

THE SILENT LADY Free

THE SILENT LADY. The Silent Lady. The Silent Lady Book Summary and Study Guide.



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Catherine Cookson
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Bodies, horse and human, start piling up, just as Kelsey decides to investigate the murky details of her mother's crime. Is it possible she was framed? The ground is thick with no-goods, including haughty patricians, disgruntled grooms, and jockeys with tragic pasts, but despite all the distractions, the identity of the true culprit behind the mayhem — past and present — remains fairly obvious. The plot lopes rather than races to the finish. Gambling metaphors abound, and sexual doings have a distinctly equine tone. But Roberts's style has a fresh, contemporary snap that gets the story past its own worst excesses. Already have an account? Log in. Trouble signing in? Retrieve credentials. Sign Up. Pub Date: Feb. No Comments Yet. More by Catherine Cookson. Talk-show queen takes tumble as millions jeer.

The best-selling author of tearjerkers like *Angel Falls* serves up yet another mountain of mush, topped off with syrupy platitudes about life and love. Page Count: Publisher: Crown. Show all comments. More by Kristin Hannah. Product Details. Resources and Downloads. Get a FREE ebook by joining our mailing list today! By clicking 'Sign me up' I acknowledge that I have read and agree to the privacy policy and terms of use. Must redeem within 90 days. See full terms and conditions and this month's choices. More books from this author: Catherine Cookson. See more by Catherine Cookson. You may also like: Thriller and Mystery Staff Picks. Thank you for signing up, fellow book lover! See More Categories. Your First Name. The search for Barraza was complicated by conflicting evidence. At one point, the police hypothesized that two killers might be involved. An odd coincidence also distracted the investigation: at least three of Barraza's victims owned a print of an eighteenth-century painting by French artist Jean-Baptiste Greuze , *Boy in A Red Waistcoat*.

The authorities believed that Juana Barraza was a psychopath who felt no remorse. Furthermore, Barraza associated her elderly victims with her mother and believed that she was helping society by killing them. In order to gain the trust of her victims, Barraza posed as a government official who worked in social welfare.

The trauma of Barraza's childhood abuse was a factor in her murders. The authorities were heavily criticised by the media for dismissing evidence that a serial killer was at work in Mexico City as merely "media sensationalism" as late as the summer of Soon after setting an investigation in motion, the police incurred further criticism by launching what one journalist described as a "ham-fisted" and unproductive swoop on Mexico City's transvestite prostitutes. By November , the Mexican authorities were reporting witness statements to the effect that the killer wore women's clothing to gain access to the victim's apartments. In one case, a large woman in a red blouse was seen leaving the home of a murdered woman.

Two months later, police began checking the fingerprints of bodies in the city's morgues in the apparent belief that Mataviejas might have committed suicide. Alfaro, 82, had been strangled with a stethoscope. To the surprise of many Mexicans, who had supposed the killer to be male, the suspect detained was Juana Barraza, 48, a female wrestler known professionally as The Silent Lady. Witnesses at previous murder scenes had described a masculine-looking woman [7] and police had previously looked for a transvestite although they later admitted that the former wrestler resembled composite images of the suspect. Mexico City prosecutors said

fingerprint evidence linked Barraza to at least 10 murders [13] of the as many as 40 murders attributed to the killer. Barraza was tried in the spring of , the prosecution alleging she had been responsible for as many as 40 deaths. She admitted to one murder, that of Alfaro, and told the police her motive was lingering resentment regarding her own mother's treatment of her.

On 31 March, she was found guilty on 16 charges of murder and aggravated burglary, including 11 separate counts of murder. She was sentenced to years in prison.

Juana Barraza - Wikipedia

Chick Lit. Original Title The Silent Lady. This edition Format pages, Kindle Edition. Published March 24, by Peach Publishing. More details. Catherine Cookson books followers. Catherine Cookson was born in Tyne Dock, the illegitimate daughter of a poverty-stricken woman, Kate, who Catherine believed was her older sister. Catherine began work in service but eventually moved south to Hastings, where she met and married Tom Cookson, a local grammar-school master. Although she was originally acclaimed as a regional writer - her novel The Round Tower won the Winifred Holtby Award for the best regional novel of - her readership quickly spread throughout the world, and her many best-selling novels established her as one of the most popular contemporary woman novelist. For many years she lived near Newcastle upon Tyne. Search review text. Displaying 1 - 10 of reviews. Mark Tilbury.

