

## CHAPTER THREE

The train to London was not a particularly pleasant experience. During the first half of the trip, Morris could scarcely rid himself of a lingering, sulfurous coal smell that seemed to cling, wet and heavy on the inside of his nostrils. Indeed, once or twice, he sought refuge

by moving to another car, only to have the sour odor follow him like an unloved dog follows an indifferent master. The smell itself was not unusual, but the fact that it did not seem to dissipate as the train traveled through the countryside irritated him. He expected it would only get worse as they approached Birmingham.

Luckily, Moneypenny was eventually able to clear away his fixation on the smell by striking up a conversation with a certain Mr. Boyle, whom, he discovered, was both a newspaper columnist and a member of the Fabian Society. Naturally, the topic of socialism came about in their discourse, and much to Moneypenny's surprise, he found that in general, their views were surprisingly in concert.

Seeking to turn their discussion into a more relevant topic, Morris brought up the garden city movement, and mentioned that as an architect, he found the idea of designing a comfortable and sustainable city—from the ground up—to be a fascinating proposition. As their talk centered around living accommodations and the best types of worker housing, it occurred to Moneypenny that Mr. Boyle seemed to know a great deal, and not only about social theory and politics, as he expected a writer would. The man also demonstrated an impressive grasp of art and architecture—even science and engineering—as he shared his thoughts on building design, street planning, power generation and even waste water disposal.

“I find your knowledge to be quite impressive for a layman,” noted Moneypenny. “Certainly you've read a great deal.”

“One writes. One must also read,” Boyle replied.

Moneypenny wondered what Boyle might say if he knew he was currently in the employ of a rich industrialist. Perhaps nothing. Perhaps Aimlinson was good to his people; maybe it was possible for his family to have made a great sum of money without exploiting his workers. For all his expressed interest in better housing for the common man, Morris worried that sooner or later, one of Boyle's questions would expose him for what he very well might seem to be—a talented but spiritually empty lap dog to the rich.

After they had conversed for about an hour, Boyle excused himself for a moment.

“I have some personal items in the baggage compartment,” he said as he stood up. “Allow me to check on them, and then we can continue our conversation. Enough about theory, eh? I'd enjoy hearing about your current projects.”

Morris watched Boyle step out of the compartment and head off towards the front of the car, toward the next. The man looked about forty years of age; dressed in a rather ordinary fashion—like a schoolteacher or professor—he wore a conservative dark gray suit that, while hardly new, was nevertheless trim and tidy. He seemed rather more soft-spoken than most newspaper types Morris had met in the past. In Moneypenny's own experience they were more apt to be blunt and opinionated, where Boyle seemed more careful and more cautious.

*I wonder what type of things he writes?* Morris wondered. *Perhaps he went to retrieve a sample for me to review.*

Morris reflected upon the possibility that he and Boyle might be of a similar type; gifted—or cursed—with a broad range of interests and abilities but unable to secure notoriety in a single area. For Moneypenny, it seemed that each new day brought another idea to light, or a new direction to follow—but then his initial burst of creative energy would slowly dissipate over a period of hours or days or weeks. Even architecture, it sometimes occurred to him, was simply a means to a living. Of course his fire was stoked hot now with a new commission; but he wondered if after a year of house building he would find himself distracted by something else.

For now however, Morris felt calmed by the rich farmland of the valley of the Trent, and he thought about how much he would like to stop along the river's bank. In the distance he could see a small church built of sandstone. Like all medieval buildings in this part of the country, it spoke of age; of belonging to this place and no other. It all seemed timeless and warm and welcoming...it beckoned him to leap into the scenery, as if one could leap into a painting or a photograph.

After what seemed an inordinately long period of time, Boyle returned empty handed. Morris was slightly disappointed.

"Everything in order?" Moneypenny asked.

"Yes it is," answered Boyle, settling back into the seat. "I am giving a brief talk in London tomorrow evening—and for just a moment, I thought I had left some of my notes behind."

"It would have been unfortunate to have left them behind," observed Morris.

