

Devine Intervention

By

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Chapter One

I felt the cold iron bars on my face as the tears ran down my face. I had run as far as I could away from the class bully. I pressed my head against the school perimeter railing and watched the blurred images of people passing by. I was surrounded by other pupils who sang: "Tubby flubby you're just a big cry baby!"

Suddenly, one of the blurred images outside the school stopped, and said: "Listen son, I've seen you getting bullied before. Why don't you go and stand up to him, he's smaller than you."

I blinked to clear the tears from my eyes and found I was looking at an old man who stared at me with understanding written across a wrinkled face. The intensity of his stare seemed to reach down into my subconscious and pull something up.

I pushed the bars away and turned around to face Gary Tosh, who was indeed smaller than me. I glared around at the circling pupils, which made them stop chanting. Then I strode toward Tosh with a new found bravado, but I didn't know what I was going to do. I stared into his eyes and for a moment saw primal fear then I screamed as pain I had never felt before ran through my stomach: the bully had swiftly kicked me in the balls.

The chanting started again as I fell to the ground in a mass of tears and Tosh towered over me with an evil grin painted on his face. "Help me...anybody," I pleaded. I looked over to the perimeter railing, but there was no one there. Suddenly a hand was thrust out to me and a voice said: "Give me your hand, and I will save you."

My mobile ring tone brought me out of the reverie. I looked at my gloved hands covered in blood and below them the pleading face of Gary Tosh with the ducting tape I had stuck over his mouth. I wiped my hands and answered the mobile. "Yeah, Devine."

"Sir, it's DS White here, we've got some news on the Dewar case."

I gazed in horror as blood dripped off the end of the phone, "Okay, I'll see you at the station."

All through the meeting at Tayside Police Headquarters in Dundee I listened to Derek White and Susan Moran talk about the new evidence they had found about some case, but my mind was watching Tosh make muffled pleas for his life after I had punched his useless body, where I had bound the wrists and ankles.

"What have I done to deserve this!" screamed the pathetic drug user through the tape.

He didn't remember me! This made me angry, and I raised him up and punched him across the room. I then crouched down where he lay and looked into his drugged eyes and said: "Think playgrounds Gary, think a fat kid, think a kick in the balls."

As I watched his eyes register something, I thought: am I locked in an endless karmic dance with this sad soul. Was this what both of us were born for?

"Sir?" Moran asked.

I regained the present, and said: "Yes, that's fine, go ahead."

I climbed the tenement stairs in Arbroath which I had climbed hours before and pulled on a pair of shoe protectors then ducked under the police tape across the open door frame after announcing myself as DCI Devine and showing my warrant card to the young, local copper standing outside the apartment.

"Ah, sir," said Derek White as he approached me.

"Jeez! What's this Derek?" I asked looking in disbelief at the dead body of Gary Tosh.

There was a large pool of dark- red blood, which was seeping into the carpet under a long slash across the side of his neck.

"The victim's name is Gary Tosh – a known drug user."

"Wasn't drugs that did this," I said as I gently moved the head, looking at the slash. I then stood up and watched the people in white suits dust and analyse.

I looked at the television in the corner of the room as it hissed with static. *Someone must have slipped in here after I left*, I thought.

A green protective suit entered the room and nodded to me.

"James," I said, acknowledging Doctor Cochrane the Pathologist, "another druggie," I continued.

“Yes well, this one came into contact with a rather large knife!”

I walked over to the window and stared down at the flashing lights on the police vans. He had put up no resistance as I raised him off the sofa. The bully I feared when I was a kid had no great body strength due to a life of self-abuse. I had exacted my revenge and left him beaten but alive. He would never have been able to identify me. Could it have been another druggie that entered and slashed his throat? I asked myself.

“Time of death? I reckon about three AM.” Cochrane said.

“Okay, thanks James.”

I walked over to where DS White was crouched beside the body. “What do you reckon Derek?”

He stood up and sighed. “Could be a drug dealer sir, but I’ve never seen this before,” he said pointing at the rope binding the limbs.

“There’s some nasty buggers goin’ around. We’ve seen some bad things where these dealers are after their money. Who found the body?”

“A neighbour wondered why the front door was open.”

“Okay Derek, start shaking up the area and round up the local dealers. Get Susan down from Dundee to give you a hand.

I drove past where the primary school I went to used to be – now a supermarket car park ironically next to Arbroath Police Station. The streets were becoming slick with a drizzle which had drifted in off the North Sea. I decided to head back to Dundee as Metallica’s Enter Sandman filled the car. I had a problem.

Chapter Two

My mobile rang as I was reading and listening to Classic FM. I looked at the time - it was one AM.

“Sir, its Derek here. There’s been a body found in Arbroath.”

“What? Another one!”

“This one’s swinging from a crossbar between goalposts in Victoria Park.”

“Yes, I know Victoria Park. I’m on my way.

As I sped down the dual carriageway between Dundee and Arbroath I thought: *God! What have I started?* I gazed at the red tail lights in front and thought of earlier that night: The figure of a man leaving the Arbroath Boys Club and walking toward my car. I reached into the glove department and grabbing a pair of gloves I pulled them on. I then leaned over and opened the passenger door as Jimmy Forbes looked in.

“Can I help you mate?” he asked.

I showed him my warrant card as I said: “Detective Chief Inspector Devine. I’d like a word with James Forbes.”

“What can I do for you?” He asked with a sigh.

“Get in.”

He looked around and sighed again then slid into the passenger’s seat, while I remembered the bastard threatening me as a young footballer that he was going to head-butt me if I tackled him.

“There’ve been reports of someone who fits your description following children around here.”

“Oh come on I’m clean, I haven’t done anything like that for years!”

I parked my car behind the Command Unit which sat at the edge of the grass. I pulled on shoe covers and walked across the wet turf toward a group of dark figures as the pale, autumnal moon hung in the sky. Torch beams were searching the darkness. Some white suits had their beams pinned on something hanging from the goalposts. I made out the familiar shape of Derek White and walked toward him.

“Derek. What’s this now? Not druggies this time. Disgruntled football managers perhaps!”

“Sir! Yeah, Arbroath’s becoming Midsomer I reckon!”

Derek and I often softened the discovery of such atrocities with a little humour – it was our way of dealing with the job. The other officers and scientists usually just shook their heads and either laughed or frowned.

As I gazed at the lifeless face of Forbes with his tongue hanging out of his twisted mouth my mind was doing somersaults. *How the hell could this have happened? I just beat him up and left him where he threatened me all these years ago: near the 18 yard box on the first pitch in Victoria Park.*

“He’s James Forbes and lives at 42 Seaton Road. A man walking his dog found him. The Pathologist has just arrived. We’ll get more information when they take him down.”

I turned and looked at the dark outline of Whiting Ness, the rock mass that ended the park and started the sandstone cliffs on their northward journey. I inhaled the sea air and wondered what exactly was going on. I wanted retribution, but not death for these guys! This was no murderous drug dealer.

On the way back home I wondered if I should carry on with my pre-retiral revenge spree as David Bowie’s ‘Aladdin Sane’ nursed my ear drums. Somebody was watching me. Whoever it was had the killer instinct and considerable strength. Stringing up that body would take some doing unless there was more than one.

I parked my BMW on the drive outside my bungalow and then entered the darkened, empty house. My wife, June, died a year ago, and now my leisure time was filled with thoughts of the past.

My mobile rang as I searched the fridge for a beer.

“Yeah, Devine”

“Sir its Derek. It seems as if Forbes was beaten and then hung.

“Okay, thanks Derek. Keep me informed.”

I pulled the ring on a can of export and sat down in the lounge and switched on the television then took a long slug from the can. I watched the screen but my mind was back outside the Boys Club.

"I'll give you a lift home Jim," I said as I turned on the ignition.

"It's okay, I'll walk"

"No, I insist," I said as the car sped off.

I drove out the darkened road that led along the deserted Victoria Park to the cliffs.

"Okay stop the car, I want out!" Forbes shouted.

"All right Jim," I said as I pulled into the side next to the sea.

I placed my hand on his seat belt before he released it and tightened it around his neck.

"Okay Jim do you remember playing here against the Boys Club in the seventies?"

"What? You're crazy!"

I punched him in the face. "Crazy! Come on, don't you remember threatening young players?"

He struggled and tried to release the seat belt catch. "I'll report you to somebody!"

I pulled the belt tighter. "Who are you going to report me to Jim?"

He tried to punch me, but I caught his fist and bent his wrist.

The house phone rang as I watched some late night game show.

"Dad, I'm sorry to phone so late, but I knew you'd still be awake." Rachel, my daughter, said.

