

The Body on the Beach

It was Analise's second trip to Mykonos. The first time had been over a year before. She had first flown to Athens, spent a few days exploring all the wonders there, then went on to the Island of Mykonos by ferry for five days of relaxation. The island was beautiful, bright, sunny, white buildings shimmering like jewels. A great night life, where she actually met someone who became a Facebook friend.

It had been marvelous except for the next to last day, she found a body on the beach. It was bad enough, terrifying in fact, to find a dead person, but it was an older woman who was staying at the same small hotel. Analise had spoken to her a few times at breakfast. Irene was there to find out more about her family. Irene's grandfather was a tailor in Mykonos. His family had actually come from Volos, but Iakov had left to explore other parts of Greece and settled in Mykonos. He did return to Volos for a bride. Irene's father had emigrated to New York in 1935. He kept trying to convince his father to emigrate and live with him and his soon to be wife. Iakov refused.

They lost all contact with him in 1942 and were never able to find out anything concrete as to what happened. Irene had been fascinated by what her parents had told her about him. He had even made the wedding dress for her mother and sent it to her as a present from Mykonos. It was exquisite. Irene has actually worn it at her own wedding thirty years later.

The owner of the small hotel, Sofia, had kept in touch with Analise after she left. So far no suspects had been found after a year. Sofia was still so concerned about what Analise had experienced, that she offered free room and board for a week. Analise finally accepted.

Sofia welcomed her as if she were a long-lost daughter. Fussing over the room and setting out an abundant amount of food for lunch for the two of them. Eventually the conversation turned to what Sofia knew about Irene and why she had come to Mykonos.

"My grandmother knew Irene's grandfather and liked him very much. Said he was a great tailor and a kind and generous man. He was well known in the community and liked. He just disappeared one day in 1942. Irene spent her days talking to people in the town who might have known him. There were only a few people who would not talk to her. The old mayor and his son Nikos, who had moved into Iakov's house after the war. I think they thought she was accusing them of something. Maya also refused, saying she knew nothing. She's a funny one, always saying her father hid people during the war."

"Sofia, I remember that you wrote to me that they decided Irene was suffocated but they thought that she had been drugged before it happened and was unconscious."

"Yes, Analise, the doctor and police who examined her said there wasn't any sign of a struggle and that it was as she had simply laid down on the beach on her side to sleep."

Analise left a little later to explore the town. She was going to meet Jason, the young attorney, she had met last year, for dinner that evening. As she roamed around looking at the shops, she came to a decision that she needed to find out who had killed Irene and why.