

Police stories



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Boksidan

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by

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Drug victims

Death one

It was half past nine in the morning, Sunday 25 April 1999. Bengtsson and Christertiansson prepared breakfast in the kitchen on the second floor of the jail department at the prison Hall just outside of Södertälje. Bengtsson went around with a cart in the hallway. Everything went as it usually does. He stopped the cart outside each cell, knocked on the thick steel door, pushed his foot against it and unlocked. One prisoner at the time came out in the hallway and picked what he wanted. Some of the experienced prisoners had their own jar of Nescafe, this to avoid the low-budget version of instant coffee offered in Swedish prisons. They also had their own thermos that they filled up with hot water. Everything went as usual until Bengtsson unlocked Kent Brunskog's door. Kent Brunskog was lying too still on his bed. It was quite obvious even for Bengtsson that something serious had happened to him. The bedding was in severe disarray and Kent laid in a convulsive way. He had dried froth and blood around his mouth. Kent's underpants were brown of feces. The feces filled the room with a nauseating stench. Bengtsson took several steps back. He felt dizzy, grabbed the breakfast cart and wondered what he would do. Then he went to his colleague. Both stood in the doorway and looked at Kent. Then they locked the door and called after the guard commander in the central guard. He came, looked into Kent's cell and all three prisons guards agreed that Kent Brunskog was dead. The guard commander called the police. After about ten minutes two uniformed constables looked at Kent's dead body. Even though they did not find anything particularly strange about it, they still tried and managed to convince the officer in charge at the police station to send a detective inspector there, despite that it was a weekend and thus all the non-uniformed personnel was of duty. Thirty minutes later the detective from the Södertälje police district that was on alert during this weekend came to the prison. All involved were convinced that Kent Brunskog had died because he had overdosed drugs. This since they had found a syringe in his bed that he probably used for his last injection. Furthermore Kent had a towel tied around his left upper arm. They also found a spoon, a lighter and an empty medicine capsule in bed. Kent's death was not particularly remarkable. Many addicts end their days in this way. Detective Sten Svensson at Södertälje police that received the order to go there and thus was in charge of the case thought, however, that he should do an investigation. He did not make the study of compassion for the deceased, or of compassion for the deceased's family. He did it for the reason that he was still so fresh as detectives that he took every assignment that came his way very serious. When he returned to the police station, he began with turning on the computer and making a new file for the case. The first thing he wrote was that Arne Bengtsson found Kent Brunskog lying dead in his cell at 9:30 on the 25th of April 1999. Then he wrote that Kent was 37 years, three months and one day old. This was not a usual way to write it, it just happened. Then he sat and pondered about this while he tried to figure out what he should do next. In the absence of other ideas Sten leafed through Kent's life story. That is, the copy of Kent's act which Sten had borrowed from Hall. The act looked as they often does for thirty seven year old jailbirds: car theft, driving without a license, driving under the influence of alcohol, assault, burglary, robberies and an attempted robbery. Kent came from the Stockholm suburb Rågsved. He was convicted the first time in 1978, when he was sixteen years old. Then he had been sentenced for car theft, driving without a license and driving under the influence of alcohol. The verdict was: probation. Two years later, he ended up in juvenile detention school. It was strange, however, that he never had been convicted of anything that was related to drugs. Sten had expected that Kent's act would be full of drug-related crime, but there were nothing. Sten Svensson flipped back and forth in the act as he thought about what he should do. He tried to find any address to Kent's house, but it was not to be found in any system.

The relatives stated in the act were Adolf and Sofia Brunskog, grandfather and grandmother of Kent and an Annika Brunskog who was Kent's mother. There was, however, only an address to the grandparents, so he decided to visit them, this mainly because he didn't have energy enough to look up the address of Kent's mother.

The grandparents lived in a fairly ordinary white multi apartment house in the quite ordinary suburb Hammarby. The street was relatively quiet. The house had no elevator and Sten went up to the third floor and stopped outside the door that had the name Brunskog on it. An elderly man opened the door. He was probably of average height, but he looked shorter because he was leaning forward, and he leaned on the door handle which he held in his right hand.

Sten held up his police ID in front of the man's face and said he was from the police, and then he held out his hand and introduced himself. The man introduced himself as Adolf Brunskog. Adolf was not particularly surprised. He asked if it was about his grandson, Kent. Sten confirmed this and asked if he could come in. The man took a hanger that hung in the parcel shelf and handed it to Sten. Sten hung off his leather jacket and they went through the hall to a portal. From the room inside the portal a woman asked who came. She sounded old and bitter. They came into the room, and there, in a worn armchair with a walker in front of her, sat an old woman. The woman had a nightgown and a worn orange robe. Mr. Brunskog invited Sten to sit on a couch next to the woman. He told his wife that the man was from the police. Sten held out his hand, but she did not take it. The man asked if the guest would like to have coffee, but Sten declined. The man sat down in an armchair. Sten cleared his throat, straightened up and spoke.

- Kent is dead. He died this morning in the jail at Hall.

It became very quiet. None of the three people in the room even moved. After a while, however, Mr. Brunskog opened his mouth but his wife still sat silent without moving. A few tears ran down her cheek.

- How did he die?

- He probably died of an overdose of drugs.

- He was not a drug addict!

- Are you sure of that, it cannot be that you just did not know it?

- No! I'm quite certain that he was not a drug addict. He hated junkies. You see, his father was a drug addict and he died when Kent was seven years old, in an overdose of heroin. It took Kent very hard.

Sten thought "it looks like it might be more work than I thought. Typically I who has two other cases I have to finish." Then he asked:

- How often did you meet Kent?

- He came to visit us several times a month, he was a nice boy. It was Mrs. Brunskog who said that.

- It was a nice boy. He was not a junkie. She continued.

- Where can I get a hold of Kent's mother?

Mr Brunskog gave him the address and Sten wrote it down in a black notebook that he always used to have with him. He already had a whole box full of such notebooks down at the station.

- Where did Kent live?

The man answered:

- I do not know where he lived nowadays, he has moved around so much, it's so hard to get an apartment these days you know.

Then Sten expressed his condolences and went away. He went directly to Kent's mother. She lived on Bäverdammsgränd in Rågsved. The houses on Bäverdammsgränd looked fairly new. Sten guessed that they were built in the eighties. Thus, it was not Kent's childhood home.

Although the houses were relatively new, they were already a bit worn. There was graffiti on the door and a pane of glass in the entrance door was broken. It appeared to be a hood for less fortunate people and most of the names on the name board in the entrance hall were foreign.

He took the elevator to the fourth floor and rang on Kent's mother's door. No one answered even though he rang several times and even though he was waiting for a long time.

He almost felt relieved that he could avoid having to leave the tedious message. He had no desire, not today, so he decided that he had done his duty for the day and he went home. His home in Södertälje looked worse than usual. He had had a couple of colleagues at home the night before and there had been a lot of whiskey and beer. The ashtrays were overflowing with cigarette butts. In addition, Svanberg had been there with cigars. Sten chided himself for not emptying the ashtrays and gone out with the trash before he went to Hall. When he came into the kitchen and saw the pile of dishes, all the glasses and bottles on the sink, he suddenly felt very tired, gave a damn about everything and lay down on the couch.

Ideally, he would have put himself in bed, but he did not like to lay with his clothes on in an unmade bed. That was probably something he had got from mom. He fell asleep immediately and did not wake up until the chief in command at the station called and yelled at him because he had not contacted the deceased's mother.

Sten Svensson defended himself by saying that he tried to get hold of her but did not succeed, but that in no way softened the guard manager's voice. He knew, however, that in general it was useless to try to argue with him. He was the sort of guy that is very particular about routines. It had its advantages. For example, it was always a good track of all the papers when he had been in charge. However, there were many who were unhappy with his comments about small things like typos. This, not to contact a deceased next of kin as soon as possible, however, was a fairly serious breach of the practice in the Swedish police force.

The chief in command explained that Kent's mother had called the station and searched Sten Svensson. She had left her phone number to the operator. Sten took the phone number and promised to call at once.

A woman, presumably Annika Brunskog responded with a brief hello. Sten introduced himself and in the same sentence he apologized that he had not contacted her.

Kent's mother sounded very absent and she replied simply:

- Hum hum.

Sten got the feeling that she had taken some strong sedatives, so he tried to ask how she was and if she had someone with her? However, there came no real answer.

Then he thought for a moment, still with his hand on the phone. What if she had taken an overdose of sleeping pills or something similar? If she would die, it would definitely go out over him. Moreover, it would mean that he could not hear the woman. Furthermore he did not want another tragedy to hit the old couple Brunskog.

Sten went into the bathroom, took off his clothes, showered and shaved. Then he went out to the car and drove to Rågsved. There was no answer when he rang the doorbell, he rang again, but still there was no answer. He touched the door handle. The door opened. He closed it immediately. So he stood and thought about what he would do. If he went into the apartment and the woman was asleep, it would both be trespassing and also a bad continuation of an already bad start. If he went into the apartment and the woman lay unconscious on the floor, it would also be trespassing, but the more excusable. He decided to call the chief in command to ask for advice. He thought definitely that he should go into the apartment. Sten found that rather unusual. The chief in command would never advocate anything that was on the verge of violating police rules. Sten felt, however, very relieved that the chief in command indirectly assumed some of the responsibility. He was also a bit curious about what awaited inside the door. It waited a hall. The hall consisted of two rather broad and long corridors. The longest of them facing straight ahead and slightly shorter corridor facing to the right. He stood just inside the front door and watched these two corridors. They were dimly lit by a lamp that hung in the middle of the roof of the longest of them.

On the left side of the long corridor, there were two doors. Both doors were closed. On the right side of the corridor there was no door. However, a large opening to something that Sten guessed was the living room. In the end of the corridor was another door. It was either a wardrobe or a bathroom Sten guessed. In the short hallway, there were two doors. Both of these were closed. He walked the long corridor ahead, until he reached the living room.

He chose to start with it because then he would not have to open any door. In addition, he assumed that it was the most likely that he would find her there. The room was sparsely furnished with furniture that looked to be from the seventies. It was entirely dominated by a large low-brown corner sofa. In front of the sofa was a large, low, brown coffee table. On the wall opposite the sofa, there was a large TV and stereo cabinet. It smelled of smoke and on the coffee table there were an ashtray that was over filled with cigarette butts, but there were, no humans. Sten went back into the corridor and tried the first of the two closed doors. The room contained a bed and a chair and a desk, it appeared to be a guest room. The other door led to what apparently was Kent's mother's bedroom. It was largely filled out with a double bed. In the double bed was a woman. The woman lay on the bedspread. She was wearing only a bathrobe. It had drifted apart so much that Sten saw both breasts. He noted that the woman was alive, it was easily done because he heard her breathing. He decided to sneak away.

The day after he called her again, an answering machine announced that Annika was reachable on a mobile phone number. Sten called this number and Annika replied. She was at work. They agreed that they would meet at lunch. She worked as a nurse at a medical center south of Stockholm. They met at a place near the health center and they sat in Sten's car.

She did not want to go to any restaurant nearby, since she knew so many people around there that she did not want to talk in public. Therefore Sten drove aimlessly in search for a restaurant. Sten thought, almost automatically, about her appearance. She had probably been pretty good looking, but nowadays she had overweight, wrinkled face and a double chin that made her look pretty worn out.

Sten had previously decided not to mention anything about his two visits the day before, however, he worried that she would take it up. He had spoken to the chief in command again after he came out of the apartment and he thought that Sten's decision was wise and they had agreed that it was best to forget the whole thing.

When Sten started to tell Annika Brunskog what they knew about her son's death, she almost immediately interrupted him and said that he was not a junkie. He was an alcoholic and criminal, but definitely not a junkie.

- You see, Kent's father was a drug addict, he died of an overdose when Kent was seven.

- Do you have any explanation then, to what happened?

- No, I do not get it. Moreover Kent is left-handed.

- Why, what do you mean by that?

- Yes, he ought then to have wrapped the towel around his right arm, right?

Sten agreed on that, while he tried to think of something to say.

- Someone must have killed him, she said, and burst into tears. Sten did not say anything, he just drove on. Since he did not feel at home in this part of Stockholm, and even less knew any restaurant, he just drove along the passage way east. Sten thought it was most likely that Kent actually had died by his own hand. And that he kept his drug addiction hidden from his mother. It would in no way be peculiar to withhold such activities from your mother. This left-handed thing was more difficult to explain. But as a rule, there is usually a simple explanation for the most. Furthermore, he hoped that the autopsy would provide the answers he needed to put the case Kent Brunskog in the archive.

They saw a pizzeria, stopped and went inside. Sten ordered a pizza and Annika asked for a cup of coffee. She talked and speculated incessant. Among other things, she mentioned that Kent had spent much money recently. Sten got his pizza and ate it in silence while the woman continued talking. There's not much to say to a woman who lost her only child. Sten got the impression that she, besides her grief, also had a terrible guilt for not having done more for him.

Sten wondered why she ever went to work at this difficult time, but he did not dare ask. The information that he wanted to get out of her was whether she knew if he ate some medication and the name of one of Kent's mates. After he had eaten the pizza he asked this.

He did not eat any medications, as far as she knew. Then she gave him the names of two guys who had been friends with Kent ever since he was a boy.

One, Stefan Östergren, was in prison she thought, the other one, Tomas Nilsson worked at a gas station in Farsta.

This was about the only information of value that he got from Kent's mother. He drank coffee and listened further on what she had to say. He had tried to obtain what Kent lived, but she claimed that she had no idea about this.

- He moved around so much, you know.

Sten drove her back to the clinic and then to the police station. Once there, he called the autopsy department at Södertälje Hospital.

He was connected to a nurse and asked her to connect him to the one who had examined Kent Brunskog. The pathologist was female and named Elin Bergwall.

She said she had finished the autopsy, but she had not yet written any report. Sten asked her to tell what she had found.

She said she found relatively high levels of heroin in the blood. There were a higher proportion of heroin residues than what you usually find when examining people who have taken an overdose.

She emphasized, however, that she had never examined someone who died of an overdose of heroin in the past, but she had consulted an expert in forensic medicine at the Karolinska Hospital. She had sent a blood sample to them for a closer inspection of the quantity of heroin. Then she was silent for a while before she asked:

- Do you know if he was HIV infected?

- I have no idea, why?

- I think I got blood to blood contact, but it would probably be no danger even if he were HIV-infected. But I have at least sent a blood sample to our laboratory.

- Can you say anything about whether he had been a junkie for a long time? Were there many needle marks in the arm?

- That I did not check. Why?

- His mother says he was not a junkie.

- What does a mother know about what her children are doing really. But I can try to investigate it in some way.

Sten wondered how long she had been a pathologist, it seemed as she was fairly fresh. Then he thought about how she could look. She had a nice voice that did not sound very old. Maybe he should go there. A doctor would perhaps be something, they certainly earn good money. They could have a lot to talk about, killing people and stuff. He really hoped that she did not become HIV-infected.

- By the way, can you determine or find out if he was somehow injured in the left arm?

- I do not know, why?

- Kent was in fact left-handed, but the towel was wrapped on the left arm. If I were a junkie and left-handed, I'd put the needle in my right arm.

- But it may well be that the blood vessels on the right arm was harder to find, or that they were destroyed. I will check it out.

- Can I get there and look for myself? Not that he had so much desire to watch Kent Brunskog but because he wanted to meet with the pathologist, Dr Elin Bergwall.

They agreed that he would get there when she was done, and she would give him a report face to face.

Then he called Hall and told the operator that he wanted to talk to the two prison officers who had served in the jail on Sunday morning. Sten was linked to the custody manager. He informed him that none of them were in service on Monday afternoon, but he could give Sten their home phone numbers.

Detective Sten Svensson thought for a moment about if he would go and drink coffee or call home to them. But he did none of that, since he came upon something important.

Thus, he called again to the hospital in Södertälje and asked the operator to connect him to Elin Bergwall.

She answered and he asked:

- When did he die, Kent?

- That's right, we did not talk about that. Forgive me. He probably died sometime between one and two at night.

- Are you sure?

- Yeah pretty sure.

Then she described the factors that are important when calculating the time of the moment of death, body stiffness, digestion, blood clotting, and so on.

Sten thanked for the enlightenment and went out and had coffee. In the break room there was one person, it was Fredrik Fant. Detective Fant asked him how it went. Sten told and Fredrik listened in silence. He was good at it, to listen. It felt like he really listened, not only was quiet. Sometimes he came with encouraging announcements and signals like "so", "really" and "right there". Fredrik Fant agreed with Svensson that the whole thing was a bit odd, not particularly remarkable, but still worth to investigate. If it turned out that there were many needle marks on the left arm the case was clear, he meant.

But it could also be that the he has not been taking anything for a long time. So when he got a dose on Saturday, he was so excited by this that he took everything at once. You have to go to Hall, he thought, this to check if he had received any visits on Saturday and to interrogate those who worked on Saturday night.

- How long had he been in jail by the way?

- I do not know but I can check. Thanks for the advice! You want to come with me?

They agreed to go there together. In addition, they agreed that they had done their duty for that day. Furthermore, they found that it was too long since they had a beer together.

In fact, it was on Saturday, but it was a weekend and it's different from just taking a couple of beers and a pizza after work.

They left the cars in the garage and went to a pizzeria that they used to frequent. They greeted Dimitri, the owner, and ordered a pint each. Sten told about the pathologist Elin and asked Fredrik if he knew who it was.

- Hell, yeah, she's gorgeous. She would not have to nag.

Both Sten and Fredrik were bachelors in their best age, as they themselves thought. Fredrik was divorced and had a child. Sten had never been married and had no children, but he had a long relationship behind him. It had only recently come to an end for both, and both were interested in meeting someone new. This fact they discussed pretty much that evening, as well as other evenings when they met over a beer.

They ordered pizza and a new round of beers, and came in on the upcoming summer.

The day after, they met inside the break room at eight o'clock in the morning. They took Sten's car, went to Hall, parked outside the main gate, signed up, and went through the culvert system into the jail. In the jail, they were welcomed by the custody manager Kurt Fallander. He took them into his office. Sten had called before they left from the police station and the custody manager had prepared the visit through getting the guard schedule and the logbook of all the visits. He gave them the names of those who worked on Saturday night. One of them Tomas Jansson was also working this morning. Kent Brunskog had not received a visit either on Saturday or Friday or any other day of the week.

- How long had he been in jail? Sten asked.

Fallander replied:

- I have to get another log to check it out. Do you want some coffee meanwhile?

They said yes and Fallander showed them into the staff break room. After a while he came in there and said that Kent got there Sunday, April 18.

He was arrested on suspicion of car theft, drunken driving, involuntary manslaughter and driving without a license.

Fredrik Fant looked at Sten Svensson. Sten understood what he meant, this was not something that he had not mentioned to him. The fact was, however, that he did not know about it himself.

He must have read too briefly in the act. Though he had a hung over on Sunday, but he would rather not tell that to anyone. Both policemen pretended that they knew this and they asked no more about the suspected offenses.

They asked the custody manager to get the prison officer who was on duty at the jail on Saturday and that was on duty that day was. The person in question, Tomas Jansson, served on this day in the central guard.

Tomas Jansson was a tall and muscular man. Sten assumed he was just over twenty years. He had short hair and looked like the image some people have of how a police officer should look like. Sten Svensson himself looked nothing like that. Although he was tall, he was definitely not muscular. Instead, he was quite slender. Moreover, he had over the last few years got a little too big stomach. People were often surprised when he said he was a cop. Several people, mostly women he met at bars, had said that he doesn't look like a police officer. Many people also thought that Sten was older than the 34 years he really was. His colleague Fredrik Fant on the other hand looked like a police officer. One could say that he looked like an older brother to Tomas Jansson.

They held no regular questioning with Jansson, they just asked him if he had noticed something special about the prisoner Kent Brunskog the evening. He said that he had not. He had opened Kent's cell door a couple of times during the night to let him out of the toilet. On the whole, it had been a perfectly normal evening. Then he asked what had happened. Sten Svensson replied that they did not know much more than that Kent had died of an overdose of drugs. Tomas continued with asking why they were investigating such a thing, was it really something to investigate?

- We investigate all unusual deaths, said Fredrik Fant.

- Did you notice that Kent Brunskog have been intoxicated before? He continued.

- No.

- Do you have any idea how he could have gotten into drugs into his cell?

- No.

They thanked him and went out to the car.

There was a note on Sten's desk that said that Elin Bergwall had called at 11:10. It was twenty minutes ago. He had actually intended to go to lunch, but instead he called her. Her direct number was written on the note so he did not have to go through the switchboard. He thanked that for two reasons, first, he did not need to waste time waiting in the hospital's slow switchboard and secondly, none of his colleagues would heard that he asked for her. Elin Bergwall said she had only seen one mark from a needle on one of the arms. This mark was in the left armpit. She had not found any such marks elsewhere on the body. She had checked all the places where it would be possible to access some large superficial blood vessels. The analysis of the blood had shown that the heroin Kent had in his veins was of good quality. She had not yet received a response on the HIV-test.

- Now you know everything I know, 'she said.

- Thank you, can I come over and watch him anyway?

- Sure, when will you come?

- Anytime, how about this afternoon?

- Sure, just do not come between one and half past two, because then when we have a meeting. It suited Sten perfectly because he would also have to attend a meeting between one and two.

They finished the call and Sten felt pleased with himself. It felt good to talk to her, like they could talk forever. Fredrik knocked on the open door and asked if he would come along for lunch. Besides Fredrik there were other two detectives who would join them. Both of the others were older colleagues, a male named Anders Jonsson and a female listening to the name Anette Karlberg.

Unlike Sten and Fredrik, they were very experienced detectives. But since it doesn't happen so many mysterious deaths in Södertälje they were still curious about what happened. Sten told as accurately as possible what he knew.

- Have you checked the fingerprints on the syringe? Asked Anders.

- No, I have not, but I will. What else you think I should do?

Anette Karlberg thought that he should hear Kent's mates. She said that it was likely that they had a truer picture of Kent's drug habits than his mother.

The lunch lasted long and they came back just in time for the detective groups weekly meeting. During the meeting Sten had once again to explain the case. In addition, he outlined how the investigation was going in two other cases he was currently occupied with. So did also the other detectives. The boss gave them information about what was going on and what had happened on the last meeting with the management group. The meeting ended with a discussion about the upcoming reorganization.

After the meeting, Sten retrieved the fingerprint equipment, and went to the hospital.

Elin Bergwall was not quite as good looking as he had imagined, Fredrik Fant had definitely exaggerated. But she was, however, pretty good looking. Her face had a fine shape, her hair was long and bright and above all, her eyes were big and shiny. Sten guessed that they were about the same age. He tried as discreetly as possible, to look at her left hand. There was no ring on the ring finger.

She asked if he wanted coffee. They took a cup each and went to her office. She gave him her report and asked if he wanted her to tell him the most important things right away. She said essentially the same as before, except one thing.

- Kent had ulcers.

- Was it a serious stomach ulcer?

She replied that it was. He should have been pretty sore from it. But she had found no trace of any ulcer medicine.

- Do you know if they found any ulcer medication in his cell, or if they gave him any such medicine?

Sten did not know, but he said he would check it. So he asked if he could see Kent's body.

They went into the cold room and Elin pulled out a large drawer. Sten looked at the body. Kent looked pretty worn out to be thirty-seven. It's sad to see such a young man dead, Sten thought. Then he said it. Elin agreed.

- It is the worst, cutting in young people. Old people are not the same.

Sten took a finger print form and the stamp pad, filled in Kent's personal information in the form's header. In addition, he filled in his own name in the field for the ordering officer. He had to look after Kent Brunsborg's social security number on the card in the drawer because he had neither Elin's report nor Kent's medical record in there. He took the fingerprints of all fingers and then asked Elin if she could shoot back Kent in the cabinet. She did so and they left the room. They walked in silence through the corridors to her room and Sten wondered if he was interested in her. He concluded that this was the case. He wondered then whether he should do something about it and if so what he then would do. After a while he came up with a solution.

- You have been very useful, when you are ready with the report, I promise to take you to dinner. He tried to sound as casual as possible.

She replied, in a relaxed way:

- Thank you, I would love to!

They promised to keep in contact, and then he went back to the police station.

He took the form of with the fingerprints and the syringe, wrapped them into a package together with a request form to the technicians asking them to examine all the fingerprints on the syringe and check if any of them were not Kent Brunsborg's. He addressed the letter to the fingerprint department at the State Forensic Laboratory in Norrköping. Then he took out one internal mail envelope, addressed it and put in the package. Finally, he put it in the internal mailbox.

Then he thought about what he should do.

Getting hold of Kent's mates would be a good idea. Just as he was going to call the directory assistance, the boss, Detective Chief Inspector Ingvar Bergström, entered the room. He did not knock on the door, he just trudged in and stood beside Sten.

