LoveReading

YOU LOVED YOUR LAST BOOK...
BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO READ NEXT?

Using our unique guidance tools, **LoveReading** will help you find new books to keep you inspired and entertained.

Opening Extract from...

KEEPER

Written by Johana Gustawsson

Published by Orenda Books

All text is Copyright © of the author

This Opening Extract is brought to you by **LoveReading** Please print off and read at your leisure.

KEEPER

An Emily Roy and Alexis Castells Investigation

JOHANA GUSTAWSSON

Translated by Maxim Jakubowski



ORENDA
BOOKS

Orenda Books
16 Carson Road
West Dulwich
London SE21 8HU
www.orendabooks.co.uk

First published in French as *Mör* by Bragelonne in 2017
This edition published by Orenda Books 2018
Copyright © Bragelonne, 2017
English language translation copyright © Maxim Jakubowski, 2017

Johana Gustawsson has asserted her moral right to be identified as the author of this work in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988.

All Rights Reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form or by any means without the written permission of the publishers.

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN 978-1-912374-05-2
eISBN 978-1-912374-06-9

Typeset in Garamond by MacGuru Ltd
Printed and bound by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon CR0 4YY

For sales and distribution, please contact *info@orendabooks.co.uk*

Torvsjön, Halmstad, Sweden
Thursday, 16 July 2015, 4.35 am

KARLA HANSEN SLIPPED HER MOBILE into the back pocket of her jeans, zipped up her jacket and pulled on her rain boots. She threw her Converses into the boot of her estate and set out into the woods.

The sun was already rising in the sky with casual ease. In July, it shone proudly for seventeen oh-so-blissful hours and seemed to revel in its summer reign as much as the Swedes basked in its glow. It had been a frigid winter that year, lingering oppressively all the way through to May like a house guest who refuses to leave, shooing spring away until a Divine hand intervened to throw back the frozen curtain and clear the air. Hallelujah.

Karla's every step was marked by the sound of snapping twigs and the muted splash of muddy puddles, the remnants of yesterday's squalls.

Like every morning when she awoke, her brain was switched to 'Post-It factory' mode, as her husband, Dan, liked to tease. And her to-do list went on, and on and on. Summer had barely begun, and already it was time to think about autumn. She would have to sign her daughters up for their extra-curricular activities once school started: judo and soccer for Pia, the eldest; contemporary dance and theatre for Ada, the youngest; Spanish for both of them. They would no doubt complain about the language lessons, but they didn't have any choice in the matter. Dan would rather they learned French, but the girls had kicked up a fuss (they were allowed one veto a month, and used and abused the privilege). Reason given: the teacher was a

slave-driver. Real reason: there was no way they were going to get up at eight in the morning on a Saturday.

Karla also had to call the electrician back and run into Ica to pick up lunch: some steaks, flour, strawberries and *vaniljvisp*, the delicious vanilla cream that always whipped up so nicely for dessert. No, she would ask Dan to do the shopping. And he could sort out the Spanish lessons as well; she would text him a bit later.

Dan wrote young-adult novels. Or rather, novels for young women, or women who wanted to feel young again. Stories about wicked witches, conniving queens, fearless warriors and fearsome dragons, all fighting among themselves to rule over kingdoms with unpronounceable names. Karla's little lists were her way of bringing him back down to earth every day and reminding him what a wonderful husband and father he was. How else could she rival all those doe-eyed groupies who drooled over him? Flattering his ego and keeping his feet on the ground, that's what she did. Blatant manipulation, her colleagues at work called it. Manipulation? No, that's what marriage was all about, she reasoned with a smile, never daring to admit she was deadly serious about the whole thing.

Karla slowed her pace. Through the rows of quivering birch trees, she could see the shores of the lake – Torvsjön – awash with the bloodlike hue of dawn.

'I'm sorry, but the lake is off-limits this morning,' said a deathly pale officer in uniform, blocking her way.

'So I see…'

'I'm going to have to ask you to turn around.' The young rookie's breath stank of vomit.

'You've just thrown up your breakfast, haven't you?'

The young man swallowed hard and glanced down at his muddy boots in embarrassment. Then he pulled himself together and barrelled his scrawny chest as best he could. 'Madam, I must ask you to…'

'I hope you haven't puked all over my crime scene.'

'What? But…'

'I'm Detective Hansen.'

The officer opened his mouth. Closed it again.

'Ah … I … sorry … I thought…' he stammered, his cheeks reddening.

'I know I'm not what you were expecting: all tits and no balls. Don't dwell on it, though. Where's all the action around here, kiddo?'