







***BITTER REVENGE***

AMANDA DENNY

These selves of which we are made up, one on top of another, as plates are piled on a waiter's hand, have attachments elsewhere, sympathies, little constitutions and rights of their own, call them what you will (and for many of these things there is no name) so that one will only come if it is raining, another in a room with green curtains..., another if you can promise it a glass of wine – and so on; for everybody can multiply from her own experience the different terms which her different selves have made with her – and some are too wildly ridiculous to be mentioned in print at all.

Virginia Woolf, *Orlando*







## PROLOGUE OR THE AUTHOR'S AVOIDANCE OF AN INTRODUCTION

I am here, there, everywhere and nowhere. I am free for a short while, in this selfish space where I may hold your attention, or not. How do you see me and how do I?

As someone who has always erred towards 'doing the right thing' (or what's expected of me, part in fear), and weighted by being rather a 'spit spot', matter of fact person; fluctuating from Mary Poppins to a school headmistress, writing an introduction falls into this must do category. But actually, as I am predominantly in my own company, when I am let loose on an audience - even slightly receptive - I frequently have too much to say, so writing an entrance to this narrative adventure will either mean a stampede of words fighting and tumbling over one another confusing you from the outset or worse, I will give away too much and that would be so dull, this is your journey as well as mine. We are two paragraphs in and what have I said ... are you with me?

Do you ever wonder over chance happenings, unlikely connections and how things make their way onto the shelves of your life; leaving the barest of traces or settling there? I am energised by them and how they can change the journeys we are on. My mental shelving is peppered with cuttings; old memories with faded jackets, profound joys, dusty daydreams and despairs. Indeed, our story starts with a trip to Brighton late last year that to my mind had so many random connections that I could not let rest. My tale is derived from two heartbroken women's stories set 100 years apart; the first had all the makings of a Victorian Penny Dreadful, but was not, although the newspaper coverage was prolific and sensational. The second is mine where first love has gnawed away at me, residing on my shelves as an unfinished tome, unhappy in its ripped and yellowed, forlorn jacket. Ah, what romantic fools we can be. I have come to appreciate that 'so much femininity is unspoken. Moving through the world as a woman - the way you are viewed and treated, your emotions, your approach to your body - involves subtleties and complexities that are often unarticulated'\* and not without consequence, when you already have a complex relationship to your physical presence. But away, away, we must away to the tale, not to analysis and verbiage, 'our simple duty is to state the facts as far as they are known, and so let the reader make of them what he may'.\*\*

\*Rhiannon Lucy Cosslett

\*\* Virginia Woolf



# ***BITTER REVENGE***

a play in three acts

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ*

CHRISTIANA EDMUNDS, *the accused 'Chocolate Cream Killer' and 'Venus of Broadmoor'*

DR BEARD, *doctor and 'writing' companion of Christiana*

MRS BEARD, *his wife and recipient of the first poisoned chocolates*

JOHN MAYNARD, *confectionery shop owner and manufacturer*

SIDNEY BARKER, *the deceased boy*

ISAAC GARRETT, *a chemist and dispenser of poisons*

MRS STONE, *a dress shop owner and deceived character witness*

MRS BOYS, *a neighbour of the Beards in Grand Parade*

INSPECTOR GIBBS, *investigating Police Officer*

FREDERICK NETHERCLIFT, *a handwriting expert*

BARON MARTIN, *the presiding judge*

INHABITANTS OF BRIGHTON

PERSONEL OF THE CROWN COURTS

THE HOME SECRETARY

AMANDA, *heartbroken young girl and flâneuse*

CHRIS, *her older boyfriend, and police cadet to be*

## THE SCENE

The action takes place in Brighton, Margate, Lewes Crown Court, The Old Bailey and 'an infinite series of times, in a growing, dizzying net of divergent, convergent and parallel times. This network of times which approached one another, forked, broke off, or were unaware of one another for centuries, embraces all possibility of times.'\*

\*Jorge Louis Borges, *The Garden of the Forking Paths*







## ACT I

1868-1872: Christiana Edmunds' relocation to Brighton,  
heartbreak and dastardly consequences.

‘She came from insane stock’. Her father, it is told, died in a lunatic asylum.



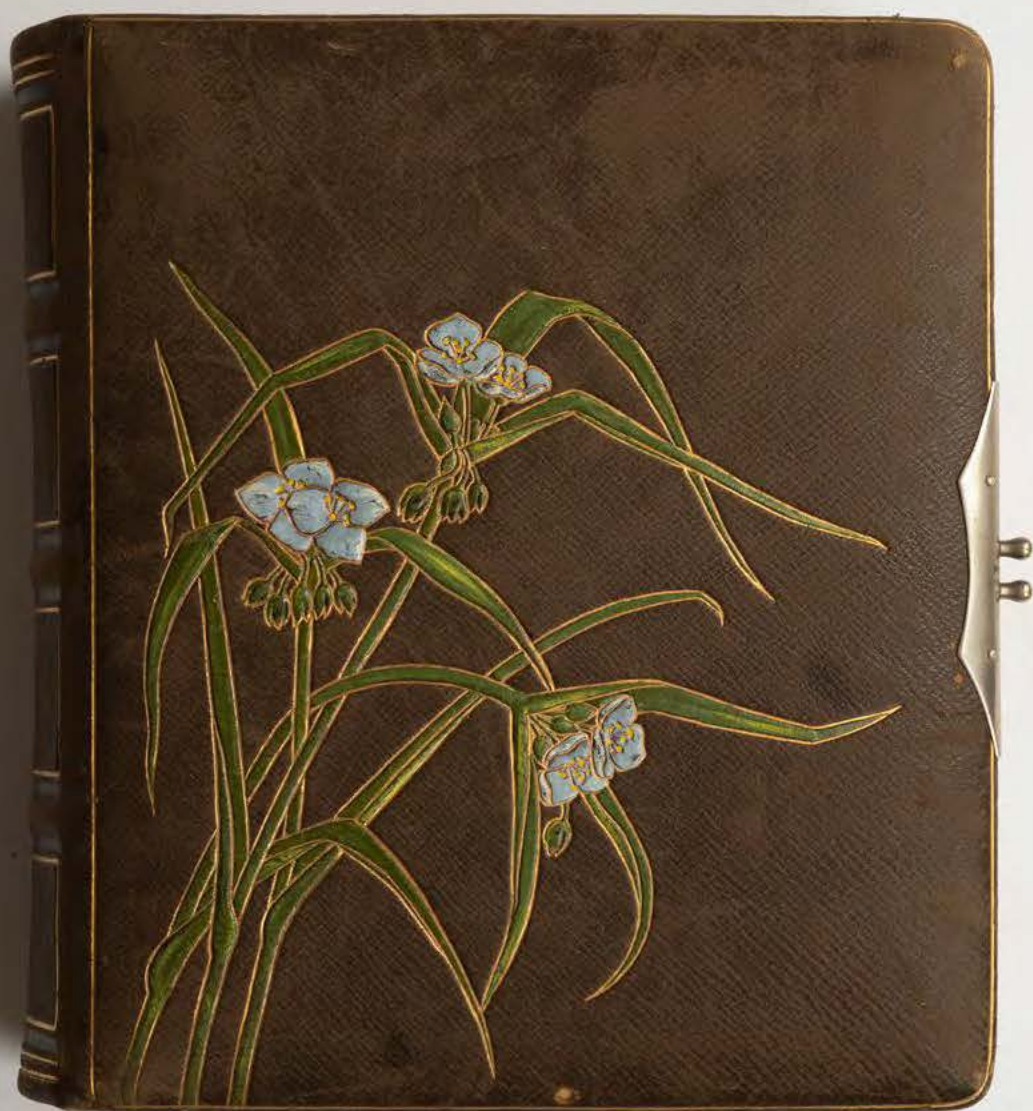
Margate Jetty.





















