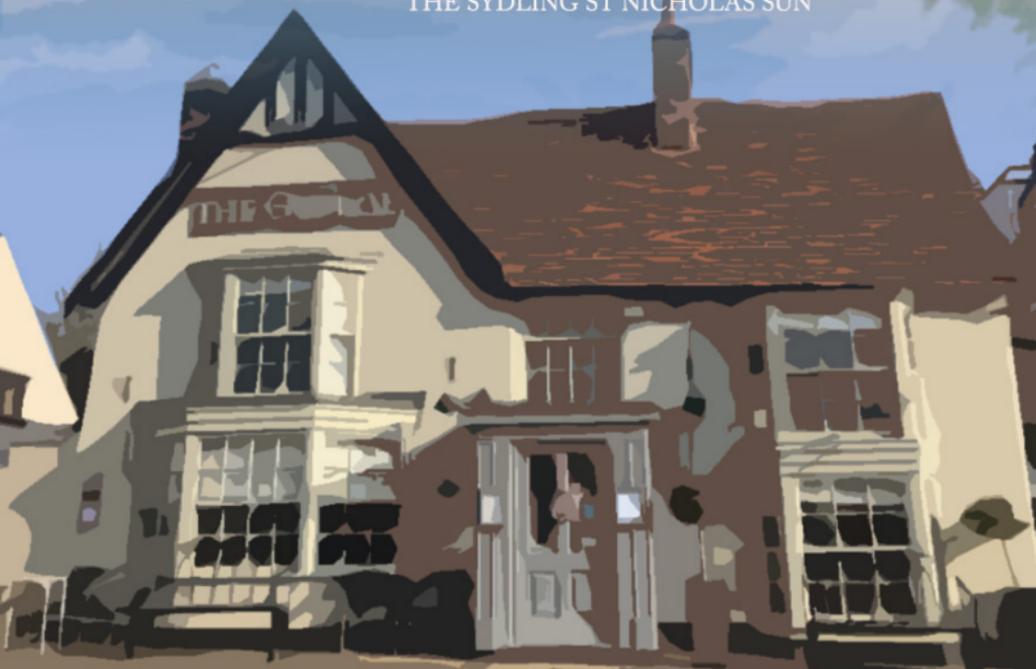


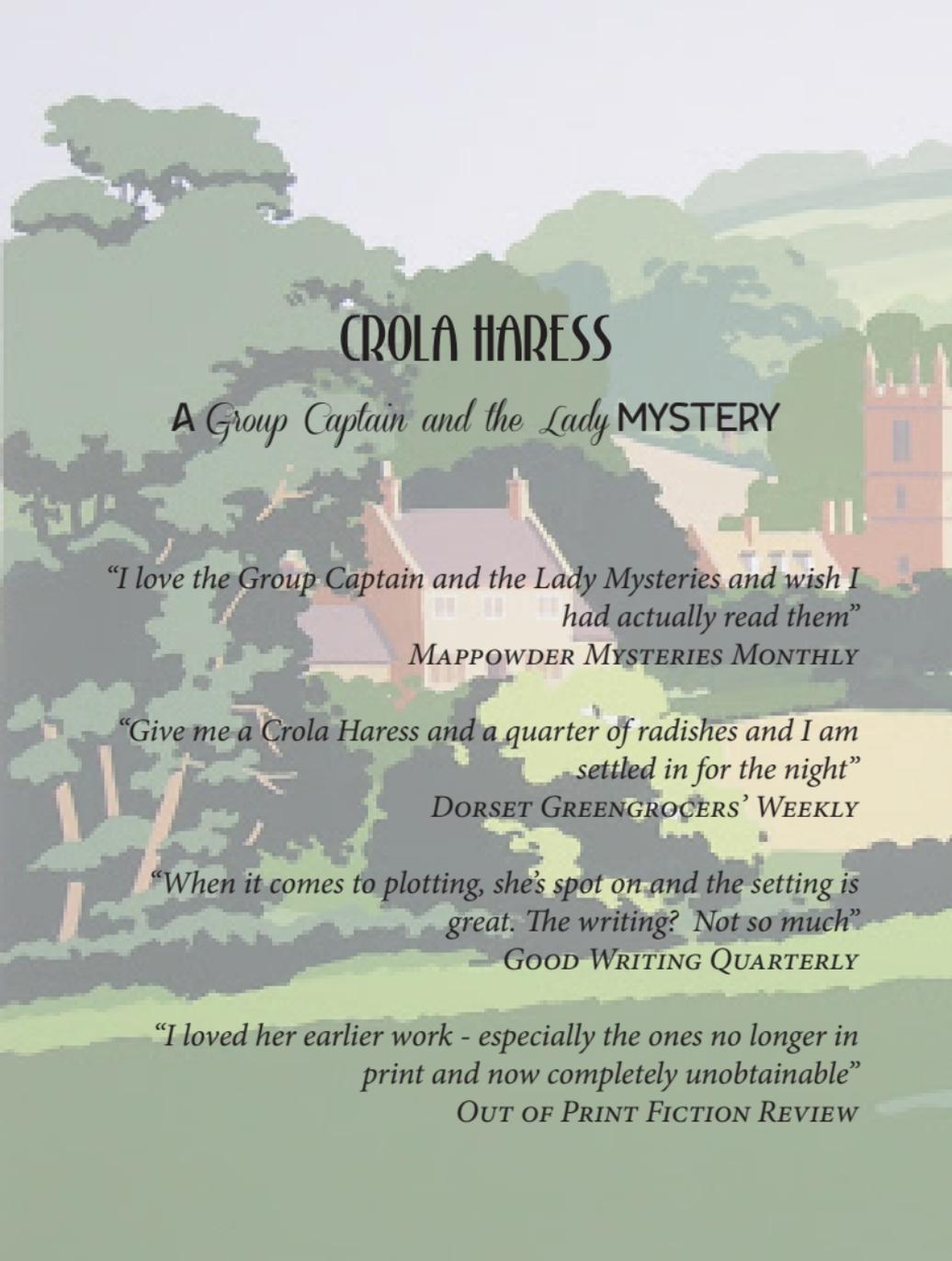
DEATH IN A DENTIST'S CHAIR

CROLA HARESS

"Makes Midsomer Murders look like a Witrose outing"
THE SYDLING ST NICHOLAS SUN



A GROUP CAPTAIN AND THE LADY MYSTERY



CROLA HARESS

A Group Captain and the Lady MYSTERY

“I love the Group Captain and the Lady Mysteries and wish I had actually read them”

MAPPOWDER MYSTERIES MONTHLY

“Give me a Crola Haress and a quarter of radishes and I am settled in for the night”

DORSET GREENGROCERS’ WEEKLY

“When it comes to plotting, she’s spot on and the setting is great. The writing? Not so much”

GOOD WRITING QUARTERLY

“I loved her earlier work - especially the ones no longer in print and now completely unobtainable”

OUT OF PRINT FICTION REVIEW

Crola Haress is the *nom de plume* of a famous East Anglian personality (and candidate for DHRA membership). After a life on the international dressage and alpine skiing circuits she turned to writing whilst recovering from an incident with an “Old Fashioned” in Buenos Aires. Discovering she had a talent for baking, interior design and bobbin weaving, she wrote her first novel - *I Think It Might Have Been Murder* - in less than 12 years. She is now the author of more than three mystery novels, all but one of which feature the detective team of the dapper Group Captain and the feisty but mysterious Lady.

Ms Haress has enjoyed a long and complex relationship with Moulinex Magimix, an instrument she has grappled with off and on for more than five decades. It often accompanies her on her travels both at home and abroad and is the subject of an hilarious *memoir: A Right Mix Up*.

Death in a Dentist's Chair is her fourth novel. She now lives in a delightful cottage in Cavendish with companion and helpmeet Alexa - a humanised electronic reference system.

