

'I was  
ENTHRALLED'

GILLIAN McALLISTER

'GRIPS from  
the first page'

SHARI LAPENA



# THE FAMILY REMAINS

THEIR  
SECRETS CAN'T  
STAY BURIED  
FOR EVER

# LISA JEWELL

'The story **EVERYONE** has been waiting for'

ADELE PARKS

**'Lisa Jewell is simply OUTSTANDING'**

**ALEX MARWOOD**

**'Compelling, ingenious, BREATH-STOPPING'**

**TAMAR COHEN**

**'A MASTERCLASS in thriller writing. Reading this book is the literary equivalent of binge-watching a great box set' MARK EDWARDS**

**'We loved this family too much to let them go.**

**WONDERFULLY SATISFYING' ADELE PARKS**

**'This is Lisa Jewell at her ABSOLUTE BEST'**

**PAUL BURSTON**

**'A TRIUMPH with all the mystery and emotional depth of *The Family Upstairs*' ERIN KELLY**

**'An artful, slippery and HUGELY SATISFYING read. Lisa Jewell holds you in the palm of her hand from start to finish in this triumph of a sequel' LOUISE CANDLISH**

**'Lisa Jewell is a SUPERB writer at the top of her game' KARIN SLAUGHTER**

**'SPELL-BINDING from the first page to the last'**

**SAMANTHA DOWNING**

### What the authors are saying ...

'I was ENTHRALLED. I think it is by far Lisa's best yet: empathetic, gripping, authentic. Other authors are at a ten out of ten, for me, and Lisa is a solid hundred.'

Gillian McAllister

'Lisa Jewell is, simply, outstanding. A worthy inheritor of the mantle of Barbara Vine.' Alex Marwood

'Compelling, ingenious, breath-stopping. No one creates characters as complex, real and utterly human as Lisa Jewell. She should win every book prize going. What a treat her fans have in store!' Tamar Cohen

'A new Lisa Jewell novel is always one of the highlights of my year, and *The Family Remains* is another masterclass in thriller writing from the current queen of psychological suspense. Reading this book is the literary equivalent of binge-watching a great box set.' Mark Edwards

'That Lisa Jewell has done it again. I re-read *The Family Upstairs* as "revision" then picked up its sequel, *The Family Remains*, in one fluid movement and read greedily to the end. It's a triumph.'

Erin Kelly

'Twisty and strange and surprising.' Emily Henry

'*The Family Remains* is everything you want from a @lisajewelluk novel – brilliantly plotted, with characters you feel you know. There are shades of Highsmith in creepy gay character Henry, last seen in *The Family Upstairs*.

But this is Jewell at her absolute best. I loved it!'

Paul Burston

'The story EVERYONE has been waiting for.  
We loved this family too much to let them go.  
WONDERFULLY SATISFYING.'

Adele Parks

# Epilogue

## Eight months later

'Can I help you, sir?'

Henry checks his reflection quickly in the plate glass of the showroom window. He tousles his dark, ropey curls and runs his fingertips over the rough three-day stubble on his chin. Then he turns to the hovering salesman and hits him with a personable smile.

'Hi,' says Henry. 'Yes. Thank you. I'm looking for a Gold Wing? Your website said you had some in stock, but I can't see any?'

'Beautiful!' The salesman's eyes light up and he clicks his fingers. 'Follow me, sir, right this way.'

Henry follows the young man across the showroom and towards a display in another area off the main reception. His skin turns to goosebumps at the sight of the huge bikes, four of them

lined up diagonally on pedestals, hit from all angles with halogen beams.

‘Wow,’ he says.

‘Yes,’ says the salesman. ‘Wow indeed. Were you looking for a particular model?’

‘Er, yes. The GL1500.’

The salesman smiles and waves his hand towards a red and black bike.

It’s the one.

It’s exactly the same.

Henry’s stomach lurches.

‘It’s a 1998 model,’ the salesman says. ‘Virtually immaculate. Only fifteen hundred miles on the clock. Spent most of its long life under tarpaulin. And is now ready and raring to get on with the rest of its life, hopefully on the road. Want to climb on board?’

Henry nods. ‘Sure,’ he says. ‘That’d be awesome.’

