

Pay Back Murder

By Selena

Albert tossed and turned in his hospital bed wandering what his future may hold. His memory was like a thick misty fog hovering around him. What happened? Who could've done this to him? Where was his family? Did they know he was severely injured?

Its 1852, Ada rose from her chair in the local library, and marched to the librarian across the room.

"I'll have this if you don't mind," she announced rudely.

"Please bring it back this time, Ada, on the return date preferably," The librarian requested politely.

Ada put her chin in the air and exited the library. She started reading as she walked slowly. She read the Police report:

Twenty-four year old Margaret Smith was murdered on the 4th of February 1809 after giving birth to her daughter. The murderer has come forward, with the name of Baxter Jones. Please pay respects to Margaret next Thursday. We will have more news on the murderer soon.

Baxter Jones seems to have been let go, despite handing himself in; there was not enough evidence for PC Martins to collect.

Ada was fuming. She stormed back into the library and picked up a family tree book. Right away she looked up Jones and the name of his twenty-year-old nephew Albert Parker- nothing more, no details. What? Is he dead, it's not registered! Without doing anymore she couldn't help but notice a tall, fat figure blocking the candle lit area. She slowly looked up. The librarian stood there stooping down at her.

"I've had enough of you, get out of my library," She snapped.

Ada said no more and, shaking, she sprinted out with the family tree in one hand and the police report in the other.

After a while, Ada managed to open the gate to her well-treated front garden. She walked up the cobbled path to be greeted by her roses with the envious thorns and her vibrant posies. Then she rattled her keys around to hear the thankful bark of her dog, Bernard. Finally finding the well-hidden phone book she looked for Parker, she read:

Billericay 6372

Fantastic, and she dialled the number in.

"Hello," a stern voice announced.

"I'm looking for a Mr Albert Parker."

“Speaking.”

“I’m Ada Jones, I feel we are related.”

“Really, are you certain?”

“Most definitely. I’m your cousin. I was in the library this morning with a friend, I saw the family tree, searched for Jones and there you were. The only two left and both of the same age.”

“Hello. Albert are you still there.”

“Yes I’m here. You must come see me. I live at 56, Lime tree Avenue. In Billericay, Essex.”

“Now, I must go, work is calling me. See you on Friday.”

When Friday came around, Ada grabbed her bag which had Albert’s address in, her purse and her glasses. 56 Lime Tree Avenue in Essex meant she had to get on the train, so out of her door and she locked it behind her. As she was doing so a shadow overtook the light.

“Do you mind!” Ada yelled, turning around to find the librarian stood with a piece of paper in her hand.

“No not really, I need to talk to you.” The librarian announced. She looked over her shoulder. “Perhaps in private.”

Without discussion she barged her way into Ada’s home. Ada followed like a lost sheep and into the kitchen they went.

“Are you in a rush Ada?”

“Yes I am. Now if you don’t mind I’ve got to go to meet a family member, perhaps another time.” Ada replied.

“What’s that I can smell? Tea? Ah, thank-you for asking Ada.” The librarian gave her a death stare, pulled a chair out and melted into it.

“On it now,” Ada said sarcastically.

“Who were you going to see then. This so called relative, who is it?” The librarian put her bag on her lap and started digging through it.

“I mean it won’t be a secret admirer? As far as I’m aware you don’t have any relatives, well that’s what you told me.”

“Or perhaps you were lying...”

Ada could not believe what she was hearing “Excuse me, I am a few things but there’s one thing I’m not and it’s a liar.”

There was a long silence where the librarian stared at her nails, and Ada stuck her head around the corner.

“It’s got nothing to do with you,” Ada sighed bringing her head back into the kitchen. “It’s time you were on your way I think.”

The librarian stood up tears in her eyes. “I can see when I’m not wanted and I’ve just...” And with that she stuck her nose in the air as she always did and was on her way. The door slammed shut and Ada collected her coat and bag, waited a couple of minutes until the librarian was out of sight and finally locked the door behind her.

Striding up the street Ada could see the subway filled with people staring in admiration at the buskers performing their music. She ran past as she didn't want to get talking to anyone, usually she would join the crowd and throw pennies at the buskers. Although she didn't today she needed to get to Essex. After walking for a short while her attention was struck by a big Red, White and Blue sign with *Paddington station* slapped across it. Ada quickly took her bag off her shoulder and held it with both hands just in case an adolescent pick-pocketed her. She reached the counter and a small, dumpy man sat there.

"Yes please," The man looked up at her smiling, looking happy for her presence.

"Hi, can I have a return ticket to Essex please." Ada mouthed because of a current uproar in the station.

He flicked through a book and ripped a rectangular piece of card out.

"Name please, love."

"Ada Jones."

"Lovely. Can you sign here, here and there?" he said, still smiling.

She grabbed the fountain pen and wrote out her signature three times.

"This is your ticket, keep hold of this until your last journey. When you get off you need to come back to me and that will then be £5. Ok thank-you have a safe journey Miss Jones."

She politely took the ticket thanked him, then ran as fast as she could so she arrived at Billericay, at the maximum, ten minutes late. After the train journey Ada jumped off and opened her bag.

"Oh no," She gasped.

"Everything alright ma'am." A voice said.

"I forgot my map."

"Where do you want to be?" The voice once again said.

"Lime-tree Avenue."

"Hey you're Ada. Ada Jones." He happily laughed.

Ada nodded "And you are?"

"Albert Parker the one and only."