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CROLA HARESS

DEATH
IN A
DENTIST'S CHAIR



CHAPTER ONE

April 2020

“*Chocks away*”, announced the Group Captain, simultaneously turning his attention away both from his lightly buttered toast and marmelade and from the episode of *Frasier* playing quietly on the television in the background. “*Time for the old constitutional*”, he added, as he prepared for his daily walk through the highways and byways of the local Suffolk countryside, much of which, after more than a year of wandering, he now knew like the back of his hand.

He glanced at his Apple Watch - a concession to modernity permitted only because it told him the time, monitored his routines and proudly sang out *The Dambuster's March* everytime he crossed the threshold of the delightful cottage he shared with the Lady, warning her that he had returned - newspaper and milk in hand - from his daily visit to the village shop. Now with the crossword finished and the headlines already forgotten, he prepared for his pre-lunch exercise - a routine as invariable as it was comforting and as tedious as it was - in his opinion at least - disappointingly necessary.

Pausing to catch his reflection in the mirror, he adjusted his already dapper appearance, paying particular attention to the luxurious handlebar moustache that at once announced both his character and his history. To say that many undercover career adventures had

had brought the Group Captain to this place would be to understate the point entirely, but such was his natural reticence that even the most persistently curious would be hard pressed to say they knew much if anything about him.