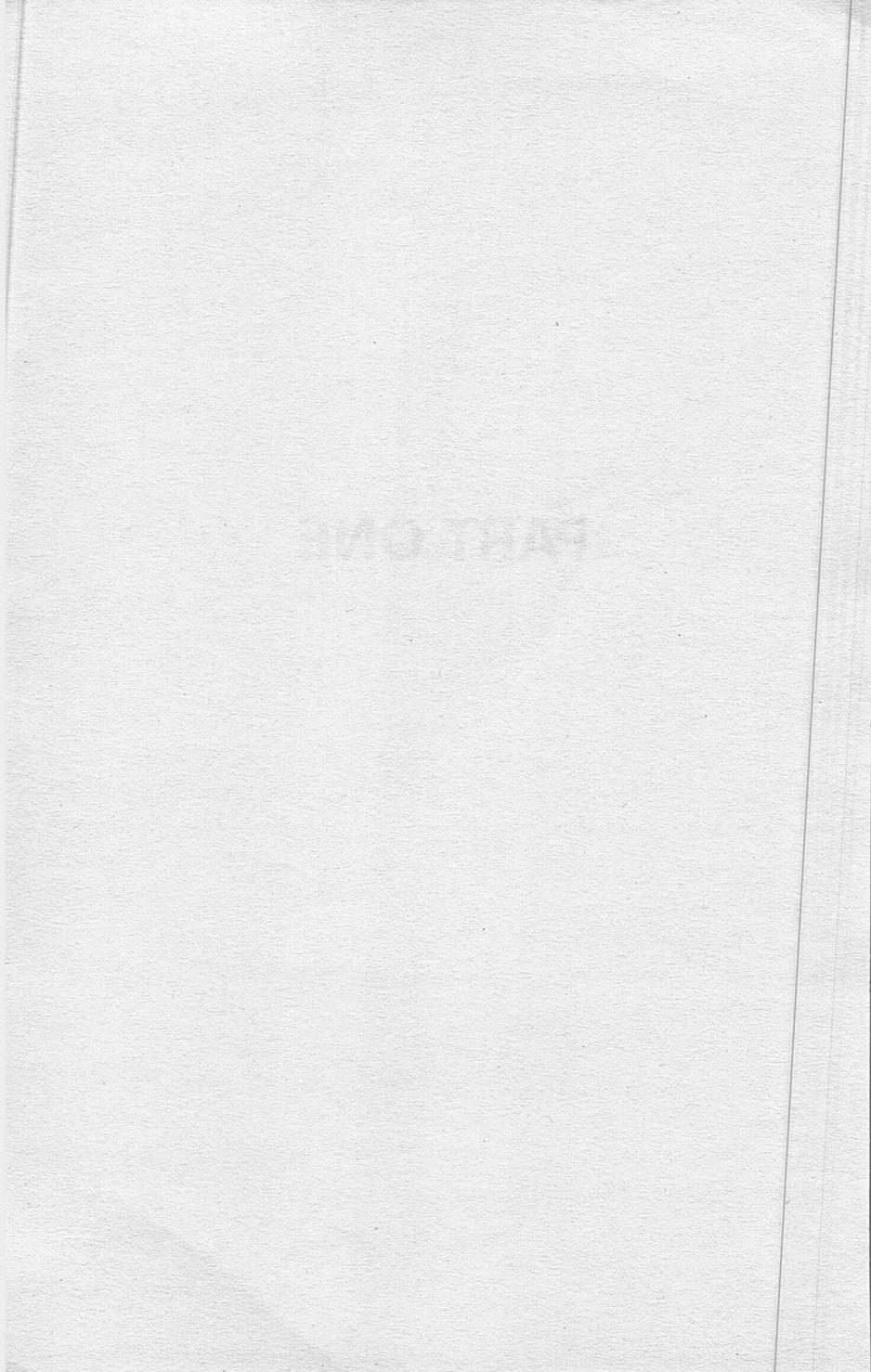
The salesman presses a button on the wall and the pedestal sinks into the floor until the bike is flush with the ground.

Henry hitches his leg over the bike and is instantly transported back to the heady streets of Chicago. He runs his hands over the controls, the handlebars.

‘Beautiful, isn’t she?’ says the salesman.