Author 15 books followers. Catherine Cookson is one of favourite authors and this is one of a few of her books I hadn't read yet. This story creates a range of emotions as you read it. I felt sympathy, happiness and anger depending upon the character and the situations they were in. There is such a brilliant cast of characters in this story, and all excellently written and combined to create a truly moving novel. The most amazing thing about this book is that despite the number of characters and the story going back and forth in time, there's never any confusion.

I felt almost sucked into the story as if I were witnessing it all first hand. If you're reading this on your kindle, go back and read the dedication. Catherine talks about how she wrote the book whilst very ill with help from her husband Tom. It's a very interesting insight into the latter part of her life, and how she created this, her final novel. This was the first Catherine Cookson book I read, and it made me love her so much I have been going through each and every one of her books. Julie Powell. Author 64 books followers. The best thing about Catherine Cookson's books is how she brings characters alive within moments. I love the way they are 'real' - whether good or bad. From the very start, this story had me hooked and although we don't see much from Irene's point of view, it is about her - and what a wonderful hero she is.

We see her faced with an unbearable life and how she survives I don't give spoilers. However, the rest of the characters are all influenced by her in many ways - from love to hate to sorrow to adoration. She is an amazing character and although she is 'silent' she has a very strong voice. This story is a compelling read - one of her best - and it's difficult to say much without giving too much away. The author's writing style is fantastic and touching genius as the characters pull along the reader to the very end. Extremely well done and highly recommended. She pioneered the construction of an inn that would house travelers. Irene made a lot of sacrifices for Bella, including pawning her expensive jewelry and giving Bella the cash for food and other household needs. She became a member of the house and everyone loved her, despite her anonymity.

Irene's son grew up and became a medical doctor and at one time she heard Bella mentioning his name. She went out to look for him and after 26 years, she found her way back to her real life. By this time she was and was taken into a nursing home where she was looked after by some of her old friends. Best part of story, including ending: I like this story because it shows how love can change people's lives Best scene in story: My favorite scene is where Irene buys Christmas gifts Opinion about the main character: I like the fact that Irene maintains a warm heart even after the kind of cold treatment she received from her husband.

The Silent Lady - Wikipedia

Although she was originally acclaimed as a regional writer - her novel The Round Tower won the Winifred Holtby Award for the best regional novel of - her readership quickly spread throughout the world, and her many best-selling novels established her as one of

the most popular of contemporary women novelists. For many years she lived near Newcastle upon Tyne. She died shortly before her ninety-second birthday, in June Search books and authors.

The Silent Lady. View all retailers. Written in when this remarkable author was nearing the end of her life. About the author Catherine Cookson Catherine Cookson was born in Tyne Dock, the illegitimate daughter of a poverty-stricken woman, Kate, whom she believed to be her older sister. Also by Catherine Cookson. Related titles. The Lavender Keeper. The Banksia Bay Beach Shack. Children of Fortune. The Wonder Boy of Whistle Stop. Her Wartime Secret. Shipyard Girls Under the Mistletoe.

Christmas with the Railway Girls. The Air Raid Girls at Christmas. White Christmas. Family Reunion. Keep Smiling Through. About The Book. Chapter 1 The woman put out her hand towards the brass plate to the side of the half-open door. When she finally straightened herself and stepped through the doorway into a carpeted hall, she made her faltering way towards the desk to the left of her, behind which stood a young woman with her mouth agape. The receptionist did not greet the visitor with a customary 'Can I help you, madam? I think you've come to the wrong place. Although it was only a husky whisper it had, she recognised, a certain refinement about it. But the appearance of the woman definitely outweighed the impression her voice made, for the girl now said abruptly, 'He only sees people by appointment.

What is it? Speak up! What makes you think she looks like a vagrant? Should she go downstairs and see who this person was who looked like a vagrant, or should she mention the name to Mr Armstrong to see if he knew any such person? She decided on the latter. She tapped on the door that separated her office from that of her employer and when that gentleman raised his head from reading a large parchment set out in front of him and said, 'What is it? Apparently she doesn't seem able to get rid of her. From Miss Manning's tone the woman appeared to think that you would know her name. I mean her name. My God! She had been with Mr Armstrong for fifteen years and had never seen him act like this. He was a placid, middle-aged man, strict in a way but always courteous.

