

Chapter 8 *A restaurant, a fight*

That evening some of us went to a restaurant near the Ramblas. Simon didn't come with us.

'I have to see some people. I'll come back to the hotel later,' he told me. I was sitting next to Martin. I like Martin. He's been in the orchestra for about six years.

Adriana was at the other side of the table. Sometimes she smiled at me and I smiled back. But all the time I was thinking, 'Was that Simon in her room? Is she trying to be my friend and Simon's lover at the same time?' He wasn't in his room last night. Somebody was in hers.

'Oh no,' I thought. 'Why is life so difficult?'

We finished our supper and paid the bill. Then we walked back up the Ramblas.

Adriana came up to me. 'Are you OK?' she said. We were walking past a café.

'Now, now,' I thought. 'Now is a good time for the question – the question I want to ask her.'

But at that moment we heard English voices. We turned round. Candida Ashley-Morton was sitting at one of the tables. Marilyn Whittle, the harp player, was standing up. She was shouting at Candida. People were watching them.

'Was it you?' she was shouting. 'Did you push him out of the window?'

'No, of course, I didn't,' Candida said quietly. 'Don't be stupid.'

'I think you did,' the harp player said. 'You killed him. Because he didn't love you.'

'What are you talking about?' Candida's face was white.

'You loved him, didn't you?' Marilyn said. Her face was all red.

Candida looked at the ground. She didn't say anything.

'Didn't you?' screamed Marilyn. 'You were in love with him!'

'All right. It's true,' Candida said. 'Frank and I were lovers. There, are you happy?'

'That's why you killed him!' Marilyn shouted.

'What are you talking about?' Candida said again. Her voice sounded tired.

'You killed him because he didn't love you anymore,' Marilyn told her.

'Please stop. Everyone's listening.'

'Everybody's listening?' she said. 'So what? Let them listen. I'll tell them a story. About a man called Frank Shepherd. I loved him too, you know.'

'Yes,' Candida said quietly. 'He told me.'

'That's not true!' the harp player shouted back. 'He didn't tell you. He didn't love you. He loved me. More than you. He loved me.'

'Stop it, Marilyn,' Candida said. 'Go back to the hotel. Go back to your room. You need some sleep.'

'Sleep? I can't sleep. Frank's dead. How can I sleep? With a killer in the next room.'

'Now listen, Marilyn, you must stop this.'

'I won't stop it. You're a killer, a killer, a dirty killer. You pushed him out of that window because he loved me.'

Me. He loved me.' Marilyn was shouting louder and louder. She had a terrible look in her eyes. Everybody on the street stopped to watch. I didn't know what to do.

Adriana walked over to the harp player. 'Stop it!' she said to her. 'Stop it!' And she hit Marilyn hard in the face.



Marilyn opened her mouth to say something. Then she closed it and ran out of the café.

‘Go after her, Martin,’ Adriana said, and Martin followed the unhappy harp player into the night.

‘I’m sorry about that,’ Candida said, ‘I’m sorry. It’s not true, of course. Really. It’s not true.’ She was crying now.

‘Let’s talk about it tomorrow,’ Adriana said. She put her arm around Candida and we walked away, up the Ramblas, towards our hotel.

I spent that night with Simon. He arrived an hour after we did. He was nice to me. He got into bed next to me, and kissed my eyes. He talked of love and I wanted to believe him. He had a bottle of champagne with him.

But I wasn’t happy. I loved Simon, but I didn’t feel good about it. He was strange towards me. Sometimes he said things and did things which I didn’t understand. But he tried to love me, I think. He tried to love me that night, perhaps because he knew something that I didn’t know. He knew that it was our last night together.

When I woke up he was gone.