"Indeed," said Boyle. "But it has happened to me before."

Moneypenny's eyes widened, and Boyle smiled in return.

"In Manchester," Boyle explained, "I was speaking to a group of labor reformers—a right rough bunch, too, I might add. Still, they never noticed that I was not fully prepared. Left out half of what I was going to say. Seems they were far more interested in setting factory fires and wreaking havoc than in my theories of divisional labor."

"Ah," said Morris, "*Real* socialists, it seems."

Together they laughed, but Moneypenny noticed that Boyle's laugh was more of a nervous laugh—as if he was trying to take his mind off something. As Boyle looked over towards the door of the compartment, it became obvious that his demeanor had noticeably changed. Indeed, his cheeks were slightly flushed with red, as if he had

stepped into a street and nearly missed being run over by a beer wagon.

Now Morris was not a rough character by any stretch of the imagination, yet his working class upbringing had attuned him well to the baser instincts such as aggression—and fear. Indeed, the clear recognition of these emotions in another person sent a sudden brace of adrenaline moving to the back of his own head. Boyle now appeared to be a man who was very clearly perturbed by something and trying his very best to hide it. Morris glanced out of the compartment door, and seeing nothing—sought to calm the man indirectly.

“Your speech in London...” Morris began, “What is the topic?”

Boyle looked out the window, puzzled and distracted for a brief moment, then he quickly snapped back to attention.

“Well—I am reviewing a case history of a labor dispute,” he said. “Happened right here in Staffordshire, as a matter of fact.”

Money Penny's automatic reaction was to glance out the train window, only to see the red brick pile of the Dorrington Pottery Works passing by. *How soon the quiet country passes away*, he thought.

“A factory dispute?”

“Well, no...” Boyle said, following Morris' gaze. “There have been some about, to be sure, but this particular dispute centers on a clay pit. Horrible working conditions. Sickness...filth...”

“Yes. I see,” noted Morris. “How did it all end up?”

“Poorly. For the labourers—as you can well imagine.”

“No doubt,” said Morris. “I pity them.”

Boyle relaxed a little, sliding further back into his seat. He casually inspected his fingernails, then let his hands slip down, clasped together on his lap. Morris noticed that he had rugged, big-knuckled hands—more like a tradesman than someone who made his living pecking upon a typewriter.

“We all should pity them, Mr. Money Penny,” said Boyle. “Right now there are good men toiling away in clay pits...and coal mines and diamond mines and silver pits and dung heaps, and unfairly so. Just to make a few individuals rich. The price they pay may be a high one. But I fear we'll all be paying sooner or later.”

It was the first time Boyle had offered so strident a viewpoint in their conversation, yet the rupture of his inner feelings seemed to have a calming effect on him. He slowly removed his glasses and carefully cleaned them. He then took yet another, less apprehensive look over his shoulder. If there had been any unpleasantness or danger about, it was now far less evident. Boyle took a deep breath.

“So,” he said, “You mentioned that you are undertaking a new building commission. I would very much like to hear about it.”

*Now who's feeling uncomfortable?* Morris hesitated to reveal that his new employer might well be a great robber baron, and doubtless also a noted exploiter of working men. Unfortunately, he did not have time to think of an alternative course.

“Well, my client is a Mr. Aimlinson,” explained Morris. “An importer.”

“From Liverpool?”

“Well, yes—he has a house there. And in London.”

Boyle's face showed no particular reaction, positive or negative, so Money penny calmly continued on.

“He's building a house in Northumberland. Near the coast,” Morris explained.

“That seems rather remote.”

“Yes, it is at that. But I suppose he values his privacy.”

“Perhaps he seeks escape,” said Boyle, smiling. “In the old days, the Lord of the Manor, whether foul or fair, kept his lodgings upon his freehold. Had to face the common man. But now, in these days—oh, you should see the new factory lords. They seek to hide from their handiwork, I believe. *‘Leave the foulness and stink behind and send the money on’ they say*, from their green and gilded hideaways...”