"Hey Baby! What's up?"

"I can't stop thinking about mum, and I just wanted to see if you were okay."

"Yeah I know. I'm okay I still drink myself to sleep, but I'm okay."

"I remember the stories you used to read to me at night when I couldn't sleep."

"You're not wanting me to dig out your old books are you?"

"No, I just wanted to hear your voice."

"Anytime baby. How are Dave and Jamie?"

"They're fine."

"Okay, off to sleep with you."

"Right, good night dad."

"Night Rach."

My mind flashed back to the car and Forbes. "You're not going to tell anybody about this, because if you do I'll put you inside for messing about with kids. D'you understand me you fucker!"

I released his fist and he just stared at me through the darkness. I then grabbed him by the lapels of his jacket and pulled him round to face me. "You bullies have no idea what you do to a young mind. A lifetime of shame; thinking all the time that you're weak for just taking it, afraid to tell anyone in case they laugh, or worse, the bully finds out that you've told someone."

"Oh come on!"

I couldn't look at the bastard so I stared through the windscreen: stared into the mocking blackness. I then turned back and punched Forbes and then thumped his head off the glove department. He recoiled and then slumped forward and his head hung loosely over the seat belt. I then got out and walked around to the passenger's door and opened it then released the seat belt catch. Forbes lunged forward and his head hit the glove department. I pulled the bastard out and closed the door with my foot. I dragged him across the grass and left him unconscious on the football pitch.

Chapter Three

The Whitehall Theatre lies in what I suppose you would call Dundee University land, not on the campus, but on the fringe in an area of old factory buildings and new concrete factory units.

I parked my car in the car park at the rear of the building. "Well, here we are," I said with no great enthusiasm.

"Oh come on you old grump," said Lesley, an acquaintance I had met when on a case involving an advertising company where she was a designer.

We were there to see John the Mystic a celebrated medium. Something Lesley liked and I despised due to a psychic wasting enormous amounts of time on a case where a child was missing after a murder.

We sat in the dark at the back of the lower level and watched the guy supposedly channel spirits and then give guidance to living relatives. Then, after pausing for a drink of water, he announced that there was a spirit of a well-built man, which had appeared in front of him – a man who had died of a heart attack. He then left the stage and ran up the side aisle toward us and I felt my heart rate increase.

"Oh no," I whispered to Lesley as the medium stood in front of us.

"The spirit wants to talk to you sir," said the man shaking my hand.

I was handed a microphone as the guy ran back to the stage.

"What's coming through is of fire and metal and a terrible thirst," the medium announced. I thought of my father who had worked in a foundry in Arbroath. I didn't like to admit it, but my old man died of a heart attack.

"The name John's coming through and Margaret."

I was beginning to feel uncomfortable as these were my parents' names. Lesley took my hand and I felt better.

"The sea figures large here as I can see a harbour and boats - also cliffs. Does this mean anything to you?"

Arbroath, I thought; so I answered: "Yes."

The medium wiped the sweat from his brow and continued. "You must stop what you're doing son – these people were young when they did what they did. There's a bad one pushing you..."

He then sat down and asked the audience to give him a moment. Then, after a while he stood up and in a wavering voice said: "If the man would like a personal sitting after the show I have more information."

Then the curtains closed and the lights came up. Lesley looked at me and said: "Wow you must be glad we came now?"

"Let's go and get a cup of tea," I said rising out of my seat.

"Are you going to have a personal with him then?" Lesley asked as I handed her a polystyrene cup filled with milky tea.

"I don't know. I have to admit the details he gave seem to point toward my late father." I said as I wondered about how to get out of having to explain about what I was doing to people that I had to stop. The bell rang, and with relief I drank up and said: "Okay Lesley, let's get back."

After the show Lesley and I waited in the foyer where some tables surrounded by chairs had been set out. Another ten people were awaiting the appearance of John the Mystic. He finally showed up with a towel around his shoulders and a plastic water bottle and pointed to me.

"You first sir."

Lesley and I sat down at a table and he said "I don't wish to offend, but the information is for you only sir."

I looked at Lesley and said "You don't mind do you?" I asked with some relief.

"Of course not," she said rising up.

I took her hand and whispered "I'll tell you about it later."

“Okay, I’ll be straight with you sir,” said John the Mystic when we sat facing one another out of earshot of the others,

“Right you are,” I said warily.

“That was one of the strongest spirit channels I have felt. The spirit that wanted to talk to you wanted to give you a warning to, as I said on stage, stop whatever it is you are doing. I would strongly urge you to do what is asked. Apparently someone or something in the spirit world has a grievance toward you.

“Who could this be and can I be harmed.”

“There are many malevolent spirits my friend. You can be attacked, but I have now put a protective shield around you, but the best thing to do is heed what you’ve been told.

I dropped Lesley off and drove home with my mind in over-drive. I parked the car and entered the dark house and immediately switched on the lights. There was an envelope on the mat, which I thought was strange at that time of night. I picked it up apprehensively and walked into the lounge and sat in my swivel seat and switched the television on. The late news filled the screen as I opened the letter with a manically beating heart. It was from Rachel saying that she had called round and would call back again tomorrow. I sank back into my chair and laughed with relief.

The wind whipped around me as I clung onto the cliff. I looked down and watched as waves crashed into the rocks at the foot of the cliffs and receded in a white froth. My feet were starting to slip from the ledge they were pushing down on. I felt panic rise in my stomach and spread up to my head.

“Give me your hand,” said a voice from above. I looked up and saw a figure with wings silhouetted in the large moon. I loosened my grip, and a scream erupted in my mind: “For Christ’s sake - don’t!” A foot slipped free from the ledge and I tried to dig the other farther in. A gust of wind crashed into me and dislodged one of my hands and I gazed down in terror at the frothy hell below as I swung out.

“For pity’s sake take my hand, and I will save you,” said the figure.

My other foot slipped, and I grabbed the proffered hand.

I sat up and wiped the sweat from my forehead and stared into the darkness of my bedroom. I looked at the red digital figures of my alarm clock: it was 3:10 AM. Throwing off the duvet I jumped out of bed and made my way down to the kitchen with images of the winged figure from the nightmare flooding my mind. I opened the fridge and the bright light hurt my eyes. I grabbed a yoghurt drink and shut the door. Switching on the radio and putting on the lights I sat at the breakfast bar as late night jazz flooded the kitchen.

I used to have the same dream when I was a kid with always with the same result. I wondered if the medium show had brought it on.

Chapter Four

In 1973 I was walking down Arbroath High Street with two mates, Andy Matthews and Mike Smith. We were laughing about trying to date some girls we knew, who just weren't interested.

"Hey Mike, how did you get on with Jenny?" I asked as I heard footsteps running up behind us.

I turned and saw Johnny McKenzie and a mate of his approaching fast.

"Run – it's Mackenzie!" I shouted.

Andy and Mike shot off like hares. I was caught by a kick to the thigh which paralysed my leg. I was then pushed into a shop doorway. The two bullies then grabbed me and began a torrent of kicks and punches. I felt the first blows, but after that my body seemed to switch off. My mind rose up away from that horrible doorway, and I saw a winged figure descend toward me

"Give me your hand, and I will save you," said the dark figure.

I grasped it, and I found myself outside my parents' house with blood running down my face.

All this ran through my mind as I had the grey-haired Mackenzie pinned up against the door where he had attacked me. I had a knee stuck in his groin and a gloved hand around his throat.

"Don't make a sound," I said as I kicked open the door of the empty shop and we both stumbled in.

"What the fuck!" he screamed as I reasserted my hold on the bastard. I punched him across the jaw and felt joy run through me. *This pathetic creature used to terrorise teenage Arbroath*, I thought as I watched the blood run down his chin.

"Hey man, I've got a family," he hissed as I kicked the door shut with the heel of my boot.

"I remember you – you're that little poofter that used to hang around the teenage disco at the Community Centre in the old days," he went on.

An unfortunate choice of words as I pushed my knee further into his groin and head-butted him. I let him fall into the darkness as I pulled a rope from my jacket. I then grabbed his body and pushed him over on to his stomach and pulled his hands together and tied his wrists together I then wiped his forehead with a medical wipe. He was murmuring and cursing as I gagged him with an old rag. I then tied his ankles together and stood up. And for a moment I gazed through the dark at the guy who used to give me nightmares.

I kicked the bastard and said: "Listen up you fucker, I'm Detective Chief Inspector Devine and if you say anything about this to anybody I will make life very difficult for you and your family. You got that?"

