

PROLOGUE

Caroline Kennett was dozing uncomfortably, her head lolling against the train window, her mouth insistently flopping open. She'd rushed to catch the last train and the effort had been exhausting in the August heat. Listening to Aunt Hilda moaning on about how forgetful Uncle George was becoming, and telling endless stories about all her friends and neighbours, had been hard work, too. All she wanted now was to get home and go to bed.

The train was sparsely occupied and seemed to be travelling at half speed. The lights had flickered on and off several times, giving the overall impression of a battery running down, a machine struggling to function. Outside it was dark, so she

had no idea where they were. Somewhere between Taunton and Exeter was all she knew.

Shaken awake by an unusually sharp jolt that banged her head painfully against the glass, she opened her eyes to total darkness. The train's battery had obviously given up the ghost – or the line had leaves on it, or – or – the rail operators always had an inventive new excuse to hand. They juddered to a halt and a mechanical sigh of hopelessness was emitted from somewhere underneath Caroline's seat.

Outside, it turned out not to be so dark after all. They were in the countryside, with hilly fields etched by the deep shadows of hedges and trees. A flickering darting light caught her attention.

Two figures were visible forty or fifty yards away in a field that sloped gently downhill from the railway line. Their pale featureless faces were turned towards the train and they seemed frozen into an unnatural immobility. One held a torch, the other some kind of implement. There were two darker patches on the ground nearby.

Caroline frowned, pressing her face to the window, trying to understand what she was seeing. Everything was monochrome, shapes in pale or dark grey. As her eyes adjusted and focused more clearly, the tableau began to make sense, to tell a story. One of the shapes on the ground was a mound of earth, presumably dug

by the implement – no doubt a spade. The second shape, almost identical in size and configuration, was – well, it *could have been* – a body.

The lights came on again without warning. The train began to move, slowly and gently. The scene receded into the realm of dream, another reality so distant and separate that Caroline had no feeling of responsibility or connection with it.

She imagined, vaguely, how it would be to tell the story. ‘I saw a body being buried in a field. It was somewhere in East Devon, I should think. We went through a station soon afterwards, but I couldn’t catch its name. Of course, it could have been a sheep or a large dog.’ She might say something to Jim, with a dismissive little laugh. Or she might just forget the whole thing.

CHAPTER ONE

‘Imagine a flower pushing up through a grave, fed by the organic matter below. This is a picture many of us cherish as a symbol of our own recycling – our bodies continuing in a different biological form.’

Drew paused and scanned the faces in front of him, letting the image gain favour, and overcome any shivers of distaste. The East Caddling Women’s Institute ladies were distinctly unsure about this whole subject, he could see. And indeed, his timing could have been better. Two days earlier, a coach carrying twenty-three Bradbourne school children had crashed in flames, killing eight precious youngsters. A

hurried consultation with the WI President had assured him there'd be no grieving grannies in his audience – but even so, it added to his nervousness.

One or two of the ladies were scowling at him, others were wide-eyed with agitation at his imprudent reference to dead bodies. He shook his head exaggeratedly, his face a picture of regret.

‘Unfortunately, at the present time at least, the idea of our bodies as fertiliser is pure fantasy. Burials as they are now practised are entirely useless as far as recycling is concerned. They’re too deep in the ground. The body is wrapped in a sheet of plastic and often embalmed. The coffin takes too long to disintegrate. Cremation might be a wicked waste of energy and organic matter – but burial is almost as bad.’

Small intakes of breath warned him that he was in danger of going too far. His own youth worked against him in some ways at times like this. He squared his shoulders confidently. He'd done this before and knew where the limits were, knew he reminded them of their own sons and thus invited maternal affection. Despite ladylike protests to the contrary, he also knew only too well how fascinated his audience was with what he had to say. With an average age of at least seventy-five, they had considerable personal investment in the subject. And it was a rare individual who

could honestly claim to have no interest in what happened to their mortal remains when the awful moment finally arrived.

‘It’s time we thought about changing this,’ he told them earnestly. ‘It’s time to help that image of the living flower on the grave to live once again . . .’

