.

“ I LOVE BOTH READING AND WATCHING MYSTERY SERIES. IN PARTICULAR, I LOVE THE COZY TYPES WHERE THE MYSTERY IS A SLOW BURN AS YOU GET TO KNOW WHO IS INVOLVED AND THEIR HISTORIES ALONG WITH ALL THOSE TRICKY RED-HERRINGS. I HAVE A FABULOUS LIBRARY OF CRIME/MYSTERY DVDS (ALONG WITH SCIFI SHOWS, LOL) AND CAN RE-WATCH THEM OVER AND OVER. MY FAVOURITE MYSTERY SHOWS TEND TO BE BRITISH IN ORIGIN, THOUGH I LOVE MONK AND ALSO THE MURDOCH MYSTERIES. HANDS DOWN, EVERY TIME, I WOULD HAVE TO SAY MY FAVOURITE SLEUTH IS HERCULE POIROT. I DISCOVERED AGATHA CHRISTIE IN MY TEENS AND HAVE EVERY MYSTERY/CRIME BOOK SHE WROTE ON MY BOOKSHELVES.

- SUZANNE GILCHRIST

LGA

## INVESTIGATING COUPLES

Husband and wife or attracted couples detective teams have been around quite a while. On the silver screen, the couple who created the archetype were Nick and Nora Charles.

The protagonists of Dashiell Hammett's last book, *The Thin Man*, they were a San Francisco detective and his socialite wife. Hammett didn't write any more Nick and Nora but those who turned *The Thin Man* into a movie in 1939 had a hit on their hands so they created a six film series.

In the first movie, Nick and Nora are on their honeymoon and get dragged into investigating the disappearance of a grouchy inventor. They're portrayed as a couple of inveterate booze hounds in the first two films but sobered up, as did the world, through World War 2 and parenthood by the time the last film came out in 1947.

The TV series *MacMillan and Wife* was a thinly veiled take on the Charles' and

they've been remade and made-over dozens of times, but the original is the best.

Hart to Hart is also regarded as a Nick and Nora copy.

Many other unwed couples have played on the good old unresolved sexual tension trope, otherwise know as 'ust' in series from *Monlighting to Castle*.

In the classic British spy series of the 1960s, *The Avengers*, the central characters during the show's golden age - John Steed and the young widow Mrs Emma Peel - emanated ust like a 1000 watt bulb.

But actor Patrick MacNee said in an interview years later that he and actress Diana Rigg had decided their characters had already got the sex part out of the way so they could concentrate on sleuthing. One wonders how (or if) she explained things to her explorer husband when he turned up alive in Mrs Peel's final episode - not dead, but just lost in the jungle for years.

Each quarter in Love's Great Adventure, we feature a romance comic book on the Fun and Games page from the fabulous ComicBookPlus.com website. This edition, we turned up a 1950 comic book called *Love Mystery*.

It doesn't appear to have lasted long – only a handful of issues – but it was an interesting shot at mixing romance with suspense and mystery for comic book readers. Unlike the usual romance comics with several stories in each edition, *Love Mystery* had only two so as to give readers more involved and fully fleshed out tales.



WILLIAM POWELL AND MYRNA LOY AS NICK AND NORA CHARLES WITH THEIR DOG, ASTA

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An unforgettable ending.  
Escape to misty cliffs and windswept beaches,  
to lost love and new beginnings.*

## ESCAPE TO RIVER'S END

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Despite a tragic childhood, Christie tells herself she's happy, but deep down she yearns for a simpler life and a place to heal her heart. Then a funeral and an inheritance throw her safe world into disarray. Moving into a rundown cottage, she makes a discovery. Fifty years ago, a heartbroken young artist waited each dawn on a jetty for his true love to return. And each night, he wrote her a love letter. What Christie uncovers will change her life forever.

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## The STATIONMASTER'S COTTAGE Phillipa Nefri Clark



RIVERS END BOOK ONE

## AN EXCERPT FROM THE STATIONMASTER'S COTTAGE

Martin stood at the railing staring out over the sea.

Randall ate dinner from a stainless steel bowl, briefly lifting his head as Christie stepped out of the house.

"Funny how things work out," she said.

"How so?"