- How is it going with your inquiry? Why are you wasting time to find out if a drug addict is a drug addict? You should instead find out how the hell the drugs could get into one of our most guarded prisons.

Sten did not say anything, he just felt very small. The manager could be brusque at times but this was definitely worse than usual. Couldn't he at least have closed the door before he scolded him. The DCI continued:

- The custody manager has called, he wonders why we do not investigate how the drugs got in there. He wants us to do an investigation together.

- What should I do then?

- Me and Kurt Fallander agreed that we will meet all three at Hall on Thursday at eight o'clock. "Shit" Sten thought, he and Fredrik had intended to celebrate on Wednesday. They would go to the horse race track Solvalla and then on to Stockholm to go out and party. But he said nothing about that, instead he nodded.

- How do you think I should do with my investigation?

The DCI asked him to describe in detail what he knew, so Sten did it and the boss comment was that he should hear Kent's mates about possible heroin addiction, but in a way that they understand that the police was not interested in busting anyone for any drug offenses.

Furthermore the DCI thought that Sten would await the forensic laboratory examination of the syringe. Presumably, he would then be able to dismiss the death as a normal overdose.

The manager went out of the room and Sten took the phone and was about to call the inquiry, when he realized that he did not know what he would ask for really. There must be a lot Tomas Nilsson in Stockholm and the other one, Stefan Östergren, probably had no telephone.

He went to Kalle Burman who was the officer in the police district Södertälje who had made the most searches in the various police records. He was also the one who had worked the longest time at the police station in Södertälje. He was a big guy, who had been highly respected among the gangsters. But he had been shot in the hip a few years ago and could now no longer move so easily. He had therefore been transferred to serve inside the station. This sedentary work had unfortunately made him even bigger than before. But he was truly an asset to the station. If you needed to know something about old offenders, it was just to go to him. Most of them he knew personally. Kalle was simply cut out to search for offenders in both the old paper records and the new computerized registers. Sten asked Kalle Burman to search for Stefan Östergren.

Sten phoned the clinic where Kent's mother worked. It was even she who answered. She said she thought that Tomas Nilsson lived with a girl in Gubbängen. Probably it was her apartment and probably her phone too.

Sten realized that it would probably be quite difficult to get hold of Tomas Nilsson that way. So he asked if she had any idea about on what gas station in Farsta that Tomas Nilsson worked. She said she knew it was OK because she had been served by him several times. But it was a few years ago before she sold the car.

Sten called directory assistance and asked to be connected to the current gas station. A woman answered. Sten introduced himself only by name, not saying that he was a cop. He asked for Tomas Nilsson. The person who answered, who called herself Kicki, said he was there but he was out in the Do-It-Yourself hall for the moment.

Sten asked her to tell him that he would come by for a little chat.

So he went out to the car and drove to OK Farsta. When he came into the store, it was a number of customers inside. Behind the counter there were two clerks. A woman who Sten guessed was Kiki, and a man who possibly was Tomas Nilsson. He walked up to the man and looked at his name tag. At that, it stood indeed "Tomas".

- Hi, it's me Sten Svensson, I called before, could I talk with you for a moment.

Tomas Nilsson looked very surprised and also a bit worried. In such situations, Sten felt pretty happy about that he did not look like the ideal police.

Tomas Nilsson said:

- Sure, we can talk a bit, but what's this all about?

- Can we sit somewhere?

They went into the staff break room. Tomas invited him to sit down and asked if he wanted coffee. Sten said yes and Tomas went to a vending machine inside the store. He came back with two cups and sat down and asked again what it was about.

- I am a police officer, said Sten Svensson and held out his ID.

Tomas looked even more worried.

- Do you know someone named Kent Brunskog?

- Of course it is my pal, why?

- He's dead, 'said Sten.

Sten told him what had happened and Tomas Nilsson looked very sad.

- What about Annika, Kent's mother? He asked.

Then he asked when and where it would be funeral. Sten could not answer any of these questions.

Tomas said nothing about Kent's death, he had whatsoever no comments on the event. Sten wondered what that meant.

Finally he asked:

- Did Kent use drug?

- No, absolutely not! Kent hated junkies, I've never heard that he has even smoked a marijuana.

- Don't you then think it seems odd that he died of an overdose of heroin?

- Yes indeed, I can't get it.

- Are you sure you would know if Kent would start using drugs, did you have good contact with him?

- Yes we met like once a month and partied, I think I would have found out such a thing, but one can't be sure.

- Is there any other person who would have known?

- Stefan Östergren, he's in jail. He sits on the Svartsjö prison.

Sten expressed his condolences and thanked him.

Then he went home fried a couple of sausages, took ketchup and beer from the refrigerator, warmed a couple of hot dog buns in the oven and sat down in front of the TV. He felt that maybe he should do something because he was off the next day. He called Fredrik and asked if they might go out and have a few beers that night instead because he had an important meeting on Thursday morning.

- The one does not exclude the other.

So they went to a bar and drank beer.

Death number two

Thursday morning at 7:30 Sten Svensson stepped in to his boss, DCI Ingvar Bergström's office. The manager was startled when Sten entered.

- There you are! Good of you to come! They have just called from Hall. There has been another death. Another junkie has died under similar circumstances at the same department. We must go there at once. Anders will join too, but he has not come yet. I called him at home, he is coming.

- What happened?

- A prison officers found one of the inmates died in his cell at seven this morning when he opened the cell door to give him medicine. Kurt Fallander thinks the reason is an overdose of heroin. The prisoner was a well-known heroin addict. Peter, Pedda, Dahlgren, do you know him? We have busted him many times, the boss continued without waiting for a reply from Sten. He was doing a lot of apartment burglaries. He will probably not be mourned by many here in Södertälje. Get what you can get hold of about him and come back here.

Sten did as he was told. Strangely, it felt as if the boss really was happy about the death. Sten found this attitude very strange for an outstanding police officer, even if the dead man was a notorious criminal. Sten knew Pedda, he had seized him once. It was not a nice guy. In the police force, in any case, he was regarded as a very rowdy type.

Sten went to Kalle Burman to ask him to get all they had about Peter Dahlgren. He had not arrived yet so instead he took a break. In the break room he found Kalle. Kalle greeted Sten and said he found the person he had been looking for previously. He sits in the Svartsjö prison for several apartment burglaries in southern Stockholm. Sten thanked him and said that he knew it. Then he told Kalle about his new inquiry.

A moment later there were three police officers inside the custody manager's office. He described what had happened.

Peter Dahlgren had died sometime between half past eight in the evening on Wednesday, May 9, 1999, and seven in the morning on the Thursday after. No one had opened the cell door in between. The one who found the deceased Peter Dahlgren was prison officer Christertiansson. He had opened the cell door to give Peter a dose of tranquilizers. Peter Dahlgren had been prescribed the sedative oxazepam by the prison doctor. It is common for drug addicts have sedatives to be able to do without drugs. Peter, Pedda, Dahlgren, however, had some more than others just to make him to remain calm. He also received a dose in the morning because he could get really angry then. Christertiansson opened the door, noting that Pedda appeared to be dead, locked the door again, went to the guard room and called the custody manager.

A moment later Fallander escorted the cops to Peter Dahlström's cell. It was obvious that he had died because he had overdosed heroin. This in particular because it was a syringe in the bedclothes and also Peter had a towel tied around his left upper arm.

The DCI decided that Sten should contact Peter Dahlström's relatives and Anders should interrogate the staff at the prison. He himself would discuss with the custody manager. It was obvious that Fallander and DCI Bergström knew each other pretty well and that they were on good terms with each other.

Sten went back to the station and read Peter Dahlgren act that Kalle Burman had given him. He had also presented a thick computer printout with information from after 1992, when everything started to be recorded with computers.

The closest relatives were Peters mother Marie Dahlström and his sister Eva Dahlström. Marie Dahlström was born in 1930, so Sten assumed she was retired. Thus, it was reasonable that she could be home at this time of day. Marie Dahlström lived in the hill up to Torekällberget. Sten went there and found the house. He had no trouble finding it because he had spent several days checking on it in an investigation he participated in the last year. Sten went into the house and up the stairs two floors. He stopped outside a door on which it said Dahlström, rang and a woman opened. There was not a trace of resemblance between her and the deceased.

Sten held up his police ID in her face and said he was from the police. She asked if it was about Peter. Sten confirmed this and asked if he could come in, he hung off and they went together into the living room. They sat down in separate armchairs.

Sten started the conversation with:

- Peter is dead. He died this morning in the custody on Hall.

It became very quiet. After a while she asked how he had died.

Sten explained this, then he asked:

- How often did you meet Peter?

- Very rarely. Sometimes I saw him in town but he has not been here in several years.

- Do you know who knew your son well?

- No, except that he sometimes visited his sister. Yes he almost terrorized her. She suffered from that he could come at any time of day and scream and rant and sometimes even use violence against her. He had even ruined her marriage.

Sten realized that neither Peter's mother nor sister thought that much about him. Marie Dahlström did not appear to be particularly sad. He got the address to Eva Dahlström's workplace and then he thanked her, expressed his condolences and went away.

Peter's sister worked in Stockholm, in the kitchen at the hospital on Södermalm, and she lived in Tullinge. Peter's mother had said that she would call her daughter, and she stopped working at three o'clock so he figured he might as well wait to see her until she came home.

Then he would not have to drive all the way to Stockholm and he would not have to find a parking lot at the hospital. He went back to the station and went in to his colleague Fredrik Fant. Together they went into the break room and had a coffee. Lena who usually answers the phone came in, she told Sten that someone named Anders Björkegren from the Forensic Science Laboratory had tried to reach him. After the coffee break Sten called back and was then told that the syringe was almost totally clean of fingerprints and grease stains, almost as if it was wiped. He had just found a fingerprint on it. It was an impression that probably came from a thumb. The impression was sitting pretty far down on the cylindrical container that contains liquid. The fingerprint was not Kent Brunskog's. That was all he had to say and he promised to return the form with the prints and syringe together with a report via the interoffice mail.

Sten pondered about this for a while, then he opened the report he had started to write on the Sunday. He took away the few lines he had written, brought home a text template for deaths and entered the data he had.

After about an hour, the DCI and Anders came into the room and suggested that they should go out and eat lunch.

- That Tomas Jansson how was he? Said Anders. He served the evening before Peter Dahlström's death also.

Sten replied that he felt he was a bit flippant.

- Should we bring him in for questioning do you think?

- We do not know yet whether it has been committed any crime, the chief said.

- They were only one fingerprint on the syringe that contained the heroin that killed Kent Brunskog and it was not Kent's. The forensic technician said it seemed as if it was wiped.

- It starts to look more and more like a crime, said Anders.

They entered a restaurant that was often frequented by the police force in Södertälje, picked trays, cutlery and glasses and made their orders.

- How did it go for you? The DCI asked while looking at Sten. Did you get hold of some relatives?

Sten told them about the visit to Peter's mother.

- You can not exactly blame her that she didn't love her son, said the boss.

Anders agreed. He was old in the district and he had probably had a lot to do with Peter Dahlström through the years.

- Fallander has promised that they shall review the procedures for searching visitors to the prisoners, said the boss.

I hope it can stop the flow of drugs into Hall. It's terribly embarrassing for them, this. We should probably take this Tomas Jansson on questioning, I think. We should probably hear the other that worked each evening as well. We'll probably start with them.

They went back to the station in to the manager's room. He phoned Fallander, who gave them home phone numbers of those who worked in the jail the night to the Sunday and the also the night before the day that was. The person who had worked with Tomas Jansson during the night of Sunday was just extra employee. He studied and worked only sporadically, if necessary. They had the phone number for him.

The manager decided that they would ask them to come to the station for questioning as soon as possible, preferably the same afternoon. It was Sten who got the assignment to call them.

Sten got hold of Christertiansson, who had served the same night. He was asleep when Sten called. He promised to get to the station as soon as he had eaten breakfast and showered. Sten thought it was probably best to wait to call Tomas Jansson until after they talked to this Christertiansson.

After an hour Christertiansson came. Sten and Anders questioned him. They asked him to tell about everything that happened during the shift from the time it started. Christertiansson told that it began at seven. They had started as they usually did, by siting and reading the tabloids in the guard room and every now and then go and open for a prisoner who wanted to go to the bathroom. Half eight they had turned on the TV and watched the news. Then they had continued to watch TV and occasionally open to anyone who wanted to go to the bathroom. At nine o'clock Christertiansson had distributed medications. He pointed out that it was a special task which he had since he was trained in healthcare. During the night they had played cards. He was vague about what happened during the night and also he started squirming. Sten got the feeling that he was lying. They tried to find out whether he had been gone some time during the shift. If for example, he had slept for a while. Anders said he knew it was customary to split up during the night and sleep a few hours each.

Christertiansson looked relieved and confessed that in general it was the case. So they had done also the previous night. He had slept between twelve and three and Tomas Jansson had slept between three and six.

- You need some sleep, otherwise one would not cope, he said. By the way, we evoke each other if we need to open any cell door.

- Take it easy, we're not going to bust someone because they neglect their work, said Anders.

Then they asked if his colleague had asked him to join and open any cell door during the part of the session when he was sleeping. That was not the case, he said. He continued to talk about what happened. How he found the deceased and how he had called on his colleague.

- How did he react? Asked Anders.

- He was surprised, replied Christertiansson.

Anders thanked for his help and Sten wrote out the hearing. Then they let Christertiansson read it. He said it was true, but it was obvious that he was not pleased about that it was written that he had been sleeping.

When Christertiansson had gone, they discussed what should be done next.

- We need to hear the other guy as soon as possible, said Anders. We need to check how well their stories match. Shall we go home to his residence, it may put some pressure on him?

Sten thought it was an excellent idea, since then he did not need to call him.

They went to the manager and described the plan.

Good, he thought, but try to be gentle with him, we wants to have good relations with the people at Hall. Fingerprinting him, he added.

Tomas Jansson lived in Geneta. They stepped into the house and looked at the name board.

According to it, he lived on the ground floor.

They rang the doorbell, waited and rang again. No one answered.

- Wait here, 'said Anders, I go around and see if he appears to be a home.

On the back of the house there were balconies. The balcony that probably belonged to Tomas Jansson's apartment was completely empty.

The windows on the balcony had their blinds pulled down. Someone who stood near the window could, however, peek between the blind blades, but since it would mean that he had to stand on the balcony he refrained. Next to the balcony it was also a window, it had also the blinds pulled down. There it would be possible to get close. Detective Anders Jonsson went there, stood next to the window and peered inside. It was a bedroom. It was a bed under the window and bedside it a table with a lamp, the lamp was lit. In the bed lay a naked man. On the naked man sat a young woman, the young woman was naked. It was obvious that the couple had intercourse. The woman was facing the window. Anders watched all this in less than a second, and then the woman screamed.

- Help, there is someone outside the window!

The man in the bed turned and sat up so violently that the woman fell off him.

- Fucking slimebag! He shouted. The man stood on the floor. He was very upset.

Anders hesitated about what to do, he felt pretty stupid, but realized that it was time to make an attack and he therefore held out his identification against the window and shouted:

- Open the window!

Tomas Jansson became quite upset, he opened the window and asked what it was about.

- We rang on your doorbell, why you did not open the door? Actually Anders very well understood why he had not opened the door, but he thought that that attack is the best defense. We want to come in and talk to you, he said. Put something on and open the door.

The young woman had wrapped herself in the blanket, but Tomas Jansson was still naked.

- Tomas, should I go? Said the woman.

- I will open soon, said Tomas to the man outside the window.

Anders went around the house and into the entrance hall. He described briefly to Svensson what happened while they waited for the apartment door to open. He said it in a completely serious way. But when Sten began to laugh, he did also. After a moment the door opened and the woman went out.

Both Sten and Anders had to make a genuine effort to look serious. Behind the door stood Tomas Jansson, he was wearing a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. Both the detectives stepped into the apartment.

Anders began:

- We would like to talk about the two deaths in the jail.

Jansson said:

- Okay.

Then he escorted them to the living room. The apartment in general and the living room, in particular, gave the impression of being inhabited by a real gadget freak. The living room was messy, it was stuff everywhere, on the floor in the bookcase, in the sofa. Most things were fairly new technology products. He quickly emptied the couch and invited them to sit in it. Of course, he sat in the armchair.

Sten took the notebook and pen out of his briefcase. When he had put the things on the table, he his colleague asked Jansson to describe with as much detail as possible what had happened during the shift which lasted from Saturday evening to Sunday morning. Jansson said that the shift began at seven, with them reading tabloids in the guard room and every now and then they opened for a prisoner who wanted to go to the bathroom. Shortly after eight, they had turned on the TV. At nine o'clock there had been a medical guard there distributing medications. During the night they had been watching a video. Anders asked if they divided the night between themselves to sleep for a few hours each.

Jansson admitted bluntly that they had done so. He had slept between three and six at night.

Then they asked if he had opened any cell door during his part of the night.

No. He had been watching the video, and read papers.

- Dirty magazines? Asked Anders.

Sten thought first that the question was a little strange, but then he remembered that he had seen a bunch of porn magazines in the guard room.

Furthermore Anders asked if the colleague had asked him to join and open any cell door during the part of the shift when Tomas was sleeping. No, he said. He continued to talk about what had happened during the night.

When he was finished with the night to Sunday, Anders asked him to tell them everything that happened during the last night. Jansson confirmed Christertianssons story. He told them that he had slept between three and six that night too.

Anders thanked for his help and turned to Sten.

- Do you have any questions?

Sten thought a moment and then asked if he had any idea how Kent and Pedda had got hold of heroin. He had not.

Then Sten finished his notes and read them to Jansson.

They stood up to go, but Sten came to think of that he should take Tomas Jansson's fingerprints.

- We will take your fingerprints as well, it is a pure matter of routine.

He took out a form and stamp pad, he wrote down Tomas Jansson's personal data, while he glanced at Tomas to see if he was upset. It seemed so initially, but he soon came back to a more quiet and laid-back style.

They left the apartment and went to the car.

- It feels like he was hiding something, said Anders.

- Do you think? Sten said. I do not know.

Back at the station, Sten placed the form with the fingerprints in an internal mail envelope which he addressed to Anders Björkegren the Forensic Laboratory in Norrköping.

Then he wrote the interview with Tomas Jansson and tried to get hold of the guard who had served with him on the shift between Saturday and Sunday. But the attempt was completely unsuccessful.

He was then satisfied with this working day and went home. On the way home, he parked the car by the canal and went into McDonald's. He chose, as he always used to do, two Big Mac and a large fries which he asked the clerk put into a paper bag. Back home, he placed the hamburgers and the fries in the microwave, grabbed a beer from the refrigerator, a tray and a beer glass from their respective cabinets, emptied the can of beer in the glass and put the food on the tray.

He thought for a moment and then supplemented with a bottle of curry ketchup. Then he carried the tray into the living room and placed it on the coffee table, facing the TV.

He put on the TV and ate his dinner. After the meal, he tried again to get hold of the guard, also without success.

He went to the fridge and got another beer. Then he pondered about what had happened.

Suddenly he realized something he had forgotten. He should have called Peter Dahlström's sister, Eva Dahlström. He called directory assistance and asked for the number to one Eva Dahlström in Tullinge.

The operator which, incidentally, also was named Eva linked him to Eva Dahlström. She answered and Sten introduced himself.

- I know what this is about.

- That's right, your brother. Can we meet and talk about it?

- Well, I guess we could, 'she replied.

- Can you come to the police station in Södertälje? Or do you want us to come to you?

- I have a little hard to get away from the job and then I have kids, you know. I never really have time for it, just when the kids are in bed.

- I can come to you if you want. Would tonight be okay?

- Sure come just after nine o'clock, because they have gone to bed.

They agreed that the Sten would come shortly after nine o'clock in the evening. He got the directions and they rang off.

Then he struck a tone of Fredrik Fant. He sounded a bit annoyed when he answered.

- Am I disturbing you?
- No, not directly, but I'm watching TV.
- What, what is it going now?
- White lies.
- What, do you see that shit? Are you stuck in the soap opera swamp?
- Fuck it! You build model airplanes. What do you want, anyway?
- I just wanted to talk a bit and hear what you think I should do.
- What has happened then?

Sten described this and he concluded it by saying that the manager wants us to find out how the drugs got into the jail. He is not so interested in that we will find that someone has killed them. But I think it all seems rather odd. What do you think?

- I also think it seems a little strange. Isn't it quite difficult to get drugs into Hall? Especially as he, Kent, did not have a visit in a week. Had Peter Dahlström had any visitors lately?

- No, I do not think so, he was busted on the Saturday.

Fredrik continued:

- Has he been intoxicated before this happened, between Saturday and yesterday, I mean?

Though it may well also be that he saved all the drugs he had to really celebrate on Wednesday, though it seems unlikely.

- Yes, if he did not suffer from constipation until Wednesday.

- That officer Tomas Jansson seemed a little suspicious did you say? Could it perhaps be that he has smuggled the drugs?

- I do not know, maybe we should follow him up a bit.

- Ask Peter's sister how he got his drugs, while you meet her.

Sten thanked him for the advice and hung up.

Eva Dahlström lived in central Tullinge, She looked okay but not more than that. They sat in the kitchen.

- How often did you meet Peter?

- He was here a few times a month, she replied, staring at the table. On the table there was a box of cigarettes. She took a cigarette, put it in her mouth, took out a lighter and lit it.

- Why did he come here?

She thought for a moment before she answered.

- To meet my children. Peter loved my children, and he used to eat here too. Sometimes he borrowed some money, but it was not very often because I don't have that much. You know, I'm alone with two children. Do you have any children?

Sten ignored the question.

- Your mother said you did not like that Peter came here. She said he was literally terrorizing you.

- She's exaggerating, but it could be a little hard sometimes, when he came here and was stoned. I do not want the children to see that.

- Do you know how Peter got his heroin? Who was his pusher?

- I have no idea, but I think he sometimes bought it in Stockholm and sometimes in Södertälje. He took quite large doses.

Sten thought about the latter comment and asked:

- How do you know?

- I just know it, he sometimes complained that he had to have so high doses nowadays and it became quite expensive.

- Who was Peter's girlfriend? Have you met her?

- Yes, they've been together a long time, she is working as a whore in a brothel in Stockholm. Then she started to cry. She cried so hard that she was shaking.

Sten did not know what he would do. She had appeared so hard and tough before, but now it was a different Eva Dahlström.

- What is it? He asked. Do you want me to go?

- She infected my brother with HIV, she said. The fucking whore infected my brother with HIV. Sten asked the woman's name.

- Catrin, Catrin something. She lives somewhere south of Stockholm.

Sten thanked for the information and then he read his notes. He had not written anything about that Peter's girlfriend had infected him with HIV. He wrote that Peter's girlfriend was named Catrin and that she lives south of Stockholm. Furthermore he wrote that his girlfriend probably was a prostitute.

Eva Dahlström looked pleased that he had cleaned her testimony, and she thanked him.

Sten left the apartment and went to his home.

Death number three

In an apartment on Schlytersvägen in Aspudden a woman sits in a sofa. The woman has black long hair. She is wearing a black top in some shiny synthetic fibers. She has a short black skirt and stockings in the same color. On her feet there are black pumps. Her face is heavily made-up, perhaps to conceal that it is quite worn. She is pretty skinny and the waist is fine and is highlighted well by her clothing.

On the coffee table in front of her is a syringe, a spoon, a lighter, a bag of cotton and a small powder jar. The woman reaches towards the powder jar, opens it. The jar contains three capsules. The woman takes one of the capsules, holds it over the teaspoon, pulls it apart, pours its contents down into the spoon, retrieves the purse, picks up a bottle with saline, opens the bottle, holds up the spoon with powder, pours the saline solution into it, places the bottle on the table, takes the lighter, heats the spoon, puts down the lighter, puts down the spoon, takes a wad of cotton out of the bag, puts it in the spoon, lets it absorb the liquid, takes the syringe, suck liquid from the cotton, adds more saline, pulls down her pantyhose, pulls down her panties, pulls up her skirt, inject the solution into the vagina, leans back and waits for the kick. After a moment she feels a tremendous dizziness and a feeling of being paralyzed, then it is all black. She faints and after half an hour she's dead. A mobile phone in her purse rings, but no one answers. This happened sometime on the evening Wednesday 28 April 1999.

The woman wasn't found until the next day by the friend who she shared the apartment with.

The mate Lina Kolmodin came home from work at nine o'clock in the morning. She worked in the same workplace as the deceased and she wondered all night why she wasn't there. She had called a couple of times without getting any answer.

Lina Kolmodin understood exactly what had happened as soon as she sees her friend lie on the couch with her panties and stockings pulled down. Catrin still have the syringe in her hand. It's obvious that she is dead.

Catrin was Lina's best friend. Lina throws herself down on the floor and starts crying. She lies on the floor crying while she takes out a cigarette and a lighter. She smokes the cigarette, then she lights another one and calls her social worker. The social worker listen to her explanation and then she asks if Lina wants her to get there. Lina says that she has to come as soon as possible. Before she arrives Lina takes the two remaining capsules with drugs and hides them behind a loose tile in the bathroom.

