

An Eye for an Eye.

'I must have been about five or six years' old.

'I *think* I was happy.

'We lived in what might now be described in the redtops as "a Millionaires' Luxury Estate" with a tall perimeter fence, security cameras, and tall gates that could be opened and closed from the car as it approached the long winding drive. I am an only child - a "mistake" or "an afterthought" as my mother, in a stage whisper, would explain me away to her friends - and would spend hours and hours amusing myself: playing with one of the hundred toys in the attic, exploring the grounds, of which there were several acres, including a long, serpentine lake, or marching up and down the grand Palladian terrace overlooking the walled-garden.

'Mummy and Daddy were hard-working and successful at what they did. Father worked doing "something in the city", and mother was never short of something to do. Helping him out with paperwork and administrative tasks, she was always busy, and seldom did a week pass without her jetting off here or there on some jaunt or other – often, but not always, in relation to my father's business. Sometimes, it was to meet up with her French or Italian friends (*fiends*, my father called them) and it was then that Nanny had to stay over, tuck me into my bed and give me a goodnight kiss the only one I would ever get.

'Was it a strict upbringing? I suppose you could say, in a way, it was. Certainly, compared with how I believe youngsters are brought up today. In the library, The Complete Works, The Encyclopaedia Britannica, and the Bible took pride of place on the bookshelves; and Mummy and Daddy always instilled the traditional virtues of playing by the rules, taking your punishment like a man, and respecting the dictum: *An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth...*

"One night - as I said, I was about six – I lay in bed, unable to sleep. I could hear my parents in the room below, their voices raised. Not unusual, but louder than normal. "Well, if you think I am going to stay at home and play little wifey while you spend your time gallivanting with your golfing buddies, you've got another thing coming, Charles, 'Old Boy'! So, we'll have to send the little bugger away somewhere -farm him off to... I don't know, Gordonstoun or Stowe or somewhere." More shouting ensued, but that's what they did, and I spent the next twelve long miserable years being lonely, bullied, and abused – unprotected by those who should have loved me.'

So, that's why you killed them? Because of what they had done to your life?

'Yes, Detective Inspector, that's why I killed them. Payback-time for what they had done. And after all, I was only doing what any good boy would do; obeying my parents:

'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth...'