Morris swallowed hard and wondered if he was now the one with blood coursing through his cheeks. He decided that perhaps the best conversational strategy was not to take the criticism as a personal affront.

“That is true enough,” admitted Morris. “Though I cannot really say if your observation would apply to Mr. Aimlinson.”

“Because he is merely an importer of goods?” asked Boyle.

“Certainly he exploits no Englishmen.”

Wincing, Boyle shook his head and looked out the window sorrowfully.

“I am sorry,” he said. “I hope you do not take my views as a criticism of you. I fully understand your position. The roles of the labourer and the artisan in society are related, but very distinct. Those gifted with artistic skill have always been placed in, perhaps, a more difficult situation. The fruits of their ability are indeed more fragile—more dependent on the momentary needs and desires of their patrons. And certainly patrons must be cultivated and protected to secure a livelihood.”

Money penny forced a tight-lipped smile as his eyes wandered aimlessly about the floor of the passenger car.

“This is very true,” Morris said quietly. “I cannot agree more.”

Morris felt the conversation was about to degenerate into a round of meaningless small talk and chit-chat, but Boyle suddenly managed to steer things back onto a more pleasant, if curious, course.

“Does your Mr. Aimlinson have any family in the area?” he inquired. “In Northumberland, I mean.”

“No. Not that I am aware of.”

“Any business interests there?”

“I really could not say for sure,” said Morris. “Some, perhaps.”



There was a brief moment of silence. Boyle's eyelids rose as if a new thought had just occurred to him.

"Sir William Armstrong lives in the North, does he not?"

"Yes, he does."

"Does Mr. Aimlinson have any dealings with him?"

The thought had passed through Morris' mind before, just as it did during his last conversation with Lubeck. Once again, he dismissed it—since he could see no clear relation at all between the British Empire's foremost arms merchant and an importer of fertilizer.

"I rather tend to doubt it," Morris said flatly. "Quite frankly, I do not see their interests overlapping."

Money Penny was starting to wonder about the point of Boyle's questioning, though it sounded innocent enough. Would it lead to some other comment or criticism? He considered whether it was proper to discuss a client's business matters at all; though he had no great knowledge of Aimlinson's business, to be sure.

"No," said Money Penny. He exhaled loudly as if to punctuate his certainty. "I trust he only desires to maintain some degree of privacy. Not so unusual, I think."

"You're probably correct," admitted Boyle. "He is probably seeking some remote spot to retreat from the constant press of his business dealings. Some inaccessible stronghold, perhaps—where his harried mind can take its ease."

Though the words sounded somewhat sarcastic, there was no hint of sarcasm in the tone of Boyle's voice. Indeed, the gentlest of smiles had settled upon his face.

"Well, I do not know that his property is so utterly remote," said Money Penny. "There is some access to the sea—and a view. As far as being a stronghold...well, he has not asked me to build him a castle. At least not yet."

With that, they both laughed. Money Penny looked out the window again, noting that the scenery had become increasingly industrial in nature. Though he had gradually forgotten about the sour sulfur smell, it still lingered in the air. Yet it was not quite as strong as it had been before.

Silence gradually settled across their little compartment. Boyle took up a battered copy of *The Daily Telegraph* that had been sitting on the seat next to him and slowly began to unfold it, scanning the columns as he did so. Morris yawned and stretched, and seeing that their conversation would take at least a temporary respite, he began to think of something to do.

Perhaps he could sketch out a few ideas in the interim. He had a notebook and some pencils in his bag overhead, so he stood up to retrieve them. As he did, he noticed a satchel next to his own bag. *That must be Boyle's*, Money Penny thought as he sat back down in his seat. He had not remembered seeing it there before.