"I'm supposed to be on Lizard Island enjoying sunsets, the ocean and cocktails."

"Would you settle for a sunset, the ocean and a local Chardonnay?" Martin picked up two glasses of white wine from the small table and held one out to Christie.

Surprised, she hesitated. Was this a truce of kinds? Should she even be here, with a man who was little more than a stranger?

"Thanks." Something deep inside her wanted this to continue so she proposed a toast. "To sunsets, the ocean, and Chardonnay."

"To things working out the way they're meant to." Martin counter-proposed and they touched their glasses together with a clink.

Christie sipped on the wine, relaxing for the first time in oh so long. The sun dropped below the horizon, leaving a trail of fading pink and a soft golden glow across the sea. A light

breeze carried the salty tang of the ocean, complementing the heady scent of jasmine along the railing.

"If ever I become a candle maker, I shall create one that smells like this evening and call it Jasmine Sea," Christie announced.

Martin's face softened with amusement. "Do you aspire to being a candle maker?"

"I wasn't. But it's always worth having a backup plan."

Randall ran off the deck to chase a rabbit.

"Does he ever catch them?"

"Never. He wouldn't know what to do with one. He'd make friends with it and bring it back to the house as his pet."

"He's a sensational dog."

"Yes."

Along the coast to the west, a storm front approached.

"Will your clothes be okay?" Martin said. "They're expensive."

"They'll be fine. Are you apologising?" she teased.

"Not at all. I've told you before—"

"Yes, yes, it weakens your position. Thing is, sometimes it takes strength to say you're sorry. When it matters."

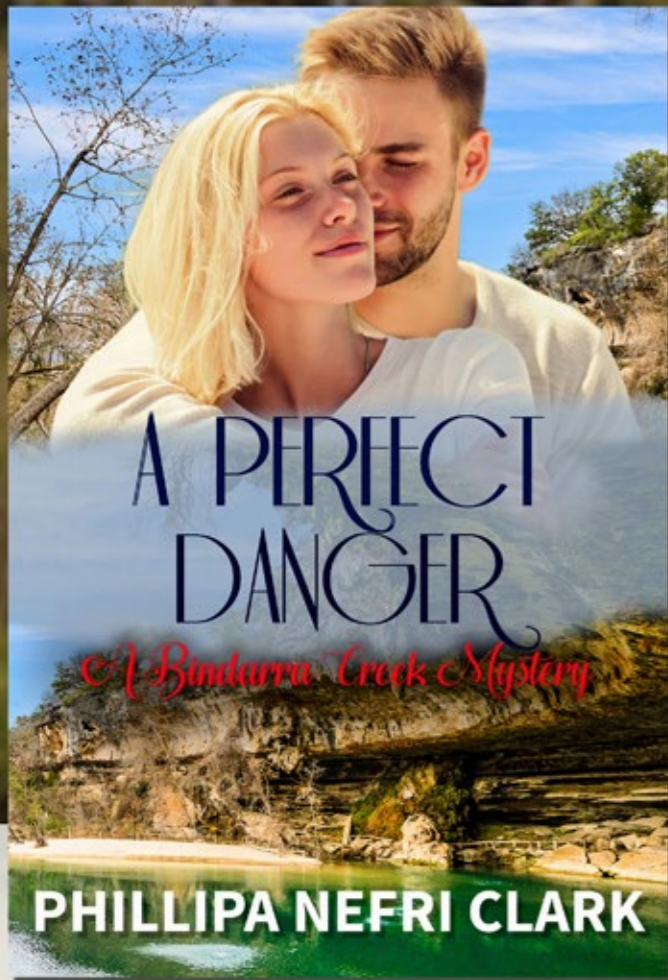
Martin watched Christie over the rim of his glass.

Under the moonlight Martin was less intimidating...no that was not the word. Less stern and cold. His eyes were deep and mysterious black pools and the longer he gazed at her, the more they drew Christie in. Who was this man and what did he want?



# CLICK

## GO THE SHEARS!



Nellie Sinclair needs to start over and the hamlet near Bindarra Creek is perfect. Secluded. Peaceful. And there's Kane, her hunky neighbour...

But someone else is waiting for Nellie. Her perfect tree change is about to turn deadly...