*My dearest ... I gave the excuse of being otherwise detained.*



ALL IN SEARCH OF HEALTH.  
Should Wear

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FOR DELICATE WOMEN

Scientifically

Constructed

FOR  
NEW LIFE  
AND  
VIGOR



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CONSULTATIONS FREE  
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ELECTROPATHIC & ZANDER INSTITUTE  
52 OXFORD ST. LONDON W.



MR. C.B. HARNESS.  
PRESIDENT

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HARNESS  
ELECTROPATHIC  
BELT

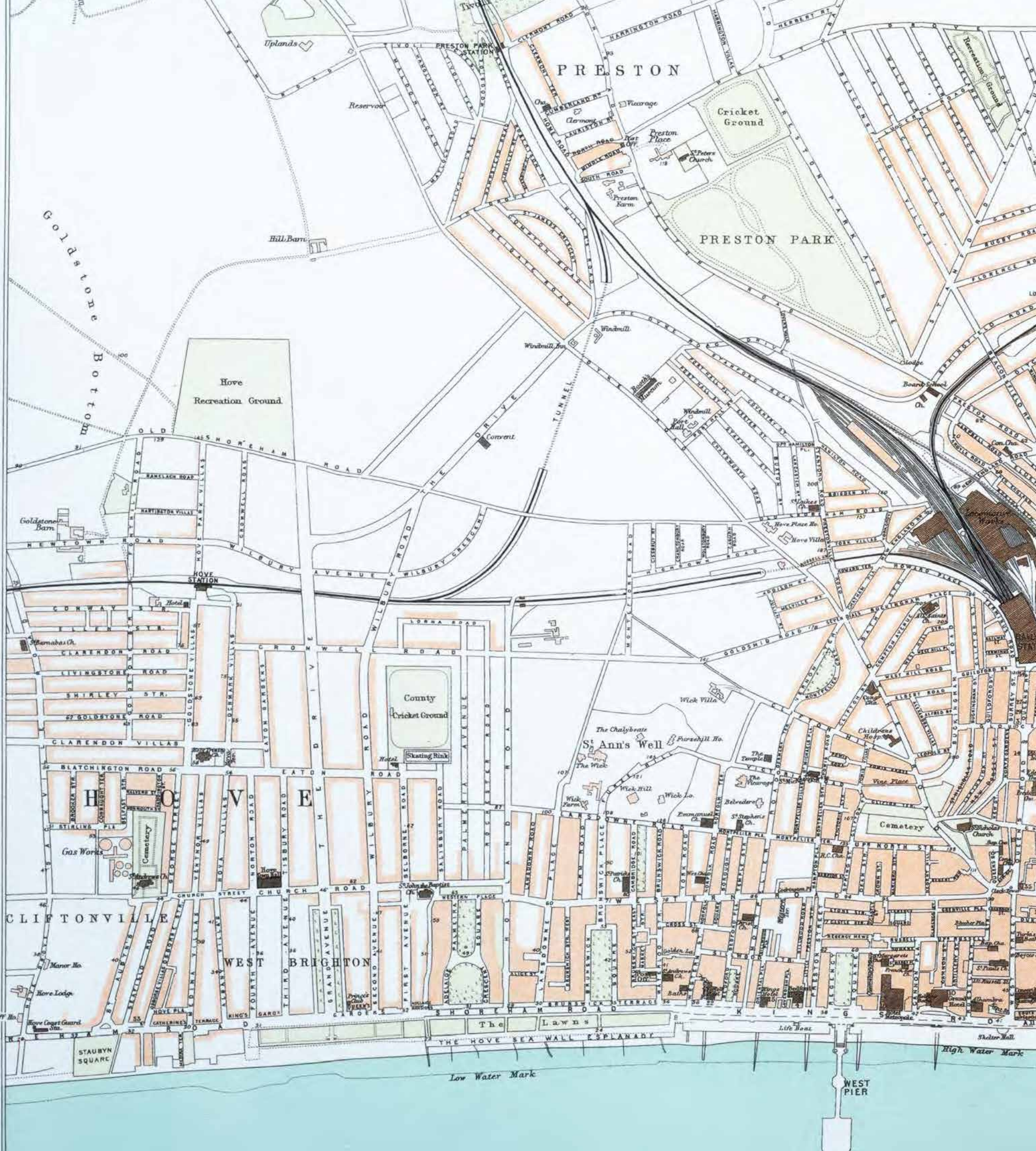
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EVERY MAN AND WOMAN SUFFERING FROM  
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Lumbago, Torpid Liver, Organic Weakness, and Kindred Ailments,  
Should call or write at once for particulars. Note only Address—

THE MEDICAL BATTERY CO. LTD.

