



THE PAST WILL CATCH UP WITH YOU . . .

THE
KILLING II

THE NOVEL BY
DAVID HEWSON

BASED ON THE ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY
SØREN SVEISTRUP

DAVID HEWSON

THE KILLING

II

BASED ON THE BAFTA AWARD-WINNING TV SERIES

WRITTEN BY SØREN SVEISTRUP

PAN BOOKS

**Life can only be understood backwards;
but it must be lived forwards.**

Søren Kierkegaard

Contents

Principal Characters

One

Two

Three

Four

Five

Six

Seven

Eight

Nine

Ten

Eleven

THE KILLING III

Principal Characters

Copenhagen Police

Arne Lund – *Former Vicekriminalkommissær (a post now known as Vicepolitikommisær), Homicide*
Einar Brix – *Chief, Homicide*
Erik Strange – *Vicepolitikommisær, Homicide*
Erik Hedeby – *Deputy Commissioner*
Erik Adsen – *Detective, Homicide*
Erik Rendsen – *Detective, Homicide*
Erik König – *head of Politiets Efterretningstjeneste (PET) the internal national security intelligence agency, a separate arm of the police service*

Folketinget, the Danish Parliament

Tommy Buch – *newly appointed Minister of Justice*
Birgitte Jørgensen – *Buch's personal secretary*
Erik Plough – *Buch's Permanent Secretary, a senior civil servant*
Erik Krabbe – *leader of the People's Party*
Erik Agger – *leader of the Progressive Party*
Erik Rossing – *Minister of Defence*
Erik Grue Eriksen – *Prime Minister*
Erik Monberg – *former Minister of Justice*

Danish Army

Erik Peter Raben – *former sergeant*
Erik Louise Raben – *Raben's wife, an army nurse*
Erik Colonel Torsten Jarnvig – *Louise Raben's father*
Erik Major Christian Søgaard
Erik Ian Myg Poulsen – *former comrade of Raben's*
Erik Sbeth Thomsen – *former comrade of Raben's*
Erik Ivid Grüner – *former comrade of Raben's*
Erik General Jan Arild – *assistant chief of staff, army headquarters*
Erik Innar 'Priest' Torpe – *former army clergyman, now a civilian pastor*
Erik Erben Skåning – *former captain*
Erik Ederik Holst – *army doctor*
Erik Peter Lænkholm – *former lieutenant*

Others

Erik Inge Dragsholm – *a lawyer and activist*
Erik Vig Dragsholm – *Anne Dragsholm's husband*

del Hussein Kodmani – *an Islamist activist*

nnie Vemmer – *a journalist, formerly a press officer with the Ministry of Defence*

One

Thursday 3rd November

11.42 p.m. Thirty-nine steps rose from the busy road of Tuborgvej into Mindelunden, with its quiet graves and abiding bitter memories. Lennart Brix, head of the Copenhagen homicide team, felt he'd been walking them most of his life.

Beneath the entrance arch, sheltering from the icy rain, he couldn't help but recall that first visit almost fifty years before. A five-year-old boy, clutching the hand of his father, barely able to imagine what he was about to see.

Death was as distant to a child as a nightmare or a fairy tale. But here, in this solitary park trapped between the traffic and the railway line in Østerbro, it seemed to lie in wait like a hungry phantom, hiding in the shadows behind the gravestones and the statues, whispering the names carved into cold stone memorials lining the walls.

Brix, a tall and serious man, not given to fantasies or delusions, wiped his face with the sleeve of his coat. The familiar ritual of homicide was in motion. Officers in black uniforms tramped up and down the concrete steps carrying lights and equipment like stagehands preparing for a performance. Radios crackled. Men asked predictable questions to which he gave predictable answers with a curt wave of the hand.

Mindelunden.

A haunting memory, a nagging fear that had stayed with him ever since.

'Boss?'

Madsen. A good cop. Not so bright but young and keen.

'Where is she?' Brix asked.

'The worst place. You want . . . ?'

Brix strode upwards, reached the head of the stairs, walked out into the blustery dark night. To his left the long line of commemorative plaques seemed to stretch for ever, name after name, one hundred and fifty-one, just a few of the partisans murdered during five years of Nazi occupation. There were many more, his father said that sunny day, May the 5th, half a century before, when every house and apartment put candles in their windows to remember those who'd died.

In his head he was back there on that sharp, still morning. Hat in hand walking to the statue of a woman holding her dead son, though the boy Brix could see little but the graves in front, line after line of tidy stone tombs, each with a commemorative vase, all beautifully tended as they would be, his father vowed, for ever.

On that far-off day the child that was Lennart Brix had his first encounter with the shadowy creature called mortality, came to understand that its grey, eternal presence would follow him from that moment on. It was still there in the bleak and visionless stone eyes of the woman cradling her lost

child. In the names chiselled on the marble plaques. Death lurked like a feral animal, shrinking into the shadows of the little wood beyond the tidy, ordered graves, waiting for the opportunity to escape into the city at large.

‘Boss?’

Madsen was getting impatient. He had every right. Lennart Brix knew where the worst place was and for all his years in homicide still didn’t want to see it.

‘We’ve got the husband. A squad car stopped him in a car on the bridge to Malmö. Covered in blood. Babbling like a lunatic.’

The Nazis seized Mindelunden when they took control of the neighbouring Ryvangen Barracks in 1943 as their grip on Copenhagen tightened. In the army buildings across the railway line they established a command centre. Here, on the flat land once used for parades and exercises, they walked partisan prisoners to the pistol firing range and shot them.

Madsen stamped his feet on the paving stones and blew on his hands.

‘I guess that means half the job’s done.’

Brix just looked at him.

‘The husband,’ the young officer repeated with obvious impatience. ‘He’s covered in blood.’

Two years before, when, half knowingly, they were stumbling towards divorce, Brix had shown his wife round Mindelunden. It was a futile effort to interest her in his native city, to keep her from flying home for good. She came from London, which meant she never fully grasped the context of the place. You needed to be Danish, brought here dutifully by a stern-faced parent for that.

The English knew the meaning of war but were naively, dangerously ignorant of the nature of occupation. For them, for the Americans too, conflicts happened in other places, broke out like remote wildfires then were stamped into cinders and ashes that stayed in foreign lands. It was different for the Danes in a way he could never explain. They had fought as best they could when the Germans rolled into Jutland in 1940. Then, for a while, quietly acquiesced in return for a semblance of normality, of sham independence in a Europe torn apart by war, a fresh cruel landscape which the Nazis seemed destined to master.