It did not matter. Morris leaned back and opened the maroon book on his lap. He inspected the detailed drawings of 16th century stonework he had done while on a trip several weeks ago. The pages were covered with massively formed and carved Tudor

doorways, intricate coats-of-arms over entrance porches, and impressive molded-brick chimney-stacks. Though he found the sketching itself was a rather tedious affair, he found it was absolutely necessary in order to accurately record architectural details that he might later wish to incorporate into a house design. Morris also had a few ancient pattern books in his possession, treasures which he referred to often as a source of ideas and inspiration. After flipping through many pages in the sketchbook, he finally found a blank one. He was just about to touch his pencil to the page when Boyle spoke up.

“Those really are magnificent drawings,” he said, setting his newspaper aside. “Even upside down, I can see that you have a great talent.”

“Well, thank you,” replied Moneypenny. “Actually, they serve merely as a record of some buildings—and specific architectural details that I like to record. For reference, you understand.”

As Boyle leaned forward for a better look, Morris felt obligated to turn the big book around towards him for a better view. The man looked approvingly at several pages, nodding and raising his eyebrows as he did so.

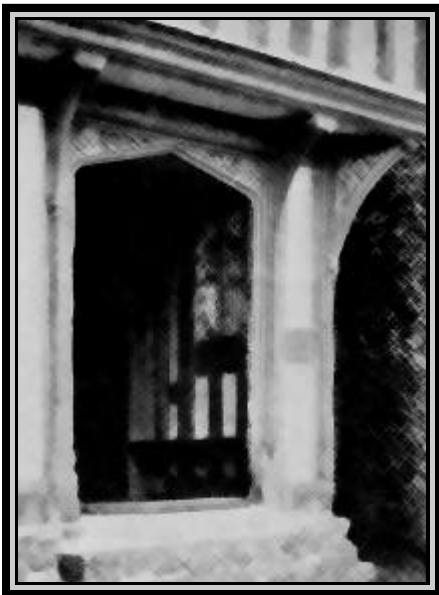
“Ahhh...your draftsmanship is very fine indeed, Mr. Moneypenny.”

“It has gained me a few compliments, to be sure,” admitted Morris. “Yet it is something every architect must do.” He turned the book around and found the blank page once again.

“Somehow,” said Boyle, “I sense that you do not find so much joy in your abilities.”

“It is a gift, yes,” explained Morris. “But it is simply a tool of the trade, as I see it. It allows me to perform my work; a necessary skill that comes naturally to use. This may come as a shock to you—but I often wish I had a camera to record these buildings, rather than a pencil.”

Boyle sat silently for a moment.



“Yes,” he sighed, “it does seem rather ironic that one so gifted in drawing ability would dispense with it so quickly. Don't you see that your drawing technique brings a certain life, a perspective, indeed—a personality—to the image you record? I believe those are elements a camera cannot possibly bring to light.”

“You have a point,” admitted Morris. “But I find the quality of some photographs to be very atmospheric as well. And accurate, too. In any case, as I said—the rendering of the image is merely a tool.”

Moneypenny tapped the book in his hands and smiled.

“After all, Mr. Boyle,” he added, “the house is the primary thing.”

“The house...?”

“Oh yes,” explained Morris. “The sketches, the plans—they are but a means to an end. The house—the finished structure—*that* is the final product, the reason for all of it. To have the design in one's head spring full blown onto a meadow or hillside...to see the vision of the mind's eye become three dimensional...a real creation of stone and wood and brick—*that* is the thing. That is the purpose of all.”

Money Penny could sense Boyle's gradual understanding and acceptance. The man smiled and nodded his head gently, softly patting the folded newspaper by his side.

A few moments went quietly by as Morris began scratching out a floor plan for a portion of a house. It was what one would call a “masculine wing”—which led him to shift around various combinations of smoking room, library, billiard room, gun room, cloak rooms and hallways—adjusting traffic flows, relationships, room sizes and other elements into several workable combinations. The result was like a shifting puzzle with any number of solutions; almost game-like, it allowed him to pass the time in both an enjoyable and useful manner.

He had just begun to work on another set of variations when Boyle suddenly took a deep breath and rose from his seat. The man excused himself, offering no explanation, and exited the compartment. Morris watched him look carefully down the corridor in each direction as he carefully slid the door shut behind him.