I heard a muffled reply, so I opened the door and walked out onto the High Street. I walked up to Kirk Square and round onto Hill Place where I got into my car and drove around to the High Street, parking outside the bingo hall I settled down to watch the empty shop doorway. I checked that there were no surveillance cameras on this part of the street.

Arbroath High Street on a cold Monday night was not a busy place; a few drunken marines from the local base passed-by looking for another pub. I looked at my watch – it was half past nine. A few kids on skate boards stopped beside the shop doorway and lit up cigarettes then moved on.

After an hour and a half I phoned in an anonymous call to the local police about noises from the empty shop on the High Street. I looked over at the doorway one more time before starting the engine and heading back to Dundee.

I was heading off to bed with the evening paper under my arm when my mobile erupted into life.

"Yes Derek?" I asked the phone.

"Sorry to interrupt your evening sir,"

"No you're not. I have a beautiful model waiting for me upstairs." I said with a grin.

“This is becoming a bad habit – there’s been another body found in Arbroath.

My heart began to pound and I felt that it might leap out of my chest.

“Where this time?” I asked as if I didn’t know.

“In an empty property on the High Street.”

“Okay Derek, I’ll just have to tell the model that I prefer you instead.”

It was almost midnight when I turned onto Arbroath High Street. A light rain had begun as I parked the car and walked up to where several uniforms were standing outside the empty shop front.

“DCI Devine,” I said. “Is DS White inside?”

“Yes sir,” said a sergeant with a brown, well-trimmed moustache.

I pulled on a pair of shoe covers and gloves then entered the shop.

“Sorry to pull you away from the blond sir.” Derek said as he came toward me through the shaded light provided by a temporary lamp.

“A chance would be a fine thing,” I said looking at the body of Mackenzie.

“His name is John Mackenzie – a local man - stayed in Moir Place.”

I noticed the rope I had tied his hands together with was now around his neck as I knelt down and lifted one of his arms to look for marks around the wrist.

Suddenly the shop was full of men with white suits so I replaced the arm quickly.

“The cavalry’s arrived,” I quipped.

“Yeah and here’s Custer,” whispered Derek as the Pathologist strode through the doorway.

“We seem to be meeting quite a lot at the moment Steven,” Cochrane said as he gazed at the body.

“Yes, it’s becoming quite a habit isn’t it?” I said running a hand through my hair.

When I got back home I went straight to the cupboard in the kitchen where I kept my drink and pulled out a bottle of whisky. I poured a generous amount into a glass and swallowed the lot. The warming sensation as it ran down my throat made me feel a lot better; so I poured another measure and strolled into the lounge and slumped into my favourite chair.

Some bastard must have been waiting until I left the High Street before entering the empty shop and strangling Mackenzie, I thought. I took a swig from the glass. There’s no way anyone was waiting in the shop or out the back of the property unless they can mind read.

I stood up and stared at my reflection in the darkened glass of the window, which suddenly became my wife.

“Christ, what’s going on here June?”

All I wanted to do was get some revenge on these bullies by giving them a damn good thumping; now I’ve got their murders on my conscience. And worse some mad bastard’s following me around!

My mind wanted to press on further and think about the spirit world and the advice from the psychic at the show, but I managed to drown that thought with a long slug of whisky.

I looked at the picture on the coffee table of my 30th anniversary on the force party. A group of smiling faces. Maybe I should have retired, but what would I have done – played bowls? No this was my life, my work and my hobby.

“A good man,” Chief Constable, Barry Gilcrist, had said, “well-liked by his colleagues, but not liked so much by the other fraternity.”

I took another slug of whisky and sat down. I started to laugh. Was I losing my mind? I had to push on and find this crazy fucker even if it meant more murders – oh well!

Chapter Five

The sun was peeking between the buildings as I drove down Lochee Road and turned into West Marketgait where the headquarters of Tayside Police sat gazing at a former mill building across the road. I turned into the car park and parked then sat for a moment watching people make their way to the Sheriff Court House, which was adjacent to the station. My head thumped and I regretted the last whisky I had the previous night.

In my office I switched on my computer while I looked at the pink memo stickers which surrounded the monitor. I clicked on the icon of past cases and was presented with folders going back some thirty years.

Who had been released in the last few months or so? I wondered. *Some bastard, who carried a grudge against me. Probably easier to think of the ones who hadn't got a grudge against me!* Derek White knocked on my door so I exited the program and clicked the internet explorer button as I said: "Come in Derek."

"Sir, did you get the Fiscal's report on the Forbes murder? I left it on your desk."

"Yes." I lied as I typed 'football results' in Google. "How are we getting on Derek?"

"Not great sir," he said with a quivering upper lip.

"Well, call a meeting for eleven in the incident room."

"Sir," he said as he left.

I was coming under pressure from above so I would have to shake things up. How was I going to find the culprit without compromising myself? I would have to deflect some of the evidence that was going to point in my direction. I've always done things my way, not by the book all the time, but always above board and fair – occasionally a bit heavy-handed maybe. I just thought I was due this for all these years of graft and all the shit I had to take from both sides of the fence.

I walked into the incident room and said: "Okay ladies and gentlemen let's get down to business." In the room was my regular team of DS Derek White and DC Susan Moran along with, at the insistence of my boss, DS John Milne and DC Dave Ross from Arbroath.

The Arbroath men usually deal with small local issues, but because of the seriousness of the situation had been drafted in to provide local knowledge and help us with a guide to local villains.

"We've really got to move this along. What have we got? Three murders in Arbroath and no suspects."

"They've all got one thing in common, said Derek, "the bodies were all tied up and beaten before being killed," he continued.

"We're not going to use the serial word yet. There's a lot of drugs around in Arbroath, let's look at it from that point of view," I said.

"We've been shaking down most of the local dealers without much success," said Milne looking at Ross.

"Well let's start shaking the trees a little harder and see what drops out!" I ordered.

As I was closing my office door Detective Chief Superintendent Bruce Mann said "Can I have a word Steven?" as he approached through the open plan CID room.

"Certainly sir," I said holding the door open.

He strolled over to the window and raised a few of the slats of the blinds and looked up and down the street as if he was checking to see if we were being watched. "The Chief Constable has had several Angus Councillors phoning him about these murders in Arbroath. They're concerned about public safety as you can understand. I know you've dealt with the papers. I need you as lead officer to speak to the television people who are coming here this afternoon at three. Try to calm the public down – Christ, they're talking about wanting the marines from RM Condor to patrol the streets! Tell them we're putting extra uniforms on the streets and that we're interviewing several suspects."

"You want me to lie Bruce!"

“No...not exactly – we are increasing street patrols.”

I looked at my watch, it was 6PM, the STV interview had gone reasonably well on the steps at the front of the building, but I wouldn't be watching it, because I have always gone on a strict diet after seeing myself on television. I now sat with three names I had written down on my pad. I had spent hours searching through the past case files, and these individuals were the result of the work. James Kilpatrick, a man who killed his wife to get the house they owned in Broughty Ferry paid off from the insurance was released almost a year ago. He had tried to make it look like suicide by putting the body in a sealed up running car. The look he gave me as he was led away all these years ago still gives me sleepless nights.

Another was John Roy who had been released a few months ago. He had battered a shopkeeper to death in Arbroath with a baseball bat in the days before closed circuit television. It took a lot of police work to trap him. He pulled a finger across his throat while looking at me as he was being sent down.

Marie Croal killed a family she was cleaning and cooking for in Carnoustie then took off with their car and emptied their bank account. We eventually tracked her down with the help of the Met in London. She sent me a lot of threatening letters throughout the years. Croal was in a low security mental hospital – having been stepped down from high security. I should have crossed her off the list, but something told me not to.

Great, I thought, as I stood up and grabbed my jacket, these model citizens released and back on the streets. I sighed and switched out the light and closed my door, I'd had enough!

I thought that it was time to get night lights installed – the ones that come on when you pull into the driveway - as I left the car in the driveway and looked apprehensively at my house wrapped in darkness.

A smell of burning flowed out of the house as I opened the front door. My heart rate sped as I ran in and switched on the lounge lights and saw the words 'take my hand, and I'll save you' scorched into the carpet.

“Now I'm really getting freaked!” I shouted at the ceiling.

I ran through the house checking every room and window. Finally, I tried the backdoor, but it was locked. If someone had been into my house they locked the door as they left! I threw my keys onto the settee and went to the booze cupboard in the kitchen and retrieved a bottle of Grouse. I poured a generous measure into a glass and then swallowed the lot. I then opened the kitchen window and then ran through to the lounge and opened the window there.

Jesus, I thought, have I got some bad spirit following me around? No one could have done this – it was my way of getting out of bad situations when I was a kid. Could I have made... no! There had to be some rational explanation. The next day I would get another carpet laid.