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## Sheep shearing – we've come a long way!

by  
LINDA CHARLES

Secrets follow generation after generation, and it can take many before the true story is uncovered. The kernel of my Bindarra Creek Mystery, *Only She Knows*, begins with three young shearers travelling the state from property to property earning a living shearing sheep.

In researching their story, I uncovered an industry - wool - that is truly wonderful and interesting. It is far more varied than I knew and many young people today are studying all aspects of working in the wool industry. There are plenty of opportunities.

'Click go the shears boys, click, click, click' – those words are very familiar to many people in Australia and New Zealand. The Institute of Australian Culture advises that the earliest known version of this popular folksong was published in *The Bacchus Marsh Express* on 5 December 1891, under the title of "The Bare Belled Ewe".

This folksong introduces us to the sheep shearing world and describes some of the main roles involved – 'ringer', the fastest shearer in a shearing shed, 'boss of

Continued on next page

# CLICK GO THE SHEARS!

the board', the board being that area of the shed where sheep are shorn and let out of the shed, 'tar boy', a boy who applies tar to the skin of sheep cut during shearing and, 'old shearer' who takes his pay and goes to the local pub for a drink after a long hot week's work.



Early paintings give the impression that the work was hot, dusty and hard. In the early nineteenth century sheep were shorn by clippers, similar to garden clippers. In those days some shearers managed to shear 30 sheep a day.

That image is far removed from the shearing world today.

As wool prices rose, the wool industry developed further new processes and various inventions were tried and tested for efficiency and cost effectiveness. Various patents for shearing machines were granted from the 1860's. Almost twenty years later, in 1882, Jack Gray, became the first shearer to shear a sheep using mechanical shears.

## Fun facts: Your sheepish questions answered!

### Does shearing hurt the sheep?

It's similar to a haircut. For sheep, their uppermost layer of skin is usually dead. It takes the skill of the shearer to ensure that the sheep is shorn in

such a way that he doesn't cause any cuts or injury. They must be shorn efficiently and quickly.

### What happens if sheep miss out on getting sheared?

Simply, it keeps growing and just adds to the density of the wool. Sheep then overheat in summer, it decreases their mobility, and they are in danger from fly-strike, which causes suffering and possible death.

### Do sheep enjoy being sheared?

No, they don't like being sheared. They will fight off any shearing attempts like some pet dogs and cats will resist being clipped, but being sheared can only make sheep feel better.

### How many sheep does a shearer shear in a day?

Two hundred sheep, roughly two to three minutes per sheep!

### Why is sheep shearing not done during the cold season?

They are usually shorn at least once a year by professional shearers. In Australia sheep are shorn in the autumn before their winter and spring lambing because the sheep are growing that wool to protect themselves from cooler temperatures.

### What happens to sheep wool in the wild?

Wild sheep shed their wool naturally, via molting. They are helped in this process by rubbing their bodies against trees.

### How long does it take for sheep to regrow wool?

Six weeks is all it takes for the fleet to regrow well enough to provide the sheep with effective insulation.

During this time, to maintain their body temperatures, a sheared sheep requires more feed.

### Do you wash sheep before shearing?

Only if the sheep is muddy or dirty. Costs and efficiencies come into play. It affects the industry in two ways: wear and tear on the comb and cutter; and, it reduces the number of sheep to be shorn.

### How long does it take for a sheep to produce wool?

A sheep is considered no longer profitable by five to six years old. Their wool starts to become brittle as they age.

## The wool industry in Australia today

Today the wool industry is open to both boys and girls and they are taking up the call. They love the joint empowerment of:

- earning good money;
- a chance to either have a real go, or set their own pace in terms of how many sheep they shear; and
- being their own boss.

Not all students learn to ply their trade as toddlers helping out from the floor of their parents' shed floor.

It's an industry which makes those involved proud. Australia is the world's leading producer of wool. We produce about one quarter of the world's wool, about 345 million kilos every year.

For those interested there are plenty of opportunities from various organisations to learn various skills from shearing, shed management, ewe management, wool classer, best sheep practices, breeding and much more.

## Wonderful wool

Wool may start on the sheep's back, but the final product is nothing short of miraculous. It not only clothes us, is transformed into beautiful outfits and is paraded on the runways throughout the world, but is starting to be used as an alternative to polystyrene.

