

away for a few days, that's a good thing. Maybe he turned his phone off. Some people do that when they want to get away."

"Maybe," he said. "I know it's not really my business. It's just...it's because he's a recent widower that I'm worried, honeybunch. His wife died a couple of months ago, and he says he's lost without her. He came here to get justice for her, he said. I don't know what that means. I'm afraid he's done something foolish. Or is going to. If I can't find him."

THREE

"HOW'S THE VISIT with the folks going?" Simon, the man who drives my ambulance, asked me on Friday.

I groaned.

"That bad, eh?" he said. "Wouldn't want my mama moving in with me, I can tell you that. 'Pick up your socks, Simon.' 'Where you goin', Simon?' All the day long."

We were in the ambulance, which we call The Beast, heading back to the station after

The tourists were still in bed or enjoying a leisurely breakfast.

"Looks like we're too early," Dad said.

"I could have told you that, if you'd stopped to listen to me."

He read the small sign on the shop door. "They open at ten. We'll come back then."

I peered through the empty store windows. The goods sold here were valuable enough that they needed to be locked up overnight.

Two rows of shops lined the road. They were all painted a blinding white with navy-blue trim. The sidewalks were lined with palm trees, and each shop front had a giant urn overflowing with purple and white flowers. The shops were all upscale, catering to the tourist trade—art galleries, shops selling summer attire and beachwear, a real estate agent advertising vacation properties.

"Might as well have breakfast while we're waiting. That place on the corner looks open." Dad set off at a brisk trot.

"We already had breakfast," I said as I hurried to catch up.

"Another breakfast then." He pushed open the door.

The coffee shop was mostly empty. Dad ordered a bagel with egg and cheese. "Don't nag," he said, although I hadn't said a word. "I'm on vacation."

I asked for a latte, and we took a table at the bar counter along the window, facing outside. We watched as the street slowly came alive. More people came in searching for coffee. Shop employees headed for work.

"Ask your friend Alan how the police investigation is going," Dad said.

"He's not going to tell me!"

"Sure he is. He wants to impress you."

"He does not."

"Good night, honeybunch?" Dad asked.

I turned and smiled at him. "Busy."

He pulled a stool up to the breakfast bar. "We're leaving tomorrow. I'm sorry I never was able to find out what happened to Paul. He was a decent guy. You say the cops here are good, but they're busy enough with obvious crimes. Like everyplace else. Some things fall through the cracks."

I'd decided earlier not to tell him what I'd learned. But before I could stop myself, I said, "Emmeline Erasmus left the party early."

He looked up. "What party?"

"Claude's alibi for the time of Paul's death is a party. The police checked, and he was there all night. But I found out that Emmeline left without him. Around nine."

"Do you know where she went?"

"No."

"You think..."

"I don't know what to think, Dad. She's involved in the jewelry store. Maybe more involved than her husband is. She designs custom jewelry for the store's customers. It's possible Paul was after her, not her husband."

"We'll have to ask her."

"We can't ask her if she killed a man."

"Sure we can. If we do it the right way." He glanced at the clock on the wall. "Nothing we can do about that now. Let's get some sleep. I have an idea."