

The man on the mortuary slab in the workplace of Jerry Morrissey, the police pathologist employed by the Garda Siochana in Wexford in the Irish Republic was well and truly dead. It seemed there was nobody to mourn. No one to shed a tear. The passport in the man's inside jacket pocket said that his name was Malachy FitzWilliams. He was not familiar to, not recognised by anybody – neither those that first found the body and notified the Garda, nor the Garda themselves. He was not somebody that they had come up against before, though he looked for all the world as though he might have crossed their path. By the very look of him, he was either very ill, or had abused his body over a long time with either alcohol or drugs. Either 'a drinker' or a 'druggie' was the general opinion of the earliest people on the scene. He was very thin, not quite emaciated, but certainly he looked as though he could do with a square meal – and despite the expensive suit, perhaps a good wash! However, the poor sod was well past the point where soap and water would mend him. 2 2