No mean feat given it takes up to about 500 years for polystyrene to decompose.

The beauty of wool is it has a natural insulating property. It keeps sheep warm in winter and cool in summer.

In the past few years, wool is being developed as an alternative to polystyrene packaging. It's a fabulous alternative when packaging fresh foods, seafood, pharmaceuticals, and chocolates because of its natural insulating properties. It manages to keep the temperature of these products stable during transportation.

HATE BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER. WILL LOVE TEAR THEM APART?

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**Elizabeth Ellen Carter**  
USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

**A CURIO FOR THE COUNT**

**DRAGON BELLADE**

# SMALL TOWN

A look at TV, movies and songs about mysterious small towns.

by LGA Associate Editor  
DUNCAN CARLING-RODGERS

# THRILLERS & MYSTERIES

## The Village (2004)

Residents of a small, isolated 19th-century Pennsylvania village live in fear of the nameless creatures living within the surrounding woods. When a child falls ill, Lucius asks for permission to leave the

village to seek medical supplies but is refused. Later, Ivy, who is blind, finds her way out of the village – and we see their 19th century home is in fact a walled reserve in 2004.

Most critics disliked the film at the time, but Philip Horne of the UK Telegraph later said "this exquisitely crafted allegory of American soul-searching seems to have been widely misunderstood".

One tends to agree. Well worth watching if you haven't already seen it.

Trailer: [Tap or Click](#)



DIRECTOR M NIGHT SHYAMALAN | IMAGE: GAGE SKIDMORE

## The Wicker Man (1973)

A police sergeant, Howie, goes to an island off the coast of Scotland to look into an anonymous report of a missing girl. The locals claim not to know her but Howie knows they're hiding something.

They have pagan beliefs that disturb his strict morals, and he realises everything on the island is dictated by Lord Summerisle, whose ancestors bought the island generations ago.

— Was the girl a human sacrifice?

Anthony Shaffer wrote the screenplay for this thriller based on the novel *Ritual* by David Pinner – was uncredited! The cast is led by Edward Woodward, Christopher Lee, Diane Cilento and Britt Ekland.

Trailer: [Tap or Click](#)



ACTRESS BRITT EKLAND  
PHOTO BY ALLAN WARREN

## The Stepford Wives (1975)

The original filming with Katherine Ross is streets ahead of any of the sequels and the remakes. The story barely needs retelling - Joanna Eberhart comes to Stepford, Connecticut with her husband, but soon discovers the truth behind the all too perfect behaviour of the female residents. The title of the story has become a pejorative for female submissiveness.

Ira Levin's original novel is more a brief novella – so short, in fact, it can be read in the time it takes to watch the film.

Trailer: [Tap or Click](#)



ACTRESS KATHERINE ROSS | PHOTO BY ALAN LIGHT

## Twin Peaks (1990)

The body of Laura Palmer is found on the shore a lake wrapped in plastic near the small Washington state town of Twin Peaks. FBI Agent Dale Cooper investigates and is drawn into the lives of the town's weird and wacky inhabitants.

David Lynch's way-out series quickly became 'must watch' TV in 1990 and the soundtrack was a hit too.

Trailer: [Tap or Click](#)



ACTRESS SHERYL LEE | PHOTO BY ALAN LIGHT

## Hazard (1991)

A song by American singer-songwriter Richard Marx, it paints an intriguing picture of a woman who disappears from a Nebraska town and the social outcast accused of killing her.

Marx had written the line 'this old Nebraska town' and liked it so much he wrote to the Nebraska Chamber of Commerce for a list of towns with two syllables. *Hazard* suited well for its double meaning. Nonetheless, when he's finished it, Marx considered it a 'stupid song no one would pay attention to'. His wife thought it would be a big hit and he only recorded it to prove her wrong.

He was the one who was wrong. It went platinum in Australia and the UK.



RICHARD MARX | IMAGE: CANDY156SWEET

# SMALL TOWN THRILLERS & MYSTERIES

## Wake in Fright (1971)

*Wake in Fright (aka Outback)* is a 1971 psychological thriller which paints a brutal and unforgiving picture of life in an outback Australian town.

