

The Boy on the Train

Husband-murderer Gets Life!

Mrs Angelica Parker was today found guilty of the murder of her husband, millionaire entrepreneur Charles Parker, and sentenced to life imprisonment by Judge Harry Scully at the Central Criminal Court. Mrs Parker stood to inherit three million on the occasion of her husband's death and she would also benefit to the tune of €500,000 if the insurance policy that she had

taken out on her husband's life had been paid out. Instead, she is now facing thirty years in St. Joan's Women's Prison.

Mrs Parker pleaded not-guilty, but after many hours of discussion the jury found her guilty by a majority of 11 to 1.

Victoria Molloy, solicitor for the prosecution, told the jury that the Parkers had been having marital problems for some time. Mrs

Parker was worried that her husband was about to file for divorce and she would lose her right to inherit his considerable fortune. Ms Molloy went on to say that Mr Parker had died of an overdose of *Taxus* which he had been taking for a pre-existing medical condition. She also confirmed that traces of this drug were found on Mrs Parker's hands. It is believed that traces of the drug were also found

in the mashed potato that Mr Parker had eaten for dinner.

Acting for the defence, Mr Justin Mooney argued that there was no evidence that Mr Parker planned to divorce his wife. He also pointed out that the life insurance policy would be worthless if Mr Parker had been murdered. Mr. Mooney argued with the prosecutor saying that Mr Parker could have committed suicide because of his medical condition. However, the prosecution said

that it was very unlikely that someone would commit suicide by powdering his tablets and putting the powder into the mashed potatoes. It was much more likely that the person who had cooked the meal would have done that.

Chapter 1

“I see you’re reading about the Parker murder,” said the boy sitting next to Morgan on the train.

Morgan looked at the boy, surprised. “Actually, Charles was a good friend of mine, he was my boss. I worked for him for about 10 years. He was a good man. But you could straight away see that he had some family problems. Maybe that’s why his life ended so unexpectedly.”

“I don’t think so,” answered the boy slyly.

“But how could you know?” Morgan asked curiously.

“There is more to the story than you think,” answered the boy.

Morgan looked at the boy, baffled. “Really, I wouldn’t think a boy of your age would know such things, but please tell me what you know”.

The boy smirked at him and said, “I’m afraid that can’t happen, that’s for me to know and for you to find out.”

Morgan stared at the boy for a second, and then said, “Fine, but if you change your mind you know where to find me. I take this train every day”.

The intercom announced: *Last stop, can everyone please ensure all rubbish has been cleaned, also mind the gap while you are stepping off the train, thank you for travelling with English Railways.*

The boy jumped up from his seat, leaving the man to follow, alone and curious

Chapter 2

The boy was on the train again the next day. Morgan decided to sit beside him.

“Oh, it’s you again? I’ve been wondering about what you said yesterday. By the way, what are you doing on a train all by yourself?”

“I think I’m old enough to visit my mother alone!”

“Oh, so you live with your dad?” enquired Morgan.

“No, my dad is dead.”

“I’m sorry about that.”.

Morgan opened his briefcase to get out his lunch. Yesterday’s newspaper was still in the briefcase. He pulled out the newspaper along with his lunchbox and said, “I still think the wife did it.”

The boy gave a smirk. “Why do you think that?” he asked.

“Well that marriage wasn’t very successful, you know –and anyway the women always do the cooking.”

“My mum never cooked.”

“What does your mum have to do with this? I’m talking about Mrs Parker, here.”

“So am I,” drawled the boy, watching for Morgan’s reaction.

Morgan gasped. “Oh! You mean, you are ... but ... Charles Parker didn’t have a son.”

“Step-son actually – I’m Teddy.” The boy suddenly blushed and began fiddling with Morgan’s lunchbox.

“I’m hungry, can I have one of your sandwiches?”

“Sure, I’ll have one too”.

Teddy took an enormous bite out of the sandwich, and then passed another one to Morgan.

“Tasty isn’t it?” he said.

“Yep,” said Morgan, munching happily. “My mother made it for me this morning, she’s great. I can’t cook at all – can’t even make sandwiches”.

Teddy casually placed a bottle labelled *Taxus* on the table.

“You don’t have to be the cook to – ahem – add the *flavour*”.

As Morgan drew his last, gurgling breath, Teddy slipped silently out of the compartment.