I went to the gun cupboard under the stairs and grabbed my pistol and a box of cartridges. I ran a hand along my shot gun which I kept loaded just in case and wished I'd never started all this. *Maybe it was coming anyway,* I thought, as I locked the cupboard.

I slept with the pistol under my pillow and dreamt of my wife running from me then falling over a cliff. I ran to the edge of the cliff and tried to reach for her, but I couldn't reach her flailing arms.

I wiped the tears from my face and cried: “No!”

A cool breeze swept across my face as I regained consciousness. I realised I had left the bedroom window open. The sun was shining through the trees in my garden as I closed the window and headed into the bathroom for a shower.

I cursed when I saw what some bastard had done to my carpet as I made my way into the kitchen for some much needed coffee. *Either someone had a set of keys for my house, or I was dealing with something fucking weird,* I thought, as I switched the kettle on.

It must have been my lucky day because as I was sitting in my office reading the newspaper Derek White knocked on my door and entered.

“Derek?” I said.

“How are you sir?”

“Fine. Sit down,” I said nodding to the chair in front of my desk.

“I’ve been doing some checking on murderers who have been released lately, who came from the local area. And I’ve come up with some names.”

“Oh,” I said feigning slight interest. “Who?”

“There’s a John Roy from Arbroath who was released three months ago. He’s staying in Arbroath. There’s Marie Croal, released last year. The last one’s a long shot because of his age. His name is James Kilpatrick, he killed his wife in the Ferry; tried to make it look like suicide.”

“I remember Kilpatrick. He looked respectable...played on it, but underneath – just another ruthless killer.” I said. “Right, well done Derek, I’ll check out Kilpatrick. Will you see to Mr Roy?”

“Okay sir,” said Derek as he stood up

Chapter Six

I pulled up in front of 6 Cairnhill Road in the Broughty Ferry suburb of Dundee as the late afternoon sun was starting its descent. The house, an old block built two storey building, sat facing south, looking over the river Tay from an elevation above street level.

I left my car and climbed the stairs and crossed the driveway which ran along the front of the property and swept down to street level at either end. The portico, a stone canopy supported by trimmed tree trunks painted green, looked out of place.

A brass plaque with a button had press written under it. I rang the bell and stepped back on to the driveway and looked in the darkened lower windows for a sign of life. I felt I was being sized-up from the darkness. I rang the bell again and knocked on the heavy panelled door painted the same green that decorated the canopy supports.

The door eventually opened slowly and a man stepped forward. He was balding and what hair he had was grey. A grey goatee hung from his face.

“DS Devine, I never thought I would see you again.”

“Its DCI Devine now James.”

“Ah, right. And is this a social call?”

“I’m investigating murders in Arbroath.”

“And you thought that seeing as I’ve just been released I would be on a killing spree to get back at the establishment – right!”

“Come on now James, I’m just doing my job.”

“Look Chief Inspector Devine, I’ve done my time. What I did was wrong. There hasn’t been a day over the last eighteen years where I’ve woken up and not regretted what I did. If I could go back and stop what I did I would - a thousand times.”

“I have to ask you where you were on Thursday 25th of August at 11pm.”

“I would have been in bed. I’m sixty four for heaven’s sake.”

“How about the second of September at midnight?”

“Again I would have been in bed. My neighbours would be able to corroborate my story; I usually see them as I prepare for bed. I live alone.”

“And I suppose the same for the seventh of September at around 9 pm?”

“Ah well there I can help you, because I was staying with my sister in Paisley the weekend of the fifth and the sixth and I stayed over on the Monday – the seventh and came home on the Tuesday.”

“Can I have your sister’s name and address?”

“Yes of course.”

He disappeared into the hallway and then returned a few minutes later with a piece of paper.

“There you are.”

“Well thanks for your help Mr Kilpatrick,” I said as I turned away.

“Despite what you think of me Mr Devine, I miss my dear Elaine!”

There was one thing Kilpatrick and I shared: losing our wives, I thought as I drove through the rush hour traffic. I felt sorry for the poor bastard. I would be scoring him off my list.

I noticed a blue van sitting in my driveway as I turned into my street and I remembered that I had called in by a carpet store and chose a carpet in the morning. The guy was able to lay it right away so I gave him my spare key.

My mobile rang as I opened the front door, and I had to step out of the way of a carpet layer carrying a roll of underlay.

“Yes – Derek?” I answered.

“Sir, John Roy now stays with his mother in Arbroath, and he wasn’t pleased to see us. He told us to fuck off and leave him alone to start with, but after we managed to calm him down we found out that he was at home with his mother on two of the nights of the murders. He had no alibi for the third night, because his mother was at the bingo that night.”

“Okay Derek, good work. We can rule out Kilpatrick as well.”

The carpet layer came back into the house and asked: “What do you want done with your old carpet?”

“Could you leave it in my garage,” I replied. I hadn’t decided what I was going to do with it.
“Just some drunken bugger at a party I had I’m afraid,” I said shrugging my shoulders.

Later that evening I turned off the television and picked up the newspaper. I then collapsed back into my easy chair as my mobile chimed.

“Yeah, hullo?”

“Sir its Derek, I forgot to tell you about Marie Croal.”

“Derek, you got to take up drinking or something.”

“The ‘or something’ sounds fine, if I could find the time.”

“What about Marie Croal?”

“She has a cast iron alibi – she’s been an inmate in Royal Tayview Mental Hospital for a year.”

“What’s that about,” I said with a sinking feeling.

“Apparently she was diagnosed in the prison as having personality disorders and sectioned to Carstairs. At the end of her sentence she was admitted to Tayview.”

“Right Derek thanks. I’ll see you tomorrow mate,” I said as I shut my mobile.

Chapter Seven

I sat back and watched my grandson, Jamie; play with his toys in front of the television in Rachel's living room. The boy had the same pale blue eyes and blond hair as his mother and his grandmother.

Rachel entered from the kitchen and handed me a mug of coffee.

"Thanks for the dinner Rach, "I said as I took a sip.

"Any time, dad."

"What's wrong with that husband of yours doesn't he want to sit here with you?"

"I've told you dad - he's working."

"He's always working!"

"That's rich coming from you. Anyway, the mortgage on this place is horrendous," Rachel said as she lifted Jamie, who had become bored with the toys and wandered over to his mother, onto her lap. "So you've come over to criticize Dave," she continued.

"No, of course not. Do I need a reason to come see my daughter and grandson?"

"Oh dad, no. I'm glad to see you!"

"Look, if you need some money..."

"Thanks dad, but no. I've started working a few hours a week at ASDA."

"Okay baby. There's something I need to warn you about..."

"Oh what is it this time: a mad axe man on the loose? I've been looking over my shoulder all my life because of that job of yours. Dad – it's time to quit," she interrupted.

"I'm retiring next year."

"Good! Remember what happened to mum!"

"I won't let anything happen to you or Jamie," I said, as painful memories jumped into my mind, and tears started to fill my eyes.

"I know dad – you big softy," she said with a smile. The same smile her mother used to give me.

"It's just; there've been some murders in Arbroath, and the perp might be after me. So promise me you'll be careful"

"Oh, *I promise!*"

As I drove through Broughty Ferry with thoughts of my grandson playing on centre stage my mobile burst into life. I pulled into the side of the road and put the hazards on.

"Yeah, Devine," I answered.

"Take my hand, and I'll save you," said a rasping, breathless voice.

I looked at the screen, but there was no number – in fact there was nothing! I put the phone back to my ear, and said: "Who's there?"

"I know you like it, and you can't stop," said the voice.

"Look who is this?" I shouted. But the line was dead.

The Sign announced: Royal Tayview Low Security Psychological Hospital as I pulled up at the main gate check point. A guard approached my car as I lowered the driver's window.

"I'm here to see Dr Rennie. I'm DCI Devine – Tayside Police." I said flashing my warrant card.

"Could you wait a minute sir?" The guard said as he entered his kiosk.

After a moment he reappeared and, with a quick look around the inside of my car, said:

"Okay sir, on you go."

The gates opened, and I drove up the steep driveway until the Victorian mansion appeared from behind big fir trees and glowered at me. The front elevation was defined by three pointed facades, the middle of which contained the main door.

I parked and glimpsed an annex at the rear from the nineteen seventies as I walked up to the steps which led to the front door. I felt a million eyes peering at me from behind the darkened windows.

"DCI Devine to see Dr Rennie, "I said as I showed my warrant card to the receptionist.

“Please take a seat,” she said lifting a phone receiver.