With their miniature conversation over and done with, they headed to Albert's house. Ada looked at the posh, big houses staring. Feeling threatened by this, Ada tried to up her status.

"This is an alright place to live. I guess, if you could afford it, you could get a bigger place in the lovely countryside. However, I prefer little trips to family more than usually, so I wouldn't like my family living near." She said trying to sound upper class as she could.

"I thought you didn't have any other family," he asked.

"I do not. Why would you think that? Although, there is a graveyard in my village I like to visit my relative, Miss Margaret Smith." She looked at him, as if she was interrogating him.

"It sounds like you live in a lovely place." Albert whispered.

"Why are you whispering?"

“The locals don’t like posh people. They find them slightly big-headed. It’s a good job you came disguised though.” He laughed.

“What do you mean?”

They stopped walking. “Well to say you live in a mansion, yet, you are wearing quite a tatty dress.”

“Excuse me, this is from the finest boutique in the country and you call it tatty!” Ada shouted and pointed her finger.

Albert searched his mind to find an excuse for his disgraceful comment. “Oh I’m sorry. My sister had a dress with a similar label. It said *The Tatty dress*, so I presumed that’s what everyone called them. Anyway don’t you dare listen to me, I know nothing.”

“I didn’t know you had a sister.” Ada said as they started walking again.

“Yes about that, I didn’t mention her because sadly she passed away earlier this year.” Albert said sadly trying to cover his lies up.

“Oh Albert I’m ever so sorry!” Ada stroked his back.

“Anyway, we are here now” he opened the door for her to step in, “just carry on going into the kitchen. There’s a few chairs in there. I’m just going to use the facilities.”

Ada walked through to the kitchen. She took off her bag and coat, then pulled a chair out to hang them on. She waited for Albert to disappear out of sight and ran to the drawers at the other end. She opened them carefully so Albert was not going to hear her pottering around his kitchen. In order to find the cutlery drawer, she had to think like the man she had only met for approximately ten minutes. At last she found the sharpest and cleanest knife. She heard him coming around the banister and hid behind the door.

“Ada would you like a beverage?” Albert shouted as he came through the door. At that very moment, in slow motion, she struck the knife into his leg and he collapsed onto the floor. Blood spurted everywhere, and a sudden movement happened outside from the corner of her eye. Somebody must have been watching she ran towards the door to find nobody in the garden. Skimming the place slowly she saw the gate wide open. She was not paranoid! Ada rapidly ran inside to see Albert losing lots of blood, she stepped over him and grabbed her bag and coat. Trying to find another escape route at the front and back she saw the knife lying next to him. Ada picked it up and hid it under a book. Finally, she stepped outside to find two policemen outside. She had to cover every trace.

“Help! Help! There’s my friend in there somebody stabbed him and they have ran out of the back. The gate is still open.” She screamed.

“Okay Miss, breathe. Tell us your name and where the body is.” He softly said.

“My name is Ada Jones and he is in the entrance to the kitchen.”

“Alright. This is my partner, he is trained at first aid. We are going to find all we can about this and try to save him.” The policeman shouted.

All three of them entered the house. The medic was trying to find a pulse and when he couldn’t, performed CPR on Albert.

“I’m sorry miss I can do no more.” The doctor said. All of a sudden, a familiar figure popped around the corner. The librarian! Ada gazed at her wondering whether she was in the garden or just by coincidence.

"I am afraid I can, policeman. Today I witnessed this man being murdered. It was her." The policeman followed the librarian's finger all the way across to Ada.

"How can you prove this?"

"Earlier today I wanted to speak to Ada about a library book she owed me. She was in a rush. Talking about a family member I never knew about. I followed her down here to see if it was true. While I was at her abode I picked her books up and read the article about her dead relative, that his relative killed. This is what I call a *Payback murder*." The librarian stared at Ada.

"How can you believe that nonsense! She has always had it in for me." Ada backed away to find the handle for the back door. She pushed it down but it was locked. However, she knew the key was on the table and made her way there. "I can prove it." She went to the table to see the key in the officer's hand.

"Looking for this?" He asked sharply.

"Ada Jones I am arresting you on suspicion of murder you do not have to say anything. But, it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say must be given in evidence." The policeman recited.

"You can't do this! Get away from me! Help!" Ada screamed.

"Excuse me, can you come give a statement?" The policeman asked. "My colleague will take you to the station. On your way down, can you call the coroner to take him away. Thankyou." The policeman shuffled towards Ada put handcuffs on one hand and put the other on an iron railing where utensils were hanging. Ada was silent. She could not speak for what she had done and the fact she was caught out. The poor innocent man was laying on the floor, stone cold and blood over him.

The next week a newspaper was thrown into the Librarian's garden. As she went to pick it up she saw Ada on the front. She turned to page 3 where the article was and:

Ada Jones was arrested last Friday for murdering a man named Albert Parker. She is currently waiting for her court case but all we can say is it a sentence for at least ten years. Albert Parker was expecting Ada but was not expecting his last day to be Friday. After a lot of lying Ada was caught out by our finest Sargent.

The police were rung by Ada's librarian who knew her very well. She witnessed the incident and has given a statement. The librarian (anonymous) was in Ada's house as she happened to be in a rush. The librarian soon found out that Ada had been reading about her relative Margaret Smith that had been killed by Baxter Jones that was Albert's relative. She also said this was Payback Murder.

We will have more for this story next week in the Telegraph.

The End.