Based on Kenneth Cook's 1961 novel, it follows a young schoolteacher who finds himself stranded in the town. Among the cast - Donald Pleasence and Jack Thompson.

A co-production between Australia, Britain, and the US, it was nominated for the Grand Prix at the Cannes Film Festival. But it was dogged by poor marketing and controversy over its savage portrayal of outback life.

By the end of the 20th century, it was thought lost because the master negative was missing and only censored prints of poor quality remained. But the missing elements were found in 2004, the film digitally remastered and given a 2009 re-release at Cannes and in Australian theatres to widespread acclaim.

*Wake in Fright* is now considered a pivotal film of both the Australian New Wave.

In some respects, it presaged Peter Weir's outback horror film, *The Cars That Ate Paris*.

Trailer: [Tap or Click](#)



DONALD PLEASENCE | PORTRAIT BY ALLAN WARREN

## Arcadia (The X Files) (1999)



Three couples have mysteriously disappeared from a tightly planned community over a number of years.

Mulder and Scully go undercover as a couple to discover the truth of the matter, and find there are dire consequences for those who do not follow planned community's strict regulations including even the shade of paint for each home's postbox - "Desert Sage? Desert Sienna?"

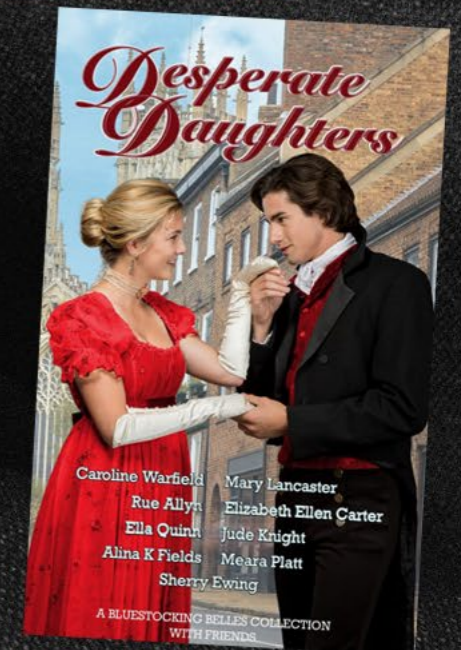
Get it wrong and the garbage monster will come for you!

Funny and a little frightening at times, *Arcadia* is more of a suburban thriller than a small town one, but it's worth digging out this ep from one of TV's best series of the 1990s.

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HERE COMES THE  
**BRIDE!**

LOVE FASHION



Victoria Vane dresses a bride for a fairytale wedding

Continued on next page

# HERE COMES THE BRIDE!

*Continued from previous page*

## Down the aisle in beautiful Victorian style

**A**s a historical dressmaker, I have had very limited experience with wedding gowns, but last fall I got a request through my Etsy shop to create a custom historical wedding gown of the bride-to-be's design. At first I was hesitant, as I prefer to do my own design work, but after looking at her sketches, I was excited to take on the project and confident that I could make her Victorian dream dress a reality.

Since the bride was very specific about what she wanted, she purchased all of the materials herself with my guidance as to appropriate fabric types and the amounts needed to complete the design. The gown was comprised of multiple layers to include historically correct underpinnings (petticoat, corset and bustle cage) as well as the gown components of underskirt, apron, bodice, and bustle skirt.

Once begun, the gown came together quickly with some help from my two apprentices, Anne and Ellie who did much of the work on the train. The first fitting went extremely well with only minor adjustments needed. The second fitting was even better and she took the dress with her the same day.

The bride was thrilled with the finished gown and she indeed got her fairytale wedding!

*- Victoria Vane*



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# COUNTRY KITCHEN

## Cathy's Duck Egg Sponge



Annie Seaton is the author of *Secrets of River Cottage* in the *A Bindarra Creek Mystery* series and this is her recipe for a sponge cake where duck eggs take the place of hen's eggs.

### INGREDIENTS

- 4 duck eggs
- 140g caster sugar or golden caster sugar
- 160g plain flour, plus extra for the tin]
- 2 tsp baking powder
- butter, to grease the tin

### The Icing on the Cake!

- 300ml pouring cream
- 90 ml honey

### METHOD

If your duck eggs have been in the fridge, take them out and allow them to come down to room temperature.