I sat in an area opposite the main desk and stared out a window at a well-manicured lawn fringed with a small privet hedge.

“Chief Inspector Devine?” said a blond woman in a white lab coat.

“Yes,” I said rising off my seat, “Dr Rennie?”

“You want to talk to me about Marie Croal?”

“Well, Yes I would like a word.”

“Will you follow me?”

I followed her along a passage until she entered a room with Dr Rennie Psychologist on the door in gold letters.

“Take a seat Chief Inspector,” she said pointing toward the only seat in front of a desk overflowing with paper.

“Just a few questions Doctor,” I said as I sat down and looked at the paintings of country scenes on the walls.

“Marie – does she get many visitors?”

“No one comes to see her. She has no family.”

“So she has no real contact with the outside world?”

“None. She’s never been outside the grounds since she was admitted. So there’s no way she could have committed or instructed somebody to commit the murders you told me about on the phone.” The doctor picked up a paper clip and began to play with it. “You knew she was abused as a youngster at a home in Dundee?” she asked while keeping her eyes on the clip.

“No I didn’t.”

“We think she kept it hidden under layers of emotion until the conditions in the prison brought the suffering to the surface, and she began wanting to kill herself and others around her.”

“She was sectioned to Carstairs?”

“Yes. Where she saw out the rest of her term, and then she was assessed as unfit to be released or stepped down in security.”

“So how did she end up here in low security?”

“Ah well, she was given a new wonder drug, which was withdrawn in America because of some bizarre effects. Marie, however, seemed to make great progress under it and was eventually recommended for a security step down and admitted here.”

“Okay doctor. Thanks for your time. Oh, one last thing: would it be okay for me to see her?”

I was led through white corridors, which smelled strongly of disinfectant, by a male nurse until we reached a reinforced door with a small wire-meshed glass panel. The nurse took a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocked the door. He then asked me to follow him. I found myself standing in a large room painted pale blue. The television in the corner was advertising Scotland as a place to visit while a nurse sat playing draughts with a thin, red-haired woman at a table in the middle of the room.

“Where’s Marie?” asked the male nurse.

“She’s in her room,” answered the nurse at the table.

The male nurse then led me along a corridor flanked by three open doors on both sides. A nurse was reading to a patient in one room as I passed by, and a patient slept on her bed in another. Eventually the nurse leading me stopped outside room number five, which had Marie Croal on a card in a brass holder on the white door.

“Marie, there’s someone here to see you,” said the nurse to a plump woman with greying, short brown hair.

The room was painted the same pale blue as the main room. A bed with a dark blue duvet took up one corner of the room while a desk with books and a CD player occupied another. Marie sat at the desk staring out of the window chewing gum. She never turned around to acknowledge us.

For once in my life I didn’t know what to say, so I just also stared out of the window.

“Speak to her,” said the nurse as he picked up a gum wrapper with a groan and left the room, “I’ll be back in twenty minutes.”

He seemed to be under the misapprehension that I was a relative or a friend, I thought. I wondered what I was doing there, because this poor soul couldn't have murdered anyone either directly or indirectly.

"A great view," I said awkwardly.

She just kept on chewing, so I looked at the paintings on her walls. One was of angels with white wings hovering over a woman kneeling and praying. The other was of a woman on a horse dressed in chainmail leading an army of armoured women.

After twenty awkward minutes the male nurse returned and said: "Time up, I'm afraid."

"Thank you," I said as I left and then "goodbye Marie,"

But it wasn't worth it as she just kept on looking out of the window.

Darkness was beginning to descend as the blue Transit van turned into Lamley Terrace and stopped outside number twelve – part of a terrace of ten former council houses. John Roy opened the passenger's door and shouted his farewells.

I jumped out of my car and crossed over the road. "Can I have a word John?" I asked as I slipped between two parked cars.

"I wondered how long it would be before you turned up!" exclaimed Roy as he shut his gate.

"You come to beat me up then?"

"Come on now John – just a quiet word."

"I told your pet monkeys – I had nothing to do with the murders. I stay in every night. You can ask my mother."

"Oh yeah, I remember your mother swearing that her baby boy was home the night Mr Duncan was beaten to death!"

"Listen man, I served my time for the mistake of a skint youth," he said with the same wild eyes I remembered from twenty five years ago.

"Okay John – tell your mother I'm asking for her."

"Oh yeah!" he said sarcastically as he turned and walked along the front garden path.

Chapter Eight

I left Arbroath Indoor Swimming Pool on a windy November night in 1974 and bought some chips from a chip shop where a wave of heat flowed out when I opened the door. I then walked up Market Place and happened to glance into the darkened telephone box on the edge of the pavement. Suddenly the door burst open and Ian Gellaty, a thug some years older than myself, grabbed me around the throat – scattering my chips over the road.

“What are you looking at you little bastard?” he bellowed.

“Nothing,” I managed to utter.

“Fuck you,” he said as he punched me in the face sending me crashing into the phone box.

The night was cold and there was no moon. I stood in the shop doorway next to The Tradeshouse Bar on the corner of Dundee’s Nethergate and Union Street. The light from the pub spilled across the pavement and was then reflected in the puddles of the gutter at the side of the road. As people passed by I moved back into the shadows.

The doors of the hostelry opened as the Old Steeple bells chimed ten thirty and the chatter of drinking people drifted momentarily across the street. A bald man appeared and started to walk unsteadily along Union Street. I stepped partially out of the shade, pulling on a pair of gloves. He looked in my direction and I shouted: “What are you looking at?”

“What the fuck?” said the drunken Gellaty, who now lived in Dundee, as he moved toward me.

“Come on then you bastard?” he shouted as he threw a punch at my face.

I stepped back and caught his fist and bent it back then kicked him in the shin while looking up and down the street. After assuring myself that no one was watching I grabbed him by the throat and pulled him into the shadows.

The smell of alcohol was overpowering as I pulled his face next to mine and he whimpered: “What do you want?”

“Fuck you,” I said as I head-butted him and let him crash into the wall-side of the shop entry. He slumped unconsciously into a sitting position on the ground. I wiped his forehead and then slipped out of the entry and walked quickly toward the Nethergate.

In my kitchen I poured myself a whisky and then headed through to the lounge to wait for my mobile to ring and tell me about Gellaty’s murder. I switched on the radio and let some late night jazz fill my living room. The house phone rang and I answered expecting Rachel.

“Yeah, hullo?”

“Listen here you bastard,” said a man’s rasping voice. “I know who you are, and I’m going to report you to the police and have you charged.”

I took a deep breath, and realising that Gellaty had survived, I answered: “I don’t know what you’re talking about.

“Oh don’t you Detective Chief Inspector Devine, well how about the assault of an innocent person.

“You’ve no proof that I did anything of the sort.”

“Oh, don’t I! I have a great witness.”

“Who?”

“You don’t need to know that, just that I’m off to the police station.”

“Wait a minute! Okay, as you’ve phoned me – what is it you want?”

“Fifty thousand ought to do it.”

“What?”

“You heard!”

“I’ll need to think about this.”

“Think all you like. I’ll phone back tomorrow.”

I slammed the phone down and went through to the kitchen, where I grabbed the bottle of whisky. I poured myself a large measure and gulped it down. Who was the witness? If indeed there was a witness. Was he just bluffing?

I wandered back into the lounge and sat down heavily. I held up my half-filled glass to the light and stared at the light brown liquid. Was it true? What that voice on my mobile said. “I

know you like it.” I lowered the glass to my lips and gulped the whisky. It was true – I felt a tinge of excitement exercising powerful retribution, but killing is morally wrong, and yet when I saw the body of that bastard Forbes hanging from the crossbar...

The chiming of my mobile brought me out of an alcohol induced sleep.

“Devine,” I said sleepily

“Derek here sir. There’s been a body found on our patch this time sir. It looks like a murder!”

“Where about?”

“In a telephone box in Ward Road.”

“What, just round from the Nick? Okay, I’m on my way. Oh Derek, can you come and pick me up? I’ve had a few nightcaps!”

I had a terrible taste in my mouth so I went into the kitchen and mixed some Alka Seltzer into a glass of water and drank the lot. I then switched the light off and left the house. I decided that I would wait outside for Derek and take in the night air.

Uniforms and white suits surrounded the telephone box on Ward Road as we drew up behind a police van. I left the warmth of Derek’s car and stepped into a cold drizzle which had settled over the sleeping city.

Ian Gellaty’s dead eyes stared wildly out of the box. His body lay slumped in the box. As I approached I suddenly realised that his torso faced in to the box. His head had been twisted through 180 degree’s!

“What the hell!” I said.

“Yeah, it’s pretty gruesome!” exclaimed Derek.

