

## Chapter 8    *The last pieces*



When they got outside, Logan and Grant walked round to Alice MacLennan's house in Polwarth Gardens.

Alice MacLennan opened the door.

'Well?' she asked in a quiet and rather sad voice.

'It was Ian Ross,' said Logan. 'Some officers are taking him to the London Road Police Station right now.'

Alice MacLennan put her hand up to her mouth.

'Oh no! Ian,' she said. 'How terrible! Are you sure?'

'Yes. He's told us everything. Well, almost everything.'

Alice MacLennan looked at Logan strangely. 'Almost everything? What do you mean, Inspector?' she asked.

'Well, there's one thing he didn't tell us. He didn't tell us how long you and he were lovers. I was hoping you could tell us that.'

'Come in, Inspector,' said Alice MacLennan. 'Let's talk inside. It's warmer.'

They went into Alice MacLennan's living room and sat down.

'What I told you before was true. Alex and I were happily married until he started the restaurant,' began Alice MacLennan. 'I told you we had some problems then but . . . I couldn't tell you . . .' Alice MacLennan began to cry quietly.

'Go on,' said Logan softly.

'It started about eighteen months ago. Alex was spending all his time at the restaurant. I knew Ian was interested in me so I asked him round here one day when Alex was away.'

'And you became lovers,' said Logan.

'Yes. We were lovers for about a year.'

'Did your husband find out?'

'I don't know. I don't think so. At that time, Alex and I didn't talk very much. So I don't think he knew.'

'When did you and Ross stop seeing each other?' asked Logan.

'About six months ago,' said Alice MacLennan. 'I didn't want to spend any more time with Ian. And Alex was trying to make me happy again.'

'How did Ross feel about this?'

Alice MacLennan started to cry again.

Logan put her hand on Alice MacLennan's arm.

‘Ian was terribly angry when I said we had to stop seeing each other,’ said Alice MacLennan. She stopped and looked out of the window. Then she went on: ‘I often asked myself why Ian and I were together. Did he really love me? Or did he love me because I was Alex’s wife? When I left him, he said some terrible things.’

‘He said he wanted you because you were Alex’s?’ asked Logan.

‘Yes,’ said Alice MacLennan quietly. ‘I don’t know if it was true. Perhaps he was just so angry that he said the first thing that came into his head. Perhaps it was half-true.’ She stopped for a moment and then she asked: ‘You don’t think he killed Alex because I left him, do you?’

‘No, I don’t think so,’ said Logan. ‘Mainly I think he was angry that your husband was making so much money now. He asked for more money and your husband said no. I think the money was the most important thing for him.’

‘I hope so, Inspector,’ said Alice MacLennan. ‘I really hope you’re right.’

\* \* \*

The next morning Grant and Logan sat in Logan’s office. They were drinking coffee and talking about Ian Ross.

‘Tell me, madam,’ said Grant, ‘how did you know it was Ross before you took off his hat?’

‘It was a choice between Ross and Johnstone, but I always thought it was Ross,’ said Logan. ‘He was the only person who could climb up the wall. He was in the SAS. Climbing the wall was easy for him.’

‘And what about Donald Johnstone?’ asked Grant.

‘Well, we had to see if it was him too,’ said Logan. ‘Just to be sure. But I never thought it was.’

Grant smiled.

‘And how did you know that Ross and Alice MacLennan were lovers?’

‘I only learnt that yesterday evening,’ said Logan, ‘from something that Ross said. He said he knew what MacLennan usually did at home in the evening. How did he know? I’m sure MacLennan didn’t tell him what time he had a bath. And then I thought: “Perhaps Ross and Alice MacLennan were lovers. Perhaps they talked about Alex when they were together. Perhaps she told him.” And I was right.’

Logan put her coffee cup down and looked at Grant.

‘Anyway, you did very well last night, Sergeant,’ she said. ‘Where did you learn to take knives away from soldiers?’

‘I’ve been in the police a long time, madam,’ said Grant smiling. ‘I’ve taken away one or two knives from people on Saturday nights.’

\* \* \*

After Grant left, Logan made a phone call.

‘Newsroom. Tam MacDonald speaking,’ a voice said.

‘Tam!’ said Logan. ‘It’s Jenny Logan. You can buy me a drink this evening.’

‘I’d love to, Jenny, my dear,’ said Tam, ‘but why?’

‘Because you think I’m wonderful, and because I’m going to tell you who killed Alex MacLennan.’

‘Tell me who killed Alex MacLennan, and I’ll buy you dinner,’ said Tam. ‘And then I’ll take you dancing at the best nightclub in town.’

Jenny laughed.

‘I can think of better things to do than go dancing,’ she said. ‘Just meet me at Deacon Brodie’s at seven o’clock.’ And she smiled as she put the phone down.