Henry nods, but says nothing. The oneness he has felt with the world since he returned from Chicago, since he and Phin made their peace, since the big family reunion in Lucy’s new house, has started to fray at the edges. For months he has embraced being Henry Lamb. The idea that Justin had sacrificed his life not for the glamorous refurbished version of Henry Lamb, but for the original slightly crappy version, has filled his soul with rightness and

# **PART ONE**



# 1

**July 2018**

Groggy with sleep, Rachel peered at the screen of her phone. A French number. The phone slipped from her hand on to the floor and she grabbed it up again, staring at the number with wide eyes, adrenaline charging through her even though it was barely seven in the morning.

Finally she pressed reply. ‘Hello?’

‘*Bonjour*, good morning. This is Detective Avril Loubet from the Police Municipale in Nice. Is this Mrs Rachel Rimmer?’

‘Yes,’ she replied. ‘Speaking.’

‘Mrs Rimmer. I am afraid I am calling you with some very distressing news. Please, tell me. Are you alone?’

‘Yes. Yes, I am.’

‘Is there anyone you can ask to be with you now?’

‘My father. He lives close. But please. Just tell me.’

‘Well, I am afraid to say that early this morning the body of your husband, Michael Rimmer, was discovered by his housekeeper in the basement of his house in Antibes.’

Rachel made a sound, a hard intake of breath with a *whoosh*, like a steam train. ‘Oh,’ she said. ‘No!'

‘I’m so sorry. But yes. And he appears to have been murdered, with a stab wound, several days ago. He has been dead at least since the weekend.’

Rachel sat up straight and moved the phone to her other ear. ‘Is it – Do you know why? Or who?’

‘The crime scene officers are in attendance. We will uncover every piece of evidence we can. But it seems that Mr Rimmer had not been operating his security cameras and his back door was unlocked. I am very sorry, I don’t have anything more definite to share with you at this point, Mrs Rimmer. Very sorry indeed.’

Rachel turned off her phone and let it drop on to her lap.

She stared blankly for a moment towards the window where the summer sun was leaking through the edges of the blind. She sighed heavily. Then she pulled her sleep mask down, turned on to her side, and went back to sleep.

# 30

## **Samuel**

Philip Dunlop-Evers is a small man with thinning hair and a weak chin. He wears a white polo shirt with blue jeans and cheap leather shoes. I button my suit jacket and stand to greet him with an outstretched hand.

‘Thank you, Philip, for coming at such short notice,’ I say.

‘It’s no problem at all. I mean, it’s my sister, after all. I can’t think of a better reason to cancel a few plans and get on a train.’

‘Take a seat. Please.’

He sits and peers at me. He looks as if his head is spinning with thoughts. Hardly surprising.

‘Philip. We recently received a call from a mud-larker. Do you know what a mud-larker is?’

He nods.

'He had found some bones washed up. A full set of human bones. We believe, Philip, that they may belong to your sister, Bridget.'

'Birdie.' He says this in a whisper.

'Yes. Birdie. Of course. So if you don't mind, if you're OK, I wanted to run through some details with you. Just to confirm. Tell me, Philip, what happened the last time you saw Birdie? Can you recall?'

'Yes. Very clearly. She was sort of famous at the time.'

'I hear she was once in a pop band.'

'That's right. They had a big hit; it was number one for weeks. She was jetting off all over the place. It was . . . We're a musical family, but it wasn't quite the thing, you know, to be so . . . *visible*. We were all a bit taken aback by the whole thing. She and the band were doing a gig at the Corn Exchange so she spent the night with Mum and Dad rather than in a hotel with the band. I was, what, fourteen? Fifteen? I remember it clearly. There was a big row between Birdie and my mother. There was *always* a big row between Birdie and my mother. My mother doesn't really like girls, you see. She had six boys and two girls and never got on with either of them. After that Birdie didn't come home. Not once. I know my sister saw her from time to time – she would know more about that period of Birdie's life – but she passed away a long time ago.'

'Ah. Was this perhaps the sibling deathbed request that alerted your parents to Birdie's disappearance?'

'Yes. Jenny's death. We tried everything to track Birdie down, but nobody seemed to know anything. None of the band members. She'd had a boyfriend, Justin. No sign of him, and obviously this

# Prologue

June 2019

## Samuel

‘Jason Mott?’

‘Yes. Here. That’s me.’

