

*Her prose reveals an intimacy with the South that can't be faked, and this authenticity is part of what enables her to move so fluidly between gorgeous sensory images and scenes of horrifying emotional power. Also, it's always nice when a crime writer actually understands police work. . . . Susan Anderson is a natural storyteller.*

- **Michael Carr** - Editor or copyeditor of over 300 books, including Brad Meltzer's political thriller *The Zero Game*; Archer Mayor's *Chat*, *Gatekeeper*, and *The Second Mouse*; and several of Donald Westlake's Dortmunder books.

*Susan Anderson's carefully crafted tale of an unsolved murder in an old-fashioned town with old-fashioned secrets is as nostalgic as it is ominous. Personally, I wouldn't be caught dead in the town of Ellyson. Then again, maybe I would...*

- **Taylor Mali** - one of the original poets to appear on the HBO original series *Russell Simmons Presents Def Poetry*. He received a New York Foundation for the Arts Grant in 2001 to develop *Teacher! Teacher!* a one-man show about poetry, teaching, and math which won the jury prize for best solo performance at the 2001 U. S. Comedy Arts Festival. He has narrated several books on tape, including *The Great Fire* for which he won the Golden Earphones Award for children's narration.



**Cold Case  
in  
Ellyson**

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Susan Anderson

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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You know also that the beginning is the most important part of any work, especially in the case of a young and tender thing;  
for that is the time at which the character is being formed and the desired impression is more readily taken.

Plato

*My grandfather, the sheriff; my grandmother, the teacher; my evening shift partner, John, the inspiration; my mother, Kay, the spy-wanna-be; my father, Arden, the cheerleader; my aunt Catherine, the rock; my sister, Duchess, the keeper of memories; my husband, Jim, the genius; and my sons, Cole and Connor, the reason. I am grateful to you all.*



## PART I

### CHAPTER I

I can't decide just how much the town has changed over the years. The backdrop of buildings looks and feels familiar, but I am aware that certain details have altered the complexion of the area. For example, I clearly remember many of the buildings on Main Street, but most now stand vacant and in disrepair. The five-and-dime is still open, and the hardware store next to it seems little changed. The same two churches still flank the square, one I particularly remember well ablaze with a fresh coat of white paint. A telltale spattered ladder still leans against the entrance; only the steeple remains untouched. It seems to me that they should have started at the top and worked their way down, but then again, I've never painted a church. Across the well-kept square, punctuated with its beds of geraniums blooming between marble benches and the once bubbling pool, the other church squats on weathered haunches, as if to hide its chipping paint and exposed splinters from the stare of its cousin. Beyond the square, the Rex Movie Theater marquee touts some coming attraction, no doubt long since come and gone. All that remains of its name are a few random vowels and nonsensical consonants, signifying nothing.

My next-to-last trip to Ellyson was the last time I saw my grandmother alive, and back then I took little notice of this town, too young to consider it of any

importance. I was not behind the wheel, but rather stretched out in the backseat of my parents' station wagon, admiring my newly acquired white patent leather shoes. The most riveting thing about those shoes was neither their shine nor their style. It was their heels, the slight elevation that symbolized my first step beyond childhood, and I was enchanted with how my dainty feet filled them. As Florida fell away and Alabama approached, I grew more and more excited about sharing them with my grandmother.

Downtown Ellyson—and I use the term loosely—dissolved into the hickory- and catalpa-shaded streets of my grandmother's neighborhood without my notice, but when the car turned into her unpaved driveway, I rose up knowing I was there and skipped from the car into that fine, red clay that, within seconds, had dusted the hem of my frilly white dress and the bottoms of my new white shoes. Near the front of the house, an old banty rooster nosed about for a nibble of something in the hollyhocks. I called him Charlie, Charlie the Chicken, and he usually ignored me, as he did this day. The front door to the white clapboard house stood wide open, the screen door unlocked, as it always was.

"Why, Katy, I think you've grown an inch since I last saw you! Come here, honey, and give Grandma a hug." She always called me Katy, never Kathleen. I felt the familiar softness of her hug and smelled the bacon grease on her spattered green apron.

"Grandma, I have *not* grown a bit. It's my new shoes, see?" I pointed to my new shoes (now a little dusty) with a one-inch heel.

"Sarah, you're putting heels on a seven-year-old?" She suddenly realized I had let go of her hand, ashamed to have on those silly shoes. "Oh, honey," she



said, “they’re fine, really. You’re just growing up way too fast.” Temporarily mollified, I punctuated her quick recovery with a twirl.