By the time Jews began to disappear and daring bands of partisans started to prick consciences attitudes were changing. Some fought back, paying the ultimate cost, tortured in cells in the Politigården, the police headquarters where Brix now worked, then driven to Mindelunden, tied to a stake in the ground against a grassy rampart made for targets that were not human, did not breathe.

He could still hear his father describing the scene in May 1945 when liberation came. The Germans had rushed to murder as many captives as they could in those closing months. Broken, rotting corpses lay half-buried in the bare fields, abandoned in the rush.

They didn’t die easily and nor did the experience of occupation. That mixture of rage and grief and a secret sense of shame still lingered. As a child, shivering in front of those three stakes, preserved as memorials before the grassy ramp of the firing range, Lennart Brix had wondered: would he have had such courage? Or turned away and lived instead?

It was the question everyone who followed was bound to ask. But rarely out loud.

The bark of a dog broke his reverie. Brix looked at the forensic officers, white bunny suits, mob hats, marching grim-faced down the rows of graves, towards the space in the little wood where the rest of the team was gathering.

Perhaps, he thought, that moment fifty years before had marked him out as a detective. Someone who looked for reasons when none seemed easily available.

‘Boss?’

Madsen’s face was full of the prurient enthusiasm he expected of his men. They had to have the hunger, the need for the chase. Detectives were hunters, all of them. Some better than others, though

the best he'd ever encountered was now wasting her life and her talents inside a border guard's uniform in a godforsaken corner of Zealand.

Brix didn't answer. He strode ahead, knowing this had to be faced.

A flat rectangle of grass muddy from the tramping of police boots, banks raised on three sides, tallest at the narrow end.

The floodlights were so bright it seemed a full moon had come to hover above them. Beyond their reach more men were starting to search patiently through the surrounding area, torches high in their hands.

Three gnarled stakes, replicas now, with the originals in the small Resistance museum in the city, the Frihedsmuseet. A woman was tied to the centre pole, hands behind her back, bound with heavy rope round her torso. Blonde hair soaked with rain and worse, head down, chin on chest, crouched awkwardly on her knees.

A gaping wound at her neck like a sick second smile. She wore a blue dressing gown slashed in places all the way to the waist, flesh and skin visible where the frenzied blade had stabbed at her. Her face was bruised and dirty. Blood poured from her nostrils, had dried down each side of her mouth, like make-up on a tragic clown.

'Fifteen to twenty wounds on her chest and neck,' Madsen said. 'She wasn't killed here. The husband called in to say he came home and found the place covered in blood. No sign of her. Then he took off in his car.'

He stepped forward for a closer look.

'So that's what a crime of passion looks like.'

The dog was getting frantic.

'Can someone get that animal to shut up?' Brix said.

'Boss?'

'Take the husband in for questioning. Let's see what he's got to say.'

Madsen shuffled on his feet.

'You don't seem so sure.'

'She's a lawyer. So is he. Is that right?'

'Yeah.'

Brix gazed at the torn and mangled body at the stake.

'Here?' he said, shaking his head. 'Of all places? It doesn't make sense.'

'Killing people doesn't make sense, does it?'

But it does, Brix thought. Sometimes. That was a detective's job. To winnow the logic from the blood and bone.

He couldn't stop thinking of the officer he'd lost, Sarah Lund, and how she was frittering away her life in Gedser. Brix wondered what she'd make of a scene like this. The questions she might ask, the places she would look. Something he'd encountered here fifty years before was supposed to give him that dread gift too, and had, a little. But it wasn't a talent like Lund's. He could speak to the dead, try to imagine their answers.

She . . .

The tall, severe chief of Copenhagen homicide wanted to be out of this place so much. It affected his judgement, his precious reason.

In some way he would never comprehend Lund could hear them speak.

'What do you want me to do?' Madsen asked again.

'What I just said. Bring him in.'

He went back along the narrow muddy path, through the field of gravestones, past the names on the wall, the statue of the mother clutching her murdered son, the memorial plaque with the patriotic

verses of an awkward priest named Kai Munk, slaughtered by the Gestapo one dark January night near Silkeborg in Jutland a lifetime before.

Walked down the concrete steps, carefully, the way he had as a five-year-old child leaving this place feeling sick and giddy, aware that the world was not the safe and happy realm he thought, and that a shadow waited for him, as it did for everyone some day.

At the foot of the steps Lennart Brix looked right, looked left, made sure no one saw him. Strode over to the undergrowth next to the busy road, and did what he did all those decades before: vomited into the grubby bushes, strewn with trash, discarded bottles and cigarettes.

Then sat mute and miserable in his unmarked car, beneath the revolving blue light, listening to the sirens and the chatter on the police networks, wishing he possessed the faith to pray that Madsen was right. That this was a curiously violent domestic interlude to be swiftly and cleanly concluded.

A crime of passion, nothing more.

Two

Monday 14th November

7.45 a.m. Gedser sat by the dull waters of the Baltic, a tiny town of eight hundred souls, most of them living off the ferry that came and went to Rostock throughout the day. When Germany was divided between East and West, the main smuggling activity was political refugees from the Communists. The twenty-first century had proved more enterprising. Drugs, hard and soft, human traffic from the Middle East and beyond. The nature of contraband had changed, and all the authorities could do was hope to hold back a little of the floodtide.

Sarah Lund, in her blue border guard's uniform, long dark hair tied up behind a regulation cap, had lost none of her powers of imagination and curiosity. After the disaster of the Birk Larsen case and the shooting of her partner Jan Meyer, she'd been fired from the Copenhagen police and offered this humble, poorly paid post in a backwater where she knew no one, and none knew her.

Had taken it with alacrity, settled into a tiny wooden bungalow which, even after two years, had no personal items inside it save for a few practical clothes and several photos of her son, Mark, now turned fourteen and living with his father outside Copenhagen.

Her life was in limbo, a dead, numb place though free, to an extent, of the nagging sense of guilt she'd felt in the city.

It was her fault the Birk Larsen case ended so messily. She was to blame for the fact that Meyer, an active, happy man, so in love with his family, would be confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life.

And so she worked in Gedser and watched the trucks roll on and roll off the massive vessels in the port, followed the expressions on the drivers' faces as they took the lorries out onto the quayside, became quickly proficient at spotting those with a nervous cast in the eye.