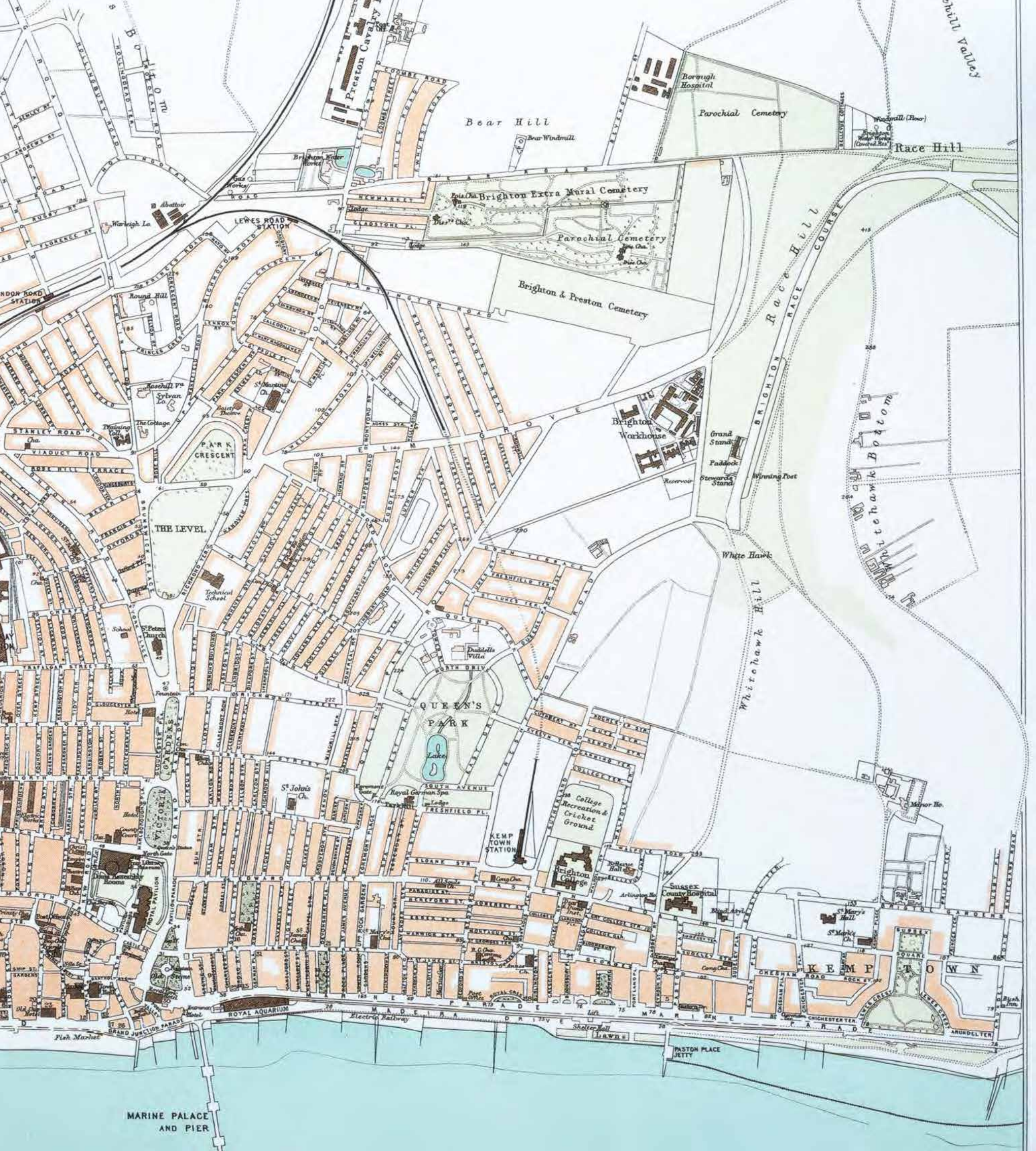
A  
BOON TO  
SUFFERERS

52. OXFORD ST. LONDON. W.













Sketch by a special correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph* c.1870

‘There is such a nerve and a pulse in this beautiful Brighton that one feels inclined to do mad things - to dance, to race, to slap inoffensive strangers hard on the back for which one might justly be considered a lunatic, and possibly put into prison, but I have an idea that those neat looking and good tempered policemen in the pepper and salt trousers, would generously overlook the offence caused so entirely by the invigorating properties of the Brighton air, whilst the victims would, I take it, pass on a slap and join in an excellent pantomime rally.’

Cited in *‘The Fashionable Visitors List’ map and guide to Brighton*





*I really hope you have recovered from your recent bout of depression, I know it is really difficult to get out of. Firstly you must not let your mind invent problems which do not exist.*

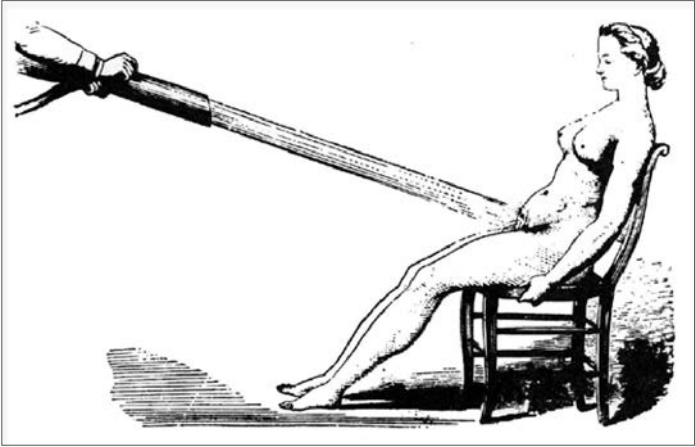














SNAPPY NOVELS N<sup>o</sup>. 9

# Virtue Tempted



by  
Lionel  
Calcroft

H.S.W.

*PS. I haven't forgotten last nights wicked dream yet, I hope I will have it again tonight (the dream) I love you*

xxxxxxxx

# HYSTERICAL PAROXYSM

A WONDERFUL HEALER STATES  
**HERE IS HEALTH**  
THROUGH THE MAGIC POWER OF  
FINE GENTLE  
**MASSAGE**





*I am sorry I haven't written any letters recently, but I just don't seem to be able to get around to it, honestly there is no sinister reason behind the lack of post.*



Caro Mio, I have been so miserable since my last letter to you. I can't go on without ever speaking to you. What made me write? I thought, perhaps, it would be better for both of us, but I have not strength of mind to bear it. We met La Sposa the day after her return, and were glad to see her back again. La Madre thought she looked very thin and careworn. I hope she will feel the good now from her change. You must have missed her. I didn't enter on the poisoning case on the street, but I called and told her that I was obliged to appear at the inquest in a few days, and I hoped she would send you a paper and let you know; but she said 'No, she did not wish to unsettle you'.

