AS CHIMNEY SWEEPERS COME TO DUST
a novel by Alan Bradley

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THE 7th MYSTERY IN THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING FLAVIA DE LUCE SERIES

FROM THE WINNER OF THE CRIME WRITERS’ ASSOCIATION DEBUT DAGGER AWARD, BARRY AWARD, AGATHA AWARD, MACAVITY AWARD, DILYS AWARD, AND ARTHUR ELLIS AWARD

SOON TO BE A TV SERIES FROM ACCLAIMED DIRECTOR SAM MENDES

OVER 2 MILLION COPIES OF THE FLAVIA DE LUCE SERIES SOLD WORLDWIDE

Hard on the heels of the return of her mother’s body from the frozen reaches of the Himalayas, Flavia, for her indiscretions, is banished from her home at Buckshaw and shipped across the ocean to Miss Bodycote’s Female Academy in Toronto, her mother’s alma mater, there to be inducted into the a mysterious organization known as the Nide. No sooner does she arrive, however, than a body comes crashing down out of the chimney and into her room, setting off a series of investigations into mysterious disappearances of girls from the school.

Praise for volume six, The Dead in Their Vaulted Arches

“Bradley has managed to create one of the most beguiling detectives of recent years.” — THE GUARDIAN

“She now seems certain to become a national treasure. Film director Sam Mendes’ production company – which made Call The Midwife for the BBC – has optioned her stories for TV. Flavia deserves it. She is as addictive as dark chocolate and as English as Vaughan Williams’s The Lark Ascending.” — DAILY MAIL

“Alan Bradley has an uncanny ability to take us into the mind and emotions of our young detective as she deals with both her grief and the mystery, and somehow makes it all believable and entertaining.” — MYSTERY SCENE MAGAZINE

“This latest adventure contains all the winning elements of the previous books while skillfully establishing a new and intriguing story line to explore in future novels … Fans will be more than pleased.” — LIBRARY JOURNAL

“Flavia retains her droll wit … the solution to the murder is typically neat, and the conclusion sets up future books nicely.” — PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

“It’s hard to resist either the genre’s pre-eminent preteen sleuth or the hushed revelations about her family.” — KIRKUS REVIEWS

RIGHTS SOLD
US: Delacorte, March 2015
N. American English Audio: Random House
Canada: Doubleday, March 2015
UK: Orion
Germany: Blanvalet
Poland: Vesper

ALAN BRADLEY is the internationally bestselling author of short stories, children’s stories, newspaper columns, and the memoir The Shoebox Bible. The Flavia de Luce mystery series has been sold in 37 territories and has sold more than 2 million copies worldwide. Director Sam Mendes has picked up television rights to the series. The books have been bestsellers in Canada, the USA, Germany, Russia, Brazil, China, and Holland, appearing on bestseller lists in The New York Times — where the first two books appeared simultaneously — and Der Spiegel — for four months.
IF YOU'RE ANYTHING LIKE ME, YOU ADORE ROT. It is pleasant to reflect on the fact that decay and decomposition are what make the world go round.

For instance, when an ancient oak falls somewhere in the forest, it begins almost at once to be consumed by invisible predators. These highly-specialized hordes of bacteria lay siege to their target as methodically as an army of barbarians attacking an enemy fortress. The mission of the first wave is to break down the protein forms of the stricken timber into ammonia, which can then be easily handled by the second team, which converts the smelly ammonia to nitrates. These last, and final invaders, by oxidation, convert the nitrates into the nitrates which are required to fertilize the soil, and thus to grow new seedling oaks.

Through the miracle of chemistry, a colossus has been reduced to its essentials by microscopic life forms. Forests are born and die, come and go, like a spinning penny flipped into the air: heads…tails…life…death…life…death…and so on from Creation to the farthest ends of time.

It’s bloody marvelous, if you ask me.
Left to the mercies of the soil, dead human bodies undergo the same basic 1—2—3 process: meat—ammonia—nitrates.
But when a corpse is swaddled tightly in a soiled flag, stuffed up a brick chimney, and left there for a donkey’s age to char and mummify in the heat and the smoke—well, that’s an entirely different story.