

Chapter 2 *What did Tommy see?*

At nine-thirty on Tuesday morning, Logan was in her office at the London Road police station. The door opened and Sergeant Grant came in. A young boy and a woman came into the room behind him. The boy was about ten years old with red hair and blue eyes. The woman was about nineteen or twenty years old, too young to be the boy's mother. She had long black hair and all her clothes were black.

'This is Tommy Burns,' said Grant, putting his hand on the young boy's back, 'and his sister, Lizzie.' He turned to Tommy. 'This is Inspector Logan.' Then he looked at Logan again and said, 'Tommy's got something to tell you.'

'Go on, Tommy,' said Lizzie from behind Sergeant Grant. 'Tell the inspector. Tell her what you saw.'

Logan stood up and came out from behind her desk.

'Miss Burns,' she said to Lizzie, 'please sit down.' She turned to Tommy 'You too, Tommy.' Then Logan sat on the front of her desk and looked at them. Lizzie opened her mouth to speak but Logan put up a hand and stopped her.

'Miss Burns,' she said, 'your brother has something to tell me. I'd like to hear it from him.' Lizzie closed her mouth.

'I saw her,' said Tommy.

'Saw who?' asked Logan.



‘The woman in the paper. That woman,’ said Tommy, looking at Logan’s desk. On Logan’s desk was the morning paper with a photograph of Margaret Kerr on the front.

‘OK, Tommy,’ began Logan, ‘when did you see her?’

‘On Sunday afternoon. About one o’clock.’

‘Where was this?’ asked Logan.

‘On Princes Street,’ replied Tommy. Princes Street is Edinburgh’s big shopping street.

‘Are you sure about the day and the time?’ asked Logan.

‘Of course,’ said Tommy. ‘I always meet my friends in the Princes Street Gardens on Sunday mornings, and we go back home for lunch about one o’clock.’

Logan said nothing. She just waited. Tommy spoke again. ‘Anyway, I went into a shop to buy a drink and that woman pushed into me. And she didn’t say sorry. That’s why I know it was her.’ Tommy looked at the photo again.



‘So you had a good look at her?’ asked Logan.

‘Yes, I did,’ said Tommy. ‘She didn’t say sorry. I was angry with her.’

Logan smiled. ‘I can understand that,’ she said. ‘So tell me about her. What did she have on? Did she have a coat on? Or a hat?’

Tommy closed his eyes and thought for a minute or two. Then he spoke: ‘She had a red coat on. A kind of dark red. No hat. She was wearing a black skirt and black shoes.’ He stopped for a minute and then said, ‘And a white pullover under her coat. I could just see that.’

‘Are you sure about all that?’ asked Logan.

Tommy looked at Logan. ‘I didn’t have my eyes closed,’ he said.

Logan smiled again. ‘Anything else? Think about it.’

‘No,’ said Tommy.

Logan sat back and looked out of the window and thought for a minute. She looked at Tommy again.

‘Was the woman happy?’ she asked. ‘Or sad?’

‘I don’t know,’ Tommy replied.

‘What did she do?’ Logan asked.

‘She got into a car. And they drove away.’

‘They?’ asked Logan.

‘She wasn’t the driver,’ said Tommy. ‘There was a man in the car too. He was the driver.’

‘What about him?’ asked Logan. ‘Did you see him?’

‘No. The car was too far away.’ Tommy didn’t have answers to all their questions. He began to look sad.

‘What about the car?’ asked Grant.

‘I don’t know,’ said Tommy. He looked down. ‘I’m sorry. I don’t know anything about cars. It was blue. That’s all I know.’ He looked at his shoes and did not look up.

‘It’s OK, Tommy,’ said Logan, putting a hand on his arm. ‘Thank you for coming and talking to us.’

Tommy looked up at Logan and smiled.

Tommy and Lizzie Burns left the room and the phone rang. Logan answered it.

‘Inspector Logan,’ she said. She listened for a minute and said only ‘OK’ and ‘Right’. Then she said, ‘Do you want to come here? . . . OK, see you in half an hour.’ She put the phone down and looked at Grant.

‘That was Sergeant McCoist from the North Berwick police. They found Margaret Kerr this morning,’ she said. ‘She’s dead.’