A movement at the back caught his attention. It was Maggs, standing close to the door, one finger raised as if trying to make a bid at Sotheby’s. She wagged it jerkily, the motion small but unmistakable. She wanted to speak to him, and urgently. He cocked an eyebrow at her and carried on with his speech. Three more minutes could make no difference to anything and there were points he still needed to get across.

‘Changes in the great rituals of life – and death – come slowly, and I am certainly not seeking to overturn any dearly-held notions. I’m simply trying to suggest that you give it some thought. Question your assumptions. For example, it isn’t true that cremation is cheaper, or more environmentally benign. Some societies choose cremation for social, environmental or religious reasons, but I am here to make a case for a return to burial, for many very similar reasons. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’ll take a short break, and return in five minutes for questions.’

* * *

Maggs was waiting for him at the back. He worked his way down one side of the crowded hall, smiling politely at anyone who caught his eye. When he reached his colleague, she took a pinch of his sleeve and led him into the small kitchen adjacent to the main hall. There she addressed him in a whisper.

‘There’s trouble at the field,’ she hissed. ‘You’ll have to come. Jeffrey insists on calling the police. I told him you’d be there in half an hour. That was’ – she glanced at her watch – ‘fifteen minutes ago.’

‘What sort of trouble?’

‘He’s found a body.’

Drew couldn’t help it. He laughed. Just one brief shout of amusement before taking control of himself. Maggs tightened her mouth. ‘Sorry,’ he said. ‘But you must admit it has a funny side. A dead body in a burial ground.’

‘It’s not funny, Drew. It’s disgusting. Jeffrey thinks it’s been dead for months. He found it with the metal detector.’

He glanced distractedly back towards the hall, aware of his unfinished presentation. ‘I can’t just leave,’ he said. ‘You know how important this is.’

‘Then it’s all right to call the police?’

‘Why not? Of course we should. Did you say *metal* detector?’

‘Yes – there’s some sort of necklace. I really

think you should be there. It's your field.' Her chubby face glared at him with the kind of reproach only found in girls of her age, when everything still seemed either entirely right or utterly wrong.

'I'll finish here in another twenty minutes. With any luck, the police won't have arrived by the time I catch up with you.'

'I'll wait for you,' she said. 'Jeffery will have to manage without me.'

The audience's questions were impressively direct. 'Exactly how deep will your graves be?' 'What would a funeral cost, done your way?' 'Has anybody dear to you been buried in the way you advocate?' and 'Have you no respect for the dignity of death?' This last came from a bristling woman in a blue felt hat that had to be forty years old. Some people groaned and one said, 'Oh Marjorie!'

But Drew was delighted. He launched into an impassioned description of the awesomeness of death, how nobody could ever get used to it or properly understand it. He waxed lyrical about the serenity and beauty of a burial ground such as his would be. But Maggs would not allow him to go on. Her eyes remained fixed on him from beside the door at the back, and reluctantly he called a halt, made his excuses and left.

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The field was seven miles away. Maggs led the way on her motor scooter, Drew following in his van, the narrow country lanes keeping his pace as slow as hers. They arrived to find Jeffrey standing beside the road, his face pale, muddy boots performing an agitated jig apparently of their own accord. Drew finally allowed himself to believe that something serious was happening. He jumped out of the van and addressed his gravedigger-cum-handyman.

‘What’s all this, Jeff? Did you call the police?’

The man nodded. ‘Should be here any moment. You took your time, didn’t you?’

‘I was busy,’ Drew said shortly. ‘You’re obviously coping well enough without me. Have you told Karen what’s going on?’

Jeffrey shook his head. ‘She’s not in.’

‘So where is it – this body?’ Drew looked into his field, where it sloped gently upwards from the road. Its acquisition had come about serendipitously, when a great-aunt had died a year before, leaving her village property to Drew’s mother, a year before. The cottage and adjoining ten acres of land were only a few miles from Bradbourne, where Drew and Karen had been living. Encouraged by Karen and his mother, Drew had wasted no time in putting into practice his ideas for a natural burial service. Increasingly uncomfortable working for a traditional

undertaker, he had leapt at the chance to set up on his own.