When the social worker rings the doorbell Lina is still crying. They hugs each other and goes into the room where Catrin is. The social worker takes her cell phone, turns to Lina and says:

- You understand that I have to call the police.

Then they sit in the kitchen and the social worker asks if she can help Lina with something.

- Would she like come to a detoxification clinic?

They continue talking until two uniformed policewomen rings on the doorbell. The social worker opens and explains who she is and what has happened. The cops go into the kitchen and greet Lina then they continues into the room where Catrin is. One of them takes up a radio and calls the communication center. The second police walk up to the dead woman and puts a few fingers on her throat, she tries to feel if blood flows through the aorta.

Then she repeats the procedure on the artery at the wrist and then she puts her hand on Catrin's chest. She turns to her colleague and waits until he finished her radio communication, before she says that the woman is dead.

The two policemen sit in the kitchen with the other women awaiting the ambulance. One of the policemen takes up a notebook and starts writing down the names of those present. She supplements these notes with the address of the location and the name of the dead.

The ambulance men come with a stretcher that they carry into the room where Catrin is. They lift her over on the stretcher. The one of the ambulance men ask about where to take her.

One of the officers replies that she doesn't really know, but she assumes that the body should be sent to the forensic department at the Karolinska Hospital. The ambulance man nods.

The other police officer, Malena Björkstén asks Lina if she has any box. Lina responds that there is a cornflakes packet in the pantry that they can take. Malena opens the pantry and removes the cornflakes packet, she pulls up the inner bag and takes the box to the room where Catrin is. She puts on a glove on her right hand and then she takes up the syringe and puts it in the box. Then she puts down the other paraphernalia and the deceased's handbag. Finally, the two policemen leaves the apartment.

At the station Malena starts writing a report. The other police take the syringe and capsule and send them to the forensic department at Kungsholmen. When this is done, they both considered that the case Catrin almost ought to be completed. None of them found the event particularly noteworthy and they did not, to any great extent, mourn the dead. They knew her already, and they also knew the apartment where she had been found. This is because it was the most frequented junkie joint in the area and there were often fights there. After they had taken these, as they felt, necessary steps they met and took a break. They told some colleagues who were also in the break room what had happened.

Great, one of them thought. Then maybe we will get rid of that junkie joint.

But shouldn't you announce the Vice Squad, another colleague said, they ought to be interested in knowing what has happened.

All police officers around the coffee table agreed that it should be done and it was done.

The route of the drugs

Sten arrived quite late at the station on Friday morning. On his desk there was a note that Anders Björkegren at the Forensic Laboratory had called. He immediately sat down at the phone and called him, before he even had taken off his jacket. Anders Björkegren did not respond, so he put the handset back in the cradle.

He then remembered that it was another call he should make. He took the telephone receiver again and dialed Elin Bergwall at the hospital in Södertälje. She replied and he introduced himself.

- How's the report? Have you got the test result than by the way?

- Yes, he did not have HIV. God, how lucky, now I will not have to worry. Otherwise, I have really nothing to add to what I said, but I have not had time to write the report yet.

- Maybe I can take you to dinner, anyway?

- Sure, when?

They agreed that they would meet down at the canal, outside the McDonald's at seven o'clock the same day.

Sten leaned back in his office chair as he smiled. She was probably a little interested in him, he thought. In addition, he was pleased that Kent Brunskog was not HIV infected. Not that he cared so much about Kent Brunskog but because he would not want that it would be a risk that Elin was infected.

He went to his colleague Fredrik Fant and told him. Fredrik congratulated him and asked how it went. Sten explained and apologized, since he had to call the Forensic Laboratory.

He went to his room and called to the laboratory. While he waited for a response, the DCI came in and asked him to come into his office when he was done talking. The forensic technician Anders Björkegren answered and Sten asked what he wanted.

- The fingerprint from the right thumb on the form you submitted was consistent with the fingerprint I found on the syringe.

- Oh fuck, are you sure?

- Yes, I'm pretty sure.

- Is the person tied to a crime? What is it really?

Sten explained what had happened. And forensic technician said:

- It was like hell. Yes I am in any case, pretty sure. The fingerprint on the syringe had a rather unusual form that did exactly fit the right thumb on the form you sent here. But I will fax over a report as soon as I can.

Sten gave him the station's fax number and they hung up.

He went to the boss. The manager was sitting in a chair at the small conference table that stood in his room. There were three chairs around the table. In one of them sat Anders.

- Hello, 'said the manager when Sten came into the room. We should probably check that Tomas Jansson.

- I agree. He could barely conceal his enthusiasm for what he was about to say. In particular, since his fingerprints is on the syringe that killed Kent Brunskog.

Both Anders and the manager looked wide-eyed at Sten.

- It was like hell, said Jonsson.

- We will put some detectives on his back to see what he's doing, 'said the DCI Bergström. And Sten you check what we have on him in our files. Then we take him for a decent questioning here.

They agreed to do so, and Sten went away to perform his part of the mission.

He wondered what it was that had made the boss wanting to sacrifice resources to check up on Tomas Jansson even before he told them about the fingerprint. He regretted that he had not asked for it. But it felt like it was too late to do it now.

Meanwhile a forensic scientist in the police headquarters on Kungsholmen thought about a test results that he had just got.

He had been commissioned to analyze the remains of a drug dose in a syringe, and the contents of an empty medicine capsule. Both contained heroin. But besides heroin, it was a pollutant. The contamination was not one of those you usually find in the heroin on the streets. He went to a colleague who was considered as the one who was best drug analyst among all forensic scientists at the police headquarters. He described to him what he had found, and they went together into his room and looked at the powder under a microscope.

- I can not say right away what it is, said the expert. You know some dealers mix in any crap in heroin. Even though they know that it can have serious consequences. Especially the Yugoslavians, they seem to have no ethics at all. I guess they have done a medical examination of the woman, check with them what they have found being the cause of death.

The forensic technician who had done the analysis thanked for the help and called the police station in Skärholmen to get hold of the constable who sent the material and the request for analysis. The operator, however, told him that the constable in question was out patrolling. The forensic technician explained the problem and the man in question gave him the constable's cell phone number. He got hold of the constable and asked if there was any autopsy made on the deceased Catrin Hemström. The constable replied that she was sent for an autopsy at forensic medicine at the Karolinska Hospital. The forensic technician phoned the Karolinska Hospital, and after being switched around between different people in at least fifteen minutes, he finally managed to get a hold of the one that had made the autopsy on Catrin Hemström. By then, however, he was quite annoyed. Once he found the pathologist, he did not want to tell anything.

- How can I know that you really have a legitimate reason to know what I have come up with? The forensic technician was no less irritated by this. He had other things to do, but he said nothing about it.

- Maybe you can call the police station and ask to be connected to me.

- Sure, it's okay.

He called and said Catrin Hemström had died of arsenic poisoning in combination with a not very high dose of heroin.

The forensic technician was silence for a while, then he said:

- So it was arsenic, that pollution. It seems almost as if someone has killed her. Are you sure?

- Yes, I'm sure. I've actually made an autopsy on a person earlier who killed himself with arsenic. There are a number of fairly obvious signs to go on in such cases.

The forensic technician rang off and told his colleague. His colleague was immediately excited about this and they together started searching for a way to detect arsenic in a mixture with heroin.

Meanwhile Sten Svensson read a file about a crime that Tomas Jansson had been convicted for. He had been sentenced for selling anabolic steroids at a gym in Södertälje. It happened two years ago. Because he just got tied to a couple of sales of relatively small amounts of pills the sentenced was only day fines.

Instead of reading about this Sten would have preferred to join the discussion about how they would do to follow him, but the manager had said he had a lot of important things to check.

- It must be done as soon as possible, he said. I also want you to continue with your report. We must have everything continually documented, otherwise we can get problems.

Sten thought about the report and on everything that had happened, what to write and what he shouldn't write. Then he realized that he should check if Peter Dahlström really had HIV.

He took the phone and called Elin Bergwall at Södertälje Hospital.

After a number of signals, a breathless Elin Bergwall answered.

- Hello, this is Sten.

- Hey Sten! How are you? Are you going to cancel?

- I feel good and I will absolutely not to cancel our date. I was going to check if you have received a corp named Peter Dahlström?

- Yes we have. Do you investigate that death as well? I began an autopsy on him yesterday but I am not quite sure on why he died. He had heroin in the blood, but the symptoms are not similar to heroin poisoning.

- How do you mean?

- I do not know what it is but he does not have the usual symptoms of heroin poisoning, he has other symptoms instead. I was going to contact a toxicologist at Huddinge Hospital for help. Or do you have any suggestions.

- I have no idea, 'said Sten. But you better be careful, by the way, when you cut into him, his sister said he had been infected with HIV. He regretted a bit that he said it so rudely, he heard how she lost her breath. You have not had blood to blood contact again huh?

- No, I have not and I have double gloves on me, but thank you for saying that. Do you want me to send a blood sample for HIV testing?

- Yes, please. Moreover, when did he die?

- Sometime between twelve and one at night.

- Thank you Elin, see you tonight!

- Yes, have a nice day!

Sten hung up and thought about the conversation. He regretted that he had not asked how she felt, that he should have done. Then he went to his friend and colleague Fredrik Fant and asked if they could have lunch together.

They did so, and none of them were talking about something that had to do with police work, during the entire lunch. It felt good. With Fredrik he felt that he could get some distance to work. They used to talk about everything, often it was about girls.

They went back to the police station. In the corridor outside Sten's room they met the colleague, Anette Karlberg, who had been assigned to follow Tomas Jansson. she said:

- Have you heard that we have busted Tomas Jansson.

Fredrik, who just had passed her, turned around and said:

- It was like hell. Why? Have we found any thing more on him?

- No, not that I know of. But the manager thought it was best to take him anyway. He thought that what we had was enough to charge for the sale of narcotics. I do not think that to follow him would have given so much. He was off today but he just went training.

- Where is he questioned? Who question him? Asked Sten.

- We took him into room number two, it is Anders Jonsson who is questioning him.

Sten was relief since Anders Jonsson was known as the district's best interrogator. He had been a bit worried that it would be the boss who would handle the interrogation. The manager was a prominent police in many ways, but a little too eager to make really good hearings. When a suspicious person is questioned it is important to wait until the right time for some questions. And the interrogator must not give up until he is really confident that the suspect tells the true story. An interrogator can, of course, never know what the truth is, only what definitely is not the truth.

They went into the studio behind interrogation room two. Between the studio and the interrogation room, there is a soundproof wall with a mirror glass in. Which allows someone to watch the questioning without the interrogated knowing that someone is watching him? What is said in the interrogation room is heard through a speaker on the wall. Such interrogation is not so common in Sweden. The superintendent, however, had decided that they should have one at the police station in Södertälje and it had actually been very useful.

- Please explain why your fingerprints were on the syringe that killed Kent Brunskog? Did they hear Anders say.

- No! They heard Tomas Jansson respond.

- Did you open Kent Brunskogs cell door sometime between twelve and three in the morning on Sunday?

- No!

- Did you open the door to any other cell during that time?

- No!

- You were the only one who were outside the cell doors in custody between twelve and three in the morning on Sunday?

- Yes!

- All inmates have cells?

- Yes.

- Can you then explain to me why one of the prisoners who had his cell next to Kent Brunskog, who could not sleep, heard someone talk to him sometime between one and two at night?

Sten was startled when he heard it. It came as a total surprise to him. He bannned himself for not thinking about interrogating the cell neighbors. He whispered it to Fredrik. Not that it was necessary to whisper, but because it somehow felt more right.

- You should not bann yourself for that, he replied. This is a big investigation now, so you can not do everything for yourself.

- Yes, you're right. Sten felt relieved.

They went back to silently listen to the interview. And Sten heard Anders finish a question. Then he heard Tomas Jansson reply.

- No!

- I know you're lying! Soon enough you will tell the truth. I have time and I can wait until you start telling the truth. I get paid to sit here and ask you. Would I get tired, there are others that can continue.

- I speak the truth.

- No, you do not.

Sten thought, "It looks like he's lying. He sends a number of signals that people usually send when they lie about serious things."

He told Fredrik and he agreed with him.

Eventually Sten and Fredrik got tired of standing there. Instead, they went to the break room and took a cup of coffee. Both felt for once that they had so much to do that they took the coffee cups into their rooms and started to work. Sten thought he should continue with his report that he had barely even begun with, though there might be other things that are really important. He took a piece of paper and a pen and began to write a to-do list, it went like this:

1. Follow up Peter Dahlström's autopsy.
- 2nd. Interrogate Kent Brunskog's pals.
- 3rd. Check the fingerprints on Peter Dahlström's syringe.

Then he couldn't think of anything more at the moment. The last point, he came up with as he wrote it. It irritated him a little that he did not know what his colleagues had concluded. Like that about Kent's cell neighbor, it was news to him.

He went to DCI Bergström, but outside his door the red "do not disturb" light was lit. So he went to Kalle Burman. Except that he did searches of police records he also handled the evidence repository. Sten greeted him and did some casual talk. When they had passed the general pleasantries like talking a bit about boats and the coming summer, Sten asked if he had the syringe that a certain Peter Dahlström used for his last drug injection.

Kalle looked at his card index and found that the syringe, a spoon and a lighter would be in the storage. They went and got them. Then he bundled them together with a copy of the finger print card in Dahlström's act and the appropriate form. Sten addressed the package a put it in the internal mailbox.

When he had done this, he felt that there weren't so much more important things to do besides talking to the boss.

He would rather not start writing a report on a Friday afternoon or go to the Svartsjö prison. He wanted to come home early to take a shower and get ready to meet Elin.

He went to the DCI's room. The red light was not on any more, instead the green "come in" lamp was lit. Sten knocked and opened the door.

- I was going to hear a little about how it went with the surveillance of Tomas Jansson, also I thought you might like to hear a little about what I have, he said.

- Sure, sit down. Then he briefly described what Tomas Jansson had done this morning:

- He went to a gym on Nygatan, then he ate lunch at a restaurant on the same street. He did nothing that seemed strange. We guessed that we would not get any more from following him, so we took him in.

- There you go! Sten said a little sheepishly.

- How are you doing?

Sten told what he knew so far and what he would do next.

- Did you know that Peter Dahlgren received a visit on Wednesday? Said the boss.

- No, I did not actually, who?

- His girlfriend got there at five o'clock in the afternoon and she stayed until six o'clock.

- Did she get strip-searched?

- Yes, but they made no vaginal or anal visitation because there was no female guard there who could do it.

- What's her name, the girlfriend?

- I do not know, check with Anders Jonsson.

Just then Anders stepped through the door, without knocking.

- What, are you talking bullshit about me? He said cheerfully. Tomas Jansson has admitted!

- Admitted what? Asked the boss.

- That he took the drugs and the syringe to Kent Brunskog. It took a while to get him there, but in the end he gave up.

- Good job! Why did he do it?

- Money, Kent gave him two thousand to do it.

- Holy shit to lose the job and go to jail for two thousand crowns, the chief said. Did you get anything about Peter Dahlström's death also?

- No, he said repeatedly that he had nothing to do with it. I must say that it felt as if he was telling the truth about that.

- What happened then? Asked Sten.

- He was a little vague on the details, so I cannot surely say that he is telling the truth. But he claims that he had agreed with Brunskog to give him the stuff during that time of the night when he was alone. I asked him about the money and he said he had them in his cell. He just opened the door, gave him the stuff and then he got the money.

- Have you interrogated some other prisoners also? Asked Sten.

- No, not really, why?

- You said that a cell neighbor heard how someone talked to Brunskog during the night?

- Oh, it was something that I found up to push him a little bit.

Sten smiled, though he actually thought it was wrong to do so. The DCI and Anders roared with laughter. Then the boss continued asking:

- Where did he get the drugs and syringe?

- There he was also very vague, but he said he bought it at Sergels Torg in Stockholm.

- Has he signed the minutes of the hearing?

- I have not had time to write it yet, but I will go and do it now. Should we keep him here over the weekend?

- Yes, I think so. It seems pretty clear to me. It's about two overdoses which happened to occur at the same place almost simultaneously. You have done a great job. Now we just need to know how Peter Dahlström got his drugs. But we can take that next week. Now it's Walpurgis Night.

- Where shall we put Jansson then?

- Can you arrange a place in a jail? But make sure he is placed anywhere else than here in Södertälje or Stockholm, he may know prison guards throughout the county and it's not so good.

- Well, then, it was nothing more I guess, said Sten and began to rise from his chair. I am going to start going home.

- Do it! Have a nice weekend.

She was already waiting for him down at the canal when he got there and then he was even several minutes early. She looked a bit frozen and crouched, but lit up when Sten came.

- Hello Elin! What's the situation?

- Hi, just good, yourself?

They then spent a moment talking about where to go. In the end, they concluded that it would be nice to walk around until they found a cosy place.

Sten had actually already thought of a place, but he did not dare suggesting it, because he thought it may not suit her. It was actually a pretty slobby joint, but it had a great atmosphere and cheap beer.

They walked around for a while looking through the window of a couple of restaurants, and at last they found a restaurant that seemed to be appropriate. Neither Sten nor Elin had been there before. It was Greek, and both agreed that Greek restaurants are cosy.

The waiter asked what they wanted to drink. Ideally, Sten would have liked a beer, but he said he would happily share a bottle of wine. They got a bottle of Greek white wine. To Sten's horror the waiter pours up some in his glass for him to approve. These situations are really something that Sten hates. To him, white wine is just white wine. He took the glass looked on it in a serious way and tasted it in a small sip. The waiter and Elin watched him. Actually, he thought that it was not so good, but what could he say. It tasted a little strange, but he said it tasted good. The waiter filled up Sten's glass then he poured up to Elin.

She took a sip.

- This was not so damn good, you like this stuff?

- No, but I did not know what to say, maybe it should taste like that.

They laughed and it felt as if the mood eased a bit.

Both Sten and Elin wanted starters and main course. Elin wanted grilled bacon wrapped mussels as the appetizer and moussaka as the main course. Sten felt unimaginative. He would gladly have taken the same thing, but to seem a little urbane he ordered something completely different. Something that Elin explains is like cabbage rolls and the house's specialty souvlaki. He wishes he had been in Greece. It would have been something to talk about. By the way, everyone has been in Greece.

"She has certainly been there," he thought. He does not even have any memory of that he has been at any Greek restaurant before.

- Have you been to Greece? He asked.

- Yes, have not you?

- No, unfortunately not.

- Oh, it's absolutely wonderful, you just have to go there.

Then she told a lot of memories from a Boat hiking that she did in the Greek islands a couple of years ago. She was there with her ex-boyfriend.

It hurt Sten a bit to hear it, but he was happy that she was talking so he didn't need to come up with something to say.

Sten poured more wine. She drank quite slowly. After a while the starters came. Her food looked definitely tastier but the cabbage rolls were pretty good too. The wine bottle was emptied and Sten asked if they should order something else.

- Thanks, but I still have wine left, but you go ahead.

Sten ordered a beer. "Now I will drink slowly." He thought.

The main courses came and Sten felt more satisfied. His barbecued meat with French fries definitely looked much tastier than her mincemeat slushy mess.

In the end, Elin managed to empty her glass and Sten ordered two beers.

They finished the food, the waiter removed their plates and asked if he may give them coffee.

Both Sten and Elin accepted the offer. They quietly sipped their coffees while Sten thought:

"It feels like the talking has gone pretty well so far, but now they have come to a deadlock. They had talked about Greece and some other destinations.

But as long as we are not going into the job it's probably okay."

He didn't need to think more about what to say, since Elin asked him where he came from. He answered that he grew up in Södertälje and the question started the flow again, with a conversation about growing up and stuff.

Sten asked for the bill.

- You do not need to pay.
- Of course I pay, I promised to take you to dinner.
- But I probably earn more than you.
- Yes, but you have more spendings than me.
- Like what?
- Yes clothes, makeup and stuff.

She laughs.

- Do you think I look so well dressed? Thank you.

They continued joking about who had the highest spendings. Finally, they agreed to draw sticks about who should pay. Sten won, so he promised to buy her a drink instead. They left the restaurant and walked around a bit. After a while, they passed a pub. It was pretty crowded in there, but they decided to go into. They saw a few stools at the bar. Sten ordered Irish coffee. He felt clearly drunk and wondered a bit about if she was drunk too, it doesn't seem like it. But she's happy and talkative, so maybe. They finished their drinks and Elin said she had to go home.

They left the place and stood for a moment outside and looked at each other.

- Shall we meet again?
- Yes, please! She replied and put her arms around him and they kissed.

Death number four

Fredrik Lindberg leaned back in his office chair. He thought about the telephone conversation he just had. Why would they meet at the Fåfången. It was not too far from where he lived, but still a little strange place to meet, a little bit wrong and hard to get to.

He gathered the papers he would bring and put them in a bag. After he had completed his program and shut off his computer, he went to the mirror and checked whether he was presentable. He was not. He had decided to try to get away from the computer geek style that he had been marked for in school. Now when he had plenty of money, and thus could go for some stylish clothes. He had begun to wear contact lenses, though he did not wear them very often. Should he use them now? He decided that he did not have time to put them on. He also changed the hood jacket to a gray shirt that he just bought and an equally new gray blazer. He left the apartment, locked the door greeted a neighbor who passed by in the stairs, went Tegelviksgatan upwards towards Stadsgårdskajen and after a few hundred meters he turned to the right. About five minutes later he was on the top of the small mountain that the café Fåfången is located on. He looked around, there was totally empty. Nobody was there, not even the guy that he would meet and no one else either. Fredrik took up his cell phone and called the man. An automatic voice replied that it was not possible to reach the subscriber for the moment.

Someone shouted, he turned around and saw the man. He stood at the hedge that goes around the Fåfången and looked at the view. Fredrik and the man he shook hands and exchanged greetings.

- It's really a fantastic view from here, said Fredrik just to say something. Actually, he had not talked so much small talk with the man, it felt really as if they hardly knew each other.

- Yes indeed. You can see almost the entire city.

Fredrik nodded.

- It begins to smell rat, the man said. There have been people from the economic crime squad up on the company, inquiring a lot of people. However, you don't need to worry, the police think it's an insider thing. I'm afraid that they suspect me, because I have such great insight into the routines on the firm, also maybe it's someone who has noticed that I all of a sudden have so much money.

Fredrik saw that the man was nervous, he had seemed to be nervous even when they talked on the phone. He could understand it. It was a lot of money.

The man continued:

- I thought it was best that we met at a deserted place like this if someone followed me. Here we can see if anyone comes, without anyone seeing us.

- Aha, 'said Fredrik. I understand, at first I thought that it seemed to be a little awkward place to meet.

- Do you have all the papers?

- Certainly, said Fredrik and opened the bag. He took out the papers and showed them to the man.

- Is this really all the paper that connects me to you? He asked. It is really important that they cannot connect me to you, if they do a decent investigation on me. The police have really nothing as long as they do not find anything that connects us.

- I promise.

- Are you really sure? I can stand being interrogated and by the way, they have no conclusive evidence against me. But it's different with you.

- I promise! This is all the paperwork I received from you and this is the notes that I made where there may be any connection between us. But I do not know why it is so important that I take away my paper when it is you who they are suspecting.

- I've obviously removed all papers relating to you as well, but it may well be that they find a wire that leads to you in any other way, and then it's lousy if your paper connects me to you. Not true? Moreover I will be punished a lot harder than you because I'm an inside guy, also I have my position to think about. By the way, I am in charge of this operation.

Damn he is cool, Fredrik thought, but he said nothing about it, instead he said:

- I promise that these papers are all that can connect us to each other! Now when will I have the money you promised me?

Then the man looked around carefully, afterwards he took a firm grip on Fredrik's arms and pulled him towards the hedge. He pulled him through it and pushed him against the fence that forms the boundary between the walkable parts of Fåfången and a steep cliff face. Fredrik fought, but the man was much bigger and stronger than him. He managed, however, to make some resistance, but in the fight he lost his glasses and it did not make things better. He was almost half blind without them.

The man won the fight and he managed to tip Fredrik over the fence down the precipice. Fredrik bounced on a rock and then another one and so he fell to the ground. For each bounce, he became more and more debilitated. This happened at 22:37 on Walpurgis Night the Friday 30 April.

Even though the man had hidden himself and thus did not see Fredrik's fall, he heard the sounds of it. What he heard or what he did made him feel some light retching. But he felt not so bad anyway, though it is said that the first time is the worst.

When he felt he could move again he stooped down, took Fredrik's bag and started to walk away. He checked again and again if there was anyone who could have seen them, but it did not seem so. He crept down among the trees a good distance away from the walkway leading up to Fåfången. When he was down from the mountain, he forced himself to look relaxed as he entered the bike path that leads into the city center.

