

Chapter 6 *Logan finds the killer*

‘Why am I here?’ asked Kerr. ‘I answered all your questions.’

‘Yes, you did,’ said Logan. ‘But I’m not happy about one or two things.’

Kerr said nothing. He just looked at Logan. Logan and Grant looked back at him. The room was quiet.

Then Logan spoke: ‘Andrew Buchan was your wife’s lover,’ she said.

‘What?’ said Kerr. ‘Margaret! A lover?’

Logan stood up and began to walk round the room.



‘Yes,’ she said. ‘Now think about this. Buchan loves your wife and he wants her to leave you. But she doesn’t want to. He’s angry. He doesn’t want to live without her, but he

can't have her. He doesn't want you to have her. He takes her out to Tantallon Castle and kills her. He leaves her body there. But there's a brooch on her coat. He gave her that brooch and on the back it says, "To M with love from Andrew". To Margaret from Andrew. Andrew Buchan, of course. So he takes the brooch. He doesn't want anyone to know about the two of them. And he puts the brooch in a rubbish bag in front of his house. Sadly for him, the police find it and, of course, the killer.'

'That brooch . . .' began Kerr. 'And Andrew Buchan . . . the killer? He killed my wife?'

'No,' said Logan.

'What?' asked Kerr.

Grant looked at Logan too. He didn't understand.

'Think again, Mr Kerr,' said Logan. 'Think again. A man wants to kill someone. He takes her out to Tantallon Castle and kills her. The dead woman has a brooch. A brooch with the man's name on it. Does he leave the brooch there or bring it back?'

'Well . . .' Kerr didn't know what to say.

'He brings it back,' said Logan, 'because he doesn't want anyone to see it. And where does he put it? In a bag in front of his house? Somewhere easy to find?' Logan stopped walking round the room and looked at Kerr.

'No,' she said. 'He doesn't put it there. That's stupid. And Dr Buchan is not stupid. He didn't put it in the bag in front of his house.'

'But . . .' Kerr tried to speak.

'I was never happy about the brooch.' Logan started walking again. 'A young boy saw your wife on Sunday afternoon in Princes Street, Mr Kerr. That boy got a very

good look at her and he told us what clothes your wife had on. He remembered everything very well. But he didn't talk about the brooch. I thought a lot about that. Then I thought of this: how did you know your wife had the brooch on? You didn't see her leave the house on Sunday afternoon. You told us you were out.'

Kerr started to speak. 'But that's –'

Logan put up a hand.

'You're going to be sorry you told us about the brooch,' she said.

Kerr said nothing.

'So why did you want us to think your wife had the brooch on?' Logan said. 'And how did Andrew Buchan get the brooch and put it in his rubbish?' Logan sat down in front of Kerr.



'Do you want to know?' asked Logan. 'It's clever. He didn't put it there. You did.' Logan's face was centimetres away from Kerr's. 'You knew about your wife and Buchan.

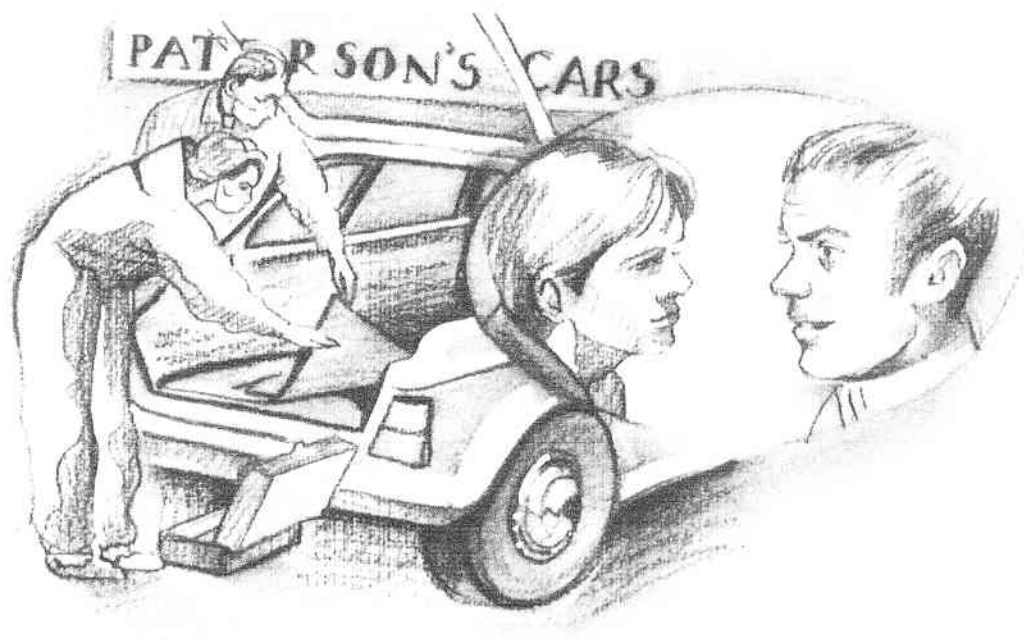
You drove your wife to Tantallon Castle and killed her. You drove back and you waited. You wanted us to think Buchan was the killer. So you got your wife's brooch and put it in his rubbish. Very clever.'

Grant looked at Logan with wide eyes. Logan sat back in her chair.

'You wanted us to think that Buchan killed your wife and took the brooch because it had his name on it. But we questioned Andrew Buchan. He told us that your wife was his lover. He was happy to tell us. So, why did he take the brooch? Because he didn't want us to know about him and your wife? No. He told us everything.'

'This is stupid,' said Kerr. 'Anyway, I don't have a car.' There was a thin smile on his face.

Logan sat back. 'Ten minutes ago,' she said, 'I spoke to a nice young woman at Paterson's Cars on Leith Walk.' She looked at her watch. 'Our scientists are over there now. They're looking at a car. A blue car. The car they rented to



you on Sunday. They're going to find something, aren't they? One of Margaret's hairs, maybe? Maybe something from her coat?

Kerr's face went white but he looked into Logan's eyes.

'Yes,' he said. 'You're right. I killed her. We were never happy. She slept with lots of men. Andrew Buchan was one of many. I didn't want to live with her any more. I hated her. I hated living with her. I wanted her dead. I killed her. And I'm happy about it.'

He sat back from the table and looked from Logan to Grant and back.

'Take him away, Sergeant,' said Logan.

'Yes, madam,' said Grant.

'Madam?' thought Logan. And she smiled.