Three months ago, they had opened for business. Planning permission had been less difficult to obtain than they'd expected, and media interest had been substantial. Drew had been interviewed on local television and national radio, and continued to be in demand as a speaker. The inhabitants of the hamlet of North Staverton, being on the whole no-nonsense rustic folk with few anxieties about death and its trappings, had adapted to the change of use of Little Barn Field with surprising equanimity. Tucked away between the river and the railway, clustered around the large and relatively modern North Staverton Farm, a handful of properties already lived alongside herds of cows, flocks of sheep and fleets of tractors and agricultural machines passing through their single narrow street. Makeshift hearses and curious sightseers, attracted to Drew's field from time to time, hardly bothered them.

The good-sized cottage had been adapted to comprise an office and 'cool room' with their own entrance, as well as living quarters for Drew and his family. A parking area for funeral business had been created and a tasteful sign painted. *Peaceful Repose Funerals. Natural Burial Ground. Proprietor: A. F. Slocombe.*

Gazing over his acres now, with the five initial graves clearly visible in the lower right-hand corner, Drew pondered the idea that a previous unauthorised burial had already taken place there, unbeknown to him or his partners. It brought a mixture of feelings: curiosity, annoyance, and an undercurrent of gratification. Somebody had sought out the much-publicised natural burial ground of their own accord; whatever the unpleasant truth of the matter turned out to be, it did at least show some sort of sensibility in their choice of a place to hide their inconvenient dead person.

‘How much have you uncovered?’ he asked. ‘Maggs seems to think it’s still got flesh on it.’

‘She’s right,’ grunted Jeffrey curtly. ‘Not that it’s sticking to the bones too well.’

Drew mentally dismissed the theory that had come to him in the van: that the body might be centuries old, something of historical rather than human interest. He made an inarticulate sound of disgust, tempered with professional acceptance. He’d seen many-months-dead bodies before, though only once or twice. They had not been very appealing.

Jeffrey pointed to a spot near the top of the slope where the ground was uneven and scattered with an early spring growth of nettles and thistles. Drew’s field was far from being a smooth green pasture – when he first acquired it, it had been chest-high

with weeds and riddled with rabbit holes. He could see where Jeffrey had been digging, the spade still sticking out of the dark loam.

‘There’s some sort of necklace – that’s what set my metal detector off,’ Jeffrey said. ‘It’s not down very deep, couple of feet at most. I unwrapped it down to the shoulders or thereabouts. Long white hair.’ The two men, followed closely by Maggs, were walking quickly up to the spot. Drew’s thoughts were fractured, skittering randomly around his head. *Why? Who? When?* He tried to piece together the story behind the discovery. What possible reason could there be, other than murder, for such a burial?

‘The police are going to want this like holes in their heads,’ he commented. ‘With all this school bus chaos. They’ve got eight post-mortems already – we’ll be lucky if they get to this one before next week.’

‘Trust you, Jeffrey,’ said Maggs. ‘Why’d you have to go and find it now?’

The gravedigger turned on her angrily. ‘Shut up, you – you—’

Drew put out a hand. ‘Come on, you two. Well, this is it, then,’ he continued, halting at the edge of Jeffrey’s digging and gazing down at what lay at his feet. ‘Looks like a woman,’ he said.

‘It is a woman,’ said Maggs, with youthful eagerness. ‘She’s wearing a sort of dress, see?’

Funny how a bit of material can last longer than a person's body. And that jewellery – I suppose that'd last forever.'

'Jewellery might, but material wouldn't,' Drew remarked. 'So it must be fairly recent. Pity it's been such a wet winter – makes it much harder to estimate how long she's been here.'

He was hardly aware of what he was saying, his gaze held by the uncovered head, revealing the uncompromising reality of what happens to human tissue when left under the ground for any length of time. Parts of the woman's face had come away when Jeffrey had pulled the wrapping off it, so that grey bones showed here and there. Hanks of white hair stood out starkly against the red-brown soil.

'Not a lot of point in a post-mortem,' Drew went on. 'Unless she was poisoned and they find arsenic in the hair, or she's got broken bones, or she was shot and they find a bullet, I can't see them ever finding a cause of death. There's going to be a serious shortage of evidence on this one, you see if I'm not right.'