He went all the way to Slussen, past it and into the Old Town. Once there, he went in at the first tavern he came across, which in this case was the Zum Franciscaner. He sat down at the bar and ordered a sixth of the finest whiskey they had swept the glass and ordered another one that he enjoyed a bit slower.

Approximately when the man passed Slussen a police car on Södermalm got an order to go to the Fåfången in order to investigate if someone had jumped from there. Since someone had called the police and claimed that they had seen a person doing that.

The two police officers who got the assignment were somewhat annoyed to get a job. They certainly had entered the code in the communication radio, which means that they were available for a mission. But they were actually quite busy sitting and having coffee and a smoke on a park bench in Vitabergsparken. They finished their cigarettes and the coffee calmly, returned in a leisurely pace to the patrol car, turned on the police siren and the blue lights and drove at full speed towards Fåfången.

They parked the car as high up on the path up to the Fåfången as possible. Then they started to walk towards the café on the top. No man in sight on the entire plateau forming Fåfången. They went to the north side, where the precipice is, penetrated the hedge and looked down over it. It was dark outside, but one of the constables saw almost immediately the outline of a human body in the light of a street lamp. He grabbed his radio and told the control center.

Then they began the arduous trek down the path and around the mountain to take a closer look at the body that lay beneath.

After a while they reached the body. Somewhat later, a police inspector from Södermalm police came to the scene. Detective, Olof Nyman had no problem finding it. This is because he had served in Södermalm police for a long time and during this time he had been to the foot of the cliff for the same reason a couple of times before.

Nyman asked the officers if they had found anything of interest. They had not done so. In fact, they had not even been looking, but they didn't say that. Nyman said nothing more, for he knew that the two constables do not directly belong to the Södermalm police's most active employees.

Nyman searched in the man's pockets in order to find a wallet or anything else that could tell them anything about him. He found a wallet, the wallet he found included Fredrik Lindberg's identification card. Nyman picked up his cell phone, called in to the station and asked the respondents to find out everything that could be found out about a Fredrik Lindberg, through the available means.

- Can you stay here and guard the body!

He asked the two constables. Then he started to walk towards Fåfången.

He did not have any particular purpose to go up there, but he thought it might be worthwhile to take a look at the point from where the man had jumped. He stood close to the fence directly over the man's body and looked down the mountain to check if there was something that had with Fredrik Lindberg to do. It was so dark up there on the mountain that he had to go down to the car and retrieve a flashlight. He let the beam play along the rock wall and saw something that could be traces of blood on a protruding rock about five meters down, that was all. Then he enlightened the ground around the place he was standing.

He found that a few feet to the right of him several branches of the hedge was broken and there were footprints in the earth. It was roughly patterned grooves of sneakers. It was also other footsteps with significantly less tread depth, which probably came from a pair of walking shoes of any kind. He tried to recall what kind of shoes that Fredrik Lindberg had on his feet. He seemed to remember that it was sneakers. He tried to follow the footsteps out in the grass. However, it was not possible because the land already had become thoroughly dry on this sunny spot. However, he saw a pair of glasses on the grass a few meters from the hedge. This Nyman found extremely odd. He could not imagine that anyone would take off their glasses before their final jump, in particular, not that far from the actual location of the jump. This especially as it appeared to be very strong glasses. Without taking a single step more he grabbed his cell phone and called the DCI's direct number.

- Hey, it's Nyman here, the suicide from Fåfången, seems a bit strange. There are things which indicates that it actually isn't a suicide. I do not think we can dismiss that it is a crime behind. The manager knew Nyman well and he had full confidence in what he said. Thus, he assumed that it was the case.

- What do you think we should do? He asked therefore.

- We should send over some forensic scientists.

They decided to do so and the manager promised to fix it.

Constable Nyman contacted the two constables who stood guarding Fredrik Lindberg's body at the foot of the precipice.

- Make sure that one of you come up here with fencing equipment as soon as possible, he roared. His idea was that in order to get anything done quickly one had to sound angry. It had now become a hallmark for Inspector Nyman. After a while one of the policemen came with cones and barrier tape. When a defensible piece of land surrounding the site was encircled with tape Nyman went to his car to fetch his coffee thermos and a packet of biscuits. Paraphernalia that he always had in his portfolio, as he preferred his own boiled coffee compared to the coffee at the station so much that he always filled the thermos with freshly boiled coffee before every shift. Biscuits, he had always with him, for situations like this, situations in which he had to wait for something. Nyman was accustomed to wait, but he knew that it could be good to have something to distract himself with. When the wait was long he also needed something to keep the hunger away. He also knew from experience that he could be forced to wait a long time there on top of the mountain.

It was not easy to get a forensic technician on a Friday night, especially since it was Walpurgis Night. He thus sat on a park bench and consumed coffee and biscuits. The constable left the top of the mountain and joined his colleague beside the body. After a while, they reported that the dead body was taken away and then they left the area. Nyman was right, after over an hour and a half two technicians came from the police headquarters on Kungsholmen. They rigged up a couple of battery headlamps and began searching the ground.

They took care of the glasses, photographed footprints and searched the ground with a metal detector. The entire survey took no more than half an hour. Then they took Nyman's phone number and promised to call him no later than Tuesday afternoon. Nyman also left the scene, cordoning cones and tape were left behind.

The connection

Monday morning was like Monday mornings usually are, the sky was grey and it was raining, at least in Skärholmen. Malena Björksten was standing at her mailbox and read a report that she just got by internal mail from a forensic technician at Kungsholmen. In the report, it was written that in the syringe Catrin Hemström used for her last drug injection it had been found the remains of a mix of saline, blood, heroin and arsenic. The report also included other technical data from the analysis. On the report it was a note paper that said that the one who did the autopsy on the deceased had found that she died of arsenic poisoning. A shudder went through her whole body, then she went to report to the Detective Chief Inspector in the district. She told him what happened and he said:

- Damn awful. This we must pursue. We put a detective on it. Can you and the other officer who was in the apartment come here. Bring your report and what we have about her.

Malena went away and searched for her colleague, meanwhile the manager called a detective who he thought might have time to take care of the case.

The inspector he assigned the mission was the relatively fresh inspector Louise Lagerman. He asked her to come to his office and then he explained the situation. She made notes in a note book. He could not see that she in any way at all reacted to the unusual content of the drugs in the syringe. She seemed not at all react to anything, she just wrote down so fast that the note book shook. When the DCI was finished, Louise asked what he thought she should do.

- You have to find out from where she got the drugs. You must also find out if there is more of the shit on the market. Finally, you need to find out who and why.

- That's a lot to ask for!

- Absolutely, but the most important thing at the moment is that no more persons gets poisoned.

I have sent out a warning to all constables in the district, as well as to the Narcotics and Norrmalm police. Start with interrogating the girl who lived with the deceased.

Louise Lagerman rang the mobile phone number that according to the police report would be Lina Kolmodin's. A woman who called herself Lina answered. Lina said she was with a companion in Bredäng and they agreed that Louise would pick her up in Bredäng's center at half past twelve. This was of course to go beyond the usual service that the police in Skärholmen offers. But Louise assumed that it probably would be difficult to get a woman who is a drug addict and prostitute to voluntarily appear at a police station.

At half past one Louise stands on the square which is in the most central part of central Bredäng. There are quite a lot of people in the square, but none of them was similar to the description she had on Lina. She is waiting during a quarter of an hour and then she sits down on a bench and waits another quarter. Then she calls Lina's mobile phone. A mechanical voice tells her that the number cannot be reached for the moment. She continues to wait.

A uniformed police officer arrives and greets her. It's Kenneth who she has been spoken to a few times.

- Hello, Kenneth! What are you doing here?

- I am bobby here, didn't you know? We talked about it on the last district party?

- Sorry maybe we did.

- What are you doing here? Kenneth continued.

Louise told him about her mission and Kenneth said he thought he knew where Lina was.

- There is a drug joint in the house there, where I think she might be, he said as he pointed to a house a few hundred meters away. We can go there if you want, he continued.

Kenneth rang on the doorbell and a woman in a black kimono opened. As Louise could judge, it was the only thing she was wearing. It was difficult to judge her age, at least forty or maybe younger but worn by a hard life with alcohol and drugs. She smelled of wine and cigarettes. She looked at Kenneth and said:

- What the hell do you want? Get lost, I have not done anything.

- Shut up! Kenneth replied quickly. We want to talk with Lina.

The woman is about to say something, but he pushes her aside and steps into the apartment. Louise follows him. Inside the apartment it smelled from wine and cigarettes. They go through the hall into the living room.

In the living room there is a sofa and in the sofa there is another woman. The woman is undoubtedly Lina, wearing a pair of jogging pants and a t-shirt. She is crying. In front of her on the table, there are several emptied wine bottles. Beside the wine bottles there is a crowded ashtray and a couple of cigarette packs and a lighter. Lina looks with her reddened eyes on those who are entering. Then she looks at the table and reaches for a cigarettes pack.

Louise stands in front of Kenneth and says:

- Hey, it's me who is Louise Lagerman. Why did not you come to our meeting?

Lina does not respond, she just looks at them, so Louise continues:

- There are some things I need to know. Is it okay that I sit down? So she turns to Kenneth:

- Thanks for the help, I think I can handle it myself from now on.

Kenneth understands the hint and leaves. Louise feels relieved. "He did not give a good atmosphere," she thinks. "He's brutal."

Louise sits on the couch next to Lina takes a cigarette and a lighter out of the purse.

- It is okay that I smoke?

Lina's companion in the middle of the room looks at them.

- First I want to say that it is very sad what has happened.

Lina continues to be silent.

- It is you who is Lina Kolmodin, huh?

Lina nods.

- From where did Catrin get her drugs?

Lina is quiet, Louise repeats the question.

- From her guy.

- Who is it?

- Pedda.

- What Pedda, what's his name more than that?

- I do not know.

- Where is he?

- He's in jail, I think he is in custody, on Hall.

- How did she get it from him if he is arrested?

- She did not get it from him, she got it from his sister, she has his storage.

- You fucking snitch, says the other woman. She sounds pissed.

- What the hell does it matter, she's a fucking bitch.

- What's her name?

- I do not know.

Louise wrote in her note book. At the top of a blank page, she wrote "testimony from Lina Kolmodin." Then she says:

- This can be very important, what you said now, can you sign a testimony that you said this.

- Do not do it! The woman in the kimono almost screamed.

- Fuck, give me the paper.

She writes her signature on the bottom of the paper, over the signature Louise writes Lina's social security number and the address to the apartment in Aspöden. She also asks the other woman's what her name is. At first the woman refuses to say it, but when Louise is threatening to take her to the police station, she gives up and says it. The name fits with the name Kenneth had said, so Louise didn't bother asking for an identification card.

As soon as she was out of the house, she takes up her phone, calls the directory assistance and ask to be connected to Hall.

She asks the switchboard operator at Hall to link her to the jail. The prison officer that replied says that she probably meant Peter Dahlström. He's not here anymore, she must call the Södertälje police station and talk to Ingvar Bergström.

Louise thanks him and calls the directory assistance again. They linked her to Södertälje police.

- He is busy on the phone. The operator answers.

- It is important, she says, unaware that the man in question is one of the most highly ranked officers in the Södertälje district.

The operator told her to wait a moment. After a few minutes DCI Ingvar Bergström replies.

Louise apologizes for her interference.

- Do not worry, it was something important.

When he heard what Louise had to say, he asks her to talk to Sten Svensson, then he reroutes her.

The same morning, the following happened in Sten Svensson's life.

Sten began his day at the station with fetching coffee and checking his mailbox. There was nothing but the testimony from Tomas Jansson. He read it carefully and pondered about what he had read. Then he picked up the embryo to a report on the case Kent Brunskog. But he thought about Elin.

Just when he thought the best, she called.

- Hey, I thought about you, it comes out of his mouth before he can stop it. It was more straightforward than he use to do.

- Did you? What were you thinking then? She said happily.

- Oh, nothing special, I was wondering if you got any more.

- Oh, now I'm disappointed. I thought you were thinking of something else.

- Perhaps a little.

- You that Peter Dahlström, he did not have HIV either.

- Great! Which was the only word that came in his mind. Then he continued:

- Have you received any replies on the test requests you sent?

- No, not yet.

- Shall we meet again?

- Yes please, what are you doing tonight?

They agreed that they would eat dinner together and that it was Sten's turn to pay.

They quickly decided the same time and place as on the previous Friday. When Sten just had rung off, it rang again. It was Anders Björkegren at the Forensic Laboratory. He told Sten that all the fingerprints on the syringe derived from the same person. This person is the person who's fingerprintings Sten sent to him.

- Peter Dahlström, says Sten.

- That's right, it's only his fingerprints on the syringe, a clear index finger and one from the thumb, and some half prints.

After the call, he reflected on Kent Brunskog and the fact that his fingerprints not were on the syringe. After thinking for a moment he went in to his colleague Fredrik Fant and they agreed that it was time for lunch.

Sten almost couldn't wait to tell Fredrik about what had happened at the date with Elin Bergwall. But he does not need to bring it up since Fredrik asked how it went as soon as they came out from the station.

Sten explained quite succinctly the events, and then they talked about his investigation.

- It seems pretty clear, says Fredrik.

- Do you think so? But this about that Kent was not drugs addict, also left-handed, and that there were no fingerprints on the syringe then?

- Oh details, but it seems a little strange. In Peddas cases, it is surely obvious.

- Yes, it was probably an ordinary overdose, but how did he get the drugs into Hall? Maybe it's that guard in both cases.

- Perhaps, Pedda probably had no visitors?

- Sure, motherfuckers! That I would check, his girlfriend had visited him the day he died. She was probably a dope whore.

They had pizzas. When they came back from lunch, Sten went to Anders room and checked up the name of Peddas visitor.

He wrote down the name on a note paper that he took with him to Kalle Burström to ask for a search. Kalle was not reachable so Sten went to his room to search himself. He did not have to do this for about the same moment he came into the room Louise Lagerman rang. She began by saying:

- I think this conversation can take some time and I am calling from a police cell phone, could you call me, you know they do not like when people talk too long in these.

- Sure, I do that, what's your number? Sten said a little surprised.

Louise apologized for the trouble she caused Sten. Then she described briefly what had happened in Aspudden.

- It was like hell, Sten said.

- Her boyfriend died the same day she visited him. I met his sister, we'll probably pick her up to hear her properly. Can you send over your material as quickly as possible? Can we take it via email or do you have to fax it?

The first Sten did after he finished the conversation with Louise Lagerman was to call Elin Bergwall. However, it was the hospital's switchboard operator who answered and she informed him that the doctor attended a meeting. Sten asked her to leave the message that Peter Dahlström probably died from arsenic poisoning.

When he had finished the call, he went into the DCI's room. He ignored the fact that the red-not-disturb light was on, he did not even bother to knock.

The manager was sitting at the round conference table together with Anders. They both look with surprise at Sten. He tells as fast as he can what he had just heard. He adds that the pathologist who autopsied Peter Dahlström felt that his symptoms were not entirely consistent with those that you usually find in someone who has taken an overdose of heroin.

- We know, 'said the boss calmly. What do you think we should do about it?

- Shouldn't we hear Peter Dahlström's sister. Shouldn't we also do a perquisition at her place?

- Yes, you are right. Can you arrange so that we get her here, do you know where she is?

- I guess she is at work, I think that she works in the kitchen at the hospital on Södermalm.

- Make sure the Södermalm police pick her up and take her here, the DCI said.

- I think it is best if you are questioning her Anders, said the boss as he turned to Anders. But it would be good if you are there too Sten. We let some of the drug guys take care of going through her apartment. Okay?

Both detectives accepted the order and Sten walked away to call the officer in command at the Södermalm police.

Economic crimes

The special commissioner for financial crime, Christer Hagelin, pondered over a number of complaints from a number of security holders. He also thought about the report that he had started to write about this. He had started with a brief summary of the facts he had in the case. It had disappeared shares for at least 200 customers to Secura Brokerage in week 13, all customers had custody accounts at the broker. There were no patterns regarding which shares that had disappeared. This except that it was shares that are widely traded in, i.e. it is sold and bought many shares in the companies every day on the Stockholm Stock Exchange. Furthermore, he found that all shares were transferred to a variety of deposit accounts in different banks, all of them were held by a Kent Brunskog. He had unsuccessfully tried to find this Kent. But neither the post office nor tax authority had any address information.

He had spent a lot of time on Secura Brokerage. The management had initially been very secretive and reluctant. Christer Hagelin got the impression that they were willing to cover the customers' losses with company money. All so that it would not come to light which inadequate security and control the firm had. But when the management realized how much money it would cost them, it appeared as if they preferred that it would be classed as a crime carried out by a third party. Then it was suddenly no problem to get the list which he now looked at. It had taken a few days for them to get it, he had received it in the mail that morning. Hagelin assumed they had agreed on this to make it possible to persuade the insurance company to cover the loss. He did not like people who cheat others on their money, though he got even more ill of stockbrokers and others who, according to him, earned money in a questionable way. Most of all, he thought badly about those who tried to take advantage of him. Unfortunately, he played these people at their hands with this investigation, in particular if the investigation went so well that he managed to get hold of the money. He consoled himself, however, that if the broker is forced to take as much of their own funds that they go bankrupt a lot of innocent share investors will probably become losers. Though he thought it was a small consolation, because he did not feel particularly sorry for shareholders who loose share's for several millions. He had just shares for two hundred thousand, and it had taken him many years to get there.

The first account bank on the list was Föreningssparbanken on Fältöversten in Stockholm. The second one, Handelsbanken, was in the same house.

He took the phone and called Föreningssparbanken and asked them to block the stock holding account and any bank accounts linked to it.

The bank official who responded, however, required that Christer Hagelin would get there with a government decision in order to do so.

The bank officer at Handelsbanken in the same house asked him to contact the office manager, ie Bank Director Olsson. Bank Director Olsson also said that they must have an official decision to block an account without the account holder's permission. Then he pointed out that it was a debit card issued in the bank account that was linked to the depot.

Then Christer asked if it was possible to get a full list of the payments that were made with the debit card. Director Olsson replied that he could not disclose such information, except in special cases. Hagelin explained what had happened, whereupon Olsson promised that he could look at the information when he got there.

- Actually, it's against the rules, but we do an exception for the police, you've helped us so much. Hagelin thanked for their help and promised to get there as fast as he could. Before he left he arranged official decisions for all banks on the list and ordered a search in the criminal records for this Kent Brunskog. The mission to visit other banks he, however, transferred to two colleagues together with a description of the situation.

The last thing he did before leaving the office was to cast a glance in the mirror that sat on the inside of the wardrobe door. He had a moss green jacket, a slightly darker green tie and a slightly lighter green shirt. He always wanted to be well dressed and spent quite a lot of time to choose clothes that matched each other.

However, it was not that difficult in his case because most clothes he had were either green or black. He liked green and most of the jackets and shirts were green. Most pants were black. It becomes easy when you wash, he used to say when someone pointed out his somewhat monotonous choice of colors. He was not so happy with his body though, the abdomen and the face were a little fatty. But he had quite a nice nose someone told him once. Quite recently, he had grown a mustache and it felt good. It made him look more serious. It is important to look serious when investigating financial crimes that imply meetings with directors and board people, he thought.

Hagelin took the subway to Karlaplan and went into the Handelsbanken office at Fältöversten, he walked up to a teller and asked for the director. The cashier asked if he had an appointment.

- No, but we have agreed that I should come.

- You'll have to wait a while since he is busy with another customer.

Hagelin snatched an economical newspaper that lay on one of the customer chairs, sat down in it and began to read the stock market comments. After a while a young lady came through a door behind the counter and closely behind her came an older man that Christer Hagelin assumed was the director. He saw how the cashier said something to the older man as she pointed to Christer. The older man waved at Christer and pointed at a hatch in the right side of the counter behind which the cashiers sat. Christer followed the instructions and went to the man. He greeted him warmly and took him into his office.

On the desk in front of him lay a computer printout.

- Here is an excerpt from the accounts you wanted information about. All shares that came in to the stock market account are sold and the money was credited to this account. Bank Director Olsson tapped with his fingers on the computer printout in front of him and continued: The account was opened in early March, so this is actually all withdrawals that have ever been made from it.

Hagelin looked at the list. The first information was that the account was opened on Thursday, March 11, 1999. While the account was opened, a deposit of three thousand crowns was made. On March 17 the account holder ordered a debit card connected to it and between the 6th and 8th of April, four deposits totaling seven hundred fifty thousand crowns were made. After that it just had been withdrawals. The biggest one was made by Scandic Park Hotel on Karlavägen in Stockholm, it was done on April 14. It was on thirty-five thousand three hundred fifty crowns. There were also a large number of withdrawals made from clothing stores and restaurants. Several large withdrawals were made at the restaurant The Brown Horse on Karlavägen. The final withdrawal was made at a tavern on Södermalm on Saturday 17th April at 22:35.

Hagelin wrote down Park Hotel and The Brown Horse on a note limp, then he left the government decision about blocking the account, thanked him and went through the shopping center Fältöversten over to Föreningssparbanken. He asked the clerk at the counter to get the manager, presented his case to him and gave him the decision. Whereupon he went along Karlavägen to Park Hotel, he went into it and chose to start by examining the lunch room. He noted that the food was delicious. Then he went to the hotel reception.

- Do you have or have you had a guest named Kent Brunskog?

The receptionist, a very elegant woman in her thirties, looked wide-eyed at him and said, in a pretty sour way that they had. It does not dress her to be sour, Hagelin thought. She looks like to be one of those air stewardesses who always smiles.

- He has actually not checked out yet, she continued.

- Does he live here still? Hagelin said in surprise.

- No, he does not live here but he has not checked out yet, who you are, by the way, are you a friend of him, he owes us money for several weeks of accommodation.

Christer Hagelin took out his police ID from the right inside pocket of his jacket and placed it on the reception desk as he said:

- My name is Christer Hagelin, I'm from the police.

- Is Mr. Brunskog encountered for anything or is he arrested?

- I can not answer, but I would like to know more about his stay here. And also I would like to get a hold of him.

The woman went away to get the desk manager. She came out to the front desk and greeted Hagelin. All three went into a space behind the front desk where they could talk more privately but with maintained control over the cashier, reception desk and the few people who occasionally passed.

The information that Christer got was that Kent Brunsog had not been seen since Saturday April 17. The front desk staff had assumed that Kent had not been seen because he slipped away from his hotel bill. They had all agreed that Kent seemed to be quite a suspicious guy. Not exactly one of their regular guests. The staff thought that he seemed to be a dressed up alcoholic. They had suspected that he would not pay his bill.

- It is customary in Swedish hotels, the front desk manager explained, that the guests pay in arrears, when leaving the room. In Brunsogs cases, however, we were a little worried that we would not get any money. So we cleared his debt after he had lived here a week. His bill was on about thirty-five thousand crowns. But it was no problem.

- Do you know if he met someone during his stay here?

- No, not that I know of. Do you know? The desk manager looked at her colleague.

They concluded that as far as they knew, he had not received any visit, but he could very well have had it without them remembering it, or without that anyone at the front desk would even have noticed it.

- We can find out if he has called someone, would you like that?

Christer Hagelin said he would be very grateful for that information.

The front desk manager went off to arrange this, but before that, she said:

- I hope you get hold of him, he owes us over fifty thousand.

Christer got the list of phone calls and then he left the hotel.

He walked further up Karlavägen the short distance to the restaurant The Brown Horse.

The Brown Horse turned out to be a fairly upscale restaurant. Considerably more exclusive than the ones Christer Hagelin usually visited. He felt a little uncomfortable when he stepped through the door. To compensate for this, he went straight to the butler who stood at a lectern near the door. He looked him straight in the eyes, almost stared at him and said he wanted to speak with him privately.

- I'm sorry, but I can not walk away now, we're in the middle of the lunch rush. "This man apparently did not give much for him. But that's part of his professional role, " he thought, "to treat people after their wallet". However Hagelin felt a little offended, but he tried to ignore that, when he held up the police identity card and the badge. Hagelin held them in silence while staring at the butler.

The butler immediately changed attitude, became a bit red in the face, and waved to one of the waitresses in place. They went through the restaurant and in through a revolving door at the far end of the room. Behind the door was the kitchen. They passed the kitchen and went into the staff's dining room. The dining room was completely empty, which of course was to be expected during this time of day. They sat down. The butler seemed to be a bit stressed. "I wonder what you hide" Christer thought. Then he asked if he remembered a guest named Kent Brunsog. The butler looked very relieved.

- No, not that I can think of off straight away, why?

- Here it is me who is asking questions, said Hagelin, a little too brusquely perhaps. He felt that he wanted to fuck with him a little bit. Unfortunately, he had no further question, so he chose to leave the restaurant.

He went to Odengatan and took bus No. 4 to his office in the police headquarters on Kungsholmen. On the desktop, he found data lists from Nordbanken, SE-Banken and Östgöta bank and also a thick computer printout on Kent Brunsog. Hagelin glanced through data lists and found that it had been together over twenty million crowns on the accounts including those he checked out himself.