His excitement touched her. And now she was on the landing watching him almost leaping down the stairs. When Alexander Armstrong reached the hall he stood for a moment gripping the stanchion post as he looked across at the woman, her body almost doubled up in the chair. He couldn't believe it: he couldn't and he wouldn't until he saw her face. The woman did not lift her eyes to his until she saw his legs standing before her; then slowly she looked up and he gasped at the sight of her. The face might have been that of her skeleton, with the skin stretched over it, so prominent was the bone formation. Only the eye sockets tended to fall inwards and from them two pale, blood-shot eyes gazed up at him.

Two words seemed to fill Alexander Armstrong's mind and body and they kept repeating themselves: My God! Then, too, was added the knowledge that sitting here looking at him with those almost dead eyes was a woman for whom he had been searching – at least, for whom he and his business had been searching – for twenty-five years. No, nearly twenty-six. The words he brought out were in a muttered stammer: 'M-M-Mrs Baintor. He held his arms out to her now, saying, 'Come upstairs with me, Irene. At this he swung round to where Miss Fairweather was standing at the foot of the stairs and yelled at her, 'Call my son! Within two minutes Taggart was standing beside his employer, saying, 'Yes, sir? She was a vagrant, if ever he had seen one in his life. But he did as he was bidden. Not only did he help the weird long-coated bundle to her feet, but, seeing that she was unable to stand and there wasn't room for three of them on the stairs, he picked up what the boss had called a lady, carried her up the stairs into the main office and laid her, as directed by Alexander, on the leather couch that was placed next to the long window overlooking the square.

Then, again almost shouting at his secretary, Alexander said, 'Make a cup of tea This he took to the couch and, kneeling down by the woman, he put it to her lips, saying gently, 'Drink this. He turned and said to the clerk, 'Go down to the office and get the girl to phone for an ambulance. At this Alexander, bending down to her, said, 'It's all right, my dear. It's all right. Not a big hospital I understand. When, presently, a voice answered him, saying, 'Beechwood Nursing Home,' he said curtly, 'Get me the Matron, quick! I'm Miss Armstrong's brother. Oh yes, yes,' came the reply; and then there was silence. As he stood waiting, he turned and looked at the wreckage of a life lying on his couch, and again his mind cried, 'My God! I'm sending you a patient. This is important.

Have you a room? Get that room ready; there'll be an ambulance there shortly and I shall be following it. You sound troubled, very troubled. Only tell the staff that there must be no chit-chat about the condition of your new patient. I mean how she appears For the moment just get that room ready. Bye-bye, dear. He took the cup from her; then, kneeling down again, he put one hand behind the woman's head to where the cap affair she was wearing bulged out into a kind of large hairnet, which fell on to her neck. It had been half hidden by the large collar of her worn, discoloured and, in parts, threadbare coat. Lifting her head forward, he said, 'Drink this, my dear. After she had taken two gulps of the strong tea and it began to run from the corners of her mouth, he quickly handed the cup and saucer back to Miss Fairweather and, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he gently dabbed the thin lips. When he saw her make an effort to speak again, he said softly, 'It's all right, my dear.

There'll be plenty of time to talk later. He will come. She thought her son would come to her after all these years? She could know nothing about him; yet her last words 'He will come' had been spoken in an assured tone. Poor soul. There came a tap on the door now; and Taggart stood there, saying, 'The ambulance is here, sir.

The ambulancemen picked up the wrapped body from the couch, making no comment, not even on the woman's head-gear, but asked politely, 'Where to, sir? I remember putting this on her. It was such a beautiful coat and very heavy. I thought that even then, for it was lined to the very cuffs with lambswool. But look now, there is not a vestige of wool left in the lining, just a mere thin skin. And the coat was such a beautiful dark green; made with such thick Melton cloth you couldn't imagine it wearing out in two lifetimes.

Well, it has almost worn out in one, God help her! Where d'you think it has been? I haven't any idea, but it's been on the road

somewhere. Yet, looking as she did, surely she would have been detected, especially with that hat or whatever it's supposed to be. Look, the brim is still in place. Look at the dorothy bag! That's the same one she had with her when it happened.

I remember I made her take her rings with her for she had taken them all off, even the wedding ring; and there was a necklace and a card case. When I put her on the train I said, "Now, let me know, won't you, how things are, and I shall come and see you in a few days or so. Do you remember when you told her husband she had gone to her aunt's, and he went for you for not seeing that I had obeyed his orders and sent her to Conway House? If ever there was an asylum under the name of rest-home! Yet I would have liked to have pushed her aunt into that place when I got to Eastbourne the next day and she told me that she wouldn't give her niece house room and had turned her away.

She said that Irene's place was at her husband's side, and she deserved all she had got for carrying on with other men.