No one had caught more illegals in the previous year. Not that anyone was impressed. What did it matter? The challenge was to cross the narrow stretch of water between Rostock and Gedser. Once that was conquered they were on Danish soil and few, legal or not, would in the end be repatriated.

So she did her job as best she could. And between the ferries coming and going she read and wrote the odd letter to Copenhagen.

The week before she'd turned forty, marked the occasion on her own. Three cans of beer and a letter to Vibeke, her mother, telling of a fictitious party with her fictitious new friends. And bought herself a pocket radio.

Now, seated alone in the little cabin of the border office, rain coming down out of a flat dull sky, she listened to the eight o'clock morning news through her headphones.

'The future of the government's anti-terror package is in doubt . . .' the announcer began.

Lund's watchful eyes followed the departing ferry as it manoeuvred out of the dock and made its

sluggish way out onto the water.

~~‘ . . . after the Justice Minister Frode Monberg was rushed to hospital with a heart attack. His present condition is not known. Parliament was due to debate the new anti-terror bill today. The Prime Minister, Gert Grue Eriksen, says Monberg’s absence will not affect negotiations with the ruling Centre Party’s coalition partners . . . ’~~

Politicians, Lund muttered, remembering. They’d done Nanna Birk Larsen no favours. Just looked after themselves.

The suave voice of the Prime Minister filled her ears. Grue Eriksen had been close to the helm of Danish politics for so long that just the sound of him provided a picture: silver hair, beaming genial face. A man to trust. A credit to the nation.

‘The anti-terror package is necessary in the present situation,’ Grue Eriksen said in measured, confident tones. ‘We’re a nation at war with a vicious enemy so cowardly it seeks to make itself invisible. The fight against terrorism must go on, here and in Afghanistan.’

The illegals Lund had caught didn’t look like terrorists to her. Just sad, impoverished foreigners who’d swallowed the lie that the West was a pleasant and generous land eager to welcome them with open arms.

Another news item.

‘The suspect in the Memorial Park murder is still in custody. Little information has been released by the head of homicide, Lennart Brix, since the killing ten days ago. Sources within the Politigården suggest the man in custody, believed to be the victim’s husband, will be released shortly unless the police make a breakthrough and . . . ’

She snatched the headphones out of her ears. There was a truck in the queue for the next departure. That was why. No other reason.

It didn’t matter that her shift had ended, or that her duty replacement was already marching toward the cab to deal with it.

Copenhagen was in the past. And so was police work. She wasn’t happy about that. Or disappointed. It was how things were.

So she went to see the new man, talked about rosters and the latest bulletins from control. What the new anti-terror laws might mean for them. More paperwork probably, little else.

Then went back to the office to check out after a ten-hour shift, wondering whether she’d manage to sleep much when finally she got back to her little bungalow on the edge of this dreary little town.

There was a black Ford by the door. A parking badge in the front window that looked familiar: the Politigården. A man about her age stood by the door. Taller than Jan Meyer, more wiry. But with the same kind of clothes: black leather jacket and jeans. Same worn, pale face, short cropped hair and a couple of days of stubble.

Jan Meyer had pop eyes and big ears. This one had neither. He was handsome in an understated, almost apologetic way. Thoughtful behind the professional, distanced mask the job made him wear.

A cop through and through, she thought. He might as well have been wearing a badge on his chest.

‘Hello?’ he said in a bright, almost childlike voice as he followed her into the office.

Lund turned off her walkie-talkie, put it in the drawer. Got a cup of coffee.

He was in the door.

‘Sarah Lund?’

The coffee tasted stewed as usual.

‘Ulrik Strange. I’ve been calling you lots of times. Left messages. I guess you never got them.’

She took off her cap, let down her long dark hair. He didn’t take his eyes off her. Lund wondered if she was being admired. That hadn’t happened much in Gedser.

‘There’s coffee in the flask if you’re feeling brave,’ she said and filled out the night log: two lines, nothing to report.

‘I’m Vicepolitikommissær . . .’

Details, Lund thought. They always mattered.

‘You mean Vicekriminalkommissær?’

He laughed. Looked friendly when he did that.

‘No. Things have changed in two years. Lots of reforms. Can’t smoke in the building any more.

We’ve got new titles. They dropped the word “kriminal”. I guess it was thought to be a bit . . .’

He scratched his short hair.

‘Judgemental.’

Cup of coffee in hand, he toasted her. Lund checked the entry in the log and closed the book.

‘There’s a case we’d like to discuss with you.’

She walked out to the clothes racks. Strange followed.

‘A woman was murdered ten days ago. In very strange circumstances.’

Lund got her plain jacket, blue jumper and jeans.

‘I’ll wait till you’ve changed.’

‘Keep talking.’ She squeezed behind the lockers and climbed out of the cold, wet uniform.

‘You probably read about it. Mindelunden. A woman murdered in the memorial park. We’d like you to go over the case records to see if we missed something.’

‘We?’ Lund asked from behind the lockers.

‘Brix asked for it. We need a new angle. He thinks you can give us one.’

Lund sat on her chair and tugged on her long leather boots.

‘I can stay till midday,’ Strange offered. ‘Brief you here if you like.’

‘I’m a border guard. I don’t work murder cases.’

‘We’re pretty sure we’ve got our man. The victim’s husband is in custody. We can’t keep him for more than another day or so, not without charging him. You’ll be paid for your time. It’s fine with the people here.’

She got up, didn’t look at him.

‘Tell him I’m not interested.’

He was in the door, didn’t budge.

‘Why not?’

Lund stared at his chest until he moved then walked past and grabbed her jacket.

‘Brix told me you’d say no. He said I should stress how important this was. That we need your help . . .’

‘Well.’ Lund turned to look at him. ‘Now you’ve done it, haven’t you?’

Strange clutched his coffee mug, lost for something to say.

‘Make sure you close the door when you leave,’ she added then walked out to her car.

When the call came Thomas Buch was alone in his MP’s office in the Folketinget, bouncing a rubber ball off the wall. A habit he’d had since he was a kid. It annoyed people and so did he.

Some thought Buch an interloper, someone who’d only got into the Danish Parliament on the back of a better man lost to the nation. Buch was thirty-eight, had been a successful chief executive of a farming corporation in his native Jutland, outside Aarhus. Content with the countryside, running a company his family had built over the years until it employed more than four hundred people.

Then came the second Iraq War. Jeppe, his elder brother, the bright one in the family, slim, handsome, articulate, the media star who would soon enter politics, decided to rejoin the army.

