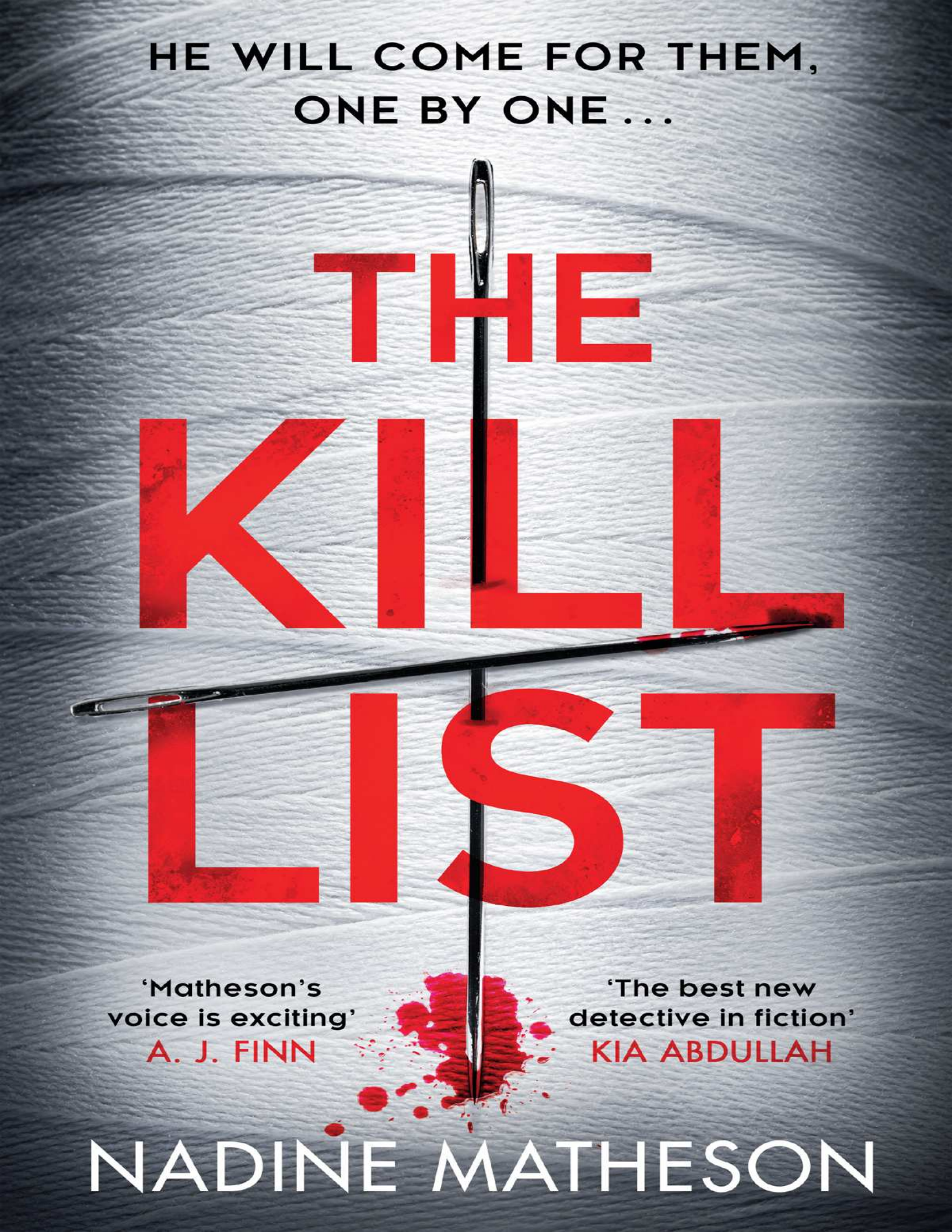


HE WILL COME FOR THEM,
ONE BY ONE ...



THE
KILL
LIST

'Matheson's
voice is exciting'
A. J. FINN

'The best new
detective in fiction'
KIA ABDULLAH

NADINE MATHESON

Praise for Nadine Matheson

‘This book is gruesomely good’

Lesley Kara, *Sunday Times* bestselling author of *The Rumour* and *Who Did You Tell?*

‘The chilling storyline, intense characters, vivid prose, and unflinching crime scenes make Matheson the heir apparent to Mo Hayder and Thomas Harris. Smashing!’

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‘Matheson writes sentences like roses, lovely and bristling with thorns ... Matheson’s voice is exciting, urgent ... and, now more than ever, vital’

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Lisa Hall, author of *Between You and Me*

‘Elegantly grim and irresistibly gruesome. And I could not turn the pages fast enough.

The talented Nadine Matheson skillfully balances complex characters with a relentless story – this is a page-turner of the highest order’

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Platinum

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Heat

‘With a wit that complements her dark subject matter, Matheson writes superbly ... A book to make you think, feel – and jump out of your chair’

Daily Mirror

NADINE MATHESON was born and raised in Deptford and now practises as a criminal defence lawyer. She won the City University Crime Writing competition, and she has an MA in Creative Writing. *The Jigsaw Man* was her first crime novel and was loved by readers around the world. It was shortlisted for the Dead Good Reader and the Adult Diverse Book Awards in 2022 and it has been translated into fifteen languages.

Nadine is also the host of the podcast, *The Conversation with Nadine Matheson*. For more information about Nadine and her writing, visit her website at www.nadinematheson.com, sign up for her mailing list, or follow her on X [@nadinematheson](https://twitter.com/nadinematheson), and on Instagram [@queennads](https://www.instagram.com/queennads).