Now, nearly two decades later, a swirl of red earth covers my windshield as I approach that same dirt driveway. The sudden wash of familiarity is quickly trumped by a feeling of uneasiness. Years of inattention have left the house dilapidated. Black shutters that I don’t remember at all have fallen into what were once flowerbeds or else hang by a single rusty hinge. I wonder why no one has complained about the height of the careless weeds and the condition of the property, until I note that all the other neighborhood homes are in equally abhorrent condition. The driveway runs down the left side of the house, and this is where I park. I grab the key I took from my parents’ house, not really believing I’ll need it, and approach the threshold. This time, I’m wearing tennis shoes.

I am surprised to find the heavy wooden door locked. None of the windows are broken either, and it looks as though the house has only been ignored, not mistreated. The key slips in easily, and I turn the lock. As I enter, a fine fog of dust kicks up around me. The living room, now bare of all furniture and rugs, seems so much smaller than it does in my memory, but I consider that childhood often distorts reality. To the left of the entryway stands the doorway to my grandfather’s bedroom. Injured in a car crash before I was born, his back tormented him to the point that, according to Grandma, he left the marital bed to give her an uninterrupted night’s sleep. I can picture his double bed made of honey oak, and the simple pine table that served as his nightstand. Once it held a hurricane lamp and a pile of books from which he read during the bouts of

pain that woke him in the night. I remember Hemingway was among his favorite authors—probably why Hemingway is also one of mine. My grandfather's misery ended in a farm accident less than two years before my grandmother's murder. He was working on some of his acreage during his day off as sheriff of Whitcomb County—not that he ever *really* had a day off. Grandpa was such a big, muscular man, it seemed as though nothing could harm him, but somehow he fell off his own tractor, and it kept right on moving, crushing him under the rear wheel before it finally hung up in the wire fence and stalled. We happened to be at their house the day I first heard those wails of loss. Grandpa was late joining us for lunch, and Grandma sent a neighborhood boy to fetch him from the field. The boy didn't come back, but his parents did. All I remember hearing were screams and the screen door slamming once and then again. His was my first funeral, and I remember little of it. I'm sorry he never knew that I followed in his vocational footsteps. I'm even sorrier that Grandma never knew.

Grandpa's room connects to a bathroom that in turn opens into Grandma's bedroom. Within that narrow space, I notice that the claw-foot tub's enamel is chipped in places and rusting. The lace shower curtain that Grandma made is absent. All that remains is the rod that Grandpa fashioned from a galvanized steel pipe. I am not ready to open the next door.

Back in the living room, I proceed into the small third bedroom that Grandma used as her sewing room. Many times, while she held me in her lap, she would let me press the wrought-iron treadle of her old Singer with the tips of my shoes, heelless shoes, which could just reach it. Her deft fingers could readily make a hem or

buttonhole or anything else she chose. I inherited none of her homemaking skills, perhaps because my mother never did. It seems to me that Grandma was always creating while my mother was always busy trying to recreate that which already was. Grandma gave life, and Mom tried to readjust it; she still does. If she knew I was here today, for instance, she would consider it an affront to her delicate familial sensibilities. It could get too messy, open up memories better left buried away. Admittedly, I never fully understood the working model of the matriarchal relationships in my family until I matured into adulthood, which really didn't occur until I was in my early twenties. When I was a child, my mother served as a barometer of what was acceptable and what was not. I think that is still true even today. Grandma was different. She accepted me; mother directed me. I think Mother tried to direct Grandma, too, and in some strange way that I do not yet understand, their strained relationship became mine. I've never been able to pin down a reason why my mother was so different from her own, but I have often wondered if Mother was ashamed of her small-town beginnings. She did all she could to direct me toward a life less humble than that of her own family. She wanted me to find greatness, and she didn't believe that could happen in a small town. And the fact is, I've realized her greatest fears. It's a fact I cannot forget.