Jeppe cast a long shadow. It seemed to loom ever larger after he was murdered by insurgents who

attacked his unit as it delivered medical aid to a hospital on the outskirts of Baghdad.

For reasons Thomas Buch still didn't quite understand he agreed to fight the seat his brother had been promised in Parliament, exchanging the complexities of the Common Agricultural Policy for the intricate, prolix detail of Danish parliamentary law. Which was not so different, he discovered, as he gently prospered in the middle ranks of Centre Party MPs, tolerated mostly, suspected in some quarters, always thought of, he felt, as 'Jeppe's fat little brother'.

He missed his wife Marie who stayed at home in Jutland with their two children, hating the cynical urban atmosphere of the city. But duty was duty, and the family company remained in good professional hands.

The idea of advancement within the rungs of government hadn't occurred to him. Overweight, with a gentle walrus face and wispy ginger beard, he was never a figure the media warmed to. Buch half hoped that once his present term had expired he could slink back to the quiet fields of home and become anonymous once more. In the meantime he would deal with what legislation came his way, the needs of constituents, the daily round of parliamentary duties.

And bounce the rubber ball against the office wall, always trying to judge the way it would respond to each careful change of angle. Watching that little object react to the tests he gave it helped him think somehow, and the call he'd had gave him plenty to consider. It was a summons, to an execution or an elevation.

A tie and a jacket were called for. So he bounced the ball one last time, judged precisely the way it would return from the wall, placed it in his pocket, dragged off his sweatshirt, and retrieved the best clothes he had from the little wardrobe by the window.

There was egg yolk on the tie. The one clean white shirt too. Buch scrubbed them but the yellow stain was persistent. So he found a black polo neck instead then walked out into the cold November day, crossed the cobbled space that separated the Folketinget from the Christiansborg Palace and walked up the long red staircase to the office of Gert Grue Eriksen, Prime Minister of Denmark.

The bungalow was bitterly cold however high she turned up the puny heating. Lund knew she wouldn't sleep. So she fried some bacon, burnt some toast, checked the train times.

Bus to Nykøbing Falster, then train. Two and a half hours. Regular departures.

Since the Birk Larsen case she'd scarcely been home at all. The city didn't frighten her. It was the memories. The guilt. In Gedser her life was bounded by the grey sea of the Baltic, the boring routine of work at the port, her lonely hours in the bare little cottage, watching the TV, messing round on the Web, reading, sleeping.

The city was different. Her life was no longer her own, became driven by exterior events beyond her control, full of dark streets she longed to walk down.

It was the place, not her.

You brought Meyer to that building late at night. You forced Bengt Rosling out of your life. Chased away Mark, his father too. Took all those wrong turnings trying to work out who killed Nanna Birk Larsen.

She hadn't heard that voice in a while.

Mark's photo was pinned to the fridge. She hadn't seen him in five months. He'd be even taller.

There was a sweatshirt she'd bought from Netto for his birthday. A cheap gift on her pathetic salary.

She ought to see her mother sometime. For reasons Lund didn't understand the war between them, once so heated and constant, had abated since the Politigården fired her. Perhaps Vibeke had found a strand of sympathy, of pity even, that her daughter had never noticed before. Or they were both just getting older, and lacked the energy to maintain the perennial bickering that had divided them for as long as Lund could remember.

A look at the calendar. Three clear days off work. Nothing to fill the time.

Lund picked up her laptop, looked at the news sites. Read what they had to say about the murder in Mindelunden. It wasn't a lot. Lennart Brix seemed better at gagging the media now than he was two years before, when half the politicians in the Copenhagen Rådhus were trying to avoid the fallout from the Birk Larsen case.

Brix.

He wasn't a bad man. Just an ambitious one. He hadn't fired her straight out. He'd offered a way to stay inside the police, if only she'd been willing to swallow her pride, say lies were truth, bury things that deserved to be left out in the harsh, unforgiving light of day.

She wasn't going to do this for Brix. Certainly not for his charming messenger boy, Ulrik Strange. For Mark maybe. Even for her mother.

But if she was going to do this, she'd do it for herself. Because she wanted to.

A reminder was blinking on the phone. The message: Mark's birthday was today.

'Shit,' she said, racing for the cheap sweatshirt, realizing the only wrapping paper in the house had a reindeer on it.

While she bundled paper and tape round the gift she called home. Vibeke was out. Usually was for some reason these days.

'Hi, Mum,' Lund said. 'I'm coming back for Mark's birthday like I promised. Just till tomorrow. One day. See you soon.'

Then she got a battered shoulder bag, stuffed in the first clothes that came to hand and headed for the bus.

This was once the King's office, or so the secretary who welcomed him said. Palatial chairs and a large desk, signature Danish lamps. There was a view out to the riding ground where a solitary coach with two of the Queen's horses trudged round and round in the mud. The state of Denmark was mostly run from the buildings on the tiny island of Slotsholmen, once a fortress that was Copenhagen in its entirety. The Christiansborg Palace, the Folketinget, the offices of the various ministries . . . all these were crammed into a series of loosely linked buildings that sat upon the remains of the castle of the warrior-bishop Absalon, the roads and lanes that joined them open to the public, a reminder of the liberal nature of the modern state.

Buch liked it here mostly, though he wished Marie and the girls would visit more often.

He had his rubber ball in his pocket and briefly wondered what it would be like to bounce it off the panelled walls of the office built for the King of Denmark. But then Gert Grue Eriksen walked in and something on his face said this was not the moment. A government minister was gravely ill in hospital. The anti-terror bill stood beached in the Folketinget, caught up in the labyrinthine complexities of coalition politics. Grue Eriksen was the captain of the ship of state, charged with navigating a vessel that had many hands on the wheel. A short, energetic man of fifty-eight, silver-haired with a dignified, amicable face. He had been at the highest level of Danish politics for as long as Buch could remember, so much so that the man from Jutland remained a little in awe of him, like a child in front of the headmaster.

Nor was he one for small talk.

Brief greetings, the usual question about family, a shake of the hand.

'You heard about Monberg?' Grue Eriksen asked.

'Any news?'

'He'll live they say.'

The Prime Minister waved Buch to the chair in front of his desk then took the grand winged leather seat opposite.

‘He won’t be coming back to office. Not now. Not later.’

‘I’m sorry,’ Buch said with some genuine sympathy.

Grue Eriksen sighed.