The police car was not sounding its siren, but they heard it approaching anyway. Very little road traffic passed Drew's field in the middle of the day. 'Here we go then,' Drew said, taking a deep breath. 'Brace yourselves.'

* * *

The police were initially highly efficient. They erected barriers around the impromptu grave, and summoned the Police Surgeon to supervise the slow and careful disinterment of the body. 'She's been well tucked in,' Drew heard one of them remark. 'Hands neatly folded. All laid out straight, too. Like a proper burial.' Flashbulbs popped and every detail was recorded on tape.

Drew watched the whole process, feeling a sense of obligation to the corpse that he couldn't have adequately explained. As the woman's dead body was lifted free, one of the men lost his footing in the damp soil and let go. A faint ripping sound gave Drew's guts a nasty twist. The material in which the body had been wrapped came loose, and the garment underneath was exposed. A knee-length dress, stained and shapeless, rode up over the body's hips. The ripping sound had been that of decomposing skin and tissue separating at the sudden jolt. One leg dangled horribly, like that of a broken doll.

'Christ!' said the man who'd slipped, taking hold of the leg in gloved hands and trying to straighten it. 'This is a right game.'

'Better than those burnt kids,' said his partner, holding tightly to the body's shoulders.

'You won't forget this week in a hurry,' Drew said sympathetically. 'Why is it that everything happens at once?'

The police officer in charge consulted Drew about removing the body to the Pathology Lab. 'You're an undertaker,' he said dubiously. 'Maybe you could do it. Though we usually call Plant's for Coroner's removals.'

'Call them if you like,' said Drew. 'I'm not going to argue.' Despite the all-concealing plastic in which it was now being thoroughly wrapped, the body was far from pleasant to handle. But after a second's reflection, he knew he should do it. The opportunity was too good to miss. Besides the payment, there was the chance to demonstrate that Peaceful Repose was a serious business, more than capable of tackling anything that Plant's could do. 'No – we'll do it,' he said. 'It'd be daft to call Plant's.'

'Maggs!' he called. 'Get the van, would you? You can drive it part of the way up here at least.' Throwing him a cheerful grin, she trotted off. Having failed her driving test for the second time only that week, she wasn't qualified to drive on the road. But Drew let her practise on the smoother sections of the field, knowing how much she enjoyed it.

The police gave their usual warnings about nobody disturbing the scene, the need for more forensic examination, and official statements to be made by Jeffrey and the others. Drew was aware of a strange insouciance in himself and

the police officers, rare when dead bodies were involved. He supposed it was partly because the body was so very dead, it was no longer human in any real sense. Besides that, the numbness caused by the school bus crash was still very much in operation. The whole community was walking about in a state of shock from that catastrophe. A single mysterious old woman could hardly evoke much emotion after that. And yet, the reality appeared to be that this unknown woman was a murder victim, or if not that, then the subject of a criminal act, who had been secretly buried sometime during the past year or so. Sooner or later, Drew was sure, he would be forced to care very much who and how and why and when.

Jeffrey, however, was anxious to have his role recognised. He began to prattle nervously, as the whole group moved awkwardly down the field towards the van. ‘Her flesh is all black,’ he remembered. ‘Like a sheep been dead in a ditch for half a year. And the bone sticking out, funny whitey-grey colour. Don’t smell much, though. Not as bad as a sheep. No maggots, see. Flies can’t get down that deep. Those dentures, though, grinning at nothing – gave me a shock, they did. All pink – not natural.’

‘OK,’ Drew tried to interrupt him. ‘I think we’ve got the picture.’

‘Must’ve been an old lady – white hair and

false teeth.’ Jeffrey cocked his head at the police, who were preparing to depart. ‘Have to be a post-mortem now, eh?’

‘That’s right, sir,’ said an officer flatly. ‘And an inquest,’ he added.

Drew rubbed two fingers hard across his brow, aware of a subtle pain developing. ‘What a business,’ he said.

‘Mmm,’ agreed the policeman. ‘Can’t recall anyone reporting their old Mum missing – nothing nice and easy like that.’ He adopted a gloomy expression. ‘I hate these “identity unknown” cases. She’s probably some Wino Winnie, got herself bumped off in an argument over a bottle of meths.’