What I remember as I walk into Grandma's kitchen today is that here, there was nothing but joy, hers and mine. I can still remember how as a child I stood transfixed, watching the sugary glaze as it sank into the still-warm lemon cake, perfectly formed, as all of Grandma's Bundt cakes were. She was a quiet woman except when it came to her laughter. Not that she was

loud, but her soft giggles permeated every nook of her old house just as that thick, sweet icing seeped into that cake. Although I know she must have had other dresses, the only one I distinctly recall is a red, flowery one, with cloth-covered buttons dotting all the way up the front. The dress covered most of her broad body except for her fleshy, freckled pale arms, which jiggled with every motion, and her sturdy calves, which were often hidden behind heavy hosiery. Her feet and shoes I can't picture at all—it is as though she floated from cabinet to counter to table. Emma Johnson, the dowdy but loving widow of Otis, lifetime resident of Ellyson, Alabama: mother, grandmother, homemaker—all of which is a good deal more than anyone could say of me. Single and childless, I grew from a dainty little girl into the body of a teenage boy with the heart of a woman. Today in high heels, I no doubt look as ridiculous as I did to Grandma's eye when I was seven.

Without forethought, using the hem of my T-shirt, I begin to wipe away coats of dust and grease from the old enameled white gas stove and oven. The ice box, its door ajar, offers a variety of dead bugs that found their resting place there, and I am not concerned with disturbing their peace. Pale yellow Formica countertops, once speckled with gold, have faded almost to white. The unfinished pine cupboards are now tacky with a coating of dust and humidity deposited by years of neglect.

As I look into what was once the dining area, I remember Grandma telling me how to set a lady's table using the good silver and fine china she kept buried away in the buffet. I don't know what she used on other days, but every time we ate at Grandma's, I was told to retrieve her breakables from their hiding place. Few of the plates matched each other in design, but they were all

flowery and delicate and astonishingly thin, and I picked them up cautiously and transferred them, one at a time, onto the table. All the glasses were colored a dusty rose and etched with ivy. The silverware was heavy and polished to a brilliant luster, although utterly void of artistic detail. "It's all ready, Grandma," I'd call into the kitchen, and she would complete the final embellishment: a centerpiece of forget-me-nots, arranged in a shallow silver bowl.

Standing here in the dust and silence, I can almost smell the aroma of biscuits and chicken that always seemed to emanate from her kitchen. Grandma would draw out a heavy cast-iron skillet with both hands and bang it noisily down on the stove. Her head would briefly disappear as she pulled out a tray from the ice box, with the chicken parts already floured for frying. "Stay back," she would warn as she dropped them, spitting and popping, into the grease. Today that hissing sound reminds me of many of the conversations, mostly arguments, that passed between the women of our family, with Mom always as the common denominator. Grandma and I never fought. But maybe that's not fair, since Grandma and I never had the chance.

My attention is suddenly drawn back to the present by a dog barking outside the back of the house. From the kitchen, I unlatch the door that leads to the mud room, the small room where deliveries of groceries and milk were deposited so many years ago. The door that leads from it to the back porch always stayed unlocked, as it is now—just as my grandmother would have left it.

"Did I tell you about the time your grandfather went to meet a killer at the train station?" Grandma once asked me in a mysterious tone. We were sitting inside the

screened-in porch out back where Grandma would rock in her olive-green-painted wicker chair as she shelled peas, deftly running a thumb down the pods. She let me think I was helping her, but my fingers were never as dexterous.

“No, Grandma, you never told me that one,” I’d always say, even if the story sounded familiar.

“Well, not long after Otis became sheriff, he got word that a killer from Tallahassee would be riding the train to Ellyson to visit some of his kinfolk just outside of town. Grandpa told me he would meet the train, but when the time came to go, he walked out of the house without his revolver.

“‘Otis, what about your gun?’ I called to him.

“‘Oh, won’t need it. He ain’t gonna cause me no trouble. Guns just make things messy,’ he answered back, and smiled just a little. I didn’t let on how scared I was for him. He came back home about three hours later, and I can’t tell you how relieved I was.

“‘Did you get him?’ I asked.

“‘Of course. Didn’t have a lick of trouble.’

“‘He didn’t even put up a fight?’ I had trouble believing him.

“‘No, he came along peaceably.’

“He never carried a gun, Katy – said there was no need for it. And I have to say, he never did need it. No man ever touched or ran from your Grandpa. They respected him and his badge. Grandpa used to say, ‘If you roll around in dirt, you’re going to get dirty.’ He worked in a difficult world, Kathleen, but he never let himself become a piece of it.”

She didn’t know it, but Grandpa was my hero. I can picture him: tall and big, with hands that seem too large even for his oversized frame – a man a little slow to

smile. Neither of my grandparents would understand the world in which I work, the hits I've taken, the number of times I've drawn my gun. No doubt Grandpa would be disappointed to know that the badge doesn't mean that much anymore, that it so rarely instills respect these days.