The three account statements in front of him showed that these accounts were emptied totally within a week after that the shares had been transferred to the corresponding stock holding accounts, but there was still money in the two accounts he controlled. The account at FöreningsSparbanken contained over two millions, and the one at Handelsbanken, contained four hundred seventy-five thousand crowns the day that was, on Monday May 3.

The last entry in the data printout on Brunskog was from Saturday 17th April at 23:30. There stood in summary that Brunskog been arrested on suspicion of auto theft, driving without a license, driving a motor vehicle under the influence of alcohol and involuntary manslaughter. It said further that Brunskog was arrested in Salem and taken to jail on Hall. Hagelin called Hall. He was connected to the Custody manager. Then manager Kurt Fallander suggested that Christer should talk to DCI Ingvar Bergström at the Södertälje police station. The custody manager assisted him with Bergström's direct number.

Ingvar Bergström answered and explained what had happened to Brunskog, and then Hagelin told his story. They agreed to meet and took their calendars. To the amazement and despite the police's heavy workloads they managed to book a meeting already the next day. They felt it would be best that Hagelin came to Södertälje, as most of the involved came from the Södertälje district. The phone call ended with that Bergström promised to fax a picture of Brunskog. Hagelin hung up and thought about what he just learned. Either Kent Brunskog did it all by himself, or he accomplices. The latter seemed most likely, argued Hagelin. "It seems," he thought, "as if Brunskog was a goalkeeper who becomes overconfident and steal a car out of old habit. So he gets busted and accidentally takes an overdose of drugs."

By from what he heard from the DCI in Södertälje, they had not so much to lead him to these accomplices. Then he started to look at the list of phone calls that he got from the reception manager at the Park Hotel. He noted briskly that Brunskog had rung very little during the week he had stayed in the hotel. There were a total of 28 calls. Eighteen of those calls went to stationary phones and the remaining ten calls went to cell phone subscriptions. The only number he knew was to Taxi Stockholm. He took the phone and called the directory inquiry. He listed the phone numbers one by one and asked for the names of subscribers. Two of subscriptions were held by other persons named Brunskog, ten of them were held by restaurants. Further two subscriptions were held by travel agencies. The remaining three subscriptions were held by subscribers with unlisted telephone numbers. Christer Hagelin chose to wait with digging into them. All the cell phone numbers belonged to subscribers with Comvik prepaid telephone cards. The operator referred him to Comvik for further research. Two of the three mobile phone numbers Kent had called several times and one of them he had only called once. The mobile number was very similar to one of the other two numbers, so Hagelin figured that Brunskog had dialled the wrong number. He continued his research by calling the phone number to Comvik. He presented his case and the person who answered told him to wait a moment. He waited several moments, became more and more impatient until finally hear the person on Comvik announce that he could not help him.

- The subscription is, as you know, impersonal, but sometimes people choose to register anyway.
- Can you get information on where they have called?
- Yes it is possible, but it takes some time, they have much to do in that department. You can get a name from me if you want.

Hagelin received a name and a phone number, and then he had to rush to a meeting.

The meeting

Detective Nyman started late this eventful Monday. He arrived at the station just before two o'clock in the afternoon and began with a soft moment at his desk with a sip of coffee from his thermos. He poured coffee in the cap of the thermos, while he looked at the box that were on his desk. The box contained a wallet, a key ring, a broken watch, a comb, and a total of demolished mobile phone. On the outside of the box a library card was taped. It said that the stuff belonged to Fredrik Lindberg. However, this was redundant information for Nyman. He understood from the beginning that this was the stuff that was found in the pockets of the man they last Friday had found dead at the foot of the mountain.

He picked up the phone and poked gently out the telephone subscription card. Then he picked up his cell phone and took out the card that was in it. He mounted Lindbergs card and turned on the phone. After a few seconds the phone announced that it searched network and slightly later it announced that he is welcome to Comvik, after which it said Comvik, transmission quality and time. He flipped the phone number for the customer service at Comvik whereupon he called them. Nyman explained to the guy who replied that he was from the police and that he was investigating an incident. In order to continue the investigation, he needed to know what number he called from and who had phoned this number on Friday night. The person on Comvik responded the first question, and gave him the name of someone who could help him with the second one. Nyman thanked him and asked for his phone number.

The person suggested that he could link him, but Nyman declined:

- I do not want to call more than I a need with this subscription card, it's not mine.

Nyman took his regular phone and called the proposed number. It turned out that the person was not at all the man for Nyman's issue. He got the name of yet another person and after being switched around on Comvik a while, he found him. When Nyman had explained his case the person who answered said:

- That's funny. Another policeman called a few minutes ago and asked who had the number you are asking about. I have the name here in front of me.

- Oh, what did the policeman ask then?

- He wondered who had the subscription you are asking about, now maybe you can tell me so I can tell him.

- I think I would like to talk to that policeman, he may have information that is interesting to me. Can you tell me his name?

Nyman got Hagelin's name then he asked the guy to make a list of the calls made from and to Fredrik Lindberg's cell phone on Friday.

After he hung up, he immediately dialed Christer Hagelin's number.

Hagelin replied that he was in a meeting, was it important. Nyman introduced himself and his case. Hagelin understood that it was important, left the meeting and told Nyman about the shares thefts and bank accounts.

- I think it's about some sort of league or a group of actors. Do you think that Lindberg could be involved.

- Yes it is possible. Lindberg was an unemployed hacker, his mother said. The thefts were done electronically weren't they? This seems to be a bigger deal than I thought. At first I thought it was an ordinary suicide, but this is perhaps a murder, some kind of gangster settlement.

- Yes absolutely. It seems reasonable, that he was involved, if he was a hacker. He Brunskog was probably the gang's goalkeeper, said Hagelin. There is probably a leader who has most of the money.

- How can we find him?

- This Brunskog spent quite a lot of money on a nice restaurant in Östermalm, it is possible that the whole gang gathered there to celebrated the job. Do you have any photos on Lindberg.

- Sure, they're pretty disgusting, but still.

- I have a photo of Brunskog, it's not so pretty either.

Shall we go to the restaurant and ask the staff?

They agreed to meet outside in an hour.

- How do we recognize each other? Christer Hagelin Said.

- I look like a cop, Nyman said, laughing.

The entrance door to the restaurant was locked and Nyman pounded on it with a few powerful strikes. The butler opened.

- We're closed. But then he saw Hagelin: So it is you again, come in.

Inside the staff was in full swing to prepare for the evening.

- We would like to have a conversation with you and the others in the waiting staff, said Nyman.

The butler shouted at the others and they sat around a large table.

- Would you like something to drink? Coffee maybe? Said the butler. The waitress walked away and picked up a stack of cups and a pot of coffee.

Hagelin started:

- We are investigating a theft, it is a big theft. Moreover, maybe it's about one or two murders.

There were astonished cries from those who sat around the table and an expectant mood encamped.

- We know that at least one person that is essential in this investigation have spent large sums of money here at a few occasions in April. We have a picture of that person. What we want to know is if you remember him. We also want to know if there were some other people with him, and if anyone remembers anything of what they were talking about. We'd love to have alerts also, if possible.

Hagelin took out a photo on Brunskog which put upside down on the table.

- You have to be prepared that this is a rather unpleasant picture.

The waitress, waiters and butler nodded gravely.

Then he flipped the picture and one of the waiters said:

- Damn how nasty, he is dead. But I know him.

The waitress and butler agreed.

- He gave really great tip, said the waiter who had first recognized him.

- Though he was amazingly drunk, said the waitress.

- He was very shabby, said the butler. I had probably thrown him out if they had not spent so much money.

- They, they were more people then, said Hagelin.

- Yes, I think they were three or four, 'said the waiter.

- They were three people each time they were here, 'said the butler.

- Do anyone remember what the other two looked like? Prompts Nyman.

The serving staff looked at each other.

- One of them was quite young and a little pimply, 'said the waitress.

Nyman took out the photo of Lindberg and put it upside down on the table.

- Be prepared that this picture is even more disagreeable than the former.

All of the staff agreed with him after he had turned the photo. But they also agreed that the person in the photo was the younger guy in the party.

- The third person then? Said Hagelin.

- Wasn't he a little older? The waiter said, looking at the others.

- Well, I think he was much better dressed. I think he always had nice costumes, like Armani, said the waitress.

- He was clearly the leader of the gang, he talked a lot about stocks, continued the waiter.

The butler did not remember anything about his appearance. None of them could describe him more than that he was stylishly dressed and looked normal.

Hagelin and Nyman left the restaurant. They discussed for a while and decided that Nyman should follow to Södertälje the next day. They also decided to go there together in Nyman's car.

Christer Hagelin felt that he had made his duty that day and started to walk towards to the East Station to take the train to his home in Täby. He was exceptionally pleased with the day.

There were few days that he had managed to get as much forward in an investigation of a financial crime. These investigations normally took a long time, but anyway they ultimately often lead to nothing beyond that types like Kent Brunsog got arrested. He did not care about goalkeepers, with this Fredrik Lindberg, however, it was another thing. It felt as if it was just a computer interested young man who had fallen into bad company and had to pay for it. Either he was so cracked that he killed himself or he was murdered. "Tragic as that," he thought.

Christer Hagelin sat on the commuter train and wondered if he would chat a bit online when he got home. When he was in the process of thinking about this, he got the idea that he should go to the brokers website and check if there were pictures on the staff. It would not be completely unreasonable that the well-dressed man is an employee there and that he is the spider in this network.

When he came home, he went straight to the freezer without taking off his coat. He took out a pizza, put it on a plate and put it in the microwave. Then he hung off his outer clothes, took out a can of Coke from the fridge, got a knife and fork from the silverware drawer and the computer from his desktop.

While he ate, he tried a few different possible variations on Secura brokerage before he found the right address to the website.

He clicked on the icon labeled staff, and then he clicked up one employee at a time and wrote out a picture of each one that seemed to be reasonable.

Finally he put down all the prints in his briefcase and went down to the car.

At the restaurant, it was now full of people and the serving staff ran back and forth between the tables, the bar and the kitchen.

He stood and waited at the waiter's desk. He saw that the butler just helped an elderly couple to sit down at a table. After a minute, the old lady in the party sat down and butler looked toward the pulpit. He light up when he saw Hagelin and he quickly approached him.

- Hey, it's you again, would you like to eat here?

- Hey, yes some other time perhaps, but I want you to help me with something. Could I get a few minutes with you and your colleagues? I've got pictures and the third man may be on one of the pictures.

- We are happy to help if we can help to put a murderer in jail. But I think it's hard to get together all at once. Can not you take one at a time?

Thus Hagelin and the butler went into the staff room and looked at the pictures.

- I'm sorry but I do not recognize any of them, I think. But the others had more contact with them so they might remember better.

This was really the case, both the waitress and one of the waiters pointed out the same person and they were both sure about it.

- Hagelin thanked for their help and walked away. On the way out the butler asked if he wanted a beer. Christer refused and blamed that he drove.

- The offer stands!

About five hours before this happened, Sten Svensson and Anders Jonsson sat in interrogation room two with Eva Dahlström. They sat at the long sides of a table that looked like any other table anywhere. The two policemen sat next to each other on one long side. On the other side about midway between Sten and Anders sat Eva Dahlström. The policemen began in silence for a long moment. It was the older and more experienced of the two police officers who were appointed to lead the interrogation.

- What's your name, what's your full name. Jonsson always began with simple questions to get people voluble. She answered briefly as well as on other matters of a similar nature. Anders proceeded to ask a series of questions in a fast pace. Most of the questions were simple and the answers were in no way compromising the interrogated. Among these simple questions he however, sometimes asked more compromising ones like: "What kind of drugs did your brother use? How did he get the drugs? How was it packed?"

She replied that he only used heroin, she did not know how he got hold of it, but she had seen that it used to be in medicine capsules.

- Has he ever left the capsules with you?

She replied no, but both officers noticed that she changed tone a little bit, moreover her face turned a little red. As the experienced interrogators they were, they understood that she lied.

- Are you sure?

- No, maybe sometime then.

- How many times?

- Three, four, maybe.

- How did it happen?

- He forced me to store the capsules, he was so mean, he said he would beat me if I did not take care of them. One time he even did it.

- Did he beat you?

- Yes. She hid her head in her hands and began to cry.

- Where did you put the capsules?

- I hid them in the kitchen, under the plastic bags under the sink.

The two officers sat in silence watching her as she cried.

After a while Jonsson asked:

- Did you hate your brother?

- No, I loved him, he was my brother, it was not his fault. It was his whore that made him do drugs.

Anders felt that the time perhaps was right to make a move. He went around the table, sat down on it, very close to the woman, then asked:

- Did Peters girlfriend come and pick up capsules when Peter was in jail?

- Yes.

- Did you know she was coming?

- Yes.

- did you mix arsenic into the capsules?

She hesitated for a long time, then she answered:

- Yes, how did you know?

- We know stuff, Jonsson said, then he turned to Sten and smiled triumphantly.

They continued the hearing and they took all the details, Sten wrote and Anders asked. It was revealed that Eva Dahlström found arsenic in her former husband's summer cottage. It had been on a shelf in the basement. She had taken it and had it at home, hidden in a box in the attic. The two officers realized that she had actually taken it to use on herself, but she had not dared for the sake of her children's. They also learned a lot of things about her and Peter's childhood. Sten wrote as fast as he could, and when they were done, she accepted it all without a comment. It appeared as if she was relieved, as a big heavy stone had loosened from her heart. Now, she was almost in a state of shock. So when they called for the psychiatrist who was connected to the district. He promised to come as soon as he could. Sten remained with the woman until the psychiatrist arrived and Anders arranged the formalities needed for an arrest. Then they went out and had a beer. They stood for a while and looked at their beers. Took a few sips and pondered on what had happened. It was not a common occurrence that they went out and had a beer together.

This was as far as Sten could recall the first time. He had not really thought that much about Anders before. But he had changed his mind recently. He was actually pretty fun. Previously, he had never imagined that he would be willing to have a beer after work, but he was not at all difficult to persuade, even though he had a family waiting at home. This was at least what Sten thought. Though while he sipped on his beer he realized that actually he did not know anything about that. So he asked:

- Are you married?

- Yep, married with two children.

They then proceeded to find out a little more about each other until Anders came in on what had happened.

- Have you heard what happened on the search in her apartment?

- No, have you?

- Yes, they found nothing. Her children were at home and they were scared shitless.

- Damn it, kids, what do we do with them?

- They phoned the emergency social services in Botkyrka, they would fix it they said. It fucking lucky that she admitted, otherwise we would not have had anything on her, except the testimony from that whore. The hearing was also a bit dubious implemented.

Sten emptied his beer and waved to the bartender to get another round, when he came to think on that would have a date with Elin in about ten minutes. The bartender did, however, pour a beer for him so he emptied it and went from there. Sten hesitated whether he should say why he had to go, but he did. "I might just as well give away a bit of myself as well," he thought.

- Good luck! Said Anders and smiled.

He manages to get to the venue a few minutes before they were to meet, but she is not in sight. After a few minutes, he sees her come running. They decide to do the same as the last time they met. So they walk around for a while in the city, after which they enters a restaurant. It is an English pub.

- In England, I have after all been, said Sten.

The conversation flowed and they were a little drunk, both she and he. Sten talks about everything that happened. In situations like this, he felt quite satisfied with being a police officer. "Then I have at least something to talk about," he thought. "Imagine if I had become an economist or an engineer, what could I talk about then?"

When they had finished eating Sten suggested that they would take a glass of wine at his home.

- No thank you, but we can take a whiskey at my house if you want?

Thus, they went home to Elin, drank whiskey and had sex.

- I have never been with a doctor before.

- I have not slept with a police officer either.

Sten slept there and they ate breakfast together in the morning. Sten came to work one quarter before the meeting would start, but he did anyway take the time to go to Fredrik and tell him what happened.

They gathered in the large conference room. There were pretty much people, all the detectives in the district that had any connection to the case, two police officers from Stockholm, Ingvar Bergström and the superintendent. Moreover, the chief of the custody at Hall was there. Ingvar Bergström had ordered coffee and pastries. It was he who began by introducing those who sat around the table. Then he summarized what happened.

- There are several newspapers that has called wondering about what is going on, so I will hold a press conference after this meeting.

Then he asked Sten to tell what it looked like inside Kent Brunskog's cell when he was found. Sten described his findings and he also mentions the mysterious circumstances that Kent had put the syringe in his left arm even though he was left handed, and the fact that despite a long criminal career with a number of sentences had never been convicted of anything that was drug related. Anders continues through describing the interrogation with Tomas Jansson. Then Christer Hagelin tells his part.

What he says came almost as a shock to Sten. He was gaping and staring at Hagelin. He was so surprised that he did not even think of anything to ask about. The surprise was not lessened by Nyman's suggestion that perhaps it was a murder committed on Södermalm.

Hagelin and Nyman finishes with passing around pictures on the person who possibly was the spider in the web of the economic crime that they just had described and the person that maybe was murdered.

When the image of the possible spider in the web came to inspector Anette Karlberg, who followed prison officer Tomas Jansson, she makes a scream:

- I have seen this man, he sat next to Tomas Jansson at the restaurant. He gave him something.
- What, why have not you said anything about it before? The boss said angrily.
- I did not think about it, it has happened so much else since.
- What was it that he gave him? Prompts Anders.
- I do not know, but it looked like an envelope.

The manager looks at Anders Jonsson and asks:

- Where is Jansson now? He is not in Hall I hope?
- He sits at Norrköping.
- Did they find an envelope when they went through his bag? Who went through it? Prompts Sten straight into the air.

Everybody looks at Anders Jonsson.

- I do not know who was going through his bag, or if it even if it has been done. But the bag is well in Norrköping I guess.
- Call immediately to Norrköping and ask them to go through the bag, said the boss and looked at Jonsson. Then they agreed that they would interrogate the man on the brokerage firm. It then became a rather lengthy discussion about whether what they got would be enough to arrest the man for something. The meeting agreed that they ought to have something more.
- Maybe we can get something out of questioning Tomas Jansson again, Sten said.

They agreed to wait for what this hearing would give before they busted the man on the brokerage firm. However, what should be checked was which mobile phone number the man had.

Christer Hagelin would continue to chase the money, Nyman would look for money in Fredrik Lindberg's apartment and also ask his acquaintances about whether he had talked to anyone about something he was involved in. Christer would check the financial standing of the man on the brokerage firm and help Nyman check Fredrik Lindberg's bank accounts and Tomas Jansson's ditto. Sten and Anders would go to Norrköping.

The killers

Sten and Anders were on their way to Norrköping in Anders car. Anders called from his cell phone to the jail. He said that they were on their way to there, but he said nothing about Jansson bag. When Sten asked why, he replied:

- Those guards can probably not be trusted, what if there is money in the envelope.

They stopped and had lunch at a pizzeria.

- How did it go with your date?

- Fine, I think I'm in love.

- Congratulations, I'm jealous.

Then they talked no more about it. They parked at the main entrance to the prison, and they were escorted through the culverts to the jail. Right after the door the custody manager was waiting for them.

- You would interrogate one of our colleagues from Hall, he said seriously, unpleasant thing that, not at all good for the Prison Service's reputation.

- We would first like to see his bag, said Anders.

- Oh, all right then.

He went with them to the store and unlocked the door. The store was a pretty small room filled with storage shelves made of wood. The custody manager looked up on the top shelf. There stood a solitary sports bag. He read the note that was taped around one handle. Then he took it down and gave it to the two policemen.

- Here it is, you can go through it in my office if you like.

He carried it through a long corridor and up a flight of stairs, through another corridor.

Eventually he came to a door. He opened it, stepped in and put the bag on a round table.

- There you are! Do you want coffee?

The two officers agreed to his offer and he left the room. Jonsson picked up a pair of rubber gloves from his pocket. He took them on and then he opened the bag and the room was filled with sweat and mildew. He carefully picked out the content and placed each item on the table. After a few minutes the bag was empty. Among all the workout clothes was a brown envelope. It looked well-filled. Sten got a letter opener from the desk and Jonsson ripped it up. It was filled with thousand crowns notes. The two policemen just sat there looking at the money. The custody manager came in and looked at them in surprise.

- Have you found anything?

- Well one could say that, the guy had a couple hundred thousand in his sports bag, said Anders little triumphantly.

- And that we had missed, such a bad luck, said the chief and laughed. The two officers laughed too.

- Will you hear him now?

- Yes, but we want to have the fingerprints on this envelope as well. Which is perfect because we are in Norrköping, said Anders.

- I can fix it, said Sten, I would like to meet a guy that I have had little contact with at the National Forensic Laboratory here.

They decided that Anders would interrogate Tomas Jansson and in the meantime Sten would go to the laboratory.

Sten took Anders car and went there. He got hold of Anders Björkegren. He was extremely surprised, but he took the time for a coffee with Sten. Moreover, he showed him around the premises.

- I think this is the funniest department, said Björkegren when he opened the door to the firearms department. Sten really understand that, because there was a large collection of all kinds of arms. There was also a large amount of home-made pistols and rifles.

Anders Björkegren opened a large metal cabinet that was full of Svensson & Wesson magnum revolvers.

- This is some of the revolvers that we test fired during the investigation of the murder on Prime Minister Olof Palme.
- Impressive guns!
- Would you like to try any of them?
- Is it allowed?
- Yes, take some with you and we go to the shooting range.
- But mustn't you clean them and fix later?
- Oh, we do not have to shoot so many shots.

They went off to a great indoor shooting range and shot a respective series on a cardboard figure that represented a speeding military.

Then Anders Björkegren showed Sten to his office and gave him his report and the things that Sten had sent him. Sten gave him the envelope in return.

- There is a lot of money so I have enough to have a receipt. Not that I disbelieve you, but still.
- No problem.

Sten got a receipt, thanked him and went back to the prison. He was shown into an interrogation room where Tomas Jansson and Anders sat and talked.

- So can you explain to me why you got a lot of money from the man? Asked Anders just when Sten stepped inside.
- I just got the envelope, I told you. I did not know there was money in it.
- Bullshit, of course you knew that.

Sten sat down and listened. He realized that this could take time. So it did. However, two and a half hours later Tomas Jansson confessed. He was shaking and the amount of eye liquid was significantly increased.

- Admit that you put the syringe in Kent Brunskog arm, shouted Anders. It was just that Brunskog was not a drug addict, he was also left-handed. It does not really matter whether you admit or not, you're going to serve time for it in any case.

Then Jansson admitted. Not that he killed Kent but that he had been asked to bring in heroin to him and to help him inject it. Since Kent needed something to feel better.

When they had reached that stage Sten stood up.

- I go and call to Stockholm.
- Okay we finish this, and I print it.

Sten stood outside the door of the interrogation room, took out his cell phone and dialed the number to the police headquarters on Kungsholmen.

The telephone operator connected him to Hagelin. He answered and Sten explained what had happened. He talked about how Tomas Jansson been called by a man who claimed that he was companion to the newly prisoned Kent Brunskog. He wondered how it was with him. Jansson had found nothing strange in this, and he had told him that Kent was in terrible mental condition. Kent was very nervous and he had difficulty to be alone. He had several times asked Jansson to come in and talk to him. During the talks, he told Jansson about some trades that he was involved in. This he happened to mention to the man. He had then started talking money with Jansson. The man had asked if Jansson needed money, he said he knew that he had been caught selling anabolic steroids. He wanted them to meet. They had met in a pub in the Södertälje. Then the man had asked if he wanted to earn two hundred fifty thousand. Sure, he wanted it. The man had said "if you tell something to someone else then you're dead, you understand?" He had given Tomas one syringe a few red line bags of heroin and fifty thousand crowns and instructions to help Kent inject it all so that he would feel better.

- Why the hell did he do that? Hagelin said when he listened to the report.
- Yes, I do not understand either, and that the man at all, dared suggest such a thing.
- Maybe he had some kind of hold on him, a hold that he did not want to reveal to the police, suggested Hagelin.
- Yes, so it can surely be. But it does not matter. He has confessed and we have forensic evidence against him.

- That's right, you, has he identified the man?
- Yes, we showed him your stack of photos from the brokerage firm, and he pointed out Mannersten.
- Good, then I go and pick him up now at once.
- Do not forget to fingerprint him.

Hagelin hung up the phone and then immediately took it up again. He called a direct number to the police station at Södermalm. It was Nyman who answered.

- Hey it's Christer Hagelin, now we have the man.
- Hagelin told the story that he had just heard from Sten Svensson and Nyman chuckled contentedly.
- Well damn now we have him!

They decided that they would meet about a half hour later outside Secura Brokerage's office at Stureplan.

Twenty-five minutes later, the two policemen were outside the entrance to the firm. They called on the intercom and waited. A woman answered:

- Welcome to Secura Brokerage, who do you want to meet?
- This is the police, we do not want to talk about it over the intercom but we want to come in, said Nyman.