However, dear, I mean you to know about this dreadful poisoning case, especially as I had to give evidence; and I know how interested you would be in it, as you told me you would give anything to know what La Sposa swallowed. I sent you the analysis, the police found me out and cited me to appear. You can fancy what I felt: such an array of gentlemen; and that clever Dr Letheby, looking so ugly and so terrific frightened me more than anyone else; for, if I gave wrong symptoms, of course he would have known. You fancy my feelings, standing there before the public, looking very rosy and frightened as I was. When I saw the reporters' pens going and taking down all I uttered, Burns' lines rushed to my memory: 'The chief among them taking notes, and faith he'll print it'.



## The Enemy

When I was young I lived a constant storm,  
Though now and then the brilliant suns shot  
through,  
So in my garden few red fruits were born,  
The rain and thunder had so much to do.

Now are the autumn days of thought at hand,  
And I must use the rake and spade to groom,  
Rebuild and cultivate the washed-out land  
The water had eroded deep as tombs.

And who knows if the flowers in my mind  
In this poor sand, swept like a beach, will  
The food of soul to gain a healthy start?

I cry! I cry! Life feeds the seasons' maw  
And that dark Enemy who gnaws our hearts  
Battens on blood that drips into his jaws!

Charles Baudelaire, from *The Flowers of Evil*











THE EXTRAORDINARY  
CHARGE OF POISONING BY A  
LADY.—CLOSE of the ENQUIRY.  
COMMITTAL of Miss EDMUNDS  
FOR MURDER.

‘With this object she pursued a course of conduct so extraordinary as to be totally unparalleled in the records of any criminal court of justice.’









‘Kate Page, forewoman at Mr. Maynard’s shop in West Street, said she remembered the boy Brooks buying an ounce of fourpenny cream.’





THE CHARGE OF MURDER OF THE  
CHILD BARKER.









THE CHARGE OF ATTEMPTING TO POISON  
MRS. BOYS.







Mr Stuckey : Can you tell whether the arsenic had been added to the cake before or after it had been baked ?

Witness : In this case I cannot, as the cake had been so crumpled up and was in powder. I may make a remark that it is almost impossible in small quantities to determine that point, as the cake gets so knocked about in travelling and passing from one hand to another.

Mr Samuel William Bradbury was the next witness called. He deposed : I am a chemist, and had a shop at 21, North-road in July last. I reside at Alton in Staffordshire, and am travelling now for a London house. In July last I received the letter produced in an envelope from a boy. It was about the 21st of July, and was brought to my shop. I gave the boy three ounces of arsenic.

Mr Netherclift, an expert, was then recalled, and stated that the letter produced was written by the same person who wrote the others, which had been put in in evidence.

It was as follows :—

“Messrs. Glaisyer and Kemp will be obliged if Mr Bradbury will supply them with three ounces of arsenic, and send it by the bearer. They are in immediate want of it. Their signature is quite sufficient.

“July 21, 1871.”

“GLAISYER & KEMP.



# SALE OF POISONS REGISTER BOOK,

(FOLIO EDITION,)

IN CONFORMITY WITH THE  
"SALE OF POISONS AND PHARMACY ACT AMENDMENT,"

31 and 32 Victoriæ, cap. 121, 31st July, 1868,

*And AMENDMENT, 11th August, 1869.*

---







"Sussex-Square, June 27th., 1871

"Sir, -Having seen the result of the investigation of the inquest of Thursday last, I feel great surprise to find that no blame is attached in your sad loss. Great dissatisfaction is felt at the result by most of the inhabitants, and we all feel it rests with yourself now to take proceedings against Mr Maynard. As a parent myself I could not let the matter rest satisfied, nor would one in a hundred. I trust you will come forward for your own sake, and the public good. You shall have all the assistance possible. I feel sure the young lady will come forward, as I know from good authority, she was very dissatisfied with Mr Maynard's conduct; of course supposed he would have taken the step she did, and have them analysed. I can only say that Mr Maynard, after being duly warned that his chocolates were injurious, and had made three persons ill, ought to have had them analysed or destroyed them. The public mind is not satisfied, and feel great blame is attached to him for selling to your son chocolates from the same stock he had been warned against. He spoke of investigating and was his investigation merely looking over and tasting a few chocolates with his shopwoman, and the young lady was not satisfied with that even and as to writing to his french agent it appears he never did.

"I hope no monetary considerations will prevent you taking proceedings. The Brighton inhabitants are all up in arms at the laxity of proceedings and the want of justice, and will assist you in every way: and with the facts tried before unbiased and unprejudiced man, I think Mr Maynard will not escape scott free. My feelings of disgust is felt by most of his influential and respectable inhabitants of this town.

"I am, Sir,  
"AN OLD INHABITANT,  
AND SEEKER OF JUSTICE"

"P.S. - The town cannot take up the cause again, it rests with you, and you shall receive all the aid we can offer. The papers are taking this up both in Brighton and London. See the London Observer"



THE CHARGE OF ATTEMPTING TO  
POISON MR GARRETT.











better for having, as she said, been the cause of lessening the friendship previously existing between herself and the Beards. About two months since rumours were afloat in Brighton that poisoned sweets were given to people, and the alarm rose to its height when a little boy was poisoned, evidently with strychnine, traced to sweetmeats purchased at Mr. Maynard's shop, and the prisoner gave evidence at the inquest that she had suffered also from these sweetmeats. She then wrote, saying other people had poisoned sweetmeats as well as himself, and urging a renewal of the old friendship. In this letter she calls him "Darling," "Caro Mio," and "My dear boy." She was known at Maynard's, and it was noticed that she sometimes bought packets of sweets and returned them for others. These sweets were complained of as being poisonous. She afterwards went to Mr. Garrett, a chymist, and told him, after dealing there for a time, that she wanted strychnine to kill cats with—they infesting the garden, and on her giving the name of Mrs. Wood, Hill-side, Kingston, and obtaining the signature of a neighbour (a milliner, of whom she had bought an article), he permitted her to have ten grains, and on other occasions allowed her to have more. Forged notes came to him, purporting to come from other chymists, asking him to send "per bearer" quantities of strychnine, and he had complied, the bearer in each case being a boy. Evidence of the most positive character was given, showing that the prisoner had employed the boys to carry the letters, and these letters were found to be in her handwriting, disguised. Soon after obtaining the first quantity of strychnine a dog in the house was seen playing with her, and half an hour afterwards was dead, the appearances being similar to strychnine poison-

to his meaning of the he said the whole surface powdered with the poisonous quantity, sufficient.

The witness was told recalled on a future occasion of other fruits and

Mr. Nethercliffe was a letter found on the premises of a chemist, lately living in Brighton, and requiring a "bearer," was in the prisoner's letters.