One of my most vivid memories is of Grandpa letting me steer his tractor around the property. One of his hands always rested on top of the throttle, just in case. We would skirt the woods behind the houses sometimes, and he would point out by name all the trees and plants we came across. Grandpa seemed more comfortable with facts than feelings. I don't remember him telling me he loved me, but I know that he did. And I don't remember knowing him, the kind of man he was, but I do know I loved him.

Forcing myself to unwrap from these memories, I drift back to the here and now and notice telltale signs of unauthorized entry onto the porch. Grandma never much believed in the value of having a pet, so she would be a little disheartened to see that a cat has found a surrogate home here. The screens that once covered the three sides of the porch are gone, and an old gray towel nestled in the corner is coated with fine blond hairs. Beyond this porch lies the dirt road alleyway that admits access to the back of all the neighborhood yards, although it is clear that no one has maintained the property around here for many years. No new developments have invaded the woods behind the drive, and the land seems forsaken.

During that last visit to Grandma's—a time I've never allowed myself to forget, not even the slightest detail—I walked through the mudroom and onto the back porch to look for a neighbor's playful dog that often

wandered behind the house. But a pinpoint of light deep in the woods caught my eye, and I noticed a man walking among the trees with something over his shoulder, perhaps an ax or a scythe. In a moment, he disappeared into the dense brush. I opened the screen door trying to catch another glimpse and noticed it was sprinkling so lightly that it was difficult to see the individual misty droplets. Grandma called me back. "Katy, dinner's almost ready, and you need to wash up, you hear?" I can still hear her slight southern drawl—something else I didn't acquire, although I wouldn't have minded it.

I shut the back door and return to the interior of the house. The kitchen opens into the dining room, today just an empty space that bleeds back into the living room. I don't recall many conversations that passed over Grandma's worn and stained oak table, but I do recall that last one, and I do remember Grandma giggling, the way her cheeks rose toward her radiant blue eyes when she laughed. My focus always seemed to rest on her soft, wavy white hair, parted girlishly low on the left side, cut short and combed smooth. Grandma put all the food on the table and sat down to stir the sugar in her freshly steeped mint tea. "Sarah, I think I'm ready to sell the house and farm and move to be closer to you all," she said as she looked directly at me.

Mother's chewing stopped abruptly. "Well, I'm sure it would mean a lot to Kathleen." I couldn't contain myself. I jumped down from my cane chair, ran to Grandma and planted a wet kiss on her cheek. She giggled behind her napkin.

"Now, Katy, go sit down now and eat your supper. You'll have plenty of time for that later." One look at Grandma's face and I knew she wasn't mad, but I



sat down anyway, replaced my napkin on my lap, took a big bite of chicken and smiled open-mouthed at her.

“Close your mouth right now, young lady,” Mother admonished, and I knew she was displeased with my poor manners, the child too often heard, too often seen, who never quite learned how not to express herself, even when it was in her best interest.

Hoping that my mom and dad, embroiled in some deep discussion, would not notice my disappearance or care if they did, I walked across Grandma’s hardwood floors, which pleasantly accentuated the click-clack of my heels on the floor. I strolled over to the sideboard with its primitively etched front and scratched surface and picked up a heavy silver picture frame, immune from tarnish and dust. It was a black-and-white picture of a man. Humble-looking yet imposing, he stood tall against the frame house, holding a dark brimmed hat in his hands, clearly uncomfortable, clearly posing for a picture. Other than in this photograph, I never saw my grandpa look ill-at-ease. Perhaps he knew what would happen that night. My parents stayed seated at the table, stirred their tea, and spoke in hushed tones. I was familiar with this “not-in-front-of-the-child” routine, but that doesn’t mean I didn’t listen.

Mother spoke to Grandma in a whisper I wasn’t meant to hear: “Mom, we got a letter last week from Gracie. She’s insisting that she has the deed to Carson Acres. We need to figure this out before you get rid of your house.” Gracie Jackson was Grandpa’s only living sibling. Grandma had seldom said a kind word about her, and I had never met her. “She said Dad deeded his half of the land to her a few months before his death.” I had visited Carson Acres a few times, but only once since

Grandpa died. That's where we would go fishing with our cane poles and the bucket of worms we dug up in the backyard. The oversized pond was hidden in dense woods, a good distance from the end of the dirt road. Grandpa and I would walk, usually in silence, to a rock outcropping that jutted out over the bank. In the peace of it all, Grandpa would tell me, in a low voice, tales of his adventures as a boy growing up in the backwoods of Alabama. One I distinctly recall was about the time he jumped into a moving train car outside Montgomery. He had thought the car was empty, but instead he landed in a car full of transients—"hobos" he called them—who tried to steal the boots off his feet. That was the day, he said, he decided to become a lawman.

