

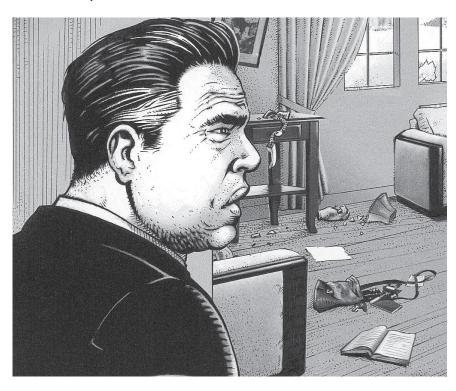
Chapter 1 Friday 26 July: 6.30 am

It's six thirty in the morning. Inspector Frank Williams of the Oxford police is in bed. He hears his phone and answers it.

'Williams,' he says.

'It's Kate Miller, Inspector. I'm at 17B St John Street, the house of a Dr Janet Leighton. She's dead.'

'I'm coming,' says Williams. 'Give me fifteen minutes.' At six forty-five Williams walks into the front room of





a tall house on St John Street. He stops. There are books and papers everywhere, and a body next to the coffee table.

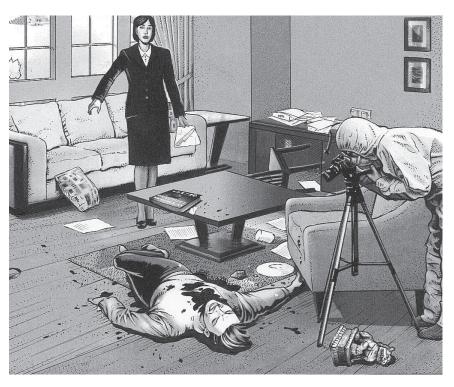
Sergeant Kate Miller is by the window. She's waiting for him. There's a police scientist in the room too.

'What's all this?' asks Williams.

'Someone wanting money or things to sell, I think,' says Miller. 'This is Dr Leighton's computer table – but there's no computer. And there's her bag.'

Williams looks down at the body. It's the body of a fifty-year-old woman: dark trousers and a white shirt, with a lot of red.

Miller speaks again: 'And there's this.' In her hand is a bag, and in the bag is a knife.







'Ah,' says Williams. He looks slowly at the room again. He looks at the Chinese dog. He turns it over.

'What do you think, Sergeant?' he asks.

'Someone gets into the house to take things,' she says. 'Dr Leighton tries to stop them, but maybe there's a knife on the table and ...' She stops speaking.

Williams says nothing for a minute. He looks at the Chinese dog again.

'I don't know,' says Williams.



He turns to the police scientist. 'Jenkins,' he says, 'can I have a photograph of this dog?'

'OK, Inspector,' says the scientist.

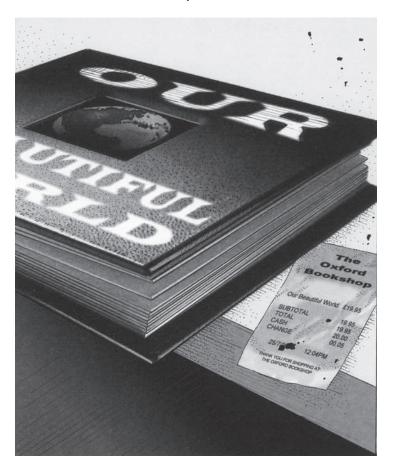
Williams looks at the book on the coffee table.

'Our Beautiful World.' He reads the name of the book.

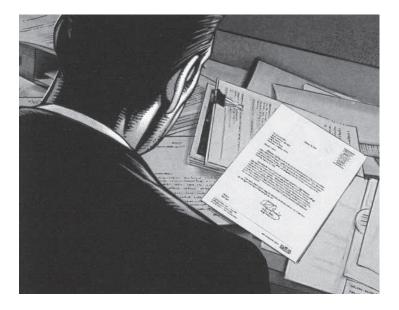
'Photographs from all over the world.'

There's a receipt by the book. He looks at that.

'It's a new book, too,' he says.







Next, Williams looks at the papers on the computer table. One is a letter. He reads it.

'Interesting,' he says. 'It's about Dr Leighton's will, from her lawyer. I want to know about her will. Now she's dead, who gets her money? A husband? Children?'

Miller comes over and reads the letter.

'The lawyer's name is Elizabeth Morgan, of Morgan and Freebody Lawyers,' she says. 'We can talk to her this morning.'

'Yes,' says Williams, 'but first I want to see a Dr Barbara Collins.' Miller looks at Williams, but he turns to the scientist. 'Jenkins, can you come and see me this afternoon?'

'OK, Inspector,' says the scientist.

'You can tell me all about this room then,' says Williams. 'And about the knife.'

Williams turns to Miller: 'OK, Sergeant, we can go.'