‘This is bad timing. We need this anti-terror package. And now we’re trapped between right and left. Krabbe’s so-called patriots in the People’s Party. Birgitte Agger’s bleeding hearts among the Progressives. Without some leeway from both the bill will fall. Monberg was supposed to deal with this.’

Grue Eriksen gazed at him expectantly.

‘So, Thomas. What should we do?’

Buch laughed.

‘I’m flattered you should ask me. But . . .’

He was not a slow man. Thomas Buch’s mind had been turning all the way up the long staircase to Grue Eriksen’s office.

‘But why?’ he asked.

‘Because when you leave this room you will go to see the Queen. She must meet her new Minister of Justice.’ Grue Eriksen smiled again. ‘We’ll find you a shirt and tie. And don’t play with that blood ball in her presence. Then you’ll find some way to get our anti-terror package passed. We need a vote next week and right now this place is like a zoo. Krabbe keeps demanding more concessions. The Progressives will use any excuse . . .’

‘I’m sorry,’ Buch interrupted. ‘But there’s something I must say.’

Grue Eriksen went quiet.

‘I’m honoured to be asked. Truly. But I’m a businessman, a farmer. I came here . . .’

He looked out of the window, back towards the Parliament building.

‘I came here for the wrong reasons. It was Jeppe you wanted. Not me.’

‘True,’ Grue Eriksen agreed.

‘I can’t possibly . . .’

‘You’re the one we got. Not Jeppe. I’ve watched you over the years. Noted your quiet honesty. Your dedication. Your occasional . . .’ He pointed at the black polo neck. ‘. . . difficulty with protocol.’

‘I’m not a lawyer.’

‘I’m not a Prime Minister. It’s a job life gave me and I try to do it as best I can. You’ll have the most skilled civil servants in the country. And my full support. If there’s . . .’

‘I have to decline,’ Buch insisted.

‘Why?’

‘Because I’m not ready. I don’t know enough. Perhaps in a few years, when I’ve been here longer. I’m not my brother.’

‘No. You’re not. Which is why I’m making this offer. Jeppe was a bright star. Too much so. He was rash and impetuous. I’d never have offered him this opportunity.’

Buch took a deep breath and looked out of the window at the two horses going round and round on the muddy riding ground, the coach behind them, the man with the whip in his hand. Held gently. Unused. But a whip all the same.

‘I’ve staked my reputation, my premiership on this anti-terror package,’ Grue Eriksen continued. ‘You more than anyone know why it’s needed. Knock heads together in those corridors across the square. Make them see sense.’

‘I . . .’

‘This is war, Thomas! We don’t have time for faint hearts and modesty. They’ll listen to you, in a way they never listened to Monberg. He was a journeyman political hack. He carried no moral weight.’

Grue Eriksen nodded at him.

'You do. I can think of no one better.'

'Sir . . .'

'You have the ability. I don't doubt that. Do you really lack the will? The sense of duty?'

Duty.

It was a hard word to sidestep.

The Prime Minister got up and stood by the long window. Buch joined him. The two stared out at the rainy day, the horses and the trap ploughing through the mud in the square beyond.

'I could appoint someone else from within the group,' Grue Eriksen said. 'But then the whole bill might be in jeopardy. Do you think that would be in Denmark's interest?'

'No,' Buch said. 'Of course not. The package we have is justified and necessary . . .'

'Then see it through for me. I will ask one more time only. Will you be our new Minister of Justice?'

Buch didn't answer.

'White shirt, conservative tie,' Grue Eriksen declared, calling for his secretary. 'We'll find you something for now. Best send out for more, Minister Buch. The days of polo shirts are over.'

Half jail, half psychiatric institution, Herstedvester lay twenty kilometres west of Copenhagen, a long, boring journey, one Louise Raben had come to loathe.

She knew the routine. Bag through scanner. Body check. Permission slips.

Then she was through security, walking into the visiting quarters, wondering where he was, what he'd been doing.

Two years inside, every request for parole turned down. Jens Peter Raben was a soldier, a father, a husband. A man who'd served the Danish state for almost half of his thirty-seven years.

Now he'd become nothing more than a prisoner in a penal psychiatric institution, locked up as a danger to himself and the society he once thought he served.

Two years. No sign of the agony ending. If he'd been convicted of a simple crime – a robbery, a mugging – he'd be home now. Back in the army perhaps – and this was her secret wish, not that she'd voiced it to her father – finding a job in the civilian world. But Raben's mental state after he was invalided back from Afghanistan precluded the promise of freedom allowed to ordinary criminals. The idea of redemption was denied those deemed unsound of mind.

A terrible thought lurked at the back of her head more and more. What if they never let him out? What if her husband, Jonas's father, stayed in Herstedvester for ever?

Their son had just turned four. He needed a man around. They both did. She was young. She missed his friendship, his physical presence too, the warmth, the intimacy between them. The idea he might never return sparked thoughts in her head she'd never wanted to countenance.

If he didn't come back what price loyalty? Fidelity?

Louise Raben came from an army family, had grown up in barracks houses as her father worked his way up through the officer ranks. There were women who waited, and women who seized the opportunity to control their own lives. She didn't want to make that choice.

The guard walked her into the visitors' block. Outside she could see the prison wing and the hospital, a separate building, beyond it. High walls everywhere. Barbed wire. Men with walkie-talkies and guns. Then they let her into the private room, the one reserved for marital visits. Cheap wallpaper, a plain table, a sofa bed by the wall. And a man who was beginning to seem distant, however hard she tried.

'Jonas?' he asked.

She walked to him, hugged him. He kept wearing the same fusty clothes, a black sweater,

threadbare cotton trousers. His beard was starting to go grey, his face was thinner. There was a strength to him that always surprised her. He didn't seem a muscular man. But it was there, inside him, visible in the blue-grey eyes that never seemed to rest.

Jens Peter Raben was a sergeant in her father's battalion. Someone his men trusted and on occasion feared. There was a fierceness and an anger to him that never waned, not that she felt it, ever.

'They had a party in day care,' she said, putting a hand to his cheek, feeling the bristles there. 'The other kids pestered him . . .'

'It's OK. I understand.'

'Have you heard from Myg?'

Raben shook his head. Looked a little worried at the mention of the name. Allan Myg Poulsen was one of his team from Afghanistan. Active in the veterans' club looking after ex-soldiers. That morning she'd called Poulsen, asked him to find a job for her husband.

'Myg says he could get you some work. Building. Carpentry. Find us a home somewhere.'