"Gracie was a fool the day she was born," Grandma replied as she wiped the spilled tea from her chin. "They inherited that land in 'forty-two, and Gracie knows it became half mine when Otis died. I'd like to see the paper that says different."

"She claims to have something in writing, Mom, and she said you've seen it," my mother responded a little hesitantly.

"Oh, yes, I've seen her hen-scratching, and if she tries to claim that Otis's hand wrote that, she's more a fool than Crazy Harry," the harmless derelict who rarely put two coherent sentences together and was the local drunk.

Even with my back turned, I could tell that my mother was upset, not because she was yelling, but because she spoke in whispers. Grandma fell silent. Grandma is still silent.

I have not been in Grandma's room since the day of her funeral, and I am hesitant to pass over that threshold. Rather than mellowed by age, my memories

seem more alive, more graphic than ever, yet I know I must force myself inside. I pass through the doorway tentatively and am taken aback by the stark whiteness of her room. Unlike Grandpa's room and the living room, her room at first appears free of the grime of untouched years and neglect—spotless and sanitary as a hospital room. But as I draw closer to the windows and walls, my eyes adjust to the dimming light, and a pall seems to cover the room. A faint contrast against the wood floor marks the outline of her bed, the site of her final breath. I force myself to imagine the scene of her murder, but my mind's images seem to distort as I feel a sudden film of cold sweat suddenly release from my pores. I want to leave. I want to be able to breathe. I struggle to open some windows for circulation. Using my pocket knife, I am finally able to jimmy two of the three sashes open. But even the fresh air I breathe in seems to have too little oxygen, and I rush out the front door to my car, inhale a few deep breaths, and grab my flashlight. My professional self seems to take over.

I go back inside now, looking for something—anything—that can tell me more about what happened in this house. Now, just over seventeen years after the fact, it seems a ridiculous hope, but I am drawn inside. I return to her bedroom and, holding the beam of my flashlight against the walls, search for some telling mark, some reason she might have been killed. I find nothing. I check her bedroom for any clues, scratch marks, anything, but still nothing. Distraught, I wander back to the comfortable room, the kitchen, with its warmth and memories.

Soon after my parents and I drove away after our last Sunday dinner together with Grandma, she was murdered in her bed. My parents wouldn't tell me the

details (Mother always believed in shielding me, especially from the truth), but a few years later, while snooping in my mother's closet, I found some newspaper clippings.

The *Ellyson Gazette* described it in this way: "Dearly loved Emma Johnson, widow of Sheriff Otis Johnson, was brutally murdered in her home on Escambia Drive last night. Sheriff McAllister says it's the worst killing he's ever seen. 'There was blood everywhere, and we can't find one thing missing. Killed for nothing.'" The article went on to say that it was the first murder in the county in four years. I was at school when my mother got the news. Corry, our housekeeper, picked me up early from the school lunchroom and told me Grandma had died. Until today, I hadn't been able to remember, or maybe just didn't want to remember, any more of that day.

My second funeral was worse, probably because I was older and closer to Grandma, and probably, too, because Mom, lost in her own misery, was incapable of consoling me. She could barely care for herself. I can remember my father having to tell her to get dressed for the funeral and telling her what to wear. Mother was so numb, she had difficulty getting off the couch. My poor dad did the best he could to keep us going. The casket remained closed, and the funeral was held in Ellyson at the small country Baptist church, the one I noticed today, recently painted. As we walked out following the casket, I noticed that not only the church was full but also the driveway and parking lot, too, just full of people. I couldn't imagine there were that many people in the whole town. The cemetery was a couple of miles away from the church, and we marched in the bright sunlight toward the darkest hole I had ever seen. It seemed like

hours before we could get away from there. Someone handed me a daisy from the arrangement on the casket; I still have the brown stem. The petals have all been lost.

