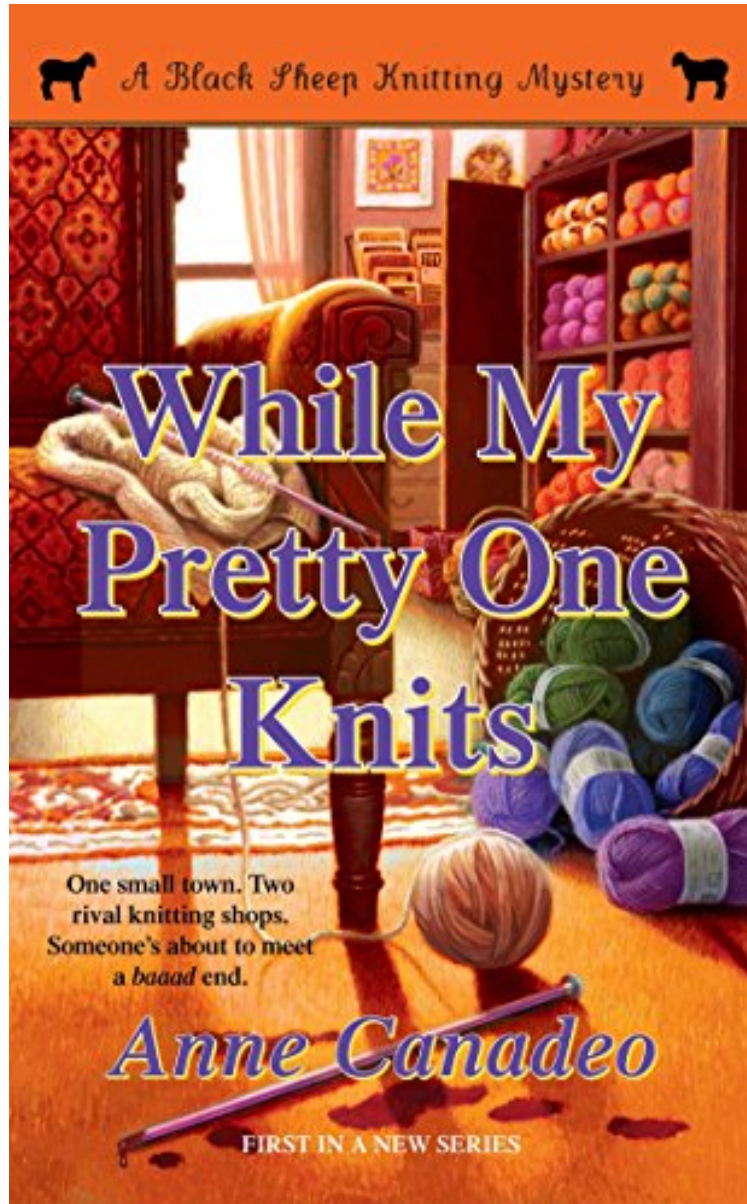


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## While My Pretty One Knits (A Black Sheep Knitting Mystery)

Anne Canadeo

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**Anne Canadeo : While My Pretty One Knits (A Black Sheep Knitting Mystery)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised While My Pretty One Knits (A Black Sheep Knitting Mystery):

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Very good bookBy Kindle CustomerI enjoyed this knitting book

very much. Maggie is the owner of a knitting shop in Plum Harbor. There is one other shop in town the Knitting Nest on the other side of town owned by Amanda, who turns up dead on the day that Maggie is having a big demonstration of felted knitted items by a famous former student of Maggie's. Of course the police want to blame the murder on Maggie. Simple wraps it up over and done quickly. But Maggie did not do it. It took me until almost the end to figure it out with Lucy one of the knitters of the group and Maggie's friend. The book was sell worth reading and I will look for others in the series. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A great cozy! By CustomerLove cozy mysteries and this series with a knitting theme was just what I was looking for. The only thing that bothered me were some editing errors in this eBook version. Not sure if this would be the case in paper. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. An easy read. By Nancy Olverit was a nice light read. Not too heavy or dark. Did not take me very long to finish it.

The Black Sheep Knitters Maggie, Lucy, Dana, Suzanne, and Phoebe meet once a week without fail, sharing the varied and colorful skeins of their lives as much as knitting tips, recipes, and small-town gossip, and creating an intricate, durable pattern of friendship. Now a shocking murder has peaceful Plum Harbor, Massachusetts, in knots and the Black Sheep women must herd together to protect one of their own from a scandalous frame-up. Maggie Messina, beloved owner of the Black Sheep Knitting Shop, is thrilled to be hosting a workshop for one of her former students, now a celebrity in the knitting world. But the celebration is upstaged when Amanda Goran, the owner of the rival Knitting Nest, is found dead in her shop on the other side of town. Maggie had reasons to dislike Amanda, a thorn in her side ever since Maggie's shop surpassed Amanda's in popularity. Then again, it wasn't hard to dislike Amanda the contentious woman, whose marriage was on the rocks, seemed to specialize in causing misery all over town. But the pointed evidence has a detective casting a suspicious eye on Maggie. She may be a whiz at knitting, but can she keep the police from needling her before her shop, her reputation, and her circle of friends become unraveled?