I stare down at the young man who stands below me ankle-deep in the mud of the banks of the Thames. He has sandy hair that hangs in curtains on either side of a soft, freckled face. He’s wearing knee-high rubber boots and a khaki gilet with multiple pockets and is surrounded by a circle of gawping people. I go to him, trying to keep my shoes away from the mud.

‘Good morning,’ I say. ‘I’m DI Samuel Owusu. This is Saffron Brown from our forensics team.’ I see Jason Mott trying very hard not to look as if he is excited to be in the presence of two real-life

detectives – and failing. ‘I hear you have found something. Maybe you could explain?’

He nods, eagerly. ‘Yes. So. Like I said on the phone. I’m a mud-larking guide. Professional. And I was out here this morning with my group and this young lad here’ – he points to a boy who looks about twelve years old – ‘he was poking about and opened up this bag.’ He points at a black bin bag sitting on some shingle. ‘I mean, rule number one of mud-larking is no touching, but this was just sitting there, like someone had just dropped it there, so I guess it was OK for him to open it.’

Although I know nothing of mud-larking rules, I throw the young boy a reassuring look and he appears relieved.

‘Anyway. I don’t know, I mean, I’m no forensics expert . . .’ Jason Mott smiles nervously at Saffron and I see him flush a little. ‘But I thought that they looked like they might be, you know, human bones.’

I pick my way across the shingle to the bag and pull it open slightly. Saffron follows and peers over my shoulder. The first thing we see is a human jawbone. I turn and glance at her. She nods; then she pulls on her gloves and unfurls some plastic sheeting.

‘Right,’ I say, standing up and looking at the group gathered on the mud. ‘We will need to clear this area. I would kindly ask for your cooperation.’

For a moment nobody moves. Then Jason Mott springs into action and manages to corral everyone off the beach and back up on to the riverside where they all stand and continue to gawp. I see a few smartphones appear and I call up. ‘Please. No filming. This is a very sensitive police matter. Thank you.’

The smartphones disappear.

## Acknowledgements

Firstly, I need to thank every reader of *The Family Upstairs* who wrote to me over the past four years to say *please can you write a sequel, I need to know what happens next!* I am very much not a writer who likes to write sequels; I did it once before and I didn't enjoy it. I held firm for quite some time in my refusal to countenance the concept. But then something clicked and I realised that what I wanted more than anything was to spend another year in the head of Henry Lamb. So thank you, readers, for pushing me into doing something that I think I secretly wanted to do all along!

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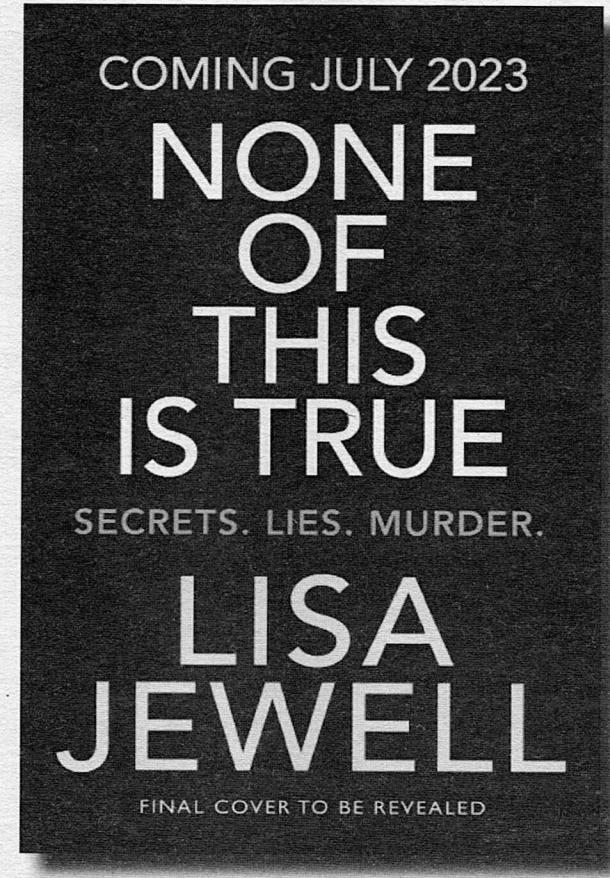
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PREPARE TO  
BE HOOKED



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