

RECIPES FOR LOVE AND MURDER

A TANNIE MARIA MYSTERY

SALLY ANDREW



ANDREA NIXON

Sally Andrew lives in a mud-brick house on a nature reserve near Ladismith in the Klein Karoo (South Africa). She has published a number of non-fiction books and educational articles. *Recipes for Love and Murder* is her first novel.

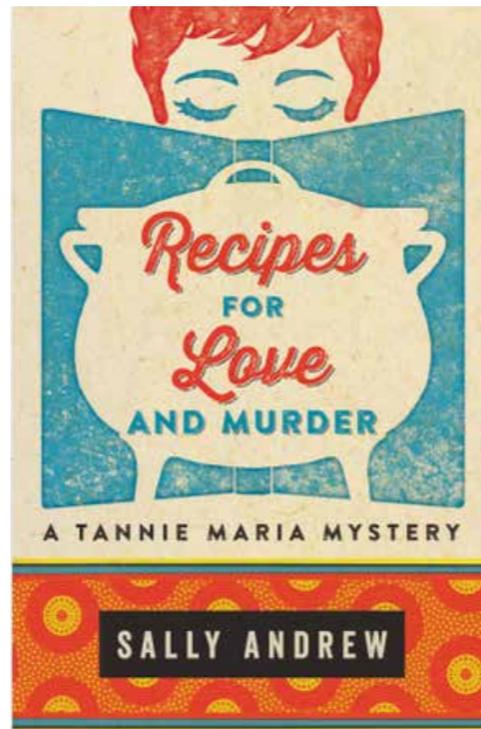
@TannieSall

TANNIE Maria used to write a recipe column for the *Klein Karoo Gazette*. Then Head Office decided they wanted an advice column instead, so now she gives advice. In the form of recipes. Because, as she says, she may not know much about love, but food—that's her life.

Everything has been going well. A tongue-tied mechanic wins his girl with text messages and Welsh rarebit. A frightened teenager gets some much-needed sex ed with her chocolate-coated bananas.

But then there is a letter from Martine, whose husband beats her, and Tannie Maria feels a pang of recognition and dread. This may be a problem that cooking can't solve.

Warm, funny, poignant: Sally Andrew's irresistible heroine brings mystery, romance and amazing cooking together in the most entertaining new series in years. And all Tannie Maria's mouthwatering recipes are right there in the book.



Dear Tannie Maria,

It feels like my life is over and I am not even thirteen. If I don't kill myself, my mother will. But she doesn't know yet.

I have had sex three times, but I only swallowed once. Am I pregnant? I haven't had my period for ages.

He is fifteen. His skin is black and smooth and his smile is white, and he said he loved me. He said I taste like the sweet mangoes that grow on the streets where he comes from. He tastes like chocolate and nuts and ice cream. These are things I used to love.

When I told him I might be pregnant, he said we mustn't meet again. I go past our tree after school but he's never there.

I have been so worried that I can't eat. My mother says I am wasting away. I know I'm going to hell, which is why I haven't killed myself.

Can you help me?

Desperate

I PUT DOWN THE LETTER AND SHOOK MY HEAD.

Magtig! What a tragedy...

A young girl who can't eat.

We had to get her interested in food again.

I needed a recipe with chocolate and nuts.

And ice cream. With something healthy in it.

I would of course tell her that you can't get pregnant from oral sex. And give her the number for the family planning clinic in Ladismith. But if I could just come up with an irresistible recipe for her, it might save everyone a lot of trouble.

Bananas, I thought.

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