They took the elevator to the fourth floor and opened the glass door on which a large copper plate proclaimed that behind it housed Secura Brokerage. Inside the door was a very elegant reception. Behind the reception desk was an equally elegant, yet beautiful, young lady. The two policemen walked up to her and said they wanted to meet Claes Mannberg.

- I will see if he is in his room, it was you that was from the police.
- Right.

She took a telephone and dialed a number on the phone keypad.

- Hey, it's Irene at the reception, you have a visitor. Will you come and receive. They are from the police.

A few minutes later, the man on the photo came in a corridor. He had a gray silk suit and a red tie that almost sparkled. He went to the police and greeted them. They introduced themselves and said there were some things they would like to ask about.

He did not ask what it was, he did not look particularly scared. He just said:

- Well, we can take it inside in any conference room here?
- Sure, Hagelin said.

Claes Mannersten turned to the lady at the reception:

- Do we have a conference room available?
- Four is vacant, she said directly, without checking in any paper or anything else.

The man took the lead against conference room number four. They sat down.

- Well, what do you want? I hope this can be quick.
- So do we, Hagelin said.
- What is your phone number?
- Why?
- No comments, said Nyman.

The man took out his wallet, took out a business card and handed it to Hagelin. Hagelin looked at the card and the mobile phone number that was written on it.

It was not any of the numbers Brunskog or Lindberg had called. It was not even a Comvik number, he noted.

- Do you have any private cell phone?
- No, why would I want it?

Hagelin dropped the subject and asked instead:

- Did you know a person named Kent Brunskog?

Claes Mannersten showed no reaction. He did not even flinch.

- No, I do not know who that is.

Hagelin continued:

- Are you sure? Because we have witnesses who have seen you together.

Then Nyman asked if he knew someone named Fredrik Lindberg. The man claimed he did not know him either.

The policemen looked at each other and nodded in agreement.

- I'm sorry, said Nyman. But we have to take you in for questioning at the police station.

One could imagine a small reaction in the man's face, but it was not much.

- Why? He asked.

- You know, 'said Nyman with a brutal voice.

The policemen stood up and Nyman said:

- Come on.

- If I refuse then?

Nyman went against the man and stood close to him.

- You don't.

His whole person was as an argument to follow. Nyman was a big man, even for a cop. He was at least 190 cm tall in his stocking feet and he was heavily built. Moreover, he had also normally an adult voice that most people obeyed. The man said nothing more, just went along.

When the three men passed the receptionist Claes Mannersten turned to her and said:

- You, I'll be gone for a while, they have some things they want me to look at.

They went into the elevator and stood completely silent. When they came out on the street

Nyman turned to Hagelin:

- Do you have your car here?

- No, I took a taxi.

Thus, they all three took Nyman's car to the police headquarters, there they went into an interrogation room, though Hagelin went out again to fetch coffee, an ink pad and a fingerprint form, while Nyman began to interrogate the man.

- We know that you knew Kent Brunsog, you've been seen together.

- I told you that I have no idea who he is. If we have been together it is without me knowing about it. Maybe it's someone who I just happened to talk to in that case. Where have someone seen us together?

- Guess?

- I have no idea.

- You have been seen several times at a restaurant in Östermalm.

Nyman continued to press him on that point until Hagelin came into the room. Then Hagelin took over and he asked about the wrongful transfers of shares from clients of the brokerage firm to accounts held by Kent Brunsog. The man speculated a bit on how it could have happened, but denied that he had any knowledge of it. He acknowledged, however, that he had access to the information needed to make such transfers. After a while Hagelin took the ink pad and the fingerprint form. He took the man's fingerprints and then went out of the room.

He went with the form through a number of corridors and stairs until he came to the forensic department.

He spoke with a technician in the department and described what it was. The technician promised to immediately look at the prints and then contact Anders Björkegren at SKL in Norrköping for comparison with the prints that was on the envelope, meanwhile Nyman kept on hearing of the man, however, without success. The man neither knew Fredrik Lindberg, nor Tomas Jansson. He had not been on either the Fåfången or in Södertälje in recent months.

- We will make a perquisition in your apartment.

- Can you really do that?

- Yes, we can.

- Well, then it's nothing I can do about it I guess, the man said, and looked indifferent.

- Do you live alone?

- Yes.

- We can either break the door or you can give us your keys so we can unlock it.

Claes Mannersten gave them the keys. Nyman didn't say anything more, he just stared at the man. Neither of them said anything until Hagelin came into the room.

- We will not get anywhere for the moment, I think we'll take a look at Mr. Mannerstens apartment instead, said Olof Nyman.

Then he turned to the man and asked for directions. The two officers took the man down to the jail and made sure that he got into a cell. Then they went to the apartment. He lived on Nybrogatan, quite close to the workplace at Stureplan.

Nyman double-parked the car right outside the entrance and they went inside.

- What a place, the guy has money anyway! Hagelin said. The house seemed to be built sometime in the late last century. The door and the stairwell were extremely county. There were a number of beautiful marble pillars, murals and wood carvings. The man's apartment was built in the same style. It was not that big, only two rooms and a kitchen. But it was soberly decorated with apparently exclusive furniture and accessories.

Nyman suggested that they should start with the man's desk. The work table was in the bedroom. It was an old, probably antique desk in some dark woods. It was large and looked heavy. On the desktop, it was a computer and next to the computer, there were a number of binders. On the other side of the computer, there were some books, and miscellaneous office paraphernalia such as a stapler. This was all that was on the desk. It gave a very clean impression. The same impression also the rest of the apartment gave. Everywhere things were in order. Mannersten seemed to be a very accurate or even perhaps pedantic person. The binders on the desk were labeled such that one could surmise that they had to do with stock trading. Hagelin immediately began to browse through them, one by one, while Nyman searched the room. Christer Hagelin sat down at the desk and Nyman looked through a drawer, a closet and the living room. Hagelin put back the last of the binders and devoted his attention to the desktop drawer units. The left of them was open, but it contained nothing that he thought were of value. The right one, however, was locked. He shouted for his colleague and they began to jointly search for a key. It was Nyman who found it under a pile of paper in the drawer that was inbetween the two drawer units. The right drawer unit consisted of two shelves. Both officers began to search the shelves. On the top one there were assorted camera paraphernalia. The bottom shelf was filled with men's magazines. Nyman left the bedroom and proceeded to go through the bookcase in the living room.

Hagelin flipped through the men's magazines and then he concentrated on the drawer inbetween the drawer units. It was there he found the only incriminating material they ever found in Claes Mannersten's apartment.

Among the papers in the drawer, there was an account statement from FöreningsSparbanken. The account statement was addressed to Kent BrunsKog. Kent's address was a street in Huddinge. According to the statement, there were on 14 April two million on the account. The extract had a hand written text on it "meet Kent at Karlplan 21/4 at 13.00." Hagelin found that the handwriting was similar to the one he found in other papers on the desk. Hagelin took up an old envelope out of the trash, held the envelope between his fingers, took the account statement and put it in an empty plastic folder that he found. Then he called on his colleague.

Nyman agreed on that the evidence now ought to be enough to arrest the man on suspicion of murder, or at least to conspiracy to murder.

Hagelin put the folder in his briefcase together with a form filled in by Mannersten, took out his cell phone and dialed a preprogrammed phone number.

- Svensson, said the person Christer Hagelin called.

- Hello, this is Christer Hagelin, you I think we've got him now!

- What, has he confessed?

- No, but we have some forensic evidence.

Then he described what they found, but Sten was skeptical.

- Maybe we can tie him to the murder of Brunskog, but you have nothing that binds him to Lindberg's death.

Sten was right. Nyman spent several weeks trying to bind Mannersten to Fredrik Lindberg's death, but they did not succeed. They did not manage to get the man to confess anything either. Nyman said he had never questioned anyone who was more difficult to access than Mannersten. They managed, however, to tie him to the murder of Kent Brunskog. The evidence underlying the judgment was primarily a number of testimonies. These testimonies were given by Tomas Jansson, the staff at the restaurant and the police inspector who had seen Mannersten suffice Jansson an envelope. The technical evidence they had was the fingerprints on the envelope which they found in Jansson's bag and the account statement from Föreningssparbanken that they found in Mannersten's apartment. Furthermore Hagelin also found over ten million in a safety deposit box that the man had. They, however, found nothing in Fredrik Lindberg's apartment that could tie him to the share thefts. And they did find anything more than the lost glasses and footsteps in the bushes that suggested that Lindberg was murdered. The footsteps could possibly come from Mannerstens walking shoes. But it was not possible to prove that this was the case, because the photos in the footsteps gave such a poor image of footprints. Tomas Jansson was sentenced to four years in prison for involuntary manslaughter. Claes Mannersten was sentenced to eight years in prison for gross disloyalty to principal and grand larceny and conspiracy for murdering Kent Brunskog. Eva Dahlström was sentenced to seven years in prison.

Death number five

Monday 17 May Lina Kolmodin came home to her apartment on Schlytersvägen after spending a few weeks in the detoxification clinic at Huddinge Hospital. On the floor of the hall, among a lot of advertising brochures there is a letter from the police and another letter from the social services. She pays no attention to them, instead she goes straight to the toilet and bends over the toilet in order to access the loose tile behind it. She removes the tile and places it on the toilet. Then she takes out a syringe and one of the two capsules with drugs that were hidden in the cavity behind the plate. She goes into the kitchen and gets a teaspoon in the cutlery drawer, she takes her lighter out of the purse, sits down on the couch and prepares a drug injection.

Knife murders

Kitchen knife

It was about half past one at night, it was going to be Sunday, a Sunday in early August 1999. Anna was trapped between two big guys at the bar on a fairly large dance restaurant in Stockholm. She was leaning with one elbow against the bar. Without realizing it, she had put it in a puddle of beer. She might have noticed if she had not had a jacket on. It could also be that she had not noticed even though she had just had a short-sleeved blouse. This is because she was highly intoxicated. She was so drunk that it was hard for her to stand still. On several occasions, the man she was talking with had stopped her from falling backwards. From time to time he had taken hold of the arm that she did not use for grabbing the bar rail. Now, he continually held her arm in a firm grip. He did this not just out of sympathy for the woman, but also because he hoped it would increase the opportunities for a deeper body contact. The woman appeared to be between thirty and forty years old. She wore a pair of black tights, a silver blouse and a black jacket. Actually she had quite an overweight and she was not a beauty, but it wasn't easy to see in the poor lighting. In any case, it was nothing the man seemed to take notice of. He, on the other hand, was pretty good looking with a slender rather tall body, wrapped in more expensive clothes than the other male bodies around the bar. The woman tried to focus on the man's eyes, he answered her gaze. She wanted to kiss, leaned against him, whereupon they kissed.

- Let's go home, 'said the man.
- I'm not like that, I do not go home with someone the first night.
- Okay then, we go to you then.
- Though I live in Södertälje.
- It's okay, we can take a taxi, I'll pay.

They looked each other in the eyes and both smiled. Afterwards they left the restaurant. The man stopped a taxi on the street and they went into it. The woman said "Södertälje" to the driver, the taxi drove off. Throughout the journey they were hugging and kissing each other.

About half an hour later they stopped outside a large apartment building in the outskirts of Södertälje. The woman got out of the cab and in the meantime the man paid. The taxi driver saw how they go into one of the entrances. He had, from their sporadic conversation, implied that they had met for the first time that evening.

About two and a half days later the woman is reported missing. She has not come to her work and she has not responded to phone calls, either on her mobile phone or her home phone. The person who contacted the police was Anna's boss, Philippa. Two police officers at Södertälje police department were asked to get into her apartment. They rang on her door, but no one opened, so they pushed down the handle and found that it was unlocked, thus they entered the apartment. It looked like the other apartments in this area. Both officers had been in several of them before, this was a two-room one. It was obviously inhabited by a woman. There were only female clothing in the hallway. Furniture, paintings and ornaments gossiped about that here there lived a woman. The police did not think much of the interior. What they instead immediately sought an explanation of, was the sharp smell of a rotting body that struck them when they opened the door. They began by looking in the bedroom. The stench grew stronger when they opened the door. Both cops felt a little bad, despite the fact that they had been in the smell for a while. One of them tried to breathe through the sleeve of his uniform while the other one squeezed his nose. It was dark in the room. As soon as they turned on the lights they saw what had happened. There on the bed under the covers lay a woman. She had a large kitchen knife deep run through the cover and into her chest.

The police went out of the room and sat on the sofa in the living room. One of them took out a cell phone and contacted the control center.

- We have found the woman. She is dead. I think she is murdered.

Then, the predetermined procedures for such events were set in motion. They sent two detective inspectors, a forensic pathologist, two technicians and a photographer to the scene. The two detectives were Sten Svensson and Fredrik Fant. None of them were particularly experienced homicide investigators. It was actually so that they just had dealt with one such investigation earlier. However, they had both the knowledge from the education in recent memory. Sten Svensson even took on gloves before he opened the front door.

- Come on! His colleague said. Do you really think that we can find the killer's fingerprints on that handle.

- No, but we are supposed to have gloves on us.

- But it should not go to extremes.

Sten took off his gloves and they went into the apartment.

- Shit what a kitschy painting, I hate pictures of crying children. Whispered Sten.

- Me too. Fredrik whispered back.

One of the two uniformed policemen met them in the hall.

- Hello! He said cheerfully. Here you have something to bite in.

They went into the bedroom.

- I can write, said Sten and took out a notebook from his bag.

- So I have to handle this, or?

- Yes, exactly!

Fredrik turned to the two constables and asked them what they had observed.

- Nothing special, we came here, we rang on the doorbell, no one opened, but the door was unlocked, so we went in and found the woman here.

- Have you talked to any neighbors?

- No, that's your job, said the other constable.

- Okay, let's go and call and see if someone is home, said Fredrik and looked at Sten.

They went out into the stairwell and rang on the other doorbells on the floor. None of the doors opened. There was also no one that opened on the floor underneath. Sten wrote down the names that were on the doors. After a while, two technicians arrived from the police headquarters on Kungsholmen. They presented themselves for the detectives. Fredrik told them what they knew, and said:

- I do not know what you usually do, but I hope you know that.

- It depends a bit on how it looks, but as a rule we try to secure fingerprints on the murder tool, also, we usually look for hairs, semen stains and other human secretions on the bedclothes.

The technicians started with these tasks. They each had a large silver metal case. One of them picked up what looked like a flashlight. The other man took out a brush and spray bottle. The latter studied the kitchen knife and the first shone with the light on the bed. It looked pretty exhausting for them to perform these tasks without putting themselves in the bed, and they also complained about it.

The lamp guy picked up something from the blanket with a pair of tweezers. That thing he put in a red line bag that he wrote something on. Then he turned away the blanket and said after a while, somewhat triumphant:

- I think I found something that might be a semen stain!

So he got a couple of tops and some more redline bags, made some notes on the bags, rubbed around each of the tops in the stain and put them down each in a separate bag. The other man looked at him and said thoughtfully:

- We'll might just as well then take the whole sheet.

- Oh, then we have to wait until they have taken her away.

Sten noted her clothes that lay discarded on the floor beside the bed's foot end. The jacket and the silver blouse suggested that the woman was dressed up before she went to bed, which her make up around the eyes also testified about. He went into the kitchen and looked for where the woman kept her kitchen knives. He put on a pair of rubber gloves and opened the drawers. In the second one from the top, he found a number of kitchen knives neatly placed in separate brackets.

One of the brackets was empty, all the blades had the same type of handle as the knife that was run into the woman's breast. He went out to the technicians and asked them to take fingerprints on the drawer handles and all other kitchen knives.

While the engineer penciled the handle to the drawer, Sten looked around a bit more in the kitchen, on a small bench at the side of the table stood a telephone. Next to the phone was a phone book. Sten flipped bit in it and decided that it might be useful, so he put it in his pocket. The doctors examined the woman and the photographer documented her room and the apartment in general. Then the woman was taken away in an ambulance. When the two detectives left the apartment the next door was opened. An elderly lady dressed in some sort of housecoat stared at them.

- What's going on, what's all the noise there? What are you doing here?

- It's none of your business, Sten said.

- Yes, it is, who are you? Beware otherwise I call the police.

- We are the police.

- Are you trying to fool me?

- We are certainly police officers, said Fredrik and went forward against her. We would like to ask you some questions.

- You do not look like cops.

Fredrik went up to the old lady. She shrank back into the apartment. But she could not close the door because Fredrik grabbed the door handle. Then he stood opposite the lady and held police ID.

- We want to come in and ask some questions.

The old lady opened the door wide and let them in.

- We can sit in the living room, she said and pointed to an opening in the hall. You do not need take off your shoes.

"The old lady is probably not so grumpy anyway," Sten thought. "She was probably just curious, I guess her coffee gear will show up soon. "

It turned out that Sten was right. She almost demanded that they had coffee and disappeared into the kitchen while the two policemen sat on the couch and looked at her living room. It was so typical for an old lady that it was almost laughable. There were a lot of porcelain ornaments everywhere.

After a while she came in with a tray with a coffee pot in porcelain and a large porcelain dish with different kinds of cakes.

They spent a while praising the cookies and the beautiful porcelain ornaments. Fredrik said:

- Such pretty porcelain things you have where did you get them from and why you did not open the door when we rang the bell?

She never replied to the first question, but she smiled a little. As if she sensed a certain quip. Or maybe she forgot it when Fredrik asked the other one.

- I do certainly not open to anyone. But if I had known that you were from the police, I had course opened. What has happened?

- Anna is dead.

- My goodness! The old lady said while hiding her mouth in her hand. She hasn't been murdered, she continued in a curious way.

- We cannot comment that. Did you know her?

- No, I cannot say. We greeted each other when we met, and she helped me to shop once when I was sick. It was such a nice girl.

- Have you heard any noise from the apartment lately, some weird sounds?

- No, I do not think I hear anything from there, she is so calm, and also my hearing is pretty bad. The two cops looked at each other.

- Shall we go?

- Yes, we'll have to go, we have an important meeting to attend, said Fredrik.

When they left the apartment Sten asked:

- Did you really think that porcelain stuff was cute?

- No, but what can you say? She certainly thinks that they are really cute.

The two inspectors went to the police station. They took the stairs a few floors up in the house and turned left into a corridor, opened a steel door, turned right into another corridor and stopped outside a glass door. They opened it and stepped into the room. The room was filled almost entirely by a large table. Around the table sat about a dozen people, all turned around when Sten and Fredrik stepped into the room.

- Sorry we're late! Said Fredrik. But we have been on a murder investigation.

Sten felt that he was sweating a little bit, it was probably a bit warm in the room, though actually he was probably mostly a little nervous. He was fairly new as a detective and he was afraid that one of the old foxes would seize the investigation. The chief, Detective Chief Inspector Ingvar Bergström, asked them to immediately tell what had happened. Fredrik told the little they knew and the DCI commented:

- This is important. You will of course continue the investigation, but you probably need a few more men. Can you take it, Anders? You do not need remain at this meeting, it is more important that you get going.

Darkness

Anders, Sten and Fredrik got up and went away to a group room. Once in the group room Anders held a short lecture about what should be done. Sten and Fredrik said almost nothing at all, they let Anders decide. He decided that Sten should talk to the woman's relatives, Fredrik should talk to her colleagues and Anders would look in the criminal records. Thus Sten went off to an address in Gnesta where Anna's mother lived, according to the address book which he had taken from the apartment.

Sten without problems found to the stated address. He took the elevator to the fourth floor and rang the doorbell. After a moment the door was opened by a lady in her late middle age. Sten introduced himself and the woman asked him to enter. She said nothing more.

She walked ahead of him through the apartment into the living room. The living room gave Sten a strong sense of the seventies. It was full of furniture. There were not much ornaments and other things, just a lot of furniture. The woman turned to Sten and asked if anything had happened.

- Yes, it has.

The woman looked obviously scared:

- Is it about my son?

- No, it's about your daughter, she's dead.

The woman began to cry, she cried vehemently, but after a while she tried to say something.

- But I have no daughter, are you sure it is not about my son?

What the hell have I done, Sten thought, then he asked:

- But don't you have a daughter named Anna Fredriksson?

- Oh, she's dead!

The woman started to wobble a bit. It looked as if she would faint.

- Sit!

The woman swerved more and more, but she tried to get to the couch. She did not get there, because she collapsed in a heap on the floor.

Sten got a little panic. He ran into the kitchen to fetch some water. When he came back with water the woman was still there on the floor completely motionless. He bent over her and emptied the glass in his face. The woman woke up and screamed:

- What the hell are you doing and who are you anyway?

Sten asked if she could sit on the couch. The woman crawled there. Then she repeated her question.

- I'm Sten, I'm a cop. We talked about Anna Fredriksson.

- Oh yes, she's dead you said.

- Yes, I'm sorry. But it is not your daughter?

- No, it's my niece. My sister is also dead, you understand, and her father is also dead. I have become like a mother to her.

Then she burst into tears again.

- What has happened?

- She is murdered. Someone has stuck a knife in her chest.

While he said this, he reproached himself for having said it in such a brutal way. He was still for a long moment without saying anything further.

- Could you manage to answer some questions?

- Sure.

Though, for the moment, it did not really look like she could cope with anything. Sten knew, however, that he must get some answers so he continued anyway:

- Do you know if Anna had a boyfriend?

- No, I don't think so.

- When did you see her last?

- It was a few weeks ago, but we spoke on the phone last Friday.

- What happened? How did she act?
- She was as usual.
- Was there a guy she used to meet?
- No. At least she hasn't said anything about it to me, and I think she would do.
- Is there any other person who would have known?
- Tina, they work in the same job, they're best friends, I mean that Tina was her best friend.
- Okay, I will not ask any more questions right now. Do you want me to do something for you, is there anyone I can call or something?
- No, my husband will be home soon, I'm okay.
- Is it okay that we meet later to talk further?

She nodded in response. Subsequently Sten left the apartment. He began to feel hungry, he allowed his emotions take over and went into the first pizzeria he saw.

Anders searched in the computer for information about Anna Fredriksson, but there was nothing. She had never been in trouble with the law. Then he called an acquaintance at the autopsy department on Södertälje Hospital. There was a woman who answered and he asked her to connect him to Stig Gottman.

- Hey, it's Anders Jonsson, what's up?
- Oh yes, here it is dead, as usual.
- Ha, ha. Have you got a woman named Anna Fredriksson?
- I do not know, I have to check, can you wait?
- Sure, just hurry up.

It took a few minutes before Stig returned to the phone.

- Yes, she came here a couple of hours ago, it's Elin Bergwall who's examining her. Do you know who that is? Want to talk to her?
- Sure, do you connect me?

Stig linked him and after a minute the pathologist Bergwall answered.

- My name is. But he did not get all the way before he was interrupted.
- I know Stickan said what it was about, you want to know something about Anna Fredriksson.
- That's right, have you had time to check in her yet?
- No, you know it's not just she who has died, unfortunately.
- I would like to know when she died, can you find that out as soon as possible, this is a murder you knew.
- Sure, I'll let you know as soon as I can.

Fredrik went to a video store in central Södertälje, that's where Anna had worked. When he came into the store, it was a number of customers inside. Behind the counter stood two persons, a man and a woman who was possibly Philippa. He walked up to the woman and looked at her name tag. At it said indeed Philippa".

Fredrik said:

- Hi my name is Fredrik Fant, could I talk to you for a moment. Can we sit somewhere?
- They went into a room behind the counter. Philippa invited him to sit down and asked if he wanted coffee. Fredrik accepted her offer and Philippa went to the coffee maker on a sink in one corner.

- I am a police officer, said Fredrik and held out his ID.

Philippa looked worried.

- Is it about Anna, has something happened?
- She is dead.

Fredrik told her what happened.

- Damn awful, a woman can't be safe even in her own home!
- Do you have any guess on who might have done it?
- No idea, she had no boyfriend, as far as I know.
- Did you know anything more about her private life?
- Some, but she was pretty quiet.

- How long had she been working here?

- Approximately five years.

- What did she do?

- The same as the rest of us, rented out movies, sold candy and stuff.

Fredrik felt he did not come on to anything more to ask. He ended the conversation by asking her to call him if she found something.

- By the way, are there someone in the staff as she hung out with more than the other?

- Yes, it could well be Tina, I think they hung out a lot.

- Where can I find her?

- She works in the evening, she's probably at home now. Wait, you can get the address.

Fredrik got her address and phone number. When he had left the shop he picked up his cell phone and called her. He said he did not want to say what happened like this on the phone, but instead he wanted to come home to her. A few minutes later he stood behind Tina's front door. Fredrik did not like to wrap things into words, so he just said straight out that her colleague was murdered. She took a step back and stared horrified at Fredrik.

- Come in, she stuttered, let's go into the kitchen.

They sat down and Fredrik started asking questions.

- Did you have a good relation with her?