With his pencil, Money Penny continued to arrange the various rooms about on the page. Though the combinations were abstract, he surmised that one or more might be of practical use in George Aimlinson's house. He tried to recall the specific rooms mentioned in the notes his client had given him, but failing to be absolutely certain, he stood up to fetch them out of his overhead bag.

Perhaps it was a sudden movement—seen out of the periphery of his vision as he glanced over at Boyle's satchel. More likely, it was a hint of some reflected shadow in the outer edge of the window frame that first caught his eye. Whichever it was, it was enough for him to take notice of a most unexpected event—indeed, as surprising and horrifying a spectacle as he had ever witnessed.

Pressing his face up to the window, Morris could see Boyle—or at least part of Boyle—outside the rail car, right at the juncture between Money Penny's car and the next. His mouth was wide open, and his eyes were near bursting from his head in terror. He was clearly struggling with something—or someone. Money Penny was frozen in disbelief, unable to free himself from the shocking scene that was playing out before him.

In an instant, it became clear that there was indeed someone fighting with Boyle, but before Morris could make a sound, a gloved hand came down hard onto Boyle face, instantly bloodying his nose.

Boyle's unfortunate reaction was to lift a hand up to cover himself...unfortunate in that the very next blow came solidly down on his other forearm, instantly breaking his hold and resulting in a mortal separation from the train.



While being pushed from a moving train does not necessarily mean death for the unfortunate victim, being pushed from a train that is moving across a very high railroad bridge usually does. Moneypenny's eyes followed Boyle on his downward decent for just an instant, until he dropped completely out of view.

Morris could hear a gentle tapping just behind him—it was a thin, bony-faced older man who had been standing just outside in the narrow corridor. The tapping was followed by a confused, muffled inquiry. *What? What is it?* Moneypenny looked about, panic-stricken, his cheeks flushed.

“Someone has fallen off the train!” Morris cried. “The man...who was just here...”

Moneypenny quickly pushed his way out of the compartment, past the stunned man and into the corridor, quickly moving toward the door at the end of the compartment.

“He was thrown off!”

Morris could hear a gasp behind him as he yanked at the door. It was jammed tightly shut. There was no sign of anyone outside the door or in the next car, which appeared through the dirty glass to be a freight car. After a desperate struggle, he managed to open the door and enter the next car. He ran towards the far end glancing to one side, then the other—but no one was inside. As he bolted toward the far door, a tall, heavy-set porter slid it open with a loud *bang* and stood stiffly before him, blocking his path.

“A man...” gasped Moneypenny, “...was thrown off the train. On the bridge...”

The porter did not budge from the doorway. He removed his cap and wiped his forehead with a large white handkerchief. He looked at Morris, then glanced beyond him to the handful of other passengers who had followed Moneypenny into the freight car.

“So—you saw it as well?”

“Yes,” said Morris “A Mr. Boyle. He had been sitting in my compartment.”

The people behind Moneypenny had all broken into unintelligible chatter. The porter looked them over and quickly returned his gaze to Morris.



“Pushed, you say? By whom?”

“I could not see,” the architect cried. “They must have escaped this way. We must stop the train at once...”

The porter grimaced and moved past Morris, looking around the car.

“Heavens no. Not here,” he replied. He glanced back over his shoulder. “There is a station just ahead. We shall stop there and alert the authorities.”

Morris took a step forward and looked suspiciously into the next car. Several people were staring back at him—perhaps wondering what the commotion was about.

“Did anyone come into that car from here?” Moneypenny asked the porter.

“Not that I am aware,” the big man replied. Morris could see that the porter's forehead was pressed into deep folds of perplexity. It was a look that told him that this sort of incident was not supposed to happen on this man's train.

“I shall inquire of the other passengers,” the man muttered. He gestured at the others standing in the narrow space as he stepped back toward the doorway from which he had entered.

“Please return to your seats for now,” he said without emotion. He slid the door back open and stepped into the forward car.