The pathologist stepped out of the telephone box and produced a sample bag filled with a wallet and some rings. “Would you like these gentlemen?”

“Thank you James.” I said. “What’s the crack?”

“Well, as you can see, the victim’s neck has been broken – death was instantaneous and happened around midnight.”

“His name was Ian Gellaty,” said Derek, who had opened the wallet with inspection gloves on.

“Any witnesses?”

“No, it was a taxi driver – Jim Milne – who happened to notice the body after dropping off a fare. At first he thought it was a drunk who had found a bed for the night!”

“Okay, I’m going home.” I said walking away, but realising I had no car I headed back.

“I’ll give you a lift sir.” Derek said walking toward his car.

“Good man.” I said.

When I got back in the house the phone was ringing.

“Yeah, hullo?”

“Now you’re getting worried!” said the unworldly voice from before.

“If you were Gellaty’s witness you must be human.”

“Am I?”

“What is you want – the fifty thousand?”

“Don’t insult me... I want your soul!”

After the line went dead I rang 1471 and no number had been recorded.

Derek White gazed at the photograph of my wife on my desk and then said: “will I get Susan onto the cameras for the city centre from last night?”

“No, I’ll do it Derek,” I said, raising my head up from my computer monitor while still looking at the screen.

“Sir?” Derek asked, grimacing.

“There’s enough other work to be done. I’ll handle it!”

Dave Craig sat in front of a bank of screens in the CCTV Control Room. He had a hands free phone kit on his head. I put my hand gently on his shoulder.

“Steve,” he said, glancing up briefly.

“Dave I need a favour. I need to see the camera recordings in Ward Road from last night between eleven thirty and twelve thirty.”

“Okay sit down.” He motioned to a spare swivel seat. “I’ll run it on the screen to the left there,” he said, tapping a few keys on a computer keyboard and looking at a monitor directly in front of him.

As I sat looking at a blank screen a small spinning circle suddenly appeared followed by a street scene, which I realised was Ward Road. Although it was dark I could see the telephone box which was empty. Several cars passed, but there were no pedestrians.

After a while the camera swung through 180 degrees and looked in the other direction. Again, cars passed without anyone walking on the pavement. Then, after a few moments the figure of a man appeared out of the gloom and walked toward the camera until he passed in the direction of the phone box.

“Is that your man?” Dave asked.

“I think so.”

“I’ll fast forward to look in the other direction.

I could clearly see Gellaty in the phone box as Dave zoomed in the camera. He was alone. There was no sign of the witness he claimed to have. Then the camera again turned to look the other way. I looked at Dave, but he was busy talking to someone on the phone and moving a joy stick while gazing at a certain screen.

Five minutes later and the camera swung back again still at the same level of magnification. Gellaty was talking on the phone. After a while the camera again swung in the other direction and I waited until it turned back again to reveal Gellaty slumped in the box with his head turned so that his face stared out through the glass above his back. There was no one about. “Jesus!” exclaimed Dave, who had finished what he was doing.

“Whoever did it must have been hell’va quick!”

I got Dave to rewind while I noted the registrations of some of the vehicles which passed and then asked Dave if I could see the recording for Union Street between ten thirty and eleven thirty.

The camera gazed up the street from the opposite end to where I had encountered Gellaty, therefore I could, thankfully, just make out some blurry movement at the top right corner of the screen.

People left pubs from further down the street and walked past the camera as I kept my eye on the top right corner. And at eleven fifteen I saw the blurred outline of a figure emerge from the area around the shop door way and walk toward the Nethergate.

“Thanks Dave,” I said, “Can I see the tapes of the Nethergate for eleven to eleven thirty last night?”

“You’re just a pest, Chief Inspector!”

“I’ll buy you a pint next time I’m in your local!”

I watched as Gellaty made his way alone along the busy Nethergate and turned into Reform Street.

“Okay Dave, one more favour: I need to see Reform Street last night from eleven to twelve.”

Gellaty walked alone along the relatively empty street and turned into Meadowside.

“Right, I’ve had enough of this,” I said, rising off the seat and stretching.

“Find anything interesting to link to the murder?” Dave asked without taking his eyes off the screens in front of him.

“No, not really.”

“Oh well. Remember that pint!”

“I won’t forget.”

I left the station and walked along North Lindsay Street then through the Overgate Shopping Centre where designer shops vied for customers. The hands on the clock of the Old Steeple were at ten to four as I crossed Nethergate and walked past the Tradeshouse Bar. Resisting the temptation to go in for a drink I stopped outside the shop door where I had left Gellaty. The shop which sold computer supplies was closed. A few gum wrappers and the ubiquitous cigarette ends littered the dusty, tiled floor.

I wasn't sure what I was doing, but I followed the route Gellatly had taken the night before according to the tapes from the CCTV Control Room. I walked along Nethergate and then turned into Reform Street where someone bumped into me. A weird looking person with an ill-fitting wig and ferocious eyes. I turned away and kept on walking, while uttering an apology.

In Ward Road I looked around the office doorways across from the phone box. In one I found gum wrappers amid an amass of general litter. *Interesting*, I thought.

I went to bed early that night and slept uneasily. I dreamt of Marie Croal sitting staring out of her window. She was doing something else, something that the nurse had complained about.

I woke up and stared at the ceiling. "That's it!" I shouted, "the chewing gum! The nurse groaned about picking up the wrappers."

The next day I phoned Dr Rennie at Tayview Hospital. "I know we've been over this before, but I need to ask again – does Marie ever leave the hospital?"

"No, never?"

"Does she contact people outside the hospital?"

"She has no friends or family Chief Inspector. I have no record of her using a telephone here, and she doesn't have a mobile phone."

"How about letters?"

"No writing – she just sits."

"And chews!"

"And chews."

"Can I come up and see her tonight?"

"We don't really allow evening visits."

"Dr Rennie, I am conducting a murder investigation."

"Okay, but not late. Six thirty until seven. I'll tell the relevant night staff of your visit."

"Thank you doctor."

A well-made female nurse with short, blond hair met me at reception and took me to Marie's room. I found her staring at her television while chewing.

"What is it with the chewing?" I asked the male nurse, who replaced the female and now stood at the door.

"It keeps her calm."

"And she just sits here day and night?"

"Yeah."

"Okay I won't take up any more of your time," I said rising up from a kneeling position beside Marie.

"You lied in the court!" said Marie in a low growling voice.

I looked back and said: "What was that?" But she just kept on chewing and watching the television. I looked questioningly at the nurse, but he was now standing outside the room waiting on me.

When my wife was alive I used her as a sounding board on certain cases. As I drove home I again used her: "So many questions June?"

"And no answers."

"How did she manage to get out of the hospital without being noticed? I'm now ninety five per cent sure it was her. I know why she did it."

"Not how?"

"How did she manage to phone me without a mobile or ever using the telephone at Tayview?"

"Or for that matter, where did she get your number from?"

"Oh June, I wish you were here." I said to her reflection on the windscreen.

Chapter Nine

The sun shone through the window blinds and cast a barred shadow on the far wall of my office as I stared at my computer screen. If it was Marie Croal who was doing the murders how was I to go about questioning her? I decided to tell Derek. I just couldn't forget about it and leave her sitting in Tayview. God only knew what she would do next. I lifted the phone receiver and pressed the speed dial button for Derek's desk.

"Yes, White here?"

"Derek would you come into my office, I have some news."

There was a knock on the door. "Come in Derek!" I shouted.

"Sir, you wanted to see me?"

"Yeah, sit down. I've had a breakthrough on the four murders!"

"Good news then sir."

"Well I've reason to believe it was Marie Croal."

"Marie Croal!" Derek exclaimed as he looked at me in amazement. "But, I thought she was in Tayview and not allowed out?"

"She is, but somehow she's getting out and committing these crimes. Have forensics come up with anything?"

"They have some possible DNA samples for two of the murders!"

"Well now we've got a suspect they might be able to pin her to the scenes."

"We going to bring her in for questioning?"

"Hold fire on that. There's something I've forgotten to check – the CCTV at the hospital!"

I grabbed my coat and drove through the rain to the hospital. I pulled up at the main gate and, after showing the security guard my warrant card, I asked: "Where can I see the CCTV tapes for the hospital?"

"I would ask at reception sir. John Maynard is head of security – he's my boss and occasionally has his nose up against the screens."

At reception I showed my warrant card.

"Back again sir?" asked the red-haired receptionist.

"Yeah. Could I speak to John Maynard the head of security please?"

"Okay I'll contact him."

John Maynard was a burly, balding man in his late-forties. He wore the same uniform as the guard at the gate.