Also by Nadine Matheson

The Jigsaw Man
The Binding Room

THE KILL LIST

NADINE MATHESON



ONE PLACE. MANY STORIES

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To my brothers, Gavin & Jason. Because you're cool.

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Extract

Extract

About the Publisher

*16 October 1996
Central Criminal Court
Old Bailey, London*

‘Do you know that you’re sitting about seventy metres from Dead Man’s Walk?’ asked Detective Sergeant Rhimes. He pushed his hands deep into the pockets of his freshly dry-cleaned suit trousers as he walked into the cell and looked down at Andrew Streeter. ‘Seventy short metres,’ Rhimes repeated.

Streeter dragged himself along the aged wooden bench, which had been engraved with the initials and incomprehensible doodles left by defendants who had come before him. A bluish hue had spread across the white, tightened skin of Streeter’s knuckles. He clasped his hands tightly and kept his head bent forward as though he was in prayer.

‘Can you imagine leaving this cell, walking along Dead Man’s Walk, begging and pleading to God to grant you leniency? Literally pleading for your life and then the next thing you know, you’re in court watching the judge as he reaches for a black cap and places it on top of his wig.’

‘I didn’t do it,’ Streeter said quietly.

Rhimes slammed his hand hard against the tiled wall above Streeter’s head, ignoring his plea. ‘And that’s when you knew,’ he paused, ‘you knew that you were going to have to walk back down those stairs, along the stone

path, back down Dead Man's Walk, step into a cold square where the hangman would be waiting with your noose.'

'You know it wasn't me.'

Rhimes grabbed a fistful of Streeter's hair, pulling his head back. 'That's what you deserve. The noose. A rope breaking every bone in your pathetic neck.'

'Let go of me,' Streeter said, his voice strained as the tendons and muscles in his neck grew taut. His eyes began to water.

'You're not getting what you deserve.'

Rhimes let go and took a step back. He could feel his heart beating angrily against his chest. He tried to control his breathing as he inhaled the sickening odour of Streeter's fear-infused sweat and the lingering smell of excrement left from the previous occupant of the cell.

'I didn't do anything,' Streeter said. He scurried further along the bench and pushed himself into a corner of the cell.

'Just admit it,' Rhimes said. He pulled Streeter up from the bench. 'That's all I want. That's all you need to do. Admit it.' Rhimes put his hands around Streeter's neck and squeezed. Streeter's eyes bulged, the pressuring increasing on his carotid arteries. The tiny blood vessels in his eyes began to burst as he clawed at Rhimes's hands.

'Admit it,' Rhimes repeated, releasing the pressure a little.

The pained singular word was barely audible, but Rhimes heard it.

'No.'

Rhimes released his grip and watched Streeter fall to his knees, violently coughing as he tried to refill his lungs with stale air.

'Even now,' Rhimes said, disgusted, 'you're still insisting that—'

'No. You know that it wasn't me. That I didn't do it. This is all on you,' Streeter said defiantly, leaning back on his heels and looking up at Rhimes. The colour slowly returned to his face, a face that was now fixed with a steely determination. 'You left the real killer on the street. This is all on you.'

R

-v-

Andrew Streeter

Sentencing remarks of His Honour Judge Diarmuid Joseph

QC

Central Criminal Court

16 October 1996

Sentencing Remarks: The offences of murder for which I must sentence you, Andrew Streeter, were committed over the course of six months from August 1995 to January 1996.

1. You took the lives of five innocent people. Melissa Gyimah aged 15, Stephanie Chalmers aged 17, Fallon O'Toole aged 23, Penelope Callaghan aged 17 and Tiago Alves aged 19. Four young women and a young man who had yet to fully make their mark on the world because their lives were cruelly taken from them in the most horrific of ways.
2. The facts of this case were disputed by you from the minute you were first arrested by police on 18 November 1995 and again on 6 January

1996. You continued to dispute the facts of this case over the duration of the trial, which included the three days that you spent giving evidence in the witness box. The jury quite rightly returned unanimous verdicts of guilty. Verdicts which I understand you still do not accept. You had the opportunity to put the families of these innocent victims out of their misery by admitting what you had done but instead you chose to put them through the horrific ordeal of a four-week trial.

3. I do not wish to subject the families of Melissa, Stephanie, Fallon, Penelope, and Tiago to hearing the full details of the murders of their daughters, son, sisters and brother. I will also remind you that you robbed Penelope Callaghan of the gift of raising her own child, Sofia, who lost her mother at the tender age of 18 months. I seek only to summarise the facts in a very broad outline.

4. Your modus operandi for each of the five victims was the same. You had a method that you did not deviate from. Each victim was taken off the street and into a white Renault Traffic van which had been stolen by you two months before the first victim Melissa Gyimah was reported missing. You created, for want of a better phrase, a 'Kill List' with the names of the victims who you had chosen, leaving no doubt in my mind that your decision to take the victims was premeditated. You chose each victim carefully and monitored their movements for several weeks before you kidnapped them. You abducted each victim and took them to your garden flat in Bellingham, south-east London. With the exception of Tiago Alves, you sexually assaulted your victims and then removed them from the property and took them to another location. At the second location, you removed the clothing of your victims, tied their hands and feet and buried them alive. Your victims suffocated and died. You then removed your victims from their graves, cleaned their bodies, dressed them, placed a coin in their mouths, sewed their eyes and mouths shut, and dumped their bodies.