Preheat the oven to 180 degrees Celsius, and butter and flour two 20 cm loose-bottomed cake tins.

In the bowl of a stand mixer, add the eggs and sugar. I suggest cracking each duck egg into a glass and pouring it into the bowl. Duck eggs have a harder shell than chicken eggs and I found that more of the shell shattered away (and into the egg itself) because a little more force was needed to crack them open.

This way it is easier to remove any stray bits of the shell before adding the eggs to the bowl.

Whisk the eggs and sugar together for about 10 minutes, on medium to high speed. The mixture will triple in size and become pale and fluffy.

While the eggs are whisking, measure the flour and baking powder into a separate bowl and whisk together to remove any lumps. Carefully add the flour and baking powder to the whisked eggs, gently and quickly folding it into the eggs with a large metal spoon.

Divide the mixture between the two prepared tins, and bake for 15-20 minutes. The cakes will be golden in colour and spring back when lightly touched.

Leave the cakes to cool in their tins for a couple of minutes. Place a sheet of baking paper on a cooling rack, and remove each cake from its tin onto the paper. This will prevent the cakes from sticking to the cooling racks. Alternatively, you can leave the baking paper that is already on the base of each cake, and place them straight on the racks.

Once the cakes have cooled (this shouldn't take too long), prepare the cream filling. Whip the cream until it has thickened and soft peaks are forming. Add the honey and whisk until combined. Place one of the cakes on a cake stand or serving plate, and top with 1/2 - 3/4 of the cream. Place the second sponge on top and finish with the remaining cream.

## Pan Fried Spinach Gnocchi

This recipe from *Forgotten Secrets* author Susanne Bellamy features mushrooms and pumpkin plus a creamy paprika sauce that adds spice to the dish.

### INGREDIENTS

- 1 packet of gnocchi
- Oil and butter
- 1/4 butternut pumpkin, diced
- 4 or 5 mushrooms, chopped
- A handful of spinach
- Salt and pepper
- 300ml thickened or sour cream (your choice)
- 1 tsp paprika
- Diced bacon (if you can't do without meat)
- Parmesan cheese
- Pine nuts
- White wine

### METHOD

Add a tbsp of oil to your frying pan and heat, add a knob of butter then add the gnocchi. Stir or toss frequently to avoid burning the gnocchi until it's looking crisp and golden.

Set it aside and add the pumpkin with a little oil. Fry until slightly soft then toss in the mushrooms and season to taste with the salt and pepper.

Return the gnocchi to the pan, and add the splash of wine then the cream and paprika. Simmer on low heat until the sauce thickens. If you take it too far, just give it a splash of water.

Finally, fold through the spinach and serve with sprinkled parmesan cheese and pine nuts.



## Kathleen Sullivan's Gramma Pie Recipe

Gramma is a squash grown in Australia from at least the 1850s. Gramma pie was mentioned by Mrs Beeton in 1891, but the dish appears to be little known outside New South Wales. In this recipe from *Protecting Their Destiny* author Erin O'Hara, you can substitute pumpkin for gramma.

### INGREDIENTS

- 1 kg gramma – trimmed weight (or butternut pumpkin if unable to find gramma) peeled, seeded and chopped into pieces
- 2/3 cup of sugar
- 1 large orange – grated rind only
- 1 lemon – juice and grated rind
- 1 tablespoon sultanas
- 1 teaspoon golden syrup
- 1 teaspoon of cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon ground ginger

### Pastry

- 1 cup self-raising flour
- 1 cup plain flour
- Pinch of salt
- 130g butter
- 1/3 cup caster sugar
- 1 tablespoon chilled water
- 1 egg yolk, lightly beaten

### METHOD

Place pumpkin in a saucepan with a little water and gently simmer for 45 mins. Drain in colander until cold, pressing lightly to extract as much liquid as possible.

Transfer to bowl, add sugar, orange rind, then rind of lemon and half its juice.

Add sultanas, syrup and spice. Taste, adding more lemon if required. Refrigerate until ready to make up.

### Sponge Mixture topping

Combine flour with salt and sugar into a bowl then rub in the butter until it resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add yolk and chilled water. Mix quickly into a soft dough.