Now Drew had another part of the answer to his earlier self-questioning. Just an old woman who nobody cared about. Nobody had been searching for her, worrying about her. And maybe she hadn’t been murdered after all. Maybe she’d died somehow, out in the open last summer, and as an act of unthinking sensibility someone had buried her in the new cemetery. It had a neat touch, a nice thoughtfulness which Drew found appealing, but he knew, inescapably, that it didn’t ring true. *Pity*, Drew said to himself. *It’s a pity she couldn’t have just lain there undisturbed.* And he cast a look of such venom at Jeffrey that the gravedigger flinched in bewildered alarm.

* * *

Drew lingered after the body had been delivered to the Path Lab at the big Royal Victoria Hospital. The Coroner's Officer, Stanley Sharples, met him in the corridor outside and clapped him on the upper arm. He looked weary and drawn.

'What's all this then?' he said. 'Someone jumping the gun in your new cemetery?'

Drew forced an answering grin. 'Something like that,' he nodded. 'An elderly woman – the police seem to think she's probably a vagrant.'

'Funny vagrant – wearing jewellery, I gather,' Stanley demurred.

'You must have come across it before,' Drew said. 'Most people, even tramps, hang on to one special possession. It's human nature, isn't it? Even if you're living rough, hooked on drugs, as deep in the pit as you can get, you need something special to call your own. Especially women. Some lover probably gave it her fifty years ago.'

Stanley was only half-attending. Drew was irritated. Never mind that the man was in the middle of the worst disaster of his career, it was still his job to give this new case his full concentration.

'Or maybe it wasn't hers. Perhaps it's a parting gift from whoever buried her?' he went on. 'Somebody cared enough to lay her out properly, wrap her up, and bring her to my field. Maybe they wanted her to have something nice in there

with her.’ Drew had seen countless instances of the modern version of grave goods. Families put a bizarre assortment of objects in the coffin with their dead relatives.

‘Don’t get complicated about it,’ the Coroner’s Officer begged. ‘In any case, this one’s going to have to wait. We haven’t got time for it now. God knows, Drew, we’re stretched to the limit here at the moment. I’ve just been talking to the mother of two boys, both killed in the back of that bus. She hasn’t got any other kids. Can you imagine what that’s like?’ There were tears in Stanley’s eyes. Drew accepted defeat.

‘OK,’ he said, a heavy knot of pain and fear collecting in his chest. He didn’t want to imagine what it was like to lose your family in a ghastly accident. He didn’t want to listen to Stanley any more. ‘OK,’ he repeated. ‘I’ll just wait to hear from you, then. In a week or two.’

‘Don’t worry, son,’ Stanley told him. ‘We’ll get around to her eventually. She isn’t going to go anywhere, is she? And I can tell you already, we’re not likely to find much of any use. It’s going to be one that gets away – lack of sufficient evidence. Death by person or persons unknown. Usual platitudes. Even if we’d had nothing else to do, it’d come to the same thing in the end.’ He eyed Drew ruminatively for a moment, remembering his past reputation. ‘So – don’t you

go stirring things up, there's a good chap. None of your romantic amateur detecting on this one.' He smiled wanly. 'Tell you what – I'll put in a word with Fiona at the Council – make sure you get the funeral when it happens. How's that?'

'Thanks,' muttered Drew. 'But I shouldn't hold my breath – right?'

'Right,' said Stanley.

CHAPTER TWO

There was a police presence of one sort or another at the field for the next three days. Every atom of material from the dead woman was carefully removed from the shallow grave. 'If it hadn't been for that necklace, we might never have found her,' said Jeffrey thoughtfully. 'I was all set to give this patch a miss, as it happens. Didn't fancy being stung by the nettles.'

'What changed your mind?' Drew asked him.

Jeffery cocked his head. 'Just one of those things,' he offered non-committally.

'And why were you out there with a metal detector in the first place?' Drew enquired belatedly. 'What's the idea?'