He smiled then.

'Maybe if you've got the offer of a job . . .'

'Maybe.'

He always seemed so peaceful when she saw him. It was hard to understand why every application he made for parole got turned down on the grounds he was too dangerous for release.

She'd brought some of Jonas's drawings, spread them out on the table. Fairy tales and dragons. Castles in the sky.

'Dad bought him a shield and a sword. He asked for them.'

Raben nodded, said nothing. Just looked at her with his lost eyes.

She couldn't return whatever it was he wanted at that moment. So Louise stared at the wall beyond the window and said, 'There's not much going on really. If it wasn't for day care. Living in barracks. It's not right . . .'

It was always her job to ask. She got up, pointed at the sofa bed.

'Shall we . . .?'

'Let's wait for a while.'

He always said that of late.

Louise stayed on her feet, was determined not to cry.

'When do you hear about parole?'

'Very soon. The lawyer thinks my chances are good. The clinical director says I've made good progress.'

She looked at the wall again.

'This time they can't turn me down. They won't.'

The rain had started again. Other prisoners jogged past, hooded heads down, faces in the chill wind bored, like him. Trying to fill the day.

'They won't, Louise. What's wrong?'

She sat down, took his hand, tried to see into his eyes. There was always something there she could never quite reach.

'Jonas isn't so keen to come here any more.'

The expression in his face hardened.

'I know you love to see him. I tried. He's four years old. You were abroad when he was born. You've been here half his life. He knows you're his father. But . . .'

These thoughts kept haunting her and they were so very precise.

'It's just a word. Not a feeling. Not . . .'

She reached out and touched his heart. 'Not here. Not yet. I need you home. We both do.'

The sudden anger was gone, and in its place, she thought, came a little shame.

‘Don’t pressure him,’ he said.

‘I don’t.’ The tears were starting. She was an army wife, not that she’d ever wanted to be. This was wrong. ‘I don’t, Jens! But he’s not a baby any more. He won’t even talk about you. Some of the kids at day care have been teasing him. They heard something.’

The look on his face, torn between grief and an impotent fury, only made her want to weep more.

‘I’m sorry.’ She reached out and briefly touched his stubbled cheeks. ‘I’ll make it work. Don’t you worry.’

‘We’ll make it work.’

She couldn’t look him easily in the eye just then. He knew this so he took her hands, waited till she’d face him.

‘I’ll get out of this place, Louise. They’ve no reason to keep me any more. I’ll get out and we’ll be a family. I’ll find a job. We’ll get a house. It’ll be fine. That’s a promise.’

She tried to smile.

‘I keep my promises,’ he added. ‘We’ll be together so much you and Jonas will be sick of me before long. You’ll miss the time you had together.’

Her eyes were closed. The tears wouldn’t stop.

‘You’ll hate the way I snore,’ he said, smiling, insistent. ‘The way I smack my lips and get toothpaste all over the place.’

She laughed and didn’t know if she meant it or not.

‘I’m coming home,’ he said, and she couldn’t think of anything else to do except still his words and promises with a sudden kiss, hand to his head, a glance at the makeshift bed they put there for these visits.

‘Please, Jens. I need . . .’

‘Not here. Not this damned place.’

He held her hands. The same man she’d met all those years before when she was an officer’s daughter, desperate to escape the tight, close circle of army life, certain she’d never fall for a soldier.

‘When we’re free I will . . .’

Jens Peter Raben clutched her to him, whispered private promises into her ear, made her laugh again.

Then, so soon, a knock on the door. Time had run out on them again.

Before she knew it Louise Raben stood outside Herstedvester in the rain, looking at the high walls and the barbed wire, wondering what a promise from jail was worth.

Brix was mulling over the latest interviews with Stig Dragsholm, the dead woman’s husband, when Strange got back from Gedser. He looked up from the files.

‘Sorry,’ Strange said. ‘Lund said no. She seems pretty settled down there.’

‘Settled?’ Brix asked, amazed. ‘Lund?’

‘You know her. I don’t. She looked fine to me. How’s it going?’

Brix scowled. Strange’s phone rang.

‘No,’ he said. ‘The chief’s busy. Can I help?’ An easy, confident smile. ‘Lund? You changed your mind. I’m psychic. See.’

Brix snapped his fingers. Took the phone.

‘If you still think I can help,’ Lund said. ‘I’m back today for my son’s birthday. That’s the only reason. I can go over some papers if you really want.’

‘I wouldn’t be asking if I didn’t need you.’

A long pause.

‘Why’s that?’ she asked.

~~She sounded the same as ever. Steady, monotone voice full of awkward questions.~~

‘Get in here and let’s talk.’

He heard the sound of a car horn down the line. Then, ‘I’ve got to go.’

And the call went dead.

Strange looked at him.

‘Is she coming or not?’

‘In her own time. There never was any other. We’re getting nowhere with the husband. I don’t know if we’re even close . . .’

He stopped. Looked down the long corridor, with its black marble walls and bronze lamps shaped like old-fashioned flaming torches.

Lund was walking towards them. Same steady stride, like a man, one with a purpose.

Two years. The office was changed completely. Gone was the little bunker where she’d huddled together with Meyer. The place was open-plan now. Lots of people. And the ones who’d remained probably didn’t feel too warmly towards her judging by the glances she got as she walked through homicide.

The woman he’d exiled to Gedser came up and stood in front of him. Strange might as well not have been there.

‘I’m not sure this is a good idea,’ she said.

‘Just read the files, will you? What harm can that do? I’ll pay you. Every hour you’re here. We’ll need . . .’

She was doing what she always did. Looking round. Noting everything. Checking the changes.

‘This place was better the way it was before.’

‘I didn’t ask for advice on interior decoration.’

Brix pointed Strange towards some desks.

‘Show her around. Find her the papers.’ He looked at Lund. ‘Read every last one.’

She seemed content with that.

‘After that,’ he said, ‘there’s something I want you to see.’

‘I said I’d read the papers. That’s all.’

‘I need . . .’

‘One day. I go back to Gedser tomorrow.’

‘A woman was killed, Lund. Brutally. There’s something strange about it. Something I don’t begin to understand.’

Her large bright eyes widened with outrage.

‘Don’t you have enough people here? What’s so special about me you send your messenger boy all the way to Gedser?’

Strange had his hand over his mouth, stifling a laugh.

‘You’re here to see your family, aren’t you?’ Brix said with a faint, ironic smile.

Lund struggled for an answer.