- Yes we met like once a month to go dancing and sometimes we used to meet and have dinner together as well.

- When was the last time?

- It was a few weeks ago, we went to a disco in Stockholm, Klint's, it is located on Kungsgatan.

- Do you know if she had a boyfriend, or someone she used to see a little more intimately, so to speak?

- No, but she talked a lot about that she wanted to meet someone.

- Did she have a car?

- No, she used to ride a bike.

- Do you know what she would do the past weekend?

She thought for a moment, then shook her head and begged Fredrik to tell what had happened. He made a little summary, thanked her and left the apartment. "She was pretty neat," he thought. "Much prettier than the victim, one can understand if it was she who got most of the proposals when they were dancing." Although he did not really want to think about it, he began to imagine what it would be like to have sex with the victim. It was not very appealing. She was actually quite ugly. He chided himself that he had not asked anything about Anna's sexual preferences. It seemed pretty reasonable that the deed had to do with love or sex. "A large proportion of all murders are linked to sex," he thought further. He picked up his cell phone and called his friend and colleague Sten.

- How are you, have you come up with something?

- Sure, I've taken an old lady who looked suspicious, she has admitted.

- Sure, it was sexual motives of course!

- Of course.

- Seriously, have you got anything?

- No, nothing, maybe we should get together and put up some kind of strategy.

- It's damn important to know when she died and whether she had had sexual intercourse before it happened. Have you follow it up? Have you checked with Elin? Fredrik replied without taking up the thread that they should get together and make up a strategy.

- I have no great desire to talk to her, you know that we do not meet anymore.

- Sorry, I did not mean to be shitty. But you've got a really good contact at the autopsy.

What Fredrik alluded to was that Sten for a short period had an affair with a young female pathologist at the hospital in Södertälje.

- Strange, by the way, said Fredrik. With a girl who becomes pathologist. It must be quite rare.

- I agree with you, but she indeed was quite unusual in her own way.

- How do you mean?
- I have no desire to talk about it on the phone, but we can take it some other time. What are you doing tonight by the way, maybe we should take a pizza and a few beers?
- Okay, but do we have to eat pizza, I'm getting so damn sick of it.
- You could try some other pizza than Calzone, for once.
- But it's best. You almost only eat Napolitana, I cannot believe you like it.
- Hey anchovies are really good and you become the thirsty too, should we take the usual pizzeria.
- Okay, but we should probably see each other before.
- Sure, I'll see you at the station, I can be there in half an hour.

An hour later the three detectives Svensson, Fant and Jonsson sat in the latter's room and discussed what they had found and what they should do.

- I talked to a girl on the autopsy, Elin Bergwall, wasn't she the one you dated? Anders looked at Sten.
- Yes, but not anymore. What did she say, is it Elin who is in charge of the autopsy?
- She knew nothing, for they had not opened her yet. Maybe you can call and ask her in a couple of hours.
- It does not seem like she had some guy, said Fredrik.
- How do you know?
- Her friend did not think so.
- Not her aunt either. But maybe we should look a little deeper, go through her phone book, maybe.
- Good idea, 'said Anders.

They decided that Sten and Fredrik would go through the phone book and call the people who seemed interesting.

- It's best that you do it all at once, or maybe tonight. The boss would like to see some results as soon as possible since this is an important case.

Sten and Fredrik looked annoyed at each other. "Then there will be no beer tonight either," they thought.

They then separated each one to his room. Sten continued the day leafing through piles of paper and reading circulatory mail and e-mails. A few hours later, they went off to the pizzeria. They ordered their usual pizzas and the waiter asked what they wanted to drink.

- Oh hell, we you could take a beer, then we will be just more talkative.

Thus they ordered a couple of beers. After dinner and a couple cups of coffee, they went home to Fredrik to go through the victim's phone book.

Fredrik took out two cans of beer from the refrigerator, carried them to the living room and put them on the coffee table. Then he brought his cordless phone and put it next to the cans. Sten sat on the couch. Fredrik took one of the cans and pointed to the other:

- Feel free!
- Glasses?
- Get out!
- Okay, I'm just kidding.

Fredrik sat beside Sten, they opened their beer cans and Sten took out the phone book. They focused primarily on the men in the book. It was not a too extensive material. In total there were seven male names in her phone book. Of these there were two people with the same last name as her. These two, they decided not to call in the first round. Fredrik looked at Sten:

- What should we ask them, do you think?
- We want to know if they have had any sexual relationship with her. If so, we want to know if maybe she was sexually deviant in some way.
- You fucking slimebag.
- Hey, that's highly relevant to the investigation.
- Okay then, but then you talk.

Fredrik took out a note book and a pen. Then they concentrated for a while on the beer. They weer emptied, so Fredrik fetched a bottle of whiskey and two glasses. He poured two sturdy whiskeys, gave one glass to his colleague and took a big gulp. Sten also drank a hefty swig and then he took the phone. He held it for a moment before he dialed the number to the first name.

- Hello, Katrin.

- Hello, my name is Sten Svensson, I'm looking for Charlie.

- Where are you calling from, then, are you a vendor, or what?

- No, I'm not a salesman, I'm a cop.

Sten heard how the woman responded.

- Is there anything that has happened?

- Unfortunately I can not answer that.

Sten felt a bit annoyed by this woman, she seemed snotty.

- Is there a Charlie there?

- Yes, it is. Wait and I will ask him to come. But his name is Charles, not Charlie.

It took a while, before Sten heard a man's voice on the phone. Sten introduced himself, and he asked if Charles knew someone named Anna Fredriksson.

- Sure, we were classmates in elementary school, we were neighbors too. Why?

- She is dead. We investigate the circumstances surrounding her death.

- So sad, what happened?

- I can go into that.

- I understand.

- We, I mean, I'd like you to answer some questions.

- Sure, I'll try to answer.

- Did you still know each other?

- No, not directly, we saw each other sometimes in town. Then we said hello and exchanged a few words.

- Have you ever had sex with her?

He was quiet for a moment. Then he answered:

- No, never.

Sten thanked for the call and said that he might return.

Fredrik looked at him and asked what he had said.

- He claimed that they had been childhood friends, but that they are not socializing nowadays.

- Why was his number in her phone book then?

- I didn't ask about that. I thought it sounded a bit like he hesitated when I asked if they had sex. Maybe it means something.

- There is another phone number to him here in the directory, it seems like it's his job number. It appears to be changed. It looks like she has erased an old number that was there previously.

- It indicates that they were hanging out a little bit at least.

- Do you think they have had some business together?

- Perhaps, it would be not so strange if he did not want to say it like this on the phone.

- There was a girl who answered first, huh?

- Yeah, I think maybe we should visit him at his job instead. Should we call the next?

They called four other men. Of these two answered. One of them had an area code from the northern parts of Sweden. The man said he had met Anna in a disco in Stockholm. He had lived a few months in Stockholm and they had met several times during that period. This was a year ago and they had talked a few times on the phone afterwards. He thought she was perfectly normal in bed. Sten felt that perhaps it wasn't so much more to get there. He wrote down the testimony and thanked him for the call. The other person who answered was not so willing to talk about his relationship with the deceased. It appeared, however, as if they had had a brief relationship a few years ago.

Then he had called her a few times and then they had met, drank beer and had sex. The last time this happened, however, was several months ago. Sten thought that perhaps it might be worthwhile to meet him personally and push him a little bit.

While Sten talked to these people Fredrik took a closer look on the pages in the phone book.

When Sten was finished with the phone calls, he said:

- It seems like there are some names and numbers that are wiped away. Maybe it's old guys who have dumped her.

- I have seen on TV that you can black the paper with a pencil to get the text.

- Are you crazy, what if we destroy the evidence and then it is revealed that we drank whiskey and made a mess of the name of the murderer.

- Okay then, we sends the address book to Norrköping.

Then they laid the work aside and gave the whiskey all their attention. They emptied the whole bottle and played a lot of old records before Sten went home.

Traces

The following Wednesday Sten came quite late to the police station. He started to check if there were any mails in the mail slot. Then he went to the break room and fetched coffee. He brought the coffee into his room and once inside the room he grabbed the phone and called Södertälje Hospital. He dialed the direct number to a pathologist at the hospital. She replied and he introduced himself.

- Hello Elin, it's Sten.

- Hey Sten! How are you?

- Well, it's okay, and you?

- It's fine with me, I guess you call about Anna Fredriksson, because you're not calling to talk to me, huh?

- I really like talking with you, but since you brought up the subject, maybe you can tell me how it goes with her.

- Sure, for her, it is not particularly good, poor girl. She died because her heart was punctured, a single stab that drove the knife twenty-three centimeters into her chest. The offender managed to twist the knife so that he got into it between two ribs. This happened sometime in the morning on Sunday. Fairly early in the morning I think.

- Is that all you know?

- Isn't it enough, what did you expect? Did you think I would be able to determine who stuck the knife in her by watching her guts?

- Sorry, I just said so, I want to know as much as possible.

- It's okay, by the way should we perhaps meet sometime?

- Do you want to?

- Sure, I'd be happy to. By the way, I have a shirt that is yours.

They agreed to meet on Tuesday the following week.

He sat for a moment, pondering about what he had learned. Most of all, he thought, however, about Elin. He was still sad that she had wished that they would stop meeting. Now it seemed as if she wanted to start seeing him again. Though he did not know if he would be able to stand the uncertainty about whether she wanted him or not. Anyway, he at least looked forward to seeing her again. As he had pondered this for a moment, he went to Fredrik and told him what he had been told.

- It seems that she was murdered by someone she shared the bed with the night of Sunday. Do you know if she had had sex?

- Damn it, I forgot to ask.

- Where you shy or something? Was that Elin you talked to?

- Yes, she wanted to see me again!

- Congratulations!

- I have to call her again and hear about if she had intercourse, I guess. Sten said and went back to his room. Elin confirmed that the victim had had sex shortly before she died.

- Why did not you say that in the first place?

- Sorry, but I did not think about it.

- Did they use a condom?

- No, well then I would not have known if they had had sexual intercourse, either. Should I submit a semen sample for DNA-analysis?

- It would be good, but I think that the forensic technicians already have done it, but it can not hurt to get more samples. I can check who they sent it to so that everything comes to the same person.

After the call, he went directly over to Anders, and he took Fredrik along on the way.

- Hey guys, Anders said cheerfully as they entered the room. Ingvar wants us to gather what we have to make a little report that he can present to the press. so they sat down around Anders desk to go through what they knew.

- We must get a hold of who she had sex with. Maybe we should check with her neighbors.
- Taxi, suggested Sten.
- Good idea, I can check with the taxi companies and you you can go to the house, check with more neighbors and look through the apartment carefully. Check in her wallet if you find any taxi receipt or restaurant bill, decided Anders.
- If we found a credit card it would surely be a hit.
- Good idea, Fredrik!

Anders promised to write a little report to the manager, then they splitted.

- What a pain, that he decides all the time, don't you think so? Fredrik said and looked at Sten.
- Yes, but he has not exactly been like that before. When we were investigating the overdoses I thought he was really fair.
- Some people go up and down all the time.
- Right, good idea that with the credit card by the way.
- Thank you for that, Sten. Shall we take your car?

Then they went to the evidence storage room and chirped out the keys that they have taken from Anna's apartment. It still smelled terrible in there, and the sun shone in through the window so it was very stuffy.

- Damn, we should have left a window open, i can hardly stand it here, said Fredrik while he tried to pinch the nose. Sten nodded.

They found her wallet in her purse. In the wallet there was a Visa card from Nordbanken. Sten picked up his cell phone, called directory assistance and asked to reroute him there. After being switched around on the Nordbanken headquarters for more than ten minutes, he came to an official who said he had access to the information that Sten wanted. But he said that they normally did not disclose information about which payments that are made with a specific card other than to the card holder. By now Sten was violently irritated, he was also a bit worried that he would get scolding by the boss, because he called such a long call from the government's mobile phone. He managed nevertheless to explain in a polite way, in his opinion, why they should make an exception. It actually worked, the official said he could maybe give him an account statement if he got there.

In the handbag there was also a mobile phone. Fredrik picked it up and started it. After a few seconds it asked for pin code.

- Damn those damn codes.
- Check which operator it is.
- How the hell do I see it?

He repented a little when he said it, and to show that he actually had a bit of an eye on his contemporaries, he picked the card from the phone and checked the brand. It was labelled Telia Mobitel. Then he took out his cell phone and called directory assistance and asked to be put through to Customer Services at Telia Mobitel. Fredrik explained to the person who replied that he was from the police and that he is investigating an incident. In order to continue the investigation, he needs to know which mobile phone number was held by Anna Fredriksson, and the numbers dialed to and from her mobile phone on Saturday. The person on the Telia Mobitel gave him the number and the name of a person who could help him further. That person, however, replied that he could not do it just like that. Fredrik explained what it was about and then the person at Telia Mobitel asked him to wait a while. After a few minutes he returned.

- How can I know that you're a cop and that you are telling the truth?
- I always tell the truth, said Fredrik as he smiled to himself.
- Okay, that was as far as I can see nobody that phoned either to or from the subscriber's phone on Saturday. As a matter of fact it was switched off.
- Can you send us a list of all the calls in the past month?
- I can't do it just like that, you have to send a formal request to get this information.

Fredrik sighed, quoted the person's name and fax number and promised to fix it.

- Shall we go to Stockholm, Sten said. We have to visit Nordbanken's head office.

- Good, then we can eat at Pizza hut, they have good pizzas.

About two hours later, two thoroughly full young detective inspectors were outside Nordbanken's headquarters with a newly printed data list in their hands. None of them, however, had any urge to look at the list immediately. Sten just stuffed it into his briefcase.

- Let's hear how it goes for Anders?

- Sure, I wonder if he has been able to call any taxi companies.

- Do you think he is lazy?

- Yes, he's not exactly hyperactive, it's you and me who have to do all the running.

Sten actually agreed with Fredrik that Anders wasn't very active, but he did not like to speak badly about their colleagues. Instead of saying something he picked up the mobile phone and flipped to Anders Jonsson.

- Hi Anders, it's Sten, how are you doing?

- Well there are three cars that had a drive to the street on Saturday night. In one of the cars, it was two guys. In the other two I do not know yet.

- Have you just checked cab companies in Södertälje?

- Yes, if it doesn't give anything we may have to proceed with Stockholm, but it can be a huge job. How are you doing?

Fredrik glared at him and laughed:

- What, did he just asked the companies in Södertälje, what did I tell you, he is blunt.

- Yes, but that's surely the way to start.

- But he has had all day.

- Shall we go to the station?

- I feel a little tired, can't we go home?

- Okay you are right, we call it a day.

That evening Sten did something for him quite unusual, he began to read a book. The book had been lying on the bedside table for months begging for attention, now he grabbed it. He had got it as a birthday gift from mom and he ought to have read it before they saw each other the next time. He did not like to get gifts. In particular gifts that must be read. A CD or a movie or even a shirt would be okay, but a book. On top of that, a book that his mother wanted him to read. He at least did a serious attempt and read everything on the first twenty pages. The book was full of long-winding environmental descriptions, and he went on by reading every second page. Thus was through it faster, but on the other hand he understood even less of the content. After some time he changed to scrolling through the rest. Thus after one hour he could, with a good conscience, call his mother and say that he had read the book. To his horror, she wanted to discuss it with him. Since he had no real idea about what it was about and since he did not think it was good, he went on to talk about other things. He often felt that he had not so much to say to her, but this time there was little difference. He told her about the case he just worked with. She had no idea it had even happened.

- But, Mom, haven't you read about it? It was written about it in the newspaper yesterday.

- Don't you know that I have stopped subscribing the local newspaper, I have Svenska Dagbladet nowadays, since father died.

- Yes, but it was well in that too.

- One cannot read everything. But tell me more.

Sten completely irregularly told her everything he knew about the case. But he felt confident that she would not tell anyone else. She thought it sounded like a very lonely woman.

- Was she pretty?

- No mom she was not pretty, she was fat.

For once the call then went into Sten's women affairs. Otherwise, it was something they never used to talk about. He understood that she was certainly very curious about what happened in these matters, but he had no desire to take up his temporary affairs. He knew that if he told her that he met someone, she would magnify it into something much bigger.

She could very well imagine a wedding if he mentioned that he had met a girl a few times. In any case, Sten suspected that it would happen, thus he had never told her about any girls he had just met. But this time he did not lie when he said that there was nothing going on. He had not had sexual contact with a girl since Elin said she was not interested anymore.

The following day started exceptionally well for Sten Svensson, he woke up before the alarm clock rang and it felt almost as if he was rested. He arrived earlier than the other to the office and he started with fresh courage to write a report. The report was about an investigation into a store robbery that few guys, probably youngsters, had committed in a grocery store in Geneta a few weeks ago. He had not managed to get hold of the thieves. This was not a particularly strange or unusual. As a rule, the police do not usually get the perpetrators of such robberies. This was Sten aware of and he was not directly ashamed that he had failed. He was convinced that sooner or later they would get caught, either for a robbery or any other crime. The sad thing about this robbery was that the shop owner had closed the store, he said, for good.

When Sten had written the report a while he came to think of that he should look at the account statement he received from Nordbanken. He picked it up and read through it carefully. The latest transactions were a cash machine withdrawal on Saturday evening and a payment at a restaurant during the subsequent night. Anna Fredriksson had taken four hundred crowns from an ATM and paid two hundred and fifty crowns to the restaurant. The payment at the restaurant was made 02.10. Sten knew it very well, though he'd rather call it a "meat market". It was a disco on Kungsgatan in Stockholm. He had been there himself several times and actually met girls that he had share a bed with at two of those occasions.

He went to Fredrik to see if he had looked at the list of phone calls.

- Hello Fredrik, have you had time to check the list of phone calls yet?

- Oh you are hot on the spot today. I have not received it yet. Don't you remember that I would send a request to them first. How are you really?

- No emotional crap eh! I feel good!

Then they went to the break room and had coffee. In the break room were Anders and some other colleagues. He asked them how it went and Sten told them about the late restaurant visit. Fredrik looked hard at him. Sten understood what he meant. What he just said could be a pretty important clue. Especially considering how some of the clientele at the restaurant seemed to be constituted. Anders stated loudly that it could be as Sten suspected that it might be an important clue. Furthermore he stated that he should make an inquiry at taxi companies in Stockholm. After this conversation, Anders went off to his room, took out the telephone directory's yellow pages from the shelf and flipped to the taxi companies. Then he began methodically to call around to them. He started with the companies that had large ads in the directory. He did not know then that he would have several days of fruitless work ahead. That in itself is neither particularly surprising nor unusual. In particular, as Anders was not of the nature that he stressed through a task.

In the days that followed, there were a bit of idea-dryness in the group investigating Anna Fredriksson's death.

Fredrik went through the list of calls made to and from her mobile phone. He devoted an entire day to write down names and addresses as well as to call interesting names. The question he sought to answer was in the first place if it was someone who was with Anna at the disco on Saturday night. He did not get any response. None of them, he got hold of knew at all that she had been at a disco on Saturday night.

Sten went to the disco in question. He walked around and talked to the serving staff, showed them a number of pictures of Anna while he asked them if they recognized her. But none of the staff had any memory of Anna Fredriksson. Sten knew, from her account statement, that the current Saturday evening was not the first night that the victim was at this disco. Even so, no one recognized her. This information led them not very much closer to the one who murdered Anna. The information, however, strengthened them in the feeling that the victim probably was a pretty lonely and unnoticed person.

Friday night came and all three investigators in the group that investigated the murder of Anna were off duty over the weekend. But in their eagerness to serve justice Sten and Fredrik decided to go to the disco, that Anna probably visited last evening of her life, on Saturday night. They were so admitted to their mission that they even managed to get out the hours as overtime. It led to some taunts from colleagues that they would go to a discotheque with full pay and allowances. The mission obviously brought certain envy, so Sten and Fredrik suggested that others were welcome to attend, given that it was accepted by the boss. Two young patrolling female colleagues, Nina and Karin, signed up.

Saturday night

Fredrik, and the two female colleagues Nina and Karin were invited to Sten's apartment at six o'clock on the Saturday afternoon. He had planned a little rundown combined with a pre-party. First Nina and Karin came. A few minutes later Fredrik rang on the door. Sten invited them to sit in his living room. The two women sat down on the couch and Fredrik sat homely in Sten's favorite chair. On top of it his only chair. Sten asked if they wanted a drink.

- What do you have? Asked Karin.

- Whiskey, beer, and then I probably have nothing more. Well anyway, I have little gin made from moonshine too.

The two women looked a bit strange on Sten. It seemed like they did not know what moonshine was. Fredrik however, knew what it was, that Sten was sure of, he even laughed a bit when Sten said:

- It is home brewed alcohol.

- Well then I'll bust you, Karin said, laughing. But first, I would probably try it if you have any tonic home.

- Me too.

- Sure I have that, if it's okay with grape tonic?

- Grape tonic taste best, said Karin.

- Clearly.

- You then Fredrik, what do you want?

- Whisky, much whiskey, no ice.

Sten went into the kitchen to prepare the drinks and he also opened a few bags of snacks.

He placed the drinks and a few bowls of snacks on a tray, which he carried into the living room.

- Are we really supposed to drink? We're on duty! Karin said and giggled. She did not seem particularly bothered by the situation.

- Seriously, Sten said as he had set down the drinks. I do not exactly have any plans for what to do. I thought that we foremost should have a nice evening, while we might get an idea of what kind of a place it is.

- What, are we just going to walk around and have fun and get paid for it? Nina said cheerfully.

- Cheers to that! Fredrik said and raised his glass.

- We had imagined that you girls would be decoys, Sten said, laughing.

Sten felt it was a rather pleasant and cheerful atmosphere. He was soon forced to bring in a new round of drinks. He had totally forgotten that he was on a mission. It felt a bit like when he was ten or fifteen years younger and warmed for a party with his old buddies. But with the major difference that at that time there had usually been no girls around. They consumed another round of drinks. Then they agreed that they should eat and went to a pizzeria nearby.

Both Sten and Fredrik were quite drunk when they came out of the pizzeria. Karin and Nina were not sober either. They stopped a taxi and asked the driver to take them to Kungsgatan in Stockholm. The taxi stopped outside the current disco. In front of the door to the disco, it was at a minimum a ten meter long queue. But they had a mission so they stood nicely and waited. They had to wait for almost an hour before they faced the doorman. This was perhaps lucky since both Sten and Fredrik had an obvious need to sober up. The doorman looked suspiciously at Fredrik.

- How are you really? Are you drunk?

Fredrik managed to stretch and flex his police eyes on the doorman. Then he swerved and said with a slight sluddring:

- No.

The doorman smiled as he watched this.

- I'm sorry but you'll have to come back another time.

- Damn, said Fredrik sheepishly.

- Damn, Sten said.

Both gave the impression of being as intoxicated as they really were.

Fredrik reached against the left inside pocket of the jacket. Sten recognized the movement, it was the same movement that Fredrik did when he picked up police ID. It must not happen, Sten thought, then he snatched hold of Fredrik's hand and said:

- Let's go somewhere else.

- But what about us? Karin said.

- Go in there please, then at least some of us did what we were supposed to do.

So it went. Sten and Fredrik wandered around town until they came to the central station. There, they found a pub that let them in. Karin and Nina had moderately nice at the disco. None of them had been in the joint earlier and they had also no great desire to go there again. They got certainly very much attention. In particular Nina that by most people usually is regarded as stylish, maybe even very good looking. The attention, however, often turned into groping and cheeky suggestion. One might wonder why Sten and Fredrik did not get in, since their intoxication level was far from being on par with some of them in there. The floor around the bar was messy of spilled beer and the smell of cigarette smoke. A few hours later they were both pretty tired of the place. They had boyfriends and they were not the least bit interested in the proposals presented to them. They decided to end their mission. Karin picked up her mobile and phoned Sten.

- We're ready now, where are you?

- What did you say?

- We're ready now, where are you?

- What did you say?

- Ah, taxi home.

- Taxi?

- YES!

- GOOD!

- Where are you?

- Central Station.

- We will get there. Should we meet at McDonalds, opposite the Central Station.

- Okay, see you there!

They actually managed to find each other on the McDonalds. Karin and Nina submitted a report during the time they shared a batch of fried chicken pieces. Sten felt no longer that really drunk, everything was clearer and what he said was clear. Fredrik was foremost tired. They decided to go home to Sten and consume more moonshine. Thus, they stopped a taxi that took them to Södertälje.

Sten felt almost completely clear in his head now, so he decided that he would try to do some good:

- Have you had any drives to Södertälje before?

- Sure, it happens every now and then.

- What have you done then afterwards? I mean after you have left the passengers. Have you gone straight back to Stockholm or have you tried to pick up someone in Södertälje?

- Why? Are you doing any criminal investigation or?

- Is it that obvious that we are police officers?

- Yes indeed, is there anyone who has been murdered? It was a girl who was murdered outside Södertälje last Saturday, wasn't it?

