“No Joseph,” he whispered again, resigned. Rugby player, Deborah thought, for he was tall and looked hefty beneath his coat. And his hands, clasping a rolled-up museum plan in front of him like an unlit candle, were square and blunt fingered and fully capable, she imagined, of shoving other players to one side in a dash down the field. His face, raised to study the da Vinci, looked both worried and pained, with crescent bags beneath his eyes and heavy lines on his brow. Missing Joseph (Inspector has been added to your Cart. Add a gift receipt with prices hidden. Buy used) This item: Missing Joseph (Inspector Lynley) by Elizabeth George Paperback $18.00. In Stock. Ships from and sold by Amazon.com. He opened the book and ran his glance over the table of contents. Pages were folded down at the corners — the result of Colin’s own perusal of the book — and he read these next. On the floor by the fire, Leo returned to gnawing his ham bone. His tail thumped happily. Then perhaps Maggie was his after all. Perhaps he was responsible for Joseph’s death. Or perhaps Susanna thought he was, so when she discovered she was pregnant again, she wasn’t about to let him have a go with another child.