May add small amount of milk if needed. If using small dishes, divide into pieces and gently roll each to fit pie dish. Otherwise roll out ¾ of the pastry to fit 20cm dish.

Place the filling in either individual pie dishes or one large one.

Wet the edges then roll out remaining pastry and place on top of the pie, trimming away any excess and press edges to seal with a fork.

Lightly brush top with milk and sprinkle with a little extra sugar.

Preheat oven to 200C, and bake approximately one hour or until golden.





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# GAME PLAY ▶

## Jigsaw Time

See if you can ride out this jigsaw at Jigsaw Planet:  
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## Bindarra Creek Mysteries Word Search

- |                     |                        |                          |
|---------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|
| AKUNA NATIONAL PARK | FORGOTTEN SECRETS      | PERIL                    |
| A PERFECT DANGER    | FRIENDS                | PLOT                     |
| AMULET OF DEATH     | HELP                   | PROTECTING THEIR DESTINY |
| BEYOND THE GATE     | HICKORY RIDGE          | RELIC                    |
| BINDARRA CREEK      | HOME                   | RIVAL                    |
| COUNTRY             | KEY                    | ROMANCE                  |
| CRAIGELLACHIE       | KICK                   | RURAL ROMANCE            |
| CYPRUS CAFÉ         | KILLER                 | SECRETS OF RIVER COTTAGE |
| DEADLY              | LOVE                   | SEVEN STORIES            |
| DIRE                | MOUNT INGALLS          | STALKER                  |
| ENEMY               | MYSTERY                | THREATS                  |
| FAMILY              | NEW ENGLAND TABLELANDS | TULACHMHOR               |
| FATAL               | ONLY SHE KNEW          | WAIT                     |
| FEAR                | OUTBACK                |                          |
| FIGTREE LODGE       | PAIN                   |                          |
| FOE                 |                        |                          |



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J	Y	L	D	A	E	D	B	M	O	U	N	T	I	N	G	A	L	L	S	M	Z
P	R	O	T	E	C	T	I	N	G	T	H	E	I	R	D	E	S	T	I	N	Y
C	I	N	U	K	R	A	P	L	A	N	O	I	T	A	N	A	N	U	K	A	F
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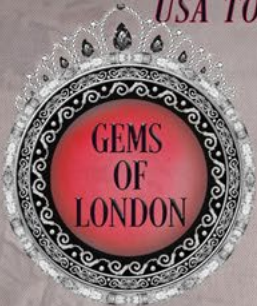
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HATE BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER. WILL LOVE TEAR THEM APART?

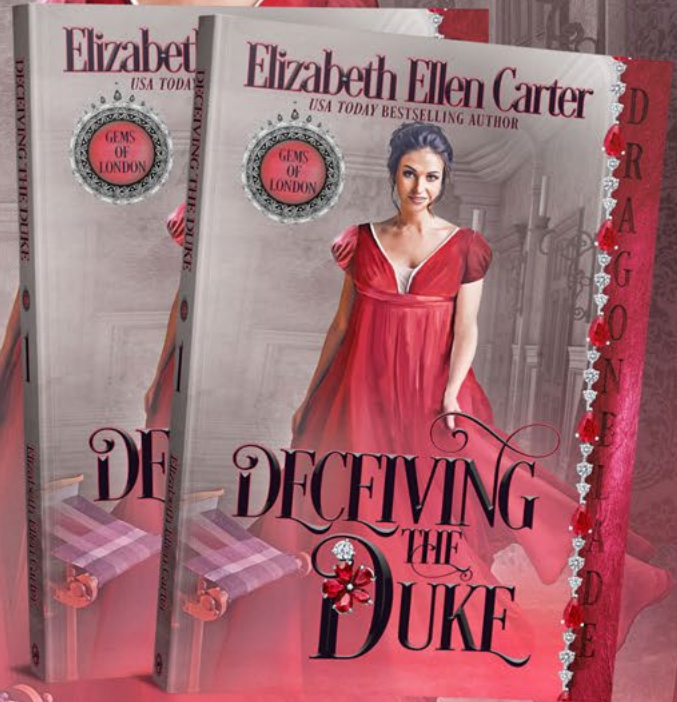
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# DECEIVING THE DUKE



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