‘No matter,’ Brix said. ‘Just look at the files. And then Strange will take you for a ride.’

The Justice Ministry occupied a block on the north-eastern side of Slotsholmen, close to the Knippelsbro bridge. Buch returned there after the formal reception with the Queen in the Amalienborg Palace, and was not in the least surprised that the first call on his mobile was from his wife.

‘Yes, yes, I shook her hand. I’m in the Ministry now. It’s um . . . a . . .’

An office, he thought, much like any other.

‘Whose Ministry?’ Marie asked.

‘Mine, I suppose. I’ve got to go.’

Then, still in the shirt and tie the Prime Minister had provided, he was guided round the department introduced to staff high and low, and finally taken to a reception room where champagne was being served with canapés.

A dream, he thought. And soon, thank God, I’ll wake up.

A young blonde woman by the name of Karina Jørgensen had guided him round the building.

Glass in hand, introductions seemingly ended, she led him into a small office with a desk and a computer. Buch sat happily in the chair, beamed at her and the few civil servants smiling indulgently around him.

The radio said his appointment had been ‘unexpected’. Clearly these people felt the same.

‘This suits me well,’ Buch announced with a smile then picked up a pen on the desk, ready to wield it.

‘That’s my chair, Minister,’ the blonde woman said. She wrinkled her pale face in puzzlement as she leaned over him to play with the mouse.

‘What’s this?’

There was a strange email on the screen. No subject. Just a link to a web page. And the message: *Keep trying.*

She clicked the link.

‘Some idiot keeps sending us a stupid message. I don’t know how it gets through. It doesn’t go anywhere. Sorry . . .’

The blonde woman walked over and opened a pair of double doors that led into what looked like a gentleman’s study from a country mansion of the kind to which Thomas Buch would rarely be invited.

Portraits on the wall of ministers who’d preceded him, all the way back to the nineteenth century. A table for meetings. A shining mahogany desk.

The place smelled fresh and new as if the cleaners had come in and removed every last trace of the unfortunate Frode Monberg.

Buch walked to the window. There he could see the traffic racing across the Inner Harbour, hear the horns of the boats, feel the city’s pulse beating. Directly opposite stood the Børsen, the old stock exchange, with its curious spire of four dragons, tails entwined, fierce mouths agape.

‘We’ve a few things left to change,’ Karina said. Then, more tentatively, ‘It’s your choice to bring in your own assistant. Don’t worry about me. The secretariat can reassign . . .’

‘You know your way around this place?’ Buch asked, still captured by the portraits on the wall, the fighting dragons, the smell of this new place.

‘I’ve been here three years.’

‘Then my first decision in office will be that you stay. If that’s all right with you . . .’

She had a round, fetching face, very pretty, especially when she smiled.

‘These things . . .’ Buch slapped the pile of documents on the desk. ‘I assume are Monberg’s.’

‘No.’ A tall man of around fifty, with short salt-and-pepper hair and serious, dark-rimmed glasses, walked in. ‘It’s the negotiation process for the anti-terror package. Carsten Plough, Permanent Secretary.’

A firm shake of hands. Plough, Buch thought, was the epitome of every civil servant he’d ever met. Grey to the point of invisibility, polite, quick to smile, even quicker to look businesslike.

‘Where are we with that?’ Buch asked.

‘Facing a deal with Krabbe and the People’s Party. The Opposition won’t play. But you can read all about that. It’s in the papers.’

‘I will,’ Buch told him. ‘But first you must know my opinion. We’re at war. Whether we like it or not we have to find unity. Krabbe *and* the Progressives. I want to work towards a broad, inclusive

agreement. War's not a time for party politics.'

Plough sighed.

'That's a fine sentiment. One Monberg shared. Unfortunately . . .'

'I'm not Monberg.'

Buch had stopped flicking through the papers on his desk. There was a set of photographs there in a folder. So bloody and brutal he thought this day had turned from dream to nightmare.

A woman in a blue dressing gown tied to a post, covered in blood, livid wounds on her neck, her torso. Close-ups of a pale face, dead but still full of shock and fear.

Plough stepped forward, hand to mouth, suddenly apologetic.

'I'm sorry. I passed on Monberg's files without checking.'

'The woman at Mindelunden,' Buch said, recalling the stories in the papers. 'Is this her?'

'Monberg took a personal interest. He asked to be kept up to date.'

'I didn't know that,' Karina said. 'He didn't tell . . .'

'He asked to be kept up to date,' Plough repeated, a little cross. 'I'm sorry. I can brief you later . . .'

'If Monberg needed to know, then so do I,' Buch told him.

He wasn't shocked by the sight of blood. Buch was a farmer at heart, a practical man, one who didn't shy away from harsh realities.

'Later,' Plough promised, then walked forward and shuffled the photos back into the folder.

Raben spent the day in the prison workshop, making bird tables for garden centres. Same design. Over and over again. He was getting good at it. Maybe good enough to get work as a carpenter somewhere.

At some point in the afternoon he was supposed to hear about the latest parole request. He waited till four then, bored, getting tetchy, he slid out of the side door, walked over to the wire fence that separated prison from hospital.

Director Toft, a pale, blonde woman, icily beautiful and aware of it, was walking along the path on the other side, headed towards the car park.

Raben went to the fence, put his fingers through the wire, waited for her to stop.

One of the guards had seen him, started yelling. Toft smiled, told the man it was OK.

Raben's heart sank. Kindness was usually reserved for bad news.

'How do you think it went?' he asked when the guard retreated.

'I can't tell you that. You should talk to your lawyer.'

'He won't be back till next week.'

She shrugged.

'Then you'll have to wait.'

Toft started for the cars again.

'This isn't for me!' he cried, following her on the other side of the fence. 'My wife's worried. I've got to call her. I don't know what to say.'

'Tell her the truth. You haven't heard.'

'I can get a job through the veterans' club. Somewhere to live.'

'I wish you'd said that before.'

'If it's bad, for God's sake tell me now.'

Toft stopped. Raben fought to keep his temper. This woman enjoyed the power she had over inmates. Liked to let them know that.

'You're approved as far as the medical staff are concerned. But that's not the end of it. The final decision rests with the Probation Service. The prison authorities. So nothing's definite.'

'And if they say no?'

'Then you wait six months and try again . . .'

Raben tried to see into her cold blue eyes, to make some kind of human contact through the wire fence.

‘In six months I won’t have a wife. Or a son. She’ll give up on me.’

