

## Trash extract

say why they killed him, either.' The old man spat on the grass. 'Well – he was the houseboy here. Worked here – I don't know – not as long as me, but long. I knew him to talk to, smoke away with, and he was a nice enough boy. What I hear is that a little while back he gets told to buy a new fridge. The old one's dead, and the man needs a fridge for all that food! So – the boy orders one, and men deliver it. The boy says, "Take the old one with you, please?" Fair enough, it's got to go, it's just junk to the senator. These delivery men, they have no objections – there'll be parts they can sell. So they load it up, and our boy rides with them in the truck, with the gate pass. Chats with the guards, laughs – cool as cool. All on camera, so they say – the fridge, all roped up in sheets. But he doesn't get down. He stays on the truck to show them a short cut. Then he stays all the way. Says he wants the fridge for himself, because he knows he can make something on it. So he gives them two thousand pesos to set it down just where he wants it – and that's good money: nobody's making problems with that kind of money. Some graveyard, they say – not even a house. And that's the end of the trail. He's never seen again.'

'He'd put the money in the fridge?' I said.

The gardener was laughing again. 'That's what everybody thinks. Six million dollars in a broken fridge!'

He nodded at the house and the police cars.

'And they're just standing around, I bet. No idea where it's gone. What a boy! I just wish I'd got to shake his hand.'

He stopped smiling.