“I'm very sorry,” the porter said as he suddenly turned back to Moneypenny. “Rest assured, we shall find out what happened—and who is responsible.”

By that time, the train had already cleared the bridge by several miles. As Moneypenny and the other passengers returned to their seats, the train was already slowing. Morris sat down and stared blankly out the window. The train passed a mill. Then a brewery. Then it finally came to a stop alongside a very small but well-maintained railroad station. He thought he saw a sign that said TAMWORTH. The station siding was empty save for a single man, who was referring to his pocket watch with a rather puzzled look upon his face.

Morris sat quietly in his compartment for what seemed like an eternity. Eventually, the porter appeared at the door, with the pocket watch man and another barrel-chested, red-faced man in a tight-fitting, dark suit. The porter first motioned at Moneypenny to follow him, then glanced down the corridor toward the back of the train.

“I say—did anyone else here see the incident?” the man called out.

Getting no response, he turned and led the party of four down off of the train and onto the rail siding. They stood together in a small circle. The porter gestured to the man in the dark suit.

“This is officer Price,” he said. “I'm so sorry sir—I don't believe I asked your name...”

“Moneypenny... G. Morris Moneypenny.”

The burly, red-faced policeman seemed slightly impatient. He looked at the train, his gray-green eyes sweeping across its entire length. Sighing, he turned and took a slow, equally full-measured view of Morris.

“It would appear that we have lost a passenger,” he said. “Mr. Speakes here tells me

that you saw the incident.”

“I saw—a struggle,” replied Morris. “Then I saw Mr. Boyle fall from the train.”

“He fell? Or was he—”

“Pushed,” said Morris. “Clearly, he was pushed—just as we were crossing the bridge.”

“You could not see the attacker?”

“No.”

“You saw no one run away from the scene?”

“No. By the time I went to the door to look—well, he was gone.”

“I see,” said Price. “Then the attacker was a man...?”

The alternative had never really occurred to Moneypenny. But there was no doubt in his mind.

“Yes. Judging from the hands...the arms. It must have been a man.”

Price began to nod slowly. Just then, a uniformed officer popped out of a nearby doorway and called to Price.

“James and Deputy are making their way to the area,” he said. “Which side of the bridge should they be looking on?”

At once, everyone turned and looked at Moneypenny. There was a brief and awkward pause.

“Well?” Price asked. He seemed mildly impatient. He pointed at the train sharply. “Did he fall out of *this* side?”

“No. The other.”

The porter slowly looked back towards the direction the train had come.

“That-would-be...*South*,” Price muttered. He turned to the officer in the doorway. “Tell the men to look on the South side.”

With that, Price's attention returned to Moneypenny.

“Were you traveling with Mr. Boyle?”

“No. We had only met on the train.”

The officer seemed to fix his gaze on Morris' head. Moneypenny wondered if his hair had been mussed during all the excitement. Just in case, he reached up and casually smoothed his hair straight back.

“Did Mr. Boyle indicate in any way that he was threatened, or in danger, while he was speaking with you?” asked Price.

“Well—yes,” replied Morris. “At one point, he did seem somewhat unnerved. I believe it was right after he had gone into the next car—to check on his bags.”

“Did he indicate anything, specifically?”

“No. He merely seemed—*unnerved*. As I said.”

“Did this continue until you saw him last?”

“No,” said Morris. “After a few moments, his demeanor did return to what it had been previously.”

“And that was...?”

“Very pleasant. Outgoing. He seemed to be a very normal fellow.”

Price lifted a cigar out of his inner breast pocket and lit it. He then flicked the used match off the siding and down under the train.

“Mr. Moneypenny,” he continued. “You mentioned that you saw hands—or arms. Could you see the attacker's clothing?”

“A coat sleeve, perhaps. Black—or dark blue...”

Before Morris could say more, another porter leaned out of the train.

“What was that name again?”

Speakes turned and rolling his eyes, yelled out to the other porter.

“Boyle!”