Mr. Glaisyer was that he did not write had not sent to Bradbur

Mr. David Black, the was called, and deposed to have come from him (This letter was to Mr. loan of the poisons book required it in an inquiry returned. The book would have had some leaves to

The case being complete on the charge concerning it was possible to-day testified upon the charge

Emma Helsey, parlour 59, Grand Parade, Brighton, 10th of August a parcel house by the railway Boys, 59, Grand Parade about half-past six at brown paper, and was a one produced (a box six inches and about 2 inches on the dining-room side



expression "had been,"  
of the fruit had been  
on, and this in a danger  
to have caused death.  
that he would have to be  
usion to prove the analy-  
akes.

recalled, to prove that a  
nises of Mr. Bradbury, a  
Brighton, and purport-  
Glaisyer, a chemist, of  
g poisons to be sent by  
same handwriting as the

en called, and deposed  
any such letter, and he  
ry for poisons.

he coroner of Brighton,  
that a letter purporting  
was not known to him.  
Garrett, asking for the  
ok, saying the writer re-  
. It was sent, and was  
was afterwards found to  
rn out.)

eted against the prisoner  
ng Mrs. Beard, as far as  
o go, the Court then en-  
specting Mrs. Boys.

r-maid to Mrs. Boys, of  
ghton, stated,—On the  
cel was brought to the  
van, directed to "Mrs.  
de Brighton." It came  
night, was wrapped in  
box about the size of the  
own about 12 inches by 6  
es deep.) I put the box  
leboard. Mrs. Boys was

Inspector Gibbs was then recalled, and stated  
that on the 26th of July last he addressed a let-  
ter to the prisoner at her residence, 16, Gloces-  
ter-place, and received an answer the same day.  
The answer thus sent had been seen by Mr. Ne-  
thercliffe. Witness met the prisoner in the Pa-  
lace (Pavilion) Gardens, and there had a talk  
with her about the poisoning cases. The wit-  
ness further deposed to placing in the hands of  
Professor Rodgers the cake he received from  
Mr. Blaker, that received from Mrs. Boys' ser-  
vant, Hope, and the others received from Mr.  
Glaisyer.

The Court was then formally closed. The  
Town-hall was all surrounded with people  
anxious to catch a glimpse of the prisoner. She  
made no signs of fear, and was throughout  
the day apparently the least excited person in  
the court.

---

**MARIVILLA COCOA.**—*No breakfast table is com-  
plete without this delicious beverage. The Globe*  
says, "Various importers and manufacturers  
have attempted to attain a reputation for their  
prepared Cocos, but we doubt whether any  
thorough success had been achieved until Messrs.  
Taylor Brothers discovered the extraordinary  
qualities of 'Maravilla' Cocoa. Adapting their  
perfect system of preparation to this finest of all  
species of the Theobroma, they have produced  
an article which supersedes every other Cocoa  
in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate  
aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest  
elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla  
Cocoa above all others. For homœopaths and  
invalids we could not recommend more agree-  
able or valuable beverage." Sold in tin-lined  
packets only, by all Grocers.—Taylor Brothers,  
London, Sole Proprietors.



CLOSE OF THE ENQUIRY, AND COM-  
MITTAL OF THE PRISONER FOR  
MURDER.



In reference to the supposed insanity of Miss Edmunds (whose father is alleged to have died in a Lunatic Asylum), the following letter has appeared in a London paper :—

**"THE BRIGHTON POISONING CASE.**

*"To the Editor of the Globe.*

"SIR,—With reference to a paragraph in your issue of Monday evening, 28th August, 1871, relating to the case of poisoning at Brighton, in the column headed "News of the Day" on page 5, in which it is stated that "Mr Turner, the Surgeon of the Sussex County Gaol at Lewes, where she has been confined, and who has had a large experience in cases of mental derangement, has no hesitation in saying that the prisoner is insane," I beg to inform you that I have made no such statement; nor do I feel justified at present, as a public officer, in forming any decided view whatever upon the subject, and I should certainly hesitate to express an opinion upon any prisoner's state of mind until after thorough and careful observation for a lengthened period.

"I request you will give the same publicity to this letter as to the statement above referred to.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

RICHARD TURNER, Surgeon,

East Sussex County Prison,

August 29th, 1871.

"Lewes."

*Over the Edge*

All my dead people  
Seeping through the riverbank where they are buried  
Colouring there the stream pale brown  
are why I swim in the river,  
feeling now rather closer to them  
than when the water was clear,  
when I could walk barefoot on the gravel  
seeing only the flicker of minnows  
Possessing nothing but balance.

Fleur Adcock





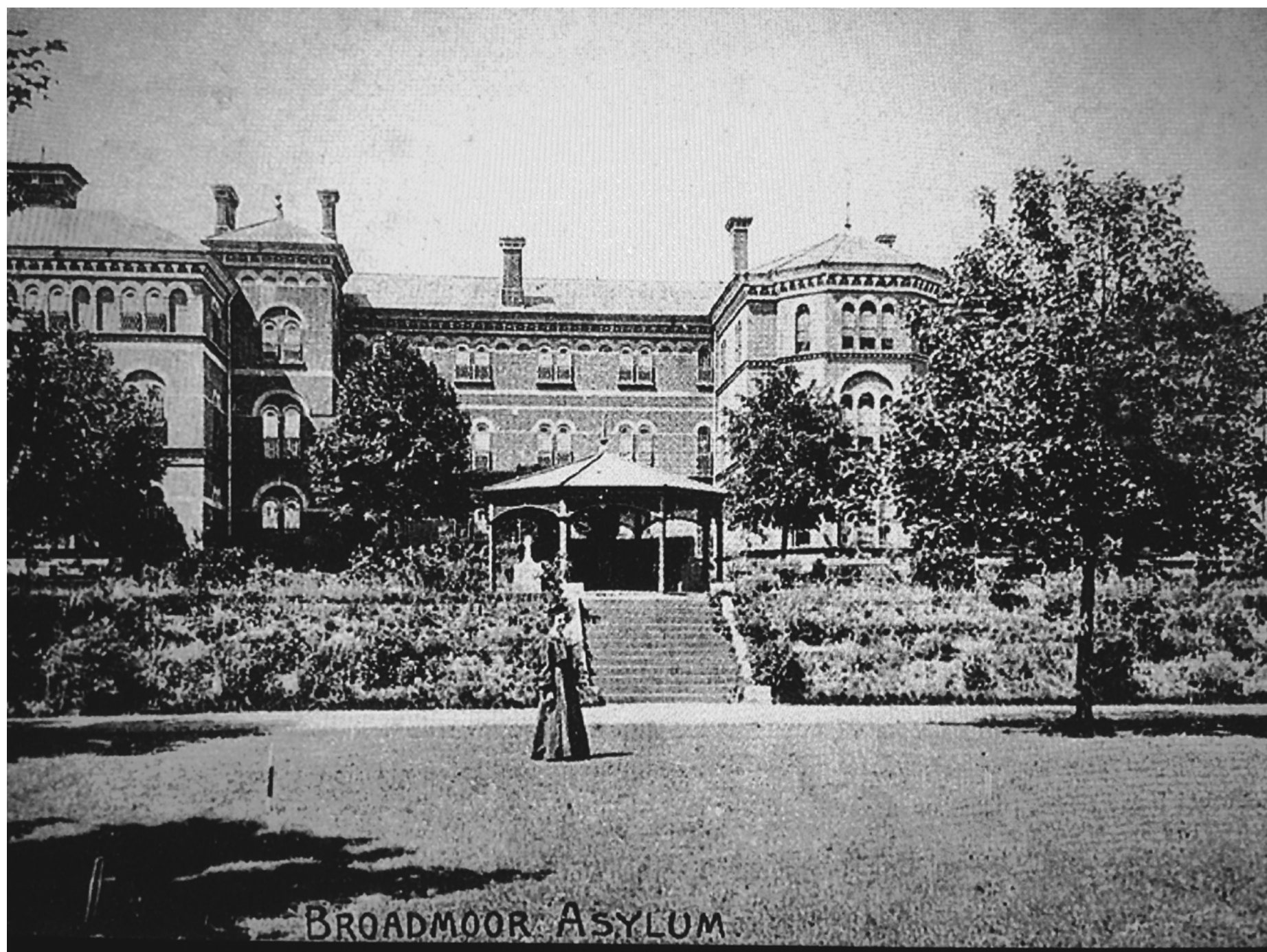
‘The Venus of Broadmoor’