We drove back to Grandma's house. A lot of cars were already there, but they left a space for us in front. I was afraid to go in, but Daddy told me no bad men would be there. "I'm not scared of *them*, Daddy," I assured him. I walked in hesitantly but then darted from room to room, looking for something. My answer came in the absences. Her bedroom was all wrong: no white coverlet, no crisply pressed sheets, no pillows, no mattress, no hand-woven throw rug on the floor. The room smelled of bleach and ammonia. No one had to tell me where Grandma had been killed. I ran to the hall bathroom and threw up.

As I washed my face and noticed my reflection in the mirror above it, an image caught my eye. Sometimes after our family dinners, Grandma and I would work on our cross-stitching projects. I was working on a Raggedy Ann, and she was finishing her sampler the last time I saw her. It was now hanging on the bathroom wall, which meant she must have hung it the night she was killed. Ironically, it said, "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned; forgive, and ye shall be forgiven." She told me that this was the only way to live. I believed that, for a while. The words reverberated in my mind. Some of us were good, and some of us were bad. I could see no blank space in between. I still can't, and I believe it's something I learned at seven, when the warmest part of my life melted away into a casket in a backwoods cemetery. Maybe that's the attraction of working as a cop. I am not there to judge; the laws are clearly written, and my only charge is to enforce them. Motives are for lawyers,

judgments for juries. I choose to have little part in either. I never saw more clearly the line that separates truth from fiction than in my line of work. The lines are so distinct in crime, the quantities so well known, that there is little need to interpret or question the laws. One night we were called to a disturbance, and as we neared the steps to the front porch, a man appeared, poised with a two-by-four held directly over my partner's head. He threatened, and so did we—with Glocks. He crossed the line, and we offered him a choice: drop his weapon or we would drop him—all perfectly legal and acceptable. He made the wiser choice, and we responded by making the legal one. It's like someone blowing through a red light: the colors are very clear.

What seems like an hour has somehow grown closer to three, so I decide to pack it in and try to find the local sheriff's office. Before I leave, I feel as though I need to tell Grandma goodbye in some way, so I return to her room, to the place where her bed was, to the side of the bed where she slept. As I approach that place, I notice that one floorboard is not flush with the others. A slit of light passing in between two tree branches reflects against the raised board, making it more pronounced from the others, as if out of place. I step on it and feel the floor buckle slightly beneath my foot. My flashlight illuminates small gaps on either side of the wooden plank. I pull out my pocket knife and try to pry it loose, and I am taken aback by how readily it gives way. Placing the floorboard aside, I shine my flashlight into the crevice, fearful of what I might find. The beam lights up a flour sack that appears partially full and next to it a swatch of cloth tied with heavy cord around some object. I lift both discoveries out and am suddenly terrified, as though I have unlocked some supernaturally guarded

tomb, releasing the demons of evil that are now hovering around me. Had the room not been empty and the light been just right, I probably never would have noticed anything telltale in the floor, and I sense that Grandma planned it just this way, that she made me return to this room at just the moment I would notice what had never been noticed before. Snatching the two items, I replace the board and heed the urge to leave the house. And oddly, more than anything else, I want my mother. I want to sit across from her at her immaculate kitchen table, pristine mostly from lack of use, and hear her tell me that my hair's too long or my face too pale, as if these were the biggest problems in the world. But I have never been able to go to my mother when I needed her most. I slam each window shut, and still clutching the newly found treasures and my flashlight, I walk out wondering what happened to Raggedy Ann.

**How Can I read More?**

*Cold Case in Ellyson* is available for purchase from Amazon.com . You can buy a copy by [clicking here](#). If you are interested in bulk orders, please [visit Susan's web site](#) for more details. You can also [become a fan on Facebook](#) and [follow \*Cold Case in Ellyson\* on Twitter](#).



### **About the Author**

Susan Anderson grew up a privileged Southern belle. She travelled overseas with her family, attended private schools, and debuted internationally. But that's not the life she chose for herself. Susan, like her grandfather, wanted to work in law enforcement. As a small-town cop, Susan found unique joy in helping and protecting her community, but her other passion, writing, drew her back to school for more studies. *Cold Case in Ellyson* is that intersection of her work as a cop colliding with her need to write.

Susan lives in Gulf Breeze, Florida with her husband and two sons. She shares tennis there with her friends, baseball with her boys, and good wine with her husband.

### **From the Author**

Although some of the names and locations in this book exist, *Cold Case in Ellyson* is a fictional piece of work. Some descriptions, particularly those on the job, may be based on actual events although she has taken liberties with them for the advancement of the book.

