

The Woman on the Train

The body on the beach, the Banana Splits and Rot in hell Betty Reinford.

Rockport is a small town in Essex county Massachusetts, in the 2010 census the population was 6,952 and it is located exactly 40miles Northeast of Boston at the tip of the cape Ann peninsula.

According to the United States Bureau the town has a total area of 17.5 square miles and is surrounded by water on three sides. There are three neighboring islands named Straitsmouth, Thatcher and Milk. The towns shore is mostly rocky north of Lands End but some what less as you go south of there. Rockport Harbor and Old Harbor provide deeper water for boats to dock in near the center of the town. It was in the latter of the two that Walter Hope caught sight of two police cars parked close to one of the wooden jetties which jutted out about a third of the way into the water.

From where he was sitting on the bus three officers were standing over what looked like a body lying on the shore while another was busy talking into his car radio mike that he'd stretched out of the open window. But he couldn't be sure it *was* a body because the bus lane didn't come quite close enough to the edge water for
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Instead Walter glanced at his wrist watch and seen it was 7.59am, two things came to mind as he did so. One, this was the first time in over a month the Silver route 127 Cape Ann transportation loop was on time. Which would mean for a change he wouldn't have to make a painful dash across the foot bridge with the aid of his walking cane at the terminus to catch his 8.20am connection train to downtown Boston like did most working days. And two if a body had washed up on the beach it was probably going to be one of those obnoxious up state tourists who hire out boats from the Marina at the Good Harbor Beach Gloucester and who scout the coastline getting inebriated on cheap wine and beer as they go before stopping in Rockport. He'd seen a few falling into the harbor on occasions before, mostly rowdy collage kids while he tried to enjoy a Saturday morning coffee outside Rudy's café' across from the quay. Which left him pondering as to why the town councilors stood for such dreadful behavior year in year out, surely visiting vacationing drunks added very little in financial gain towards the towns treasury when you consider most stock up from Gloucester Liquor Locker supermarket before they sail, and never mind that they bring down the tone of the place.