Narcissistic personality disorder (NPD) is a personality disorder with a long-term pattern of abnormal behavior characterised by exaggerated feelings of self-importance, excessive need for admiration, and a lack of empathy. Those affected often spend much time thinking about achieving power or success, or on their appearance. They often take advantage of the people around them. The behavior typically begins by early adulthood, and occurs across a variety of social situations.

The DSM-5 indicates that persons with NPD usually display some or all of the following symptoms, typically without the commensurate qualities or accomplishments:

- Grandiosity with expectations of superior treatment from other people
- Fixation on fantasies of power, success, intelligence, attractiveness, etc.
- Self-perception of being unique, superior, and associated with high-status people and institutions
- Need for continual admiration from others
- Sense of entitlement to special treatment and to obedience from others
- Exploitation of others to achieve personal gain
- Unwillingness to empathize with the feelings, wishes, and needs of other people
- Intense envy of others, and the belief that others are equally envious of them
- Pompous and arrogant demeanor

*(Wikipedia)*



BROADMOOR ASYLUM

‘Memory is the seamstress, and a capricious one at that. Memory runs her needle in and out, up and down, hither and thither. We know not what comes next, or what follows after. Thus, the most ordinary movement in the world, such as sitting down at a table and pulling the inkstand towards one, may agitate a thousand odd, disconnected fragments, now bright, now dim, hanging and bobbing and dipping and flaunting, like the underlinen of a family of fourteen on a line in a gale of wind. Instead of being a single, downright, bluff piece of work of which no man need feel ashamed, our commonest deeds are set about with a fluttering and flickering of wings, a rising and falling of lights.’

Virginia Woolf, *Orlando*







## ACT II

1979-1980: Amanda, school days in  
Brighton, heartbreak and confusion.







*My dearest Manda,  
As promised I have made the supreme effort and written a letter.*



Amanda Denny,  
Elliott House,  
Eastern Road,  
Brighton,  
East Sussex



Remember to use the  
POST CODE







*I hope you like the cartoon I cut it out of the paper, I thought it was really nice & had  
to show it to you.*

Love is ...



kin

... keeping <sup>her</sup> him  
posted.











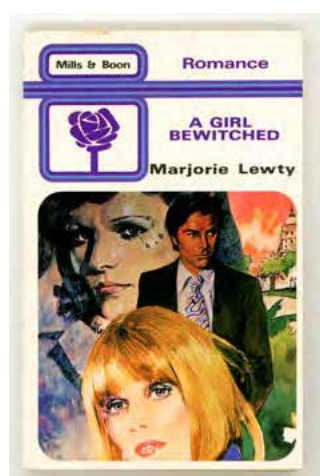












0282

**Marjorie Lewty****A GIRL BEWITCHED**

Emma felt desperately sorry for her young cousin Lisa. She seemed to have been bewitched by Trent Marston, and heartbroken when he callously walked out on her. Now Lisa was getting married — on the rebound, Emma feared — and meanwhile Trent was joining the family firm. How could Emma manage to work with him, feeling about him as she did? Certainly she didn't intend to become his next victim, as could so easily happen ...

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(Sorry about the  
size of the envelope)

2, Stoneleigh Close,  
Patcham,  
Brighton,  
Sussex.  
BN1 8NP.

Wednesday.

My darling Manda,

did you have  
a good time in London today?  
I hope so, though I've really  
missed hearing your voice today,  
never mind it'll soon be  
tomorrow. Thank you for my  
letter today, I'm glad I came to  
work later so I could read it  
this morning, afternoon &  
evening. My teeth are feeling  
better now, thanks, and can't wait  
until next Monday's session  
of suffering. (Why haven't I got  
lovely monster teeth like you <sup>know</sup> who)

I picked up my car this  
morning, plus a bill for £35.00,  
not as bad as I feared but  
still quite nasty. Still the  
car is nice and quite now,  
with a lot more power for  
lots of lovely overtaking. The  
M.O.T. has been booked for  
after the Liverpool match so  
there are no problems with  
driving up.

I phoned up for a lovely  
flat this afternoon, but  
somebody had just previously  
made an offer, never mind  
something will come up (a flat)  
I must post this now or I will end  
up delivering by hand, & you won't  
get it (the letter) until the afternoon,  
I love you lots little monster ~~xxxxxx~~  
~~xxxxxx~~ Chris ~~xxxxxx~~







## Charlotte Lamb

### HEARTBREAKER

For the sake of her little daughter, Caroline had had to run away from her violent and cruel husband Peter. Now he was dead, and his cousin Nick had come to take Caroline back — to the mother-in-law she had always loved, and who loved and now needed her. But how was she going to cope with Nick? Nick, who had believed every lie Peter had told him about her, and who now made it plain that he distrusted and despised her. Could Caroline ever make him see the truth? And why was she so anxious that he should?