From Publishers Weekly In Canadeo's crafty first of a new cozy series, the Black Sheep Knitters of Plum Harbor, Mass., are horrified when their teacher, Maggie Messina, owner of the Black Sheep Knitting Shop, becomes the prime suspect in the murder of Amanda Goran, who owned the Knitting Nest, Black Sheep's only rival. Maggie disliked Amanda, but says she's innocent, even when the weapon used to crush Amanda's skull, a wooden hat block, turns up within the merchandise Maggie bought from Amanda's husband. Meanwhile, Black Sheep Knitter Lucy Binger adopts Tink, one of Amanda's pet dogs. When veterinarian Matt McDougal operates on the ailing Tink, he finds an important clue undigested yarn. The friendships among the likable knitters and Lucy's budding romance with Matt (who also knits) help make Canadeo's crime yarn a charmer. Under the pseudonym Katherine Spencer, Canadeo writes the Cape Light series (A Christmas Star, etc.) with Thomas Kinkade. (May) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. About the Author Anne Canadeo lives and knits in Northport, New York, with her husband, daughter, and canine office assistant. She is the author of the Black Sheep Knitting mystery series, and writing as Katherine Spencer, she has also authored the popular Cape Light and Angel Island series. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Chapter One Maggie, you've got to be kidding...do you want to kill me?" Lucy Binger tried to stare down her best friend, but it was no use. Maggie Messina had already settled in to her furniture moving stance -- knees bent, jaw set, a determined grip on the far end of an antique love seat. "Come on, Lucy. You can do this." When that coaxing tone failed, she said, "It's the absolute last time, I promise." Lucy shot her a dark look, then finally took hold of her end and hoisted the couch up. Taking the high road, she thought, by not harping on the fact that they'd moved this particular piece of furniture around the shop three times, each trip reportedly the last. "I owe you one," Maggie said. "You owe me a few," Lucy replied with a grunt. "Absolutely...watch the molding, please?" Maggie swung her end through the doorway while Lucy hung on to the other side for dear life. Lucy was trying hard not to destroy the decor, but angling the couch around the coral-colored walls, tall armoires, and baskets brimming with yarn was no mean feat. Maggie's knitting shop, the Black Sheep, covered the first floor of a meticulously restored Victorian, the kind real-estate brokers might call "a jewel box." Lucy knew that was just a clever way of saying the rooms were small and tight, designed for diminutive, nineteenth-century folk, but these days more suited to retail space. Finally, they reached the corner Maggie had staked out as the sofa's latest landing strip. Or close enough, Lucy decided. She dropped her end, then collapsed on the cushions, her long legs dangling over one side. "Okay, furniture is set. How about the fireworks?" Lucy turned her head and caught Maggie's eye. "Don't you need a permit for that?" "All right. I did get a little carried away. But Cara's practically famous. It's a big deal for me, having her here. I'm expecting a full house. Did I tell you?" Lucy smiled and nodded. Maggie had told her. A few times. "So Cara was a student of yours, right?" Lucy folded one arm under her head. "When was that again?" "Almost ten years ago." Maggie sat on an armchair near the love seat and rubbed the back of her neck. "She went to college in New York after high school, the Fashion Institute of Technology." "Did she stay in touch?" "Oh, a little. When her first book came out, I sent her a note and she wrote back. She'd returned to Boston by then and was writing for Knitting Now! Cara comes back to town fairly often to see her family. She stopped in to say hello one day and mentioned she was working on a new book about felting. So I asked if she'd give a talk here and she agreed. Pretty good for me,"

