



**While  
My Pretty  
One Sleeps**

**MARY  
HIGGINS  
CLARK**

Praise for Mary Higgins Clark's  
Newest Blockbuster,  
*WHILE MY PRETTY ONE SLEEPS*

“Fans of bestselling mystery author Mary Higgins Clark are in for another thrilling, fast-paced read. . . . Clark weaves a series of fast-moving subplots into an exciting and surprising climax.”

—*Associated Press*

“Mary Higgins Clark enhances her well-deserved reputation for writing taut page-turners. *WHILE MY PRETTY ONE SLEEPS* injects murder and mystery into the world of high fashion, and the resulting tale is a rousing good one.”

—*Chattanooga Times*

“Mary Higgins Clark has done it again! . . . If you can't stand the suspense and have to know how this one turns out ahead of time, you'll have to cheat or read all the way through to the climax—you are not going to figure it out before that. *WHILE MY PRETTY ONE SLEEPS* is bound to keep you wide awake and on the edge of your seat long into the night.”

—*Rave Reviews*

“Clark specializes in crosscurrents of terror, and *WHILE MY PRETTY ONE SLEEPS*. . . offers at least three mysteries for the price of one. Not a bad desk for her fans or anyone else who might choose to spend a . . . night scared silly.”

—*New York Daily News*

A LITERARY GUILD MAIN SELECTION

“Mary Higgins Clark’s latest suspense novel begins with a bang. . . . Clark keeps the murder weapon pointing from one player to the next. . . . A nicely complicated mystery.”

—*Milwaukee Journal*

“The fashion talk is fun, and there is a rich roll call of suspicious characters. Ms. Clark renders each of these characters with the lights and shadows of reality. . . . Red herrings are in plentiful supply. . . .”

—*Atlanta Journal and Constitution*

“A high-quality, superbly written novel . . . Clark uses descriptions as an artist might use paint. . . . *WHILE MY PRETTY ONE SLEEPS* is a surprisingly superior novel.”

—*Wichita Falls Times Record News*

“Gripping . . . There are enough subplots, suspects and supporting characters to keep the story moving at a brisk pace. Miss Clark is also deft at creating atmosphere. . . . Absorbing.”

—*Commercial Appeal* (Memphis, TN)

“Cliff-hanging suspense . . . The reader would do well to be suspicious of everybody. There are subtle clues that will tip off those paying close attention to details—but you’ll have to find them for yourself!”

—*Sunday Advocate* (Baton Rouge, LA)

“Right from the start, we know who is murdered and we think we know who did it. But hold on, we won’t really know who dunnit until almost the very last page of Clark’s fine and suspenseful deserved and totally lived up to in *WHILE MY PRETTY ONE SLEEPS*.”

—*West Coast Review of Books*

“Creating an unusual milieu, and making it intrinsic to the plot, is a device that has well-served many a suspense author. It does so again, with special

effectiveness, in *WHILE MY PRETTY ONE SLEEPS*, Mary Higgins Clark's seventh and best novel."

—*Buffalo News*

"Her most exciting novel in years, and one that will no doubt delight her fans . . ."

—*Minneapolis Star Tribune*

"Richly peopled with fascinating, varied characters from many walks of life, *WHILE MY PRETTY ONE SLEEPS* has the pace, the excitement, the high-charged suspense, the romance, and the glamorous background that have made Mary Higgins Clark one of America's most popular writers."

—*Mystery News*

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WHILE MY  
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*New York London Toronto Sydney*



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FOR MY NEWEST GRANDCHILDREN,  
COURTNEY MARILYN CLARK  
AND  
DAVID FREDERICK CLARK,  
WITH CONTINUING LOVE, AMUSEMENT AND DELIGHT.

# 1 |

He drove cautiously up the Thruway toward Morrison State Park. The thirty-five-mile trip from Manhattan to Rockland County had been a nightmare. Even though it was six o'clock, there was no sense of approaching dawn. The snow that had begun during the night had steadily increased until now it was beating relentlessly against the windshield. The overhead clouds, heavy and gray, were like enormous balloons pumped to the breaking point. The forecast had been for two inches, with "precipitation tapering off after mid-night." As usual the weatherman had been wrong.

But he was near the entrance to the park, and, with the storm, there probably wouldn't be anyone hiking or jogging. He'd passed a State Trooper ten miles back, but the car had rushed past him, lights flashing, probably on the way to an accident somewhere. Certainly the cops had no reason to even think about the contents of his trunk, no reason to suspect that under a pile of luggage a plastic bag containing the body of a prominent sixty-one-year-old writer, Ethel Lambston, was wedged in a space-defying squeeze against the spare tire.

He turned off the Thruway and drove the short distance to the parking lot. As he had hoped, it was nearly empty. Only a few cars were scattered around and they were coated with snow. Some damn fools camping out, he supposed. The trick was not to bump into them.

He glanced around carefully as he left the car. No one. The snow was piling in drifts. It would cover the tracks when he left, cover any signs of where he was going to put her. With any luck, by the time she was discovered there wouldn't be much left to find.