

**AYLCEE TARHA**

**FEARS  
IN TROUBLED WATERS**

CRIME  
NOVEL



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## Book Summary

For Adults.

A modern-day heroine, a hero who stands out from the many others throughout the pages, a plot that unfolds and unravels, only to become more surprising. This is a first detective novel that transported me from the south of France to Poitou and its mysteries. You will walk in the footsteps of this courageous woman who finds herself swept away, mistreated, and abused in an adventurous and unprecedented detective spiral. Will she see it through?

## The Author

As a novelist, I write according to my current moods and I define a situation linked to romance and society; this is the beginning of this novel. I try to dissect the human soul into its excesses and excesses, its pleasures and desires, positive or negative. Love is never far from fierce hatred.

*"Any resemblance to facts and characters existing or having existed would be purely fortuitous and could only be the result of pure coincidence."*

## **BIBLIOGRAPHY**

**Children:** (under parental supervision)

- Clara, a Witch's Love, fantasy tale
- Clara and the Stone Circle, fantasy tale
- Advent Farandole, calendar
- The Feudal Trio, The LMJ1, fantasy tale
- The Elemental Peoples, collection of tales

**Teenagers:** (under parental supervision)

- Dualities, romance novel
- The Elemental Peoples, collection of tales

**Adults:**

- Dualities, romance novel
- Epidamos, fantasy novel
- Feudalities, heroic fantasy novel
- Liberties, heroic fantasy novel

## **DEDICATION**

'I thank every person close to me who encouraged me to take on a new challenge: that of detective fiction.'

*This book is purchased directly from my website by adults, parents, family members, friends, etc., who remain solely responsible for the purpose of opening the minds of their children.*

*I am an independent author and publisher.*

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(illustrations from CANVA Pro)*

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## PROLOGUE

Manon, a modern young woman, firmly rooted in her time, busied herself inside her room. Newly promoted to primary school teacher, she was finishing her packing, under the watchful, tearful eyes of her mother. Clothes were spread out, piled up, and piled on her bed, before she sorted through them to choose. She did the same thing with her shoes and accessories.

'This state of nervousness reminds me of my internships at nursery and primary schools or my school trips.'

It was the very first time this Arlesian had left her native Camargue in the South of France to live in a typically rural corner of Western France. She suddenly shivered in her casual, mid-season travel outfit. 'So many suppressed emotions,' she thought suddenly. 'I have to show nothing to my mother, otherwise I won't be able to leave without tears, and I don't want to add to them.'

She checked her papers one last time: wallet and card holder, ID and passport, outbound train tickets...

'Focus on your bag, on your imminent departure, on the taxi appointment, on your job, on your future.'

A quick glance diagonally to her right side was enough for her to assess her mother's very upset emotional state.

She glimpsed, with a swaggering air, her tender mother, trying as best she could to contain this sensitive outpouring, forbidding her from pouring out her own feelings at will. This mother-daughter duo understood each other even in the most intense extremities of strong emotional feelings, so poorly kept secret. She mentally took inventory of her bags, suitcases, and briefcase. She didn't forget her honey cough drops.

'I'd rather have everything around me than run out at the right moment! Better safe than sorry!' she repeated to herself.

A final check was necessary as a last resort...

'I have everything I need to reassure myself, I have confidence in myself.'

She tried to think of something practical so as not to have to unpack her bags right away. 'No, that would be foolish.'

A thought suddenly gripped her. She jumped: 'My pretty summons from the National Education system!' Phew, she discovered it in her private bag within her tote. She picked up her shoulder bag, smiling at what awaited her. Her future now lay right in front of her, in another place, a privileged natural aquatic universe. A historical place unknown to her both in terms of climate and traditions.

'What I've read and seen of this province and this precise point on the map moves me and transports me to another time.'

It was a very long journey, 'but it will prove interesting!' she told herself silently. Here, she hastened her preparations.

'It's not out of the question that I'll resume distance learning to become a history and geography teacher. Something to think about!'

Under a radiant spring sun, Arles stretched lasciviously between the arms of the sometimes turbulent Rhône delta. This town was called Arelate, a Celtic name for an inhabited position located near a pond. From these periods of monolithic antiquity to its Gallo-Roman phase, it contained archaeological treasures such as ruins of Phoenician, Greek, and Roman houses, fragments of pediments, and more.

'I participated so much in these excavations, and was so thanked for unearthing mosaics dating from the Byzantine and Cretan periods.'

This city never stopped revealing extraordinary discoveries

within its half-gaping bowels. It was split into two banks, the right bank housing a strong industrial and commercial expansion, and the left bank housing history, the Old Town, and cultural arts. It further increased its territorial access to gradually house its population over the centuries, and it exploded from neighborhood to neighborhood.

The municipality worked hard to promote reintegration but... did not always succeed in its challenge; unemployment was rising.

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