As Price's questions went on for a few more minutes, Morris could see the second porter—with much effort—pull a large trunk off the train and set it down on the siding. Price glanced over as the porter made a fruitless attempt to open it. Finally he shook his head and waved the man off.

“Never mind, man,” Price called out. “We can recover the keys from the body...I hope. Leave it for now.”

The officer then turned to Speakes.

“So,” he said, “You say only one other passenger witnessed the incident?”

“Another gentleman told me he thought he saw a man fall from the train. That was when I went back to Mr. Moneypenny's car to investigate.”

Price rubbed his chin, then tweaked his mustache slowly.

“Strange,” he observed, “No one saw anyone enter the forward passenger car—the one in front of the baggage car here—after the incident?”

“No one was seen.”

Price looked again at Morris.

“You're absolutely sure that our Mr. Boyle was struggling with someone?”

“Yes,” insisted Moneypenny. “Whomever it was hit him full in the face. Bloodied his nose, in fact.”

Price shook his head, then shrugged. The man with the pocket watch had wandered over to Boyle's big black trunk and sat down upon it. Price put his hand lightly upon Speake's shoulder. A look of some disappointment crept over his face.

“Well then,” Price said, “I know you want to get on. Let's have one last look. And allow me to speak to that other passenger for a moment.”

They both turned away, leaving Morris standing there alone on the siding. As they climbed up the steps back onto the train, Price glanced back at the young architect.



"I do believe we're finished for now, Mr. Moneypenny. Thank you for your cooperation."

Price turned away. Suddenly he looked back at Moneypenny for a final time, with a softer, less impatient look on his face. He smiled weakly.

"I'm sorry," Price said. "This was very unfortunate."

Morris stepped forward slowly and held out a crisp, new business card. *G. Morris Moneypenny - Architect*. Having recovered from the initial surprise of the incident, he was all business now.

"My card," he said. "If I can be of any further help, please let me know."

Moneypenny returned to his compartment. After about 15 more minutes, he saw Price stride back into the railway station, followed by a man pushing a large wheeled cart. Boyle's trunk sat upon it, black and silent, like a casket upon a funeral bier. More time passed and Morris heard the locomotive engine belching and hissing. A few short whistle blows followed, and as the train slowly nudged forward, the whole gray and surreal scene was lost in a billowing cloud of sour white steam.

Gradually, the train picked up speed and rolled on. Morris had shaken off his initial shock and surprise sometime during Price's questioning, but Boyle's fall from the train continued to nag at him unceasingly. This was unusual, only because Morris had experienced death just a few days before. The image of Vicar Hawke's body returned to him, and then he remembered once again the particularly grisly death of a stoneworker he had once witnessed, as the man was crushed beneath a marble column. He couldn't forget that one...the man's crackling rib cage...the face puffing up far past its normal size...the moans...and then the silence. He saw something of that stoneworker's face in Boyle's—just as the man had lost his grip.

*And where was Boyle's killer?* Morris tried to remain calm as he looked out the window into the distance. Having traveled this rail line before, he recalled that the battle of Bosworth had been fought just a few miles north of where the train was now passing. He briefly thought of men in battle, then came to the comforting conclusion that perhaps what was bothering him was the context of Boyle's death. After all, in the other deaths he had witnessed—apart from the Vicar's—there had been at least some element of danger understood, or apparent; a violent labor strike, a construction site...but here on the train, there had been no risk assumed. The thought that death could come anywhere, at anytime, was one he—like most people—quite readily understood. Recent events, however, had brought it home more fully. As the miles passed, Moneypenny's discomfort slowly metamorphosed into an overall feeling of peace and quiet acceptance. After all—*when it was your time to go, nothing could be done about it*.

One might as well doze off and hope for the best. Which is precisely what Morris proceeded to do.

Watford was the next stop. And soon the train would be in London. Moneypenny thought for a moment about what he had been doing before all the commotion. He cast his eyes down on the seat beside him and noted the sketches upon which he had

been working, and remembered that he had been in the process of retrieving notes from his bag when he witnessed Boyle's unfortunate struggle. He stood once again to get them, and his attention was immediately fixed upon the dark, bulky shape to his right.