Maggie added. "Her publisher is sending her out to five or six cities. Bookshops and the big arts and crafts chain stores." "That is a coup. You must have been one of her favorite teachers." "Maybe." Maggie's tone was modest, but Lucy knew she'd been very popular with students. Maggie not only looked half her age, but had the kind of energy and outlook that would always make her seem young. Maggie had left teaching four years ago, after her husband, Bill, had died. She'd always talked about opening a knitting shop some far-off day, perhaps when she retired. But at that low point in her life, she needed a new plan to pull her through and didn't see any reason to put off her heart's desire. "Cara was one of those kids who hung out in the art room. You know the type. I encouraged her, I guess. I had a feeling she'd do something with herself in the real world." Lucy wasn't sure if the wondrous world of knitting had that much overlap with the real world. But she knew what Maggie meant and Cara Newhouse was clearly a bona fide success in both realms. *Felting Fever*, the book Cara would sign tomorrow, was her second in less than two years. Her first, *Ready, Set, Knit!*, had turned out to be one of the bestselling titles for novice knitters ever. All before Cara had even hit thirty. Slouching toward thirty-three, with no national book tours penciled into her datebook, Lucy knew she was a little jealous. "I'm not sure if I'm allowed to say, but Cara might have her own TV show soon." Maggie picked up a fringed couch pillow that had slipped overboard and slapped it back into shape. "Some producer type is coming tomorrow to tape her demonstration. It's just a screen test. It won't actually be on TV," Maggie clarified. "But the Plum Harbor Times is sending a reporter. We could make the front page." "I bet you will," Lucy agreed. Cara's appearance would be good publicity for the shop. It didn't take much to appear above the fold in the Plum Harbor Times. The pages of the local paper were filled with blurry photos and fluffy articles about student groups, Scout troops, and Rotary Club members honored for canned food drives and other good deeds. Town trustees debated passionately about traffic lights, trapping raccoons, or keeping skateboarders off Main Street. The truth was, truly bad things rarely happened in Plum Harbor. It was just that kind of place. When Lucy and her sister Ellen visited their aunt Laura in the summers all through childhood, Lucy had accepted that fact without question. Now that she was an adult and living here full-time -- at least, trying it out for a while -- the happily out-of-synch atmosphere still amazed her. While other people in other places were striving to be on the cutting edge of trends and fashion, Dare to Be Dull could easily be Plum Harbor's village motto. Lucy had never found living in Boston particularly difficult, except the year her marriage to Eric underwent a meltdown -- and that could have happened anywhere. Boston was only about an hour and a half away, sometimes two with traffic, but it might as well have been another galaxy. Some hardy souls made the daily commute, but too few to consider the area a bona fide suburb. And it wasn't a summer destination any longer, either. It was something in between, what people called an ex-burb, which was why Lucy liked it. "Anything left on your list?" Lucy really didn't want to move a muscle, but felt obliged to ask. "I think we're finished, thanks." Maggie rose and headed for a table that held stacks of Cara's new book. She began to unpack more copies from the brown cartons on the floor, now hidden by a long tablecloth. Maggie was almost ten years older, but Lucy sometimes found her friend's energy level downright annoying. Lucy teased her about slugging down Red Bull on the sly, but they both knew Maggie was too much of a health food freak for that lapse. Maggie was obviously part border collie, restless and cranky unless she had a productive job to do. Maggie hummed while arranging the books on the table. Lucy glanced at her watch, then closed her eyes. It was almost seven. She couldn't believe it. She'd dropped by the shop around three, just to see how things were going, and had found Maggie totally overwhelmed. Lucy had rarely seen her in a true panic about anything, but that afternoon, her dear pal had been about to unravel. Lucy didn't have the heart to desert her. That was the trouble with working at home and being your own boss, Lucy had noticed. She was too easily distracted. There was always some excuse to avoid her freelance assignments. Even housework distracted her, and that was saying something. Some days, she practically tied herself to her desk chair, then ended up roaming the Internet instead of working. Answering e-mails, checking her horoscope or pseudo-news items. "Stars Without Makeup" was always amusing, and, on a certain level, a deep comfort. Of course, she had to check out her favorite knitting bloggers, like the Yarn Harlot. Then there was always knitting itself, the perfect distraction from work because you were doing something productive. Lucy was still a neophyte knitter, but she was definitely hooked. Polishing off a few rows when she got stuck in some graphic design dilemma cleared her head and settled her mood. As for hanging out at the Black Sheep, the shop was her home away from home. Once inside the door of the cozy knitters' haven, it was easy to lose track of time. Phoebe Meyer, a college student who worked part-time for Maggie and lived in the apartment above the shop, had conveniently escaped the set-up marathon at about four. Phoebe had classes on Thursday afternoon, but would be back soon. The others would be here any minute, too. It was almost time for their group's weekly knitting night. They'd all told Maggie they should skip tonight's meeting as she had enough to do. But Maggie insisted. Since the group had formed over a year ago, they'd rarely missed, traveling from house to house, holding it here at the shop. Tonight was Maggie's turn and Lucy had a feeling Maggie would be better off with the distracting, relaxing presence of her knitting friends than hanging out there alone, fussing over the book display and cookie trays. The knitting group had first met right here, in the Black Sheep, at one of Maggie's beginner classes last summer. There had simply been good chemistry and a true connection between them -- five women at different stages in life, with different occupations but similar interests. And they were united by a common desire to master enticing strands of yarn and unwieldily sets of needles. By the time Maggie's course was over, they knew a knit stitch from a purl, how to

read a pattern, and repair a yarn over. They had also come to know one another, stitch by stitch, creating an intricate, unique pattern of friendship. Ending their knitting nights together seemed unthinkable. It seemed like just the beginning. Lucy thought of the knitting club as a night out with gal pals...without the pomegranate martinis. They were known to share a good bottle of chardonnay or pinot noir from time to time, though, along with something tasty to eat. Mini-quiche and green salad were on the menu tonight, a preview of the finger food Maggie would serve tomorrow. Maggie had popped a cookie sheet into the oven a short time ago and the warm buttery smell made Lucy's stomach growl, though ...