Deep inside the kitchen, the Lady was already thinking about lunch. Today she would surprise him. There wouldn't be any. She was going to see a friend - socially distanced of course and in strict conformity with the CONTRIK-69 "*essential exercise only protocols*" [she was as keen on protecting the NHS and saving lives as anyone] - but this meeting simply could not wait. She knew that a great deal depended upon it. But as she searched for the keys to her car - *why were they never where she had put them?* - she could have no way of knowing just how important it would prove to be. Indeed, in retrospect, she would think of it as very important indeed - or as a less measured soul might have been moved to say: *dead* important!



"*That's it ... Open up nice and wide*", intoned Kayne Eyn as he probed the upper molar of local publican Robert "Red" Barrell. Typical of his profession, Kayne was prone to making conversation and to asking decidedly non-rhetorical questions just when his patients were least capable of responding. Now, mouth filled with picks, mirrors, surgically-gloved fingers and a suction device capable of removing plaque at 50 metres, Red was invited to give

chapter and verse on the outcome of last night's virtual pub quiz - an event which had required a great deal of organisation for very little return. It had not occurred to him when he had been persuaded to "*do the community thing*" during the early days of State Police enforced lockdown that a quiz over virtual drinks meant no sales for him but plenty for the local off-licence - a rotten deal for which he would not readily forgive the new vicar. True she had offered, in compensation, to give him a quick vestry-based "*confessional*" rub-down with Borax and wire-wool clad only in a dog collar and an A4 laminated page from the *Revised English Hymnal*, but he was already on a promise from dental nurse Daly Floss and she could be surprisingly demanding when it came to oral hygiene.

"*Does it hurt when I do that*", Kayne enquired shortly before banging the suspicious molar with a force strong enough to impact several wisdom teeth. "*Yeuosuisiissi sheoisiis foouiiiiien dooeose*", the publican replied, his face a portrait of agony in the style of a badly hung-over late period Picasso. "*Sorry I didn't quite catch that*", Kayne said, his face - in contrast - the epitome of reason as he removed temporarily half a dozen items of dental equipment from Red's pullulating mouth. "*Yes it fucking does*", he repeated - a tad more vehemently than he had intended, though he immediately forgave himself on the grounds of redundant repetition whilst under intolerable strain. Surely his action in biting through the suction pipe had spoken volumes in itself.

Mr Eyn smiled tolerantly returning his attention to the tray on which he had laid out various drill bits in anticipation of a major

assault on the publican's failing dentition. Fitting a heavy grinder into the sleeve of the waiting drill, he tested the throttle of the foot pump several times before bending to his task. That pre-lockdown pint of Fulcher's *Barmpot* had definitely been off, much though the publican had denied it, and an expensive dodgy pint was an expensive dodgy pint. Kayne was as willing to forget as the next man, but forgetting and forgiving were two different things. He adjusted his mask and prepared to apply the drill. "Yes", he reflected, he was definitely going to enjoy this one...

NOW READ ON

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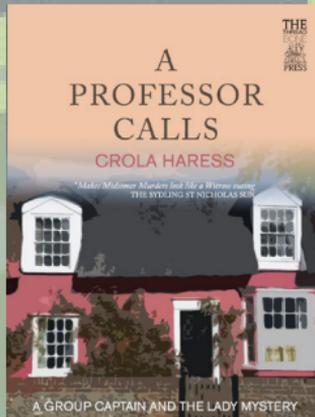
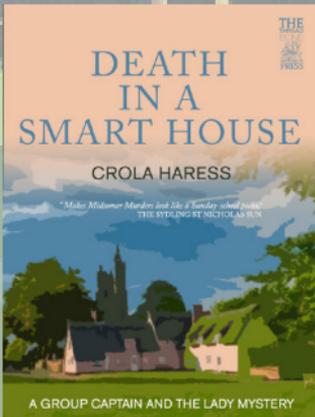
CROLA HARESS

A Group Captain and the Lady MYSTERY

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DEATH IN A
DENTIST'S
CHAIR
CROLA HARESS

Praise for Crola Haress

"The Group Captain and the Lady books are marvellous"
EX-RAF OFFICERS BOOKCLUB MONTHLY

*"Possibly the best fictional series featuring a Group Captain
and a Lady I have read this month"*
THE LADY

*"I read it with interest knowing nothing about the
inside of a Lancaster bomber. I still don't"*
DORSET HISTORICAL ROMANCE ASSOCIATION WEEKLY

"Cavendish's finest are at it again"
THE VILLAGE VOICE

"Is it safe"
DORSET DENTAL ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER



VILLAGE CRIME