"Chief Inspector Devine," he said holding out his hand.

"John Maynard," I said shaking the hand.

"I wondered if I could see your CCTV tapes for certain dates?"

"Yes of course. Will you follow me?"

I followed the man into a room on the ground floor with 'Security' on the door. The room was dark and had four cameras trained on different areas of the hospital.

"Look Mr Maynard, I have reason to believe that one of the patients has been committing the murders I'm investigating."

"This is a low security institution some of the patients are allowed out under supervision – the ones assessed as being ready to move back into society."

"Not the one I'm investigating,"

"Okay what area is it you want to see, and what are the dates and times?"

I handed him a piece of paper with the information, which I had prepared in the car before entering the building.

"Okay I'll find these for you."

It was much the same setup as at police headquarters.

"You know I could have emailed these files to you Chief Inspector," said Maynard as he clicked a mouse and pressed a few keys.

"I'm not very computer-minded." I lied. "Anyway I wanted to come and meet you."

He showed me how to operate the CCTV files and then he said: "well, I'll leave you to it."

"Don't you monitor the screens?" I asked as he left.

"Now and again. There's no real need. The cameras record and if something has happened we can do what you're about to do, but nothing does happen!"

I turned back to the screen and started the file for the reception from five pm on the 25th August. I watched for a while as people came and went, some stood and talked to the receptionist. After a while I put the file into fast-forward.

I reached eleven pm without any sign of Marie Croal so I stopped the file and wondered if she had taken another route out of the hospital. I started the same file at four pm and watched the same thing for ten minutes before fast-forwarding and yawning. Suddenly a familiar figure moved quickly through reception. I stopped the file and rewound and slowed the play down. Marie Croal strolled through the area at four thirty-five pm and left the building without anyone noticing. I fast-forwarded to after eleven and eventually saw her walk past at around midnight. Strangely Marie suddenly looked back toward the front door for a moment as if someone had talked to her.

I sat in that room checking the other murder dates, and she left the hospital at around the same time on each of the days and didn't return until again around midnight.. I checked three other days to see if maybe she left often or even every night, but there was no sign of her on any of the three days.

As I finished copying the information into my notebook the door opened and John Maynard entered the room.

"I reckon you're going to need to review your security here Mr Maynard. I have Marie Croal leaving and re-entering the building on three separate occasions."

"What?"

I showed him the footage of Croal leaving and then coming back.

"My God! I'll have to see the board about this. It looked as if she was... invisible – the way she just casually walked past people on the way out of the hospital."

"I agree," I said as I stood up and stretched my legs.

I left my contact details with Maynard and headed back to my car feeling relieved. They would now restrict Croal's movement and presumably find out how she was able to leave the hospital undetected. I would now have to bring her into the station for an interview – something I wasn't looking forward to.

The first drops of rain from a heavy, dark cloud, which hovered over the city centre, hit my windscreen as I turned into the headquarters car park. Derek White was walking toward his car as he saw me and changed direction. I lowered my driver's window.

"There's footage of Croal leaving the hospital on each of the murder dates."

"Still doesn't mean she committed the murders."

"I checked other days and she was nowhere to be seen."

"How'd she get out? I thought she was supposed to be kept secure?"

"That's the thing – she just walked out under their noses!"

"So much for security!"

"There's more to it than that."

"We'll need to pick her up for an interview."

"Listen Derek there's something I've been meaning to tell you."

A horn blasted behind me and I looked in my rear mirror and saw an irate Chief Constable.

"You'd better move sir," said Derek with a grin.

"Okay, I'll see you later."

I went straight to my office and, as I was shutting the door, my desk phone rang.

"Hullo – DCI Devine?"

"Chief Inspector – its Kate Rennie at Tayview here."

"What can I do for you Doctor? I was just about to call you."

"About the Marie Croal problem: The board met and discussed the problem and are conducting an investigation into what went wrong."

"Doctor, she is now a murder suspect!"

"I don't know what to say Inspector!"

"I need to bring her in for questioning. Could you arrange things for me? We might as well do it today. I will pick her up myself in an hour."

Chapter Ten

I picked up Marie Croal and a male nurse I had never seen before. Doctor Rennie insisted someone with medical training should be at the interview. A solicitor appointed by the hospital was also to be present.

As we headed into Dundee Marie, who was sitting in the front passengers seat, became increasingly agitated.

“I can’t get him out of my head!” she shouted.

“Who can’t you get out of your head Marie?” I asked.

“Now Marie just calm down or I will have to give you another tranquilizer,” the nurse said. I glared at him in the rear mirror. He returned the stare as he patted Marie on the shoulder.

At the headquarters Marie sat placidly as forensic officers took DNA samples and fingerprints. She was then led into the interview room with her nurse where I sat with Derek White and the solicitor.

After two hours of questioning we released Croal back to the hospital where a uniformed officer would remain outside her room.

“I’m not convinced Derek – she doesn’t have the mental capacity,” I said as we sat facing one another in the otherwise empty interview room.

“I agree, but forensics has placed her at two of the murders.”

“But according to a medical report she would not be able to physically or mentally commit the crimes.”

“And we’ve no witnesses.”

“No...”

As I pulled into my driveway my mobile began to ring. I looked at the empty screen and my heart rate jumped.

“Yeah, hello?”

“Take my hand, and I will save you,” said the now familiar, otherworldly voice.

“Now listen you sick bastard, I’m going to get you!”

I shut the phone and left the car. An eerie fog had descended over the city making me shiver as I ran up to my front door and searched my pockets for my keys. Inside, I hit the lights and switched on the central heating.

I sat down in the lounge with the evening paper on my lap, a glass of whisky in one hand and the television remote in the other now convinced that Marie Croal was an innocent in all this. I took a sip from the glass, sighed and switched on the television.

The next day I pulled back the bedroom curtains and gazed at a pure blue sky. The fog of the previous night had lifted, and I knew what I had to do. I showered and breakfasted on some microwave porridge then I drove into town with the low autumnal sun in my eyes.

“Morning Derek?” I said as I walked through the CID room.

“Morning sir” answered DS White, raising his head from his computer monitor.

I headed into my office and sat down at the desk and dialled a number as Derek appeared at the opened door. I pointed to the phone receiver.

“Hello, Dr Rennie.”

“Inspector - are you coming to pick up Marie this morning?”

“No... it’s you I want a word with!”

“Me!”

“What times suitable?”

“I’m busy today.”

“This is a murder investigation please make time.”

“Okay. How about ten thirty?”

“Okay Doctor Rennie, what was really happening with Marie Croal?” I said as I sat down on a seat in front of her desk.

“All right Chief Inspector,” she said, rising from her seat and closing the door of her small office. “Marie was gradually becoming more responsive even after we stopped the pills I told

you about before. So, as she had been assessed as no threat to the public, I turned a blind eye to her leaving the hospital. I instructed the staff to let her go.”

“And what about your colleagues, did they agree to this?”

“I make the decisions for this department Mr Devine. It’s true that it’s unconventional, but Marie Croal’s unconventional.”

“I see.”

“Can I take it that she’s not a suspect anymore?”

“I’ll keep you posted on that one,” I said as I rose up off the seat. “One more thing Doctor, was she supervised during her nocturnal rambles?”

“Yes, of course,”

“Can I have the names?”

“There are three nurses.”

“Are they on duty now?”

Doctor Rennie lifted her phone receiver and pressed a button while staring at me. She spoke briefly to someone then replaced the receiver.

“I’m afraid not Inspector.”

“Can I have their names?”

“I’ll phone Human Resources.”

After another brief phone call she turned to her computer and after some clicking and key pressing her printer sprang into life.

“There you are Inspector,” she said, handing over a list of three names.

“Thank you Doctor.”

I rushed out of the hospital and called Derek White before entering the car.

“Derek, I have three names, which I read to him, can you run checks on each of them.”

“Will do chief.”

I drove back into Dundee in pensive mood, how was I going to explain my part in all this? Was the killer one of the nurses? Was Marie Croal a witness to the murders? With all this swimming around in my head I pulled into a Tesco supermarket and headed into the café. It was the place where June and I used to do our shopping. I had avoided it for years due to sentimental reasons. I bought a coffee and sat by the window and watched shoppers put groceries into their cars. When I had a tough case I used to help June with the weekly shop – the comforting experience used to bring me some solace. After a while I drank up and then continued my journey eventually pulling into the station car park, where I parked the BMW and headed into the building.

I waved to Derek as I passed through the CID office. He gave me the thumbs up sign, which I didn’t know how to interpret. So I nodded and headed into my office. As soon as I closed the door Derek was knocking on the glass.

