

## Chapter 2    *Ian Ross*

‘Do you really think this is murder?’ asked Grant as they sat in Logan’s office back at the London Road Police Station.

‘I don’t know,’ answered Logan. ‘But I know this: I don’t like Mr Johnstone and I don’t believe Mrs MacLennan. She hasn’t told us everything about her and her husband.’

Grant drank his coffee and Logan looked out of the window. Logan spoke again: ‘We won’t hear from the scientists until later today. Before then I want you to find out about Mr Johnstone. What’s his problem? Why is he so unfriendly?’

‘Right, madam,’ agreed Grant.

‘I’ll meet you back here at three o’clock. I’m going to talk to Ian Ross about the restaurant. Perhaps I’ll get a free lunch.’

‘Police officers never get a free lunch, madam.’

Logan left the police station and drove back to her flat to shower, put on some clean clothes and have something to eat.

Logan lived in Leith, in the north of Edinburgh, by the sea. Many years ago Leith was busy. Lots of boats came in and out every day. These days there were few boats and many of the old buildings were now flats for the young people of Edinburgh. Logan was only twenty-eight but she did not feel young this morning. When she thought about murder, she always felt old.

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As Logan drove along Princes Street, there was a loud noise. It came from Edinburgh Castle, Logan's favourite building in the city. The noise was the sound of the one o'clock gun on the castle walls. Every day at one o'clock you can hear the gun. Logan turned right at the end of Princes Street and drove up to Charlotte Square. The restaurant was on the west side of the square. It was called Charlotte's. Logan left her car and went in.

It was busy inside. A waiter walked up to Logan.

'Can I help you, madam?' he asked.

'I'd like to see Ian Ross, please.'

'He doesn't see anyone when the restaurant's open, I'm afraid, madam.'

'I'm Inspector Logan, Edinburgh Police.'

'Ah!' he said. 'Right. Will you follow me, please?'

The man showed Logan into a small office at the back of the restaurant and left her there. A few moments later another man came in. The man was tall with very short blond hair and a small blond moustache. He was in his early thirties and looked strong.

'Inspector. This is terrible news about Alex. Terrible news. He was a wonderful man. A real friend. Now then, how can I help you?'

Logan looked at him.

'Mr Ross?' she asked. Logan took out her ID card and showed it to the man.

'Yes, yes. Sorry. Didn't I say? Ian Ross. Pleased to meet you.' Ross smiled at her.

'Mr Ross, we're not sure how Mr MacLennan died at the moment.'



‘Yes. Alice told me. We spoke on the phone this morning,’ said Ross.

‘I’m just asking a few questions so I can find out a little more about him,’ said Logan.

‘Of course. Please ask anything you like.’

‘Well, when did you first meet Mr MacLennan?’ asked Logan.

‘Oh years ago,’ answered Ross. ‘We went to school together when we were young. Then he went to Switzerland and travelled all over the world.’

‘And what about you?’ she asked.

‘I stayed here until I was sixteen. Then I joined the army, became a soldier, and travelled the world too,’ said Ross.

‘Did you see each other often?’ asked Logan.

‘No. Not often,’ he said. ‘But if we were both in Edinburgh at the same time we always got together.’

‘When did you start this place?’

‘About five years ago,’ said Ross. ‘I left the army and came back here. I didn’t have a job. Alex was back from the States. We spent a lot of time together and decided to start Charlotte’s. He had the money and the famous friends. I did the work!’ Ross laughed, but Logan saw that his eyes were not smiling.

‘Is the restaurant making money?’ asked Logan.

‘Yes. As you can see, we’re very busy. We’re always very busy. The restaurant is doing very well.’

‘You must earn a lot then. Did you each take half of the money or . . . ?’

‘No. If you must know, Alex paid me. I’m the manager. But I don’t see how this is important.’

‘I don’t know if it is important, Mr Ross. Tell me, were you here last night?’

‘Yes, Inspector. Until about eleven. Then I went home. I usually stay later but yesterday I was tired. I went home and went to bed early.’

‘Do you live by yourself, Mr Ross?’

‘Yes.’

‘So,’ Logan thought to herself, ‘no-one knows if you were at home or not.’ She spoke again.

‘How well do you know Alice MacLennan?’

‘Now wait a minute, Inspector. If you think Alice and I . . .’ He stopped.

Logan looked at Ross.

‘I don’t think anything, Mr Ross. Like I said, I just ask questions.’