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# Death on the Delhi Express

*A Lady Lyttle Murder Mystery*

By

**NJ Bayley**

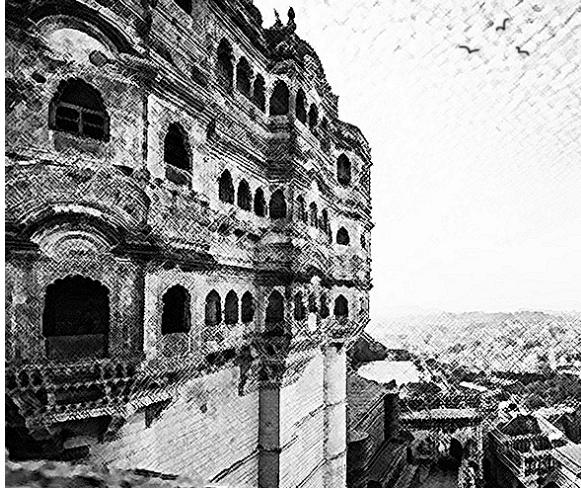
*A Lyttle Murder* never hurt anyone...

When Lady Rosemary Lyttle and her valiant butler-cum-secretary, Mr Brooks, are asked to investigate the mysterious death of an elderly French woman in India they are not keen. Rosemary's first impressions of the sub-continent were not favourable, and as for Brooks, he has horrifying memories of India, memories he is desperate to forget. What they find, however, is both more incredible and more terrible than they could ever have imagined...

Book four of the *Lyttle Murders* Series

# Prologue

Henrietta Dupré  
Jodhpur, Rajputana Agency, North West India  
July 1906  
*In the company of women*



Mon Dieu, can it be but four months since I left the family Thomas in Ceylon? Their children so terrible, their food so inedible, their manners so, so... *indelicate*. And yet I would give anything to be back there again.

If only I had not left them! But after a month in that place my nerves they were in shreds and as for my poor darling cats, Fro and Mage, they were quite in pieces. I wish I had realised then how lucky I was.

My plan it was so simple I cannot understand how it went so wrong. All I desired was to leave the family Thomas and their terrible children. When I finally found for myself a new position, with a good family in the north I was so delighted! The mother promised me that the family spent no more than five months of the year in Delhi and the rest of the year up in the charming cool of Simla hill station. To be back in the arms of civilisation, away from the terrible jungle at last with its creatures and its smells- I was sure that would calm my poor nerves. What after all is more proper, more civilised than city life?

Everything was in place, everything organised, so how did I end up locked away in the palace of the Maharaja of Rajputana, almost four hundred miles away from Delhi and a world away from civilised Simla? No company except for all these insane women and no hope of salvation? Will I ever be able to forget what happened on that train? Will I ever be allowed to?