There—just as before, was Boyle's leather satchel.

In all the confusion no one, including him, had thought to mention it or hand it over to the authorities. Now there it sat, patiently waiting for its owner to claim it.

Money penny smoothly pulled the satchel over and then down onto his lap. The bag was lighter than he expected, though it seemed very full of something. He held it there for just a moment, then tested the brass latch on the top. It clicked open smoothly, allowing him to look inside.

The contents were a jumbled mess of assorted newspapers and parts of newspapers; personal letters which Morris promised himself he would not read; what appeared to be a small journal, and loose papers, pencils, small hard candies, and then—at the very bottom—something cold, hard and metallic. Money penny pushed the papers farther apart and instantly saw that it was a gun.

It was small and of the French Derringer type; he knew this because had seen Broome confiscate one from a drunken customer at the Magpie several months ago. Morris let the papers cover the gun once again and wondered if it was loaded.

He removed a few of the newspapers and casually flipped through them. There did not seem to be anything extraordinary—there was a Manchester paper...a weekly from Birmingham...what seemed to be a small Italian periodical that he could not read at all...and another crumpled newspaper, which appeared to be German. On closer inspection of this last one, however, he saw that only the name was in German—*Freiheit*. The text was indeed in English, but from what he could see, the paper was apparently published in America.

Clearly there seemed to be more to Mr. Boyle than anyone might have suspected. The varied newspapers were no real surprise; Money penny could see that Boyle had been an educated and well-read individual who understandably had a wide and sophisticated view of the world. Certainly there was nothing about him that seemed threatening. Morris' logical conclusion was that the poor man had felt threatened himself by someone. Or some thing.

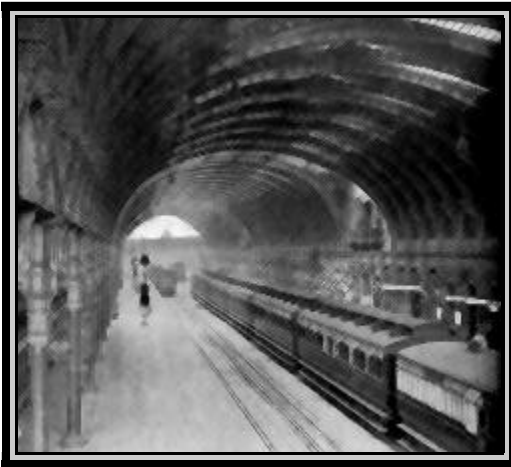
Perhaps there was a clue somewhere inside the bag, but after all—what was the point of trying to find out? He would have to turn the bag over to the authorities as soon as he reached London—perhaps sooner. He could hardly empty the bag's contents out and sort through it all right there on the train. For a moment, Morris considered handing it over to the porter...but then he would have to explain how or why he forgot to mention its existence before.

Not quite sure what to do, Money penny simply closed the satchel and carefully set it down on the floor beside him.

They were getting closer to London now, and he thought about the telegram from Aimlinson. *Who was it he was supposed to meet?*

He stood up once again, and retrieving the crumpled wire from his own bag, he scanned it quickly. *Oh, there it is*—a Captain Norville.

Morris stuffed the telegram into his vest pocket and brought his own bag down on the seat next to him. He put his sketch pad into it, and as he did so, he saw the notes about Aimlinson's house that he had intended to retrieve in the first place. There was no time to look at them now, and for the moment, he was really not inclined to look at them at all. Events of the past few hours had seen to that.



He closed his bag and set it on the floor beside Boyle's satchel. Of course, the only proper thing to do was to turn the bag in at the station. For all he knew, Price might have telegraphed ahead of them and alerted someone about the incident. Indeed, Morris wondered if he might even have to answer additional questions upon his arrival. Perhaps. But as for the extra bag, he was not quite sure what he would do with it. No doubt a decision would come when the train entered St. Pancras Station.