‘You have to be patient, Raben.’

‘I’ve been here two years. I’m fine. You said so yourself.’

Toft smiled, turned and walked away.

The guard started yelling again, ordering him back into the workshop.

‘I’m fine!’ Raben barked at her as she strode off to the psychiatric block car park.

‘Raben!’ The guard didn’t sound too mad. ‘A visitor wants to see you. Get in here.’

He stuck his hands in his pockets, went back to the door.

‘My wife?’

‘He says he’s an army buddy. Myg Poulsen. Do you want to see him or not?’

Raben watched Director Toft climb into her flashy little sports car, drive out of the gates.

Allan Myg Poulsen. A skinny, brave little man. Raben couldn’t remember what happened in that dusty, cold house in Helmand. Just the sound of weapons, of screams, the shrieks of the dying, the smell of blood.

But Myg was there. He was one of the damaged survivors too.

‘I’ll see him,’ Raben said.

Lund read the files in the Politigården then, as the light was dying, Strange drove her to the dead woman’s house. Anne Dragsholm lived in a detached villa in a dead-end street ten minutes from Mindelunden by car.

She walked round, documents in hand, talking mostly to herself.

‘So the husband says he came home, found the place covered in blood. Got spooked and drove off?’

The house was cold, blocked from the outside world with Don’t Cross tape, covered inside with all the familiar stigmata a forensic team left behind. It had been two years since Lund last saw a murder scene. Might have been yesterday.

‘I’m glad you changed your mind,’ Strange said. ‘Really I am. You’re a bit of a . . .’ He hunted for the right word. ‘A kind of legend really.’

He was diffident, almost childlike in manner. Nothing like Jan Meyer.

‘That’s what they’re calling it now?’ she asked, trying to work him out.

‘I was trying to be polite.’

‘Don’t bother. I didn’t change my mind. I was coming anyway. Shouldn’t we wait for Brix?’

‘He’s been delayed. He wanted me to show you around.’

He put on a pair of latex forensic gloves then handed a pair to her. It was like pulling on an old uniform.

‘They were getting divorced,’ Strange said. ‘He’d had an affair with his secretary. The wife threw him out a month ago. She wouldn’t talk to him. Hung up if he called.’

She followed him down the hall. There was a photograph on the wall. A wedding portrait. A pretty woman with long fair hair. She held the arm of a beaming man in a smart suit. They had lawyers’ smiles, all well aimed at the camera. Then a later shot, with a young child.

‘Where was the kid?’

‘Daughter. At her grandparents’.’

Into the narrow kitchen. The walls by the room were covered with childish paintings. A dirty frying pan on the cooker. A dirty plate, a pen circle round it.

‘At 7.41 p.m. she used her laptop to go on the Internet in here,’ Strange went on. ‘Opened a bottle of wine, looked at some estate agency sites, and took a bath.’

Lund kept following the details through the autopsy report.

~~‘Was that her usual routine? Coming home late, taking a bath? Eating alone?’~~

‘How would we know?’

‘You’d ask the husband.’

‘The husband isn’t saying much. She was attacked before she got round to eating. In here. Then he took her into the dining room.’

They went through. Floor-length windows gave onto low trees just visible from some far-off street lights. A leather office chair was tipped on its side on the bloody carpet. A matching footstool close to it, a tall studio lamp by its side.

‘She was stabbed twenty-one times,’ he said, tapping the report. ‘Once in the heart, which was fatal. We don’t know what the weapon was.’

‘A knife?’ Lund asked.

She wasn’t sure he appreciated that.

‘More like some kind of sharp tool.’

He walked to a standard lamp near the window, kicked the on switch at the base. The detail came to life. A painting on the wall was crooked. Glass from some broken ornaments lay strewn across the timber floor.

Strange walked round the furniture to stand by the window.

‘She was forced into the chair. The amount of blood indicates that.’

Lund was looking at the photos. There was a small cellophane wrapper near the body.

‘Did he smoke? Did you find ash?’

‘It’s the wrong size for cigarettes. We don’t know what it is.’

‘Chewing gum?’

‘We don’t know what it is,’ he repeated. ‘The husband says he called round after midnight. He wanted to talk about selling the house. He told us he’d had a few drinks. More than a few from the blood test.’

‘He was drunk?’

‘Stinking.’

‘Where was he beforehand?’

‘With his girlfriend. He still had time.’

‘What does he say happened?’

‘She didn’t answer the door. He saw the basement window was open. Got worried. Climbed in that way.’

‘Didn’t he have a key?’

‘She’d changed the locks a few weeks before. And put in a new alarm.’

Lund went to the window, turned on the outside light. The garden led down to scrubby woodland. There was the sound of a train. One of the lines running out through Østerbro. Maybe the same one by Mindelunden where she was found.

A rap on the door behind them. Brix was there.

‘Dragsholm must have been really scared of him,’ he said. ‘She’d fired her old security company, hired a very expensive one in its place. They’d ordered new sensors for the garden.’

Lund nodded.

‘She was scared of something.’

‘It’s good to see you,’ Brix added. ‘I’m sorry. There was never time in the Politigården to say that.’

He took a deep breath, like a man facing a difficult decision.

‘If there’s nothing more here shall we look at the place we found her?’

- [download online A Question of Death: An Illustrated Phryne Fisher Treasury here](#)
- [click Mockingbird Wish Me Luck pdf, azw \(kindle\), epub](#)
- [download Economists and the Powerful: Convenient Theories, Distorted Facts, Ample Rewards book](#)
- [Grand Thieves & Tomb Raiders: How British Video Games Conquered The World online](#)
- [download online Responsibility to Protect: From Principle to Practice for free](#)
- [download Dictionary of Computer Vision and Image Processing for free](#)

- <http://patrickvincitore.com/?ebooks/Secrets-of-Sound--Studying-the-Calls-and-Songs-of-Whales--Elephants--and-Birds.pdf>
- <http://www.experienceolvera.co.uk/library/The-Bone-Conjurer--Rogue-Angel--Book-24-.pdf>
- <http://bestarthritiscare.com/library/Rebound.pdf>
- <http://test.markblaustein.com/library/Grand-Thieves---Tomb-Raiders--How-British-Video-Games-Conquered-The-World.pdf>
- <http://cambridgebrass.com/?freebooks/Intellectuals-and-Race.pdf>
- <http://conexdx.com/library/Dictionary-of-Computer-Vision-and-Image-Processing.pdf>