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**A romance for every mood**

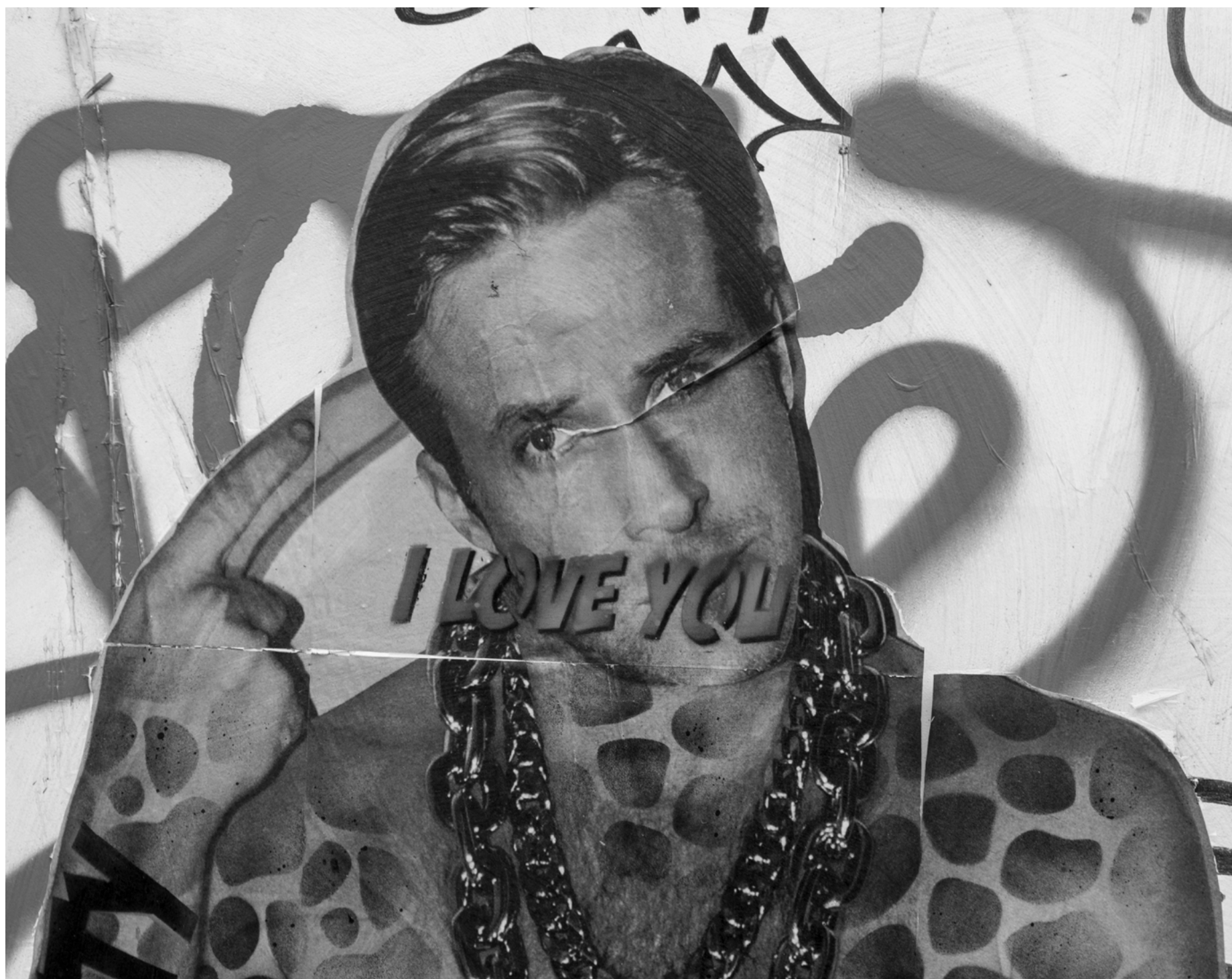
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SIDE TWO

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Records Ltd.

**REGATTA DE BLANC**  
1. WALKING ON THE MOON (Single) 3:59  
2. ON ANY OTHER DAY (Single) 2:58  
3. THE BED S TOOD (Single) 4:24  
4. CONTACT (Single) 2:39  
5. DOES EVERYONE STARE (Single) 2:49  
6. AD TIME THIS TIME (Single) 3:18

**THE POLICE**  
Produced by THE POLICE AND NEIL GRAY  
Mixed by THE POLICE  
LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHERS (LONDON) LTD.  
POLICE TONES (LONDON)

AM  
407

# THE POLICE



*Reggatta de Blanc*







*I could spend this whole letter explaining and apologising for not phoning you at half past eight this evening.*



No Answer  
mutisme / silence

The amorous subject suffers anxiety because the loved object replies scantily or not at all to his language (discourse or letters).

(This distracted kind of listening generates an anxiety of decisions: should I continue, go on talking “in the void”? This would require precisely the assurance which amorous sensibility does not permit. Should I stop, give up? This would seem to show anger, accusation of the other, producing a “scene.” The trap all over again.)

Roland Barthes, *A Lover's Discourse*



## BITTER REVENGE

It was sheer bad luck that, when Carla's life had just about reached rock bottom — she was jobless, homeless and penniless — she should find herself at the mercy of Blaze Douglas, a man she had described as 'a piece of ice coated with frost'. For Blaze held her entirely responsible for the tragic death of his young brother Crispin, and was determined to be revenged on her. Instead, though, an unwilling attraction flared up between the two of them, and Blaze asked her to marry him. But a few more surprises were in store for Carla ...













‘She was an eater. She had eaten her way through grief, she had eaten her way through what had passed for love ... she sometimes wondered if there was some emptiness inside she was trying to fill.’

