



Lies. Jealousy. Rage. **MURDER.**

a spectator true crime story by jon wells
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scene setter:

The woman who phoned police about the body parts at the Pirrera house was Sam's estranged wife, Danielle. Sam told her he had picked up a hooker and killed her there. Pressed by Detective Sergeant Peter Abi-Rashed, Sam finally admits there was a woman in the house that week, but claims she left.

Story has graphic content

chaptersix

Maggie

Sunday, April 4, 1999
5:30 p.m.

Central Station interview room

"I don't want to talk to you no more," Sam Pirrera said.
Detective Peter Abi-Rashed ignored him.
"She didn't leave, Sam," he replied.
"Did you hear me?"
"She didn't leave, Sam — you were upset she was leaving. No one is going to leave you any more. You are having a good time, freebasing, feel a bit better, and now she wants to leave. She didn't leave — did she?"

"She left," the accused killer insisted.
"She didn't leave, because we found parts of her outside your house. Sam, she didn't leave, did she?"
"She left."
"The only way she left was in bags and boxes. We've got doctors that examined what we found at your house, we know what went on in that house. When she said she had to leave you, you snapped. Sam, you couldn't put up with it. *Could you? Did you?*"
He said nothing.
"Then she said, 'I want out of here', and you said: 'No way, you're stayin'. Nobody leaves here.' You

A man came to the police station to report that his sister, whose lifestyle was high-risk, might be missing. She wasn't very predictable, but skipping out on Easter dinner without a word was not her way.

got pissed off at her."
"I said 20 minutes ago I didn't want to say no more," Sam said.
Sam gestured toward the Charter caution card that Abi-Rashed had on the desk, the card that said he didn't have to talk if he didn't want to. "Is that lying f- - -g bullshit on that piece of paper then? I can stop anytime I want. I don't want to talk no more."
"Sam," Abi-Rashed said, voice calm, "you don't have to say anything, but I can sit here for hours. I can talk as long as I want. Now, Sam, where will we find the rest of her?"
"The rest of who? What are you talking about? I have no idea."
The interview concluded. It had started before 4:30 p.m. and finished at 6 p.m. An hour and a half, and Abi-Rashed had made some progress. Sam admitted that there had been a woman in his home during the critical time period — a day or two before body parts were found out in the garbage at the side of his house. But he had admitted nothing further.
He was about to be moved from Central Station lockup to Barton Street jail, to await his first appearance in court. He would soon be meeting with his lawyer. The window for police talking to him would probably close.
Still, Abi-Rashed planned to approach him again down the road, when Sam Pirrera's head was clearer, and his options more stark.

On Monday, April 5, the media were all over the story of the body parts of the unknown victim found at 12 Burns Place, the home of Sam Pirrera, who had been charged with first-degree murder. Abi-Rashed had seen to it that a request for public information went out. Major Crime detectives go to the media when they are missing critical pieces of the puzzle — such as the victim's identity.

The Hamilton Spectator
April 5, 1999
Cops scour neighbourhood for missing body parts
Police began scouring a city neighbourhood for human body parts following the arrest of a man for first-degree murder on Saturday.
Police said body parts were found in a bag inside a box in a city home, but that "significant portions" of the body are missing.
Police are asking that anyone with information about the homicide or about "any recent missing person" should call them at 540-5500 or Crime Stoppers at 522-TIPS.

Reports of missing people flowed into Central Station. There is never a shortage of them in Hamilton.
At 9:20 a.m., Detective Wayne Bennett was called down to the front desk at Central Station. A man was there reporting another missing person. The last name was Karer.
He said his sister might be missing. Offered some physical description: brown eyes, long dark hair. She had no tattoos. And her lifestyle was at times a high-risk one.
The man said he hadn't seen his sister in a week, since March 28. And she hadn't come to Easter dinner like she said she would. She didn't lead the most predictable life, but skipping out on a dinner without a word was not her way.
His sister's name was Maggie.

See the long chestnut brown hair framing the little girl's face; her nose pressed against the front door window, waiting, waiting, and then the perfect face breaking into a smile. Daddy's huge frame unfolding as he gets out of the car, home from work at the factory.
It is 1968 and the little girl's name is Margaret, but everyone calls her Maggie from the beginning. A perfect smile, her mother thinks, her face so beautiful. "My Maggie, my Maggie."
Maggie's parents never knew each other when they grew up in separate towns in Hungary in the 1940s. In October and November 1956, troops rolled into Budapest to crush a rebellion against Soviet rule. In the end, 2,500 Hungarians died. In 1957, Les and Margaret were among about 37,000 Hungarian refugees who fled to Canada.
Margaret came over with her two sisters, Les by himself. He settled in northern Ontario at first, working in the mines in Timmins, and later moved to Hamilton.
At a Hungarian community dance in Hamilton, he met Margaret, and they married in 1961. Les



Maggie was about to meet people who would influence her present and future.

When Maggie Karer went to high school, she started hanging out with a tougher group of kids who introduced her to drugs. She challenged the rules that her immigrant parents had always laid out for her, flouting her curfews.