

Chapter 3 *A name on Margaret Kerr's phone*

Half an hour later Sergeant McCoist sat in Logan's office with Logan and Sergeant Grant.

'We found the body at Tantallon Castle,' said Sergeant McCoist.

Tantallon Castle is an old castle by the sea about forty kilometres east of Edinburgh, near the town of North Berwick.

'How did she die?' asked Logan.

'Someone hit her on the head,' said McCoist.

'What did they hit her with?' asked Logan.

'We don't know,' said McCoist. 'We've got twenty-five officers looking round the castle now.'



Logan said nothing.

'We found her bag,' McCoist said, 'so we knew who she was. And her photograph was in this morning's paper, so I called you.'

'Thank you,' said Logan.

'There was nothing very interesting in her bag,' said McCoist. 'Some letters from her family, money, credit cards. But this is hers,' he put his hand in his jacket 'and maybe there's something here.' He took out a mobile phone and put it on the desk in front of Logan. Logan took the phone and looked at it. Then she looked at McCoist.

'Did she have a red coat on?'

'Yes,' said McCoist.

'And a brooch on the coat?' asked Logan.

'Pardon?' said McCoist. He didn't understand.

'A brooch,' said Logan again. 'Was there a brooch on the coat?'

'No,' said McCoist. 'Why?'

'Well, she had one on when she left home on Sunday,'



said Logan. 'Anyway, thank you for the phone. Maybe you're right. Maybe there's something here.'

McCoist left and Logan played with the phone for a minute. 'That's interesting,' she said. 'Her last call was to an Andrew Buchan. I'd like to know who he is.' She looked at Grant. 'We need to talk to Robert Kerr . . . to tell him that his wife is dead.' She gave Grant the phone. 'Ask someone to find out who this Andrew Buchan is, and where he lives. Then meet me at my car.'

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Logan and Grant stood at the front door of Robert Kerr's flat on Royal Terrace. It was twelve o'clock.

Kerr answered the door. He wore a light blue pullover and brown trousers.

'Could we come in for a minute, sir?' asked Logan. Kerr stood back and Logan and Grant walked in.

The living room was big but warm with lots of red and brown colours. There was a table with a telephone on it. Next to the telephone there were business cards from restaurants, a hotel, taxi companies and a card from a car rental company. Kerr and Logan sat down. Grant stood by the door and watched.

'My wife?' asked Kerr.

'I'm sorry,' said Logan.

Kerr's eyes opened wide.

'I'm sorry,' said Logan again. 'We found her body this morning at Tantallon Castle.'

'How . . .?' began Kerr, but he stopped. Then he began again. 'How did she . . .?'

'Someone killed her,' said Logan.

'Oh no!' said Kerr. His hands went up to his face. Logan watched him.



'Mr Kerr,' she said, 'I know this is a bad time, but I do have some questions.'

Kerr put his hands down. 'Please, Inspector, ask your questions. Any questions.'

'Do you know someone called Andrew Buchan?' asked Logan.

There was no noise in the room at all. Kerr looked at Logan, then at Grant, then back to Logan.

'Yes, Inspector,' he said. 'I know Andrew Buchan. Well, I know who he is, but I don't know him very well. He's a doctor, I think. He lives just down the road.'

‘On Royal Terrace?’ asked Logan.

‘Yes.’

‘What number?’

‘I don’t know,’ replied Kerr. ‘Down to the left. A red front door. I don’t know the number. But why are you asking about him?’

‘We think that maybe he can help us,’ said Logan. She didn’t want to talk to Kerr about Andrew Buchan now. ‘Do you have a car?’ she asked.

‘No,’ said Kerr.

‘But you can drive?’ asked Grant from near the door.

‘Yes, I can drive,’ said Kerr, ‘but I don’t have a car.’

Just then Logan’s phone rang. She answered it and said ‘Yes’, ‘Thirty-six’, ‘OK’ and ‘Thank you’, then put the phone back in her bag.

She looked at Kerr. ‘Andrew Buchan lives at number thirty-six,’ she said. ‘And we need to speak to him. Once again I’m very sorry about your wife, and thank you for your time.’