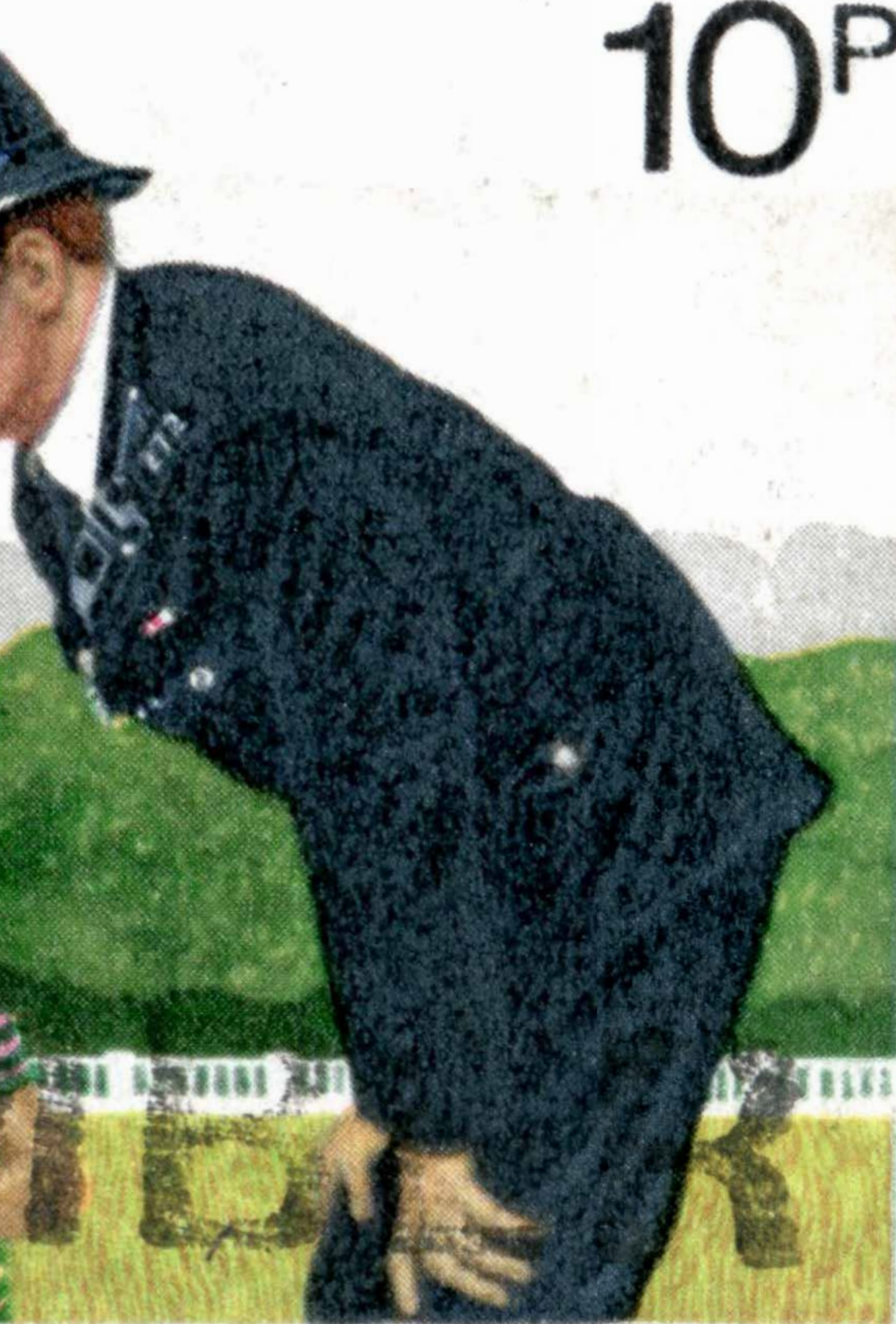
Kate Atkinson







10P



*I've got to phone the police tonight.*







‘Time forks perpetually towards innumerable futures. In one of them I am  
your enemy.’

Jorge Louis Borges, *The Garden of the Forking Paths*





## ACT III

Imbrication of time: culmination and closure.











Mills &amp; Bo

Miss Amanda Denby  
Elliot House,  
St. Mary's Hall  
Eastern Road,  
Brighton









































*Holy*

pedestrian smiles, a cold spring, books, films  
shoes in the wrong spot, sex monday's sirens  
a pigeon flies into church -  
none of it appears to mean anything

and that's the reason  
it appears

Aušra Kaziliūnaitė from *The Moon is a Pill*

































*a birdless night*

is just a lake  
where two nude  
mermaids fondle  
their white marble bodies  
and night  
pours over the bank

i sit on a well-made  
bed  
dangling my feet  
and catch the sound  
outside my window  
of the rustle of  
branch-ripened  
morning

one frightened mermaid  
slaps her tail in retreat,  
a few drops of night  
splatter my walls

i sit and stare  
at how she dives  
deeper and deeper  
into herself

as if she would want  
to mine the cove of dreams

and day breaks

Aušra Kaziliūnaitė from *The Moon is a Pill*







‘To say that the story is true is by now a convention of every fantastic tale: mine, nevertheless is true.’

Jorge Louis Borges, *The Book of Sands*



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## CREDITS

Front Cover Drawing of Christiana in the dock with Dr and Mrs Beard (Original source unknown) and School Photo of Amanda Denny 1980, photographer unknown

Loose insert, reproduction of *The Brighton Herald* 9<sup>th</sup> September 1871, p.3 (Source courtesy of ESCC, The Keep, reference BH200403)

Reproduced Illustrated Map of Victorian Brighton (after Bartholemew). (Source Old Town Books and Maps)

Harness 'Electropathic Belt' Advert. (Source public domain from the Wellcome Library, London)

Postcard, *Kings Road, looking East*. (Hartman Trademark, owned by the author)

The 'Fashionable Visitors List' map and guide to Brighton and its environs. (Source courtesy of ESCC, The Keep, reference BHS89FAS\_2)

Members of Brighton Swimming Club gathered on Brighton beach. (Source Royal Pavilion & Museums, Brighton & Hove)

Magic Lantern Slide View of Marine Parade, Brighton. (Source Royal Pavilion & Museums, Brighton & Hove.)

Pelvic douche. (Source Wikipedia, original source unknown)

*Virtue Tempted*. (Source Peter Stone for Alamy Stock Photo)

Strychnine tablets. (Original source unknown)

Photograph of Brighton constable 28D in early style helmet. (Source ESCC The Keep SPA/3/18/18/8 1870 #120)

Sale of Poisons Register Book extract. (Source Twitter post, original source unknown)

*The Star* 5<sup>th</sup> September 1871. (Source British Newspaper Archive)

Partial Drawing of Christiana in the dock with Dr and Mrs Beard (Original source unknown)

The various small extracts peppered throughout the book are all taken from the reproduction of *The Brighton Herald* 9<sup>th</sup> September 1871, p.3 (Source courtesy of ESCC, The Keep, reference BH200403)

*The Case of the Chocolate Cream Killer* by Kaye Jones (Pen & Sword History, 2016) has been a valuable resource for the history of Christiana Edmunds and her family.