“Come in Derek,” I said, taking my jacket off.

“Two of them, Helen Brown and James Keillor have no records. The third a David Balfour I gave to Susan to check, and she said that he has no criminal record, but she recognises him. Before she joined the force she worked as a nurse at Lancourt Hospital near Edinburgh – a mental institution, and Susan says that he was a patient and his name was Alan Caldwell.”

“Good work Derek. Why has he turned up working as David Balfour at Tayview?”

“Doesn’t say much for their vetting process!”

I grabbed my desk phone and called Doctor Rennie at Tayview Hospital.

“Doctor, its, DCI Devine here. I need an up to date address for David Balfour.”

“Okay, I’ll phone you back with it in a minute.”

I replaced the receiver and stared at DS White. “This our man Derek?” I asked. Before he could answer my phone rang.

“Devine?”

“Chief Inspector – its Kate Rennie. He lives at 35 Byron Street in Dundee.

“Okay, thanks Doctor.”

“He stays at 35 Byron Street. I’ll meet you there.” I said looking up at Derek.

Caldwell, the name was familiar to me; I thought as I sped up Lochee Road and headed on toward Byron Street which lay at the base of the city’s Law Hill.

Derek was waiting for me as I pulled up at the block where 35 was on the ground floor to the left.

“Okay Derek let’s go,” I said as I locked my car and then opened the brown painted iron gate.

The door occupied the gable end and was modern and white which indicated self-ownership or a private landlord as the council doors were old, wooden affairs painted chocolate brown.

I rang the doorbell, but there was no answer so we looked in the windows both front and rear. There was no sign of movement inside so we headed back to the cars.

“If you’re looking for him that stays in there, you’re too late he left about an hour ago,” said a blond-haired woman in her late thirties who was standing at the lower door of the next block.

“Do you know where he’s gone?” I asked.

“No one ever knows where he goes!”

“Does he have a car?”

“Nah, he takes the bus everywhere,”

“What’s he wearing today?”

“Brown, leather jacket and jeans.”

“Okay thanks Mrs...?”

“Jane Kelly. What’s he done?”

“We’re not sure just yet Mrs Kelly.”

“Right Derek, organise someone to keep a watch on this property and to let us know when he shows up. Doctor Rennie is emailing a photograph of Caldwell through to my computer so I’m heading back to the station.” I said when we reached the cars.

“Okay sir.”

As I drove through the traffic the name Caldwell played centre stage in my mind. Was he a criminal? Did he have a record under the name Caldwell.

In my office, I fired up the computer as my mobile chimed. I looked at the screen and accepted the call.

“Rachel?”

“Oh dad, Jamie’s missing! I had him in the nursery while I was at work and Dave was to pick him up, but the nursery said that he had been picked up by his uncle. And Kevin, Dave’s brother, is in his house,” said Rachel very quickly and tearfully.

“Slow down baby! Where’s the nursery?”

“Strathern Road. It’s called Little Uns.”

“Okay, where are you right now?”

“At home. Dave’s out searching the streets.”

“Right, you call Dave back right now and both of you have a cup of sweet tea. I’ll get Jamie back!”

I called up uniform and told Sergeant Andy Black that a murder suspect, Alan Caldwell aka David Balfour, has kidnapped a child. I emailed Caldwell’s photo through and gave him a description of the clothes he was wearing then phoned Derek White and told him what was happening. Then I drove to Broughty Ferry.

Little Uns nursery sat behind high walls half way along Strathern Road. I parked in the large car park and walked up to the front door and was about to ring the bell when the door opened and a woman with short, dark-brown hair appeared at the door.

“Can I help you?” she asked.

“I’m DCI Devine - Tayside Police.” I answered showing her my warrant card. “I’m looking for who’s in charge.”

“That would be me. I’m Valerie Dunbar. Please come in, is this about Jamie Edwards?”

“Yes.”

“Oh dear the man wasn’t his real uncle!” she said with a quivering voice.

“Didn’t you check with Rachel before releasing the boy?”

“I tried several times, but got no answer. Jamie seemed to know the man and he said he was in a hurry. Dave had called earlier and said that his brother would be by earlier than usual – earlier than Dave usually is that is - to pick up the boy. Then Dave showed up at the usual time and started shouting, then stormed off.”

“Is this the man?” I asked showing her a photo of Caldwell.

“Yes, that’s him,” she answered after studying the photo.

“How long ago?”

“About an hour.”

I rushed out to my car as my mobile rang.

“Yeah, Derek,” I said.

“Any luck at the nursery sir?”

“It was Caldwell that picked up Jamie, and I’ve just remembered why I recognised the name Caldwell. Okay, standby Derek.

I drove around Broughty Ferry searching, finally ending up at the sea front where I pulled into a car park and stared at the sea. My mobile rang.

“Devine?”

“Steve, its Andy Black. Listen; there’s been a report of a man answering the description of Alan Caldwell entering Victoria Park Arbroath and he has a young boy with him.”

“Okay, thanks Andy. I’ll handle this. He is not to be approached.”

“All right mate.”

Chapter Eleven

The countryside was a blur as I raced along the dual carriageway to Arbroath. I wasn't caring about speed cops, there was only one thing on my mind: to get my grandson home safe.

I dropped my speed as I entered the outskirts of the town and just hoped that I wasn't too late. The Signal Tower Museum stood out white against a dark-grey background which looked like a storm sweeping in off the North Sea as I passed the harbour and headed onto Victoria Park.

The rain had just begun as I drove out past the empty football pitches. I looked from side to side, but there was no sign of Caldwell and Jamie. I parked in the carpark which surrounded the small toilet building and gazed up the sloped path which led to the cliff top path. I could have sworn I saw two figures disappearing into the gathering gloom, so I jumped out of the car and dashed up the path.

I stopped at the top to catch my breath and saw the pair some 200 metres in front. I yelled my grandson's name, but the wind caught my voice and yanked it off over the edge of the cliff. I ran on as the storm hit the area.

Alan Caldwell was standing at the edge of the cliff at an inlet gazing at the sea as the wind whipped up big waves as I finally caught up with them. I grabbed Jamie, who was standing beside a wooden bench, and told him to wait there.

"Alan," I said, over the top of the wind.

"I wondered when you'd get here?" he shouted as he turned to look at me. "No... stay back!"

I stopped and stood where I was. "You're Jim Caldwell's brother!" He laughed sarcastically and said: "Oh you remember him, do you?"

"Course I remember him. He was a good officer."

"Not as good as DC Devine though!"

"We were DC's together."

The rain was blowing in horizontally off the sea.

"You did him out of being a sergeant in fact you ruined his career by taking the glory for an arrest he had been working on for months."

"Come on now Alan it was a long time ago. We were young and ambitious. Jim would have done the same to me."

"No he wouldn't! He was nothing like you!" Caldwell shouted as a gust of wind caught him off balance and he stumbled over the edge.

I ran up to the edge and found him clinging on to a narrow rock ledge. The sea was crashing onto the rocks at the base of the cliffs below him.

"Give me your hand, and I will save you," my soul said.

He raised his head and looked at me with rain drops running down his grinning face, "Ironic this: doing you a favour – the very man I wanted to suffer!"

Then he released his grip and fell towards the wave bashed rocks below.

"No!" I shouted.

I stood and stared at the frothy hell below for a while as the storm howled about me until I heard Jamie shout: "Grandad!"

I turned and then walked to the boy. "Come on son, it's time to go home."

Chapter Twelve

“So,” said DCS Mann as he stood in my office gazing out of the window, “this Alan Caldwell, who was Jim Caldwell’s brother, was doing the murders while supervising Marie Croal on unscheduled outings from the hospital?”

“That’s basically it Bruce,” I said, looking up from my computer screen.

“Why?”

“Well, I think he wanted the blame for the murders to fall on me, because the victims were all people from my past. Guys I had some trouble with when I was a teenager in Arbroath; where he found the information – I don’t know? Marie was just to throw us off the scent. He knew we would dismiss her and hopefully, as far as he was concerned, point the finger at me. Luckily Susan Moran used to work in a hospital where he was a patient, and she recognised him as Alan Caldwell.”

“And the whole thing was because of what happened to his brother?”

“Yeah, he watched as Jim self-destructed and blamed me for it.”

“Okay Steve, I won’t ask any probing questions about these victims, just assure me there won’t be anymore.”

“There won’t be Bruce!”

He gave me a knowing look and left the room as I focused on the monitor screen and continued my report.

That night as I pulled into my driveway my mobile rang and I answered without looking at the screen.

“Devine?”

A deep, rasping voice said: “Give me your hand, and I will save you!”