Jeffrey met his gaze. The strong shoulders and stalwart neck betrayed a life spent as a labourer. Drew had poached him from North Staverton Farm, despite not being able to offer steady work. So far he had dug five graves in the field and trimmed back the hedges on three sides. The railway line formed the upper boundary, with a wire fence maintained by the rail operators to augment the somewhat patchy hedge on that side. The Planning Officer had stipulated a stout boundary wall or fence, but had been persuaded that the six-foot-high hedge of mixed thorn, holly, bramble and briar was thick and prickly enough to keep intruders at bay and conceal the field's contents from over-sensitive passers-by.

At sixty-three, Jeffery was apparently philosophical about almost everything. He lived simply, in a stone cottage with few facilities, on a quiet road half a mile out of the village. 'My granddad was a gravedigger,' he said, on his first encounter with Drew. 'Don't much hold with cremation myself. Burial's got to be decent, mind. Dignified.' As far as Drew could now recall, that had been sufficient reference and the post had been offered and accepted with scarcely any further discussion.

'I got thinking,' Jeffrey explained slowly. 'It's the law, you know – once a bit of ground is used as a grave, it mustn't ever be disturbed again.'

So it seemed to me, I should just make sure we weren't missing any treasure. Old coins and the like. See?'

Den blinked dubiously. 'But wouldn't you find any precious objects anyway, when you were digging the graves?'

Jeffrey cast his gaze over the ten acres, and smiled wryly. 'Won't be here to see the whole field filled up,' he said. 'It's a hobby of mine, anyhow,' he added.

Drew didn't pursue it: he was just then trying to concentrate on recovering some of the momentum he felt he'd lost with the WI ladies by sending them a packet of carefully worded leaflets.

In the following days, only moderate local interest was kindled by the finding of the body. The weekly newspaper that morning devoted almost all its space to stories about the dead and injured schoolchildren, but they found a few inches for the Peaceful Repose find at the bottom of an inside page. 'This has to be good for business,' Drew commented over breakfast, feeling rather gratified, until Karen pointed something out that made his blood congeal.

'People'll think it's all a publicity stunt,' she said idly. 'They'll think you put that body there and then staged a dramatic discovery.'

He stared at her in horror. 'They wouldn't!' he

gasped. ‘That would be ridiculous.’ Scanning the report, he read aloud: *Peaceful Repose Funerals opened their “environmental” cemetery three months ago, with a view to offering burials in a natural setting, with little of the ritual or trappings of modern funerals. Funerals cost approximately half the price of more traditional versions. To date, it is understood that five burials have taken place in the cemetery.* That’s pretty positive, don’t you think? Nothing to imply devious practices.’ He wiped a dramatic hand across his brow. ‘You had me worried there.’

‘Well, they wouldn’t say it, would they?’ she laughed scornfully. ‘But there’ll be jokes going round – you see. If nothing else, Daphne Plant’ll have a go at spreading the poison.’

‘Then we’ll have to do all we can to identify this woman, won’t we? If they could work out how she died and where those dentures and the necklace came from, they’d stand a better chance of matching her with someone from the Missing Persons file. Though I can’t think quite how—’

‘Read that bit again – about who they think she might be,’ Karen interrupted.

Drew readily complied, pleased that his wife was taking an interest, despite her unsettling suspicions. ‘OK. Let’s see – *A police spokesman revealed that the body is that of an elderly woman, approximately five feet eight inches tall,*

with long white hair and a complete set of false teeth. She was wearing a summer dress, and had been wrapped in a patterned cotton sheet. There are no obvious signs of violence, and a full post-mortem examination will be required before a cause of death can be established. In the light of the terrible tragedy at the weekend, this will not take place for some days. Meanwhile, the police would very much like to hear from anybody who might be able to assist in identifying the woman.'

'In other words, they're completely stuck,' Karen summarised. 'I'm not asking for gory details, but I assume there's not much left of her face?'

'Nothing you'd want to take photos of for public consumption,' Drew agreed. 'And they're not going to go to much effort or expense to reconstruct it either. It sounds to me as if they've already decided she's just a homeless old dropout – or some mental patient let loose in the community, with no friends or family to report her missing.'

'Poor old girl,' Karen sympathised. 'Not a very dignified end – left anonymously in a field. Even a lovely field like yours,' she added hastily.

'It's not that simple, though,' Drew persisted. 'She didn't bury herself, did she? There's a mystery here, however you look at it.'

