

Police interview

Next morning, Mrs Murray bought Kat home from the hospital in a taxi. The police were anxious to interview Kat and the last thing Mrs Murray wanted was a bedside interview in a ward full of silent, fascinated patients.

The policewoman who interviewed Kat was kind, and very efficient. She asked many unexpected questions. She rephrased questions in case Kat hadn't understood them. She didn't get impatient or make Kat feel a fool.

But it was clear she sensed Kat wasn't telling her everything about the accident.

'I must say,' she said at last, 'it astonishes me that someone as intelligent and apparently responsible as you seem to be, was doing something as stupid as riding a supermarket trolley down the middle of the road!'

'I entirely agree with you,' Mrs Murray said grimly. 'It's not the sort of thing kids usually do on their own.'

The policewoman spoke over Kat's head to Mrs Murray. 'It's amazing what incredible, dangerous things they'll do in a group—things that'd never cross their minds when they're on their own.'

Mrs Murray looked hard at her daughter. 'Well, Kat?'

Frantically, Kat sought to stop the direct question which was obviously about to be asked. 'It was all my fault,' she said. Her fear at maybe having to reveal that Sylvia was there too made her sound sulky and uncooperative. 'I know I shouldn't have been playing on the road. I'm sorry. Anyway, it's all past history now, isn't it?'

'No, it is *not* "past history",' the policewoman said crisply. 'It's a very serious offence to run into someone and then simply drive off.'



from *The Sylvia Mystery* by Penny Hall

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