'And we all know how much Drew Slocombe

loves a mystery,' Karen sighed. 'Why do I get the feeling that this is only just beginning?'

'I can't imagine,' he said, widening his eyes in mock innocence. 'But I have the same feeling myself.'

Karen's answering smile was cynical. 'Oh drat!' she sighed, as from upstairs a familiar wail announced that their small daughter was ready for her second meal of the day.

'I'll get her,' Drew offered, already halfway out of the room. 'Where's that girl?' he chirruped as he mounted the stairs. 'Where's that Stephanie Slocombe?'

It was with a familiar sense of unease that he saw the image of the decomposing body found in the field transposed onto that of his little girl, as she stood red-faced and wobbly, clutching the bars of her cot. It was an inevitable concomitant of his job that this happened regularly – death pushing life to the outer edges of his mind, casting its pall like a shadow. Usually he managed to thrust it away, or to put it to positive use, as a reminder to enjoy and celebrate each moment, but all too often he found himself acutely aware of the skull beneath the skin.

Which was, perhaps, another reason why he was going to have to find out who and how and why the dead woman was in his field. Until he did, he feared that she was going to haunt him.

Stanley's plea to leave well alone rang in his ears, as another irritant. Drew's relationship with the police was uneasy at best, now he had set up in business on his own. When he'd left his secure job at Plant & Son Funeral Directors, rocking the boat by becoming a competitor, a lot of people had been concerned – or worse. Even if he only attracted twenty funerals a year away from his former employer, it would make quite a hole in her profits. The conventional Coroner's Officer was firmly on Daphne Plant's side, missing no opportunity to have a dig at Drew Slocombe and his Peaceful Repose Funerals. Drew's youth only made it worse. At barely thirty, he had time and energy to change hearts and minds on a substantial scale, and the reactionary funeral industry was uneasy at what the future might hold. So far, the American influence was dominant, adding a steady stream of expensive trappings to already blatantly prodigal ceremonies. Cardboard coffins and willow baskets remained the choice of a tiny minority. But everyone could sense the seesaw tipping inexorably the other way, the fickle public poised to embrace the plainer simpler style. And everyone knew that Drew was doing his best to shift that balance.

The newspaper reported little progress the following week. Much of the relevant article

merely repeated, with a few embellishments, the original facts.

Police efforts to discover the identity of the dead woman found in the new burial ground at North Staverton have so far proved unsuccessful. Three Missing Persons reports have been investigated, but none of them matches the details of the dead woman. Forensic investigations indicate that she was aged between sixty-eight and seventy-five, about five feet eight inches tall, of slender build and in good health. She probably died in August or September last year. She was dressed in a knee-length cotton garment and leather sandals. She wore a very distinctive necklace (pictured) which has been traced to Egypt, where jewellery of this sort is commonly sold in souvenir shops. It is made of bronze and is the reason why the body was found – Mr Jeffrey Chanter was using a metal detector in the field when he stumbled upon the remains. It is of no great monetary value. The police would like to hear from anyone who recognises this necklace, or who can offer any assistance in the identification of this woman.

There was a follow-up piece on the television local news that same evening, with the photograph of the necklace included.

‘They’ve still no idea of how she died then?’ Karen queried.

Drew shook his head. ‘Nobody’s told me anything. They all see me as an outsider these days. I don’t get the gossip like I used to at Plant’s. They’ve given up digging for more clues in the field, thank God. Have you seen the mess they’ve made?’

‘Only from the window. I haven’t been in the field lately. Accidentally on purpose, I suppose? The mess, I mean.’

‘Probably. They do seem quite keen to get up my nose.’

Karen was knitting, a practice which Drew found amusing, and over which he teased her repeatedly. For Karen, it required considerable concentration, and none of the relaxed ease he remembered from his grandmother’s endless productions. ‘Will she ever wear it?’ he asked dubiously, every time Karen held up her effort for inspection. It was a vivid kingfisher blue and grew agonisingly slowly. ‘Isn’t she going to be too big for it?’

His wife pursed her lips and embarked on another row. ‘You could ask Maggs to finish it for you,’ he added now, incautiously. ‘Knitting’s another of her endless talents.’

‘She should get out more,’ was Karen’s only comment.

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