- Yeah, and we think that she maybe went by taxi from Stockholm. We have evidence that she was on Klint's until about half past two at night. How could we find out if someone drove from there to Södertälje?

- It depends on if the taxi is connected to one of the big operators, then it is no problem. Then they have information about which cars that went to Södertälje in their computers. But it can also be one of the independent cab owner's. I could try to help you and to hear a little bit, if you like.

Sten sat in the front seat, the other three sat in the back seat. He turned around to look if they seemed to think it was wrong to say anything to the taxi driver.

But they seemed completely uninterested in his conversation. Fredrik was asleep and the girls were talking quietly to each other.

- The woman who was killed was about thirty years old, blond and slightly rounded. She probably wore a pair of black trousers, a silver blouse and a black jacket. It was at least the clothes that were found next to the bed. We think that she maybe went by taxi with someone she met at the disco. Maybe they went directly to her home in Geneta.

- We have a special gossip page on our website, the taxi drivers' website that is. I can write a query there. But perhaps it is best that you phrase it.

- Sure, I'll be happy to.

They agreed that they would be in contact on Monday and Sten would send him a text.

They arrived at Sten's house, where they continued the party for a few more hours. They kept on until six in the morning. The girls shared a taxi and Fredrik fell asleep on the couch. The following day Sten and Fredrik devoted to the TV. Both of them felt quite worn out when they came to work on Monday morning.

Sten arrived quite late, without his normal desire to go into the break room for his regular morning coffee, and thus expose himself to the colleagues' questions about the Saturday night. A few minutes after he had sat down in his chair Fredrik came. He started his day by going into Sten's room. A few minutes later, Karin and Nina came. Some additional minutes later, Anders passed the room. He wondered what was going on and came into it.

Fredrik told him about his failed attempt to enter the disco. This story led to a great deal of hilarity in Sten's office.

- You then girls did you see anything? Anders asked facing Nina and Karin.

Karin said:

- We saw many, suspected dirty old men and potential rapists. But we did not bring any home.

- Careless, said Anders.

Sten told them about the conversation with the taxi driver, mostly to show that they tried to do something.

- Great! Said Anders. Sten was a little surprised at the positive response. It was his mission to check the taxi drivers. He was not at all offended, instead he asked Sten to show him the text. Then they splitted and everyone started with their job.

Sten formulated an e-mail to the taxi driver, Anders called the cab companies and Fredrik began to record his interrogations in the computer. Nothing of importance for the case happened that day.

On Tuesday, Anders got contact with a taxi owner who had a car that had had a run from Stockholm to Södertälje shortly after three o'clock on the night of the current Sunday. He got the name and phone number to the driver. He was not home when Anders rang. Similarly, Sten received a response to the request that the taxi driver had put on the drivers' website.

The only answer came in the form of an e-mail to the taxi driver. He forwarded it to Sten. The answer was: "I drive a taxi in Södertälje, I had a run from the central Södertälje to Skridskovägen in Geneta at five in the morning. Then I picked up a guy who came out from an entrance on the same street. He wanted to go to Årsta. Sten wrote out the message and took it in to Fredrik.

- Fred, what do you think about this? It might be something, huh?

- Yes, damn it, if she met someone at a disco in Stockholm, it is quite likely that he does not live in Södertälje.

- Right, but what should we do about it then?

- We'll interrogate that taxi driver. Strange that Anders did not get a hold of him when he checked the taxi companies in Södertälje.

Sten did not respond to this. He went to his room and called the taxi driver in question. Sten got a hold of him on his cell phone, he was on duty and had people in the car. Sten explained who he was and he wondered if they could meet.

- Sure, I can get to the station as soon as I have dropped off my clients.

Sten hung up, fetched Fredrik and they went in to Anders. On the way to Anders they bumped into the DCI. He wondered how it was going

- So far nothing boss, said Sten.

DCI Bergström said no more, he just nodded and walked on. Sten and Fredrik came into Anders room. They told him about what happened and Anders realized that this could be an opening.

- Maybe we should take the taxi driver to Skridskovägen and see if he can point out from which entrance the man stepped out onto the street, suggested Sten.

- Fuck, yeah! Anders and Fredrik agreed.

A few minutes later, the taxi driver came. They sat all four in an interrogation room. Sten went to the coffee machine.

They chatted a bit about the night life in Södertälje. It turned out that even if the driver was not so old, he had driven a taxi in Södertälje for over ten years. He had his own car and he was not connected to any of the taxi operators. He had a number of regular customers but he also took customers on the street. He drove mostly at night time. He wanted to be free as much as possible, he explained.

- I'm competing in trial, so I need to be a bit vacant in the daytime.

Anders asked:

- What is it?

- Do not you know that? Fredrik said a little sarcastically. That's when they run motocross motorcycles in waterfalls and stuff and can't put their feet on the ground.

Sten came in with coffee and when they had received a cup each, he asked the driver to tell about the drive from Geneta. It was as he had described in his email. He did not know on which street in Årsta he had left of his passengers, but maybe he would be able to recognize it. The man was quite drunk and probably somewhere between thirty and forty years old.

- Did you talk to him during the trip? Asked Fredrik.

- No, he said basically not much more than the address, then he fell asleep.

- Did he sit in the front seat or back seat? Said Anders.

- The rear seat.

- How did he pay? Sten said.

- He paid with a credit card.

- It was like hell, then you have his name!

- Right.

Sten asked the driver if he could accompany them to Skridskovägen. They jumped into the driver's taxi.

- I'ts free, it is clear that I do what I can, if that can help to get a killer.

The taxi driver could directly point out from which entrance the man had come. He did not hesitate a moment.

- Are you sure? Sten asked, then he said no more. Although he understood that both the taxi driver and Anders were very curious to know where the victim lived. Sten sat for a while and sucked on that information. Fredrik did not tell either. Finally Anders asked:

- Well, where did she live?

- She lived there.

All four sat in silence for a moment and pondered about this.

- It was like hell, we might have found our killer, Anders said cheerfully.

- We'd like to see the credit card receipt for the tour, do you have it?

- Yes, but not in the car, I have to go up to my office to get the bills from that week.

The taxi driver drove them back to the station. Once inside the station, they went directly to the manager's room. Anders told what they just come up to and the manager appeared to be content.

- Well, find out what we have on him, then we take him in for questioning. Do we have the results from the semen sample?

- I can check with the technicians or pathologist at once, said Sten.

- The fingerprints on the murder weapon, then?

- They are on Kungsholmen, they might just as well make the comparison, said Sten, he felt almost a little offended by how the boss checked that everything was done.

They heard nothing more from the taxi driver that day. They did not contact him either. It was a task that outspokenly was on Sten's table, but he felt he did not want to rush this helpful driver. Instead, he called to Elin and asked how it went with the DNA-analysis of the semen sample.

- Yes, I have got a result, you want me to read it for you?

- Does it mean anything to me?

- No, it was completely normal semen, much like yours.

- What have you tasted it?

- Naughty you!

Then she asked if he still wanted to meet her.

- Sure, shall we say the usual place?

- Absolutely, outside McDonalds, when?

- At seven o'clock?

- Perfect!

He managed to get to the meeting place at the minute, and after a few minutes she came walking towards him. She smiled, but she made no move that suggested that she wanted to give him a hug. Sten felt a little awkward and he pondered for a minute about what he should do.

Eventually he stretched out his hand.

"Shouldn't we hug instead? Or have you met someone else?"

Sten felt a little confused, but it lit a little hope in him. He stretches out his arms and they embraced each other. They walked around for a while in the city, aimlessly.

- Should we eat somewhere? Are you hungry? Sten asked gently.

- Absolutely, we had decided that.

They walked around a bit more, though slightly less aimlessly. They stopped outside the entrance to a restaurant that looked Italian. Sten looked at her and she nodded. A thick and almost exuberantly cheerful waiter came up and met them at the door. He actually sounded like a real Italian when he greeted them welcome. Later in the evening, they could conclude that he actually came from Italy. It was pretty crowded in the restaurant, but one of the best tables was vacant. It stood next to the window, also it was a bit secluded from the others. The waiter pulled out the chair for Elin and in the next second, he presented her the menu. A few minutes later, he gave them a welcome drink. The menu had many dishes that sounded delicious and the drink was pretty tasty. Sten was thus very pleased with the choice of restaurant. They both ordered the restaurant's special menu with four dishes and a bottle of Chianti wine. It took them almost two hours to eat their way through it. It was not because they ate slowly, but rather that the chef gave them long breaks in between each dish.

If it was due to the long breaks or because they were thirsty's is hard to say, but they consumed three bottles of wine during the dinner.

Both Sten and Elin were really drunk before they had come to the dessert. It was, however, nothing that disturbed Sten.

He was on the contrary quite happy with the long breaks. He gave the waiter a good tip and left the restaurant very satisfied. The evening ended at Sten's and probably also Elin's, contentment in Sten's bed.

The man in Årsta

Anders parked the car in the entrance that according to the number inquiry led to the man's home. The man was named Stig Lundberg. Both Sten and Anders looked at the house. It was about ten in the morning. It was dark in most apartments. They saw a man move in one of the apartments. The man seemed to be old. They had already decided that they would wait to make contact with Lundberg. They sat for a while in the car and looked at the house. Sten wondered a little bit about why they actually sat there and looked at the house. What did they expect to see? He thought for a moment on this then he thought about what he really felt for Elin. His thoughts wandered away and he realized he had fallen asleep when he was awakened by Anders saying:

- This does not give anything, should we go back to the station?
- What the hell did you expect then? That there would be signs that said that here lives a murderer?
- Yes, it may, you would at least not have noticed it, since you were just sleeping.
- I did not sleep at all, I analyzed the situation.
- Sure, we'll eat somewhere?
- Gladly, there ought to be something here in Årsta.

Anders started the car while he took out his cell phone put it into the cradle on the dashboard, pressed the speakerphone function and called the boss.

- Hey, it's Anders. We have checked the suspect's house, but we saw nothing suspicious.
- What do you expect then? By the way, what did we have on the guy in our records?
- Nothing, not even any traffic offenses.
- So it's one of those sanctimonious types.

Sten was bit startled, was he serious? He decided that the boss had joked. However, it was not really like him. Anders hesitated a moment, as if he was trying to formulate a spirited response without coming up with something better than:

- Right. Should we try to shadow him?
- Is there any point in it then?

Anders replied that it probably would not give anything, and then he ended the call. They ate lunch and then drove back to the station.

Sten wondered how the conversation between the manager and Anders had sounded. He had had the belief that they had a very good contact and that the manager had great respect for Anders. It seemed, however, that something had happened. Anders acted a bit confused and distracted, and he did not seem to have any desire to chat. Sten did not know whether he dared to ask if he was okay. This, he reflected on almost all the way to Södertälje. Anders drove the car quietly. Finally Sten asked if anything had happened.

- How do you mean? Anders replied little sourly.
- I mean you seem a little down.
- Mind your own business.
- Sorry, I did not know you were so sensitive.

Anders did not answer, but he squeezed so hard on the steering wheel that the knuckles whitened. When they returned to the station there was a paper on Sten's seat. In the middle of the paper was a picture. The text under the picture stated that the person in the picture was Stig Lundberg. The man in the picture envisioned thus the man in Årsta. Stig was born the same year as Sten. He was even born in the same month. He seemed pretty handsome. He stuffed the paper among the other papers in the folder with the documents in the case, and then he pondered a bit about what to do. He did not come up with much more than they should question this Stig Lundberg, as well DNA test him.

Furthermore, he realized that he should go to his companion Fredrik Fant and tell him what had happened. He started with the latter. Fredrik sat leaning back in his office chair and looked out the window.

- Hello Fredrik, what's up?

- Hey Stene. Its okay, but I would like to be free and be out in the sun. Can't we stop early today, go to the pizzeria and drink a few beers?

- Sure happily, but I do not know if we maybe will hear a suspect tonight.

- You mean the guy in Årsta? Do we have anything more on him now?

- No, but he had a suit on the driver's license photo.

- Damn, lock him in for life.

- Honestly I do not know what more we could get before we take him in for questioning. To me it seems as they met for the first time at that disco.

- There was nothing on him in the records right?

- No, not a thing.

- Yes but we have, after all, the taxi driver. If the DNA test on his sperm would match that from the victim's vagina, maybe it would be enough, even if he doesn't confess.

- Yes, but I would surely love to have something more that tied him to the deed, some little fingerprints on the knife, or on the knife drawer.

- One can perhaps push him so hard that he confesses, or if we're lucky maybe he is remorseful.

- Sure, but I think that first we lay low and just ask him what he did that night, and things like that, plus that we take fingerprints and stuff. But I need to talk to the boss about what we should do, we can talk more later, shall we take a walk?

- Yeah, by the way, I follow you to the boss.

They walked past Anders room and picked him up too. The door to the manager's room was closed and the red "Do not disturb" lamp was on. They stood for a moment and stared at the lamp, but Anders got tired and opened the door. There was a bang, when the DCI's feet landed on the floor. Somewhat later some papers landed on the floor next to his feet. He sat up in his chair and looked hard at them.

- Sorry if we woke you up, said Anders. We would need to discuss this case.

The manager nodded and Sten summed up what they knew.

- What are you going to do now? He looked at Sten.

Sten replied that he felt they should hear the man as soon as possible, take samples from him and maybe see if the taxi driver is able to point him out.

- Well, when will you do it?

- As soon as possible, I think.

So it went. Sten and Anders went to go to the man's workplace. The man, that is Stig Lundberg, worked at a pharmaceutical company on Kungsholmen. They took Anders car, the trip started in silence, after a while Anders cleared his throat and apologized.

- You see, I have a little trouble with my mom.

Sten became totally surprised, trouble with mom, that he thought was something that one had when one were a teenager. He did, however, not ask what the trouble was about. He was content with the apology. Fifty minutes after their departure, they stood at the company's reception asking for Stig Lundberg.

- I will see if he is in his room, who are you?

- My name is Sten Svensson.

She dialed a number on the telephone in front of her.

- Hey, it's Anita at the reception, you have visitors. Will you come here and receive them?

A few minutes later he came out at the reception, casually dressed in jeans and a shirt. He went straight to Sten and Anders.

They introduced themselves by name and Sten leaned against the man's ear and whispered that they were police officers. Then he straightened up and said there were some things they would like to ask about.

He did not ask what it was, he did not look particularly scared. He just said:

- Well maybe we can take it in a room.

Anita gave Sten and Anders badges and they began the walk through the huge building to something that probably was a conference room.

- Well, what do you want? Who are you?

- So we are from the police, said Anders and held up his ID. Then he asked:

- What did you do on Saturday, August 8 this year?

It was understood that Anders, with the right of age and with solid credentials as an interrogator, did the talking.

- Why?

- We cannot go into that.

- Well, I don't think I did anything special. I have to check my calendar. He went away and returned with a leather Filofax that he put on the table. A few minutes later he said:

- I worked a little on the day, in the evening, I was at a disco.

- What happened there?

- I drank beer and talked with the girls.

- Since when?

- I met a girl that I went home with.

- Where did she live?

- In Södertälje.

- I'm sorry, 'said Anders. But we have to take you to the police station to take some samples.

The man looked very surprised and maybe even a little angry, but he did not say more than:

- Why?

- We can not answer that.

Then the policemen stood up and Anders said:

- Come on.

The man did not object instead he followed their example.

- I just have to finish one thing and turn off the computer.

They left the conference room and went to his room. He wrote something on a piece of paper and completed the program he worked in. Then they left the room and the building.

They went all three in Anders car to the police station in Södertälje, Sten sat in the back seat with Stig. All of them were silent during the journey. At the station, they went directly into an interrogation room. Sten picked coffee, ink pad, fingerprint form, tops and a redline bag. Anders put a cassette in a tape recorder and began to interrogate the man.

- Tell me in detail what happened when you went away with this woman to Södertälje.

Stig described how they shared a taxi to Södertälje.

- Was it you who paid?

- Yes, of course.

Anders asked if he had paid with a card. The man confirmed that it was the case.

- Can we see your card?

The man gave it to Anders, who went out of the interrogation room and into the room where the copy machine stood and took a photocopy. Then he asked Stig to continue his story. The man described how she had put on a disc and then they had gone to bed. They had had intercourse once, and then he had said that he must go home. She had been a bit annoyed about it.

- No wonder! She accompanied you to the door?

- Do not know, do not remember, she and I were very drunk you knew, I think she stayed in bed.

Sten opened the door and entered the room. He sat quietly and listened when Anders asked the man to describe in more detail what had happened. What the woman said as he left the apartment. Was it she who opened the door for him and other small details, which are hard to describe for someone who is not telling the truth. What Anders was trying to do was to get him tangled up in arguments that don't fit together. The more details he described the harder, it would be for him to remember what he had said, if he lied. Sten did, however, not think it looked like he was lying.

Finally Anders stopped the tape recorder and thanked him for his cooperation.

Then Sten picked up the things he had gathered.

He used them and went to the copier, copied the form, added the original, the redline bag with the tops and the corresponding form in an internal mail envelope which he addressed to the technical department at Kungsholmen. On a form for requesting fingerprint analysis Sten wrote the formal data request and in the field for the desired comparison, he wrote that he wanted to have a comparison with the prints that were found on the murder weapon and around the cutlery drawer.

- Do you live alone? Asked Anders when Sten left the room.

- Yes.

Then neither Anders nor Stig Lundberg said anything until Sten once again came into the room. Anders turned to Sten and said:

- Can you get someone to take a sperm sample.

- That he may well do himself, but he needs a cup and a place of privacy.

The man became quite red in the face.

- Do you mean that I should masturbate here at the police station? I refuse. Can you really do that. What's this all about anyway? I have not done anything illegal. Can't you have a one night stand nowadays? What the hell is this all about?

Anders smiled a little maliciously against him.

- Yes, we can do this. I won't say anything more than that.

Sten found it quiet unfriendly to not tell the guy what it was all about, but he chose not to say anything there. It could be that Anders had a purpose with it. Or then he said no just to fuck with him. Sten suspected that it probably was the latter reason.

Anders turned again to Sten and asked if he could pick a suitable container.

- Sure, I'll go out and check.

A few minutes later he was back with a tube that he found in the storage room. It was a test tube of the kind you normally use for blood tests on those who are suspected to be alcohol or drug affected. The policemen showed Stig to a toilet.

- We promise not to interfere, do you want a dirty magazine? Sten said.

- No thanks, I manage anyway. They went away a bit from the toilet door. Sten asked whispering what Anders had got out of him.

- Nothing in particular, he claims that they went to her house and had sexual intercourse then he took a taxi home. He claims that she was alive when he left her home.

- Is he lying?

- I think it would be strange otherwise, I mean who would have killed her otherwise. But he must be very good at lying.

- Do we have enough to prosecute him?

- No, I think not, but we can keep him for a few days while we push him a little more and also checks out his flat.

- But Anders why did we have to take a sperm sample isn't enough with tops, or?

- Yes, of course, but you can never be too careful.

- Wan'ts it really that you wanted to rush him a bit?

Anders smiled and Stig came out of the toilet with the tube filled.

- Thanks, you've been a good boy, said Anders a little scornfully. He went on by telling him that he would remain there a few days. The man got clearly upset. But he failed to persuade Anders. He managed to obtain however, that he could get some clothes and toiletries in his apartment. Furthermore, he would make some calls to let people knew that he would be away a few days.

- I have a girl, what the hell do I tell her?

- It's your problem. They walked together to the front desk to arrange that a couple of police constables escorted Stig Lundberg home. Anders promised to arrange a place for him in the custody at Hall. Sten walked away and phoned Elin Bergwall. She did not respond on her direct number, so Sten tried on her cell phone. There, she responded almost immediately.

- Hello Elin, it's Sten.

- Hey, it's you!

- How are you?

They continued to exchange friendly phrases with each other. Sten then asked if they could meet.

- Sure, I'd love to. When?

They agreed to go out to eat the next day. After this conversation Sten came to the official part of the phone call. He asked her what he should do with the semen sample. She asked him to wait a moment. Then she returned to the phone with a name and address of the person that she sent the vaginal sample to.

- But, I did get the address from you, are you completely dizzy?

- Oh yes, sorry, I did not think.

Sten hung up and sat down at the computer to write a letter in which he requested an analysis of the sample, he put the test and the letter in an internal mail envelope. Then he went into Fredrik's room.

- Aren't you ready yet? I want to go out and drink beer, said Fredrik happily.

- Oh yes, I should just get off a batch of semen, then we can leave.

- What would you do? Said Fredrik, laughing.

Sten went to the reception and asked them to arrange up a constable who could run the sample to the addressee.

They walked at a brisk pace to the pizzeria that they used to frequent. On the patio, it was completely full.

- Typically, this place tends to be half empty, but just because they have an outdoor seating area and it is a bit warm, every bastard goes to the pub to sit outdoor, Sten said and Fredrik agreed. They went in and sat down at a table. The owner Dimitri came up and greeted them with their names.

- I'm sorry that there is no place for you out there, can I give you a beer as a plaster on the wound?

He came in with two beers and a bowl of peanuts. They ordered their pizzas and then they started to kick drink beer. Both were basically quite thirsty in particular a fine day like this. Sten told about how it went with the man in Årsta and also about Anders somewhat strange behavior.

- I have been through something similar, said Fredrik and then he told about a situation that occurred a few days earlier. A situation that almost led to that Anders gave him a slap.

- Why haven't you told me about it earlier? Sten said almost offended.

- Sorry, but I'm telling you about it now.

- Now I understand why you have been whining so much about Anders lately, Sten said while he nodded.

They did not talk much more about their colleague Anders Jonsson. Instead, they went on to concentrate on drinking beer and discussing the upcoming weekend. Sten was going to go with his speedboat and Fredrik would take care of his child. They tried, unsuccessfully, to get together a combination of these activities.

A few days later Sten, Anders, Fredrik and the boss discussed the test results of the DNA analysis and comparison of fingerprints. Sten summed up the results.

- The DNA structures on the two semen samples conformed so much that one can say that it was Stig Lundberg's semen in the victim's vagina. But his fingerprints were not on the knife or the cutlery drawer.

- Were there any other fingerprints in addition to the victims then?

- Yes, there were two prints, probably a thumb and an index finger.

- Then it will be hard to tie him to the deed, if he does not confess. Then the boss turned to Anders and asked:

- Have he said anything more?

- No, I've heard him a few times but he has told the same story every time. They were consistent in every detail without being verbatim copies of each other.

- Who searched his apartment?
- It was me and Sten, said Fredrik. We found nothing strange.
- What do you think? Said the boss, is it him?
- I'm not sure, 'said Anders. Sten agreed. Fredrik said nothing.
- If there was someone who came after him, then it ought to be an old lover or a, for others, unknown boyfriend who came for a visit in the middle of the night. Sten speculated.
- It's not impossible. Fredrik hung on.
- Maybe it was someone who used to come by sometimes and get himself a fuck. Maybe he got jealous of her and they had a fight. Maybe she brought the knife to defend herself.
- Did it look as if there had been fighting in the bed? Asked the DCI.
- No, not directly, said Sten, no worse than after any lovemaking, we found her lying neatly under the cover.
- Okay, then, should we let Stig Lundberg go until we find something more, and instead concentrate on her old boyfriends?

They were all agreed that they would do in that way. Thus Stig Lundberg was once again a free man.

Murder on Södermalm

Detective Olof Nyman lay down a pile of papers on his desk and pondered about the content. The papers constituted the documentation of an investigation about a woman who was found dead in her apartment. The woman, Kristin, was found by her boyfriend. She lay in her bed. Someone had run a kitchen knife into her chest. This had happened just over a week ago. Her boyfriend had been in Småland visiting his parents. He came home on Sunday evening and found his girlfriend lying dead. According to the minutes from the interview with him, he immediately called the police. In a comment in addition to the original text one of Nyman's colleagues had wrote that they checked with the parents and they confirmed that their son was there all weekend until lunch on Sunday. Otherwise, there was, according to Nyman, not so much of value in the minutes. According to them the man was very upset, even though the hearing was held several days after he found the woman. The police who questioned the man described him as "clearly out of balance and difficult to communicate with."

"Fucking jerk." Olof Nyman had thought when he read the comment.

In the documentation there was also a description of the apartment. It was written by the two police officers who were first on the scene. This gave him no guidance on what happened to the woman, during the, for her so fatal, weekend. Furthermore, there were, among other things, a couple of testimonies from peers to the woman. None of them knew what she would do on the weekend. No one had even spoken to her. Neither her colleagues knew what she would do. The general opinion of her seemed to be that she was a pretty quiet and reserved person. In the forensic experts report it was written that they did not find any fingerprints on the knife. The knife was apparently one of the couple's kitchen knives. It used to stand in a knife block on the sink. The technicians had not found any semen in her or in the bed. Neither had they found any other traces with DNA from other persons than Kristin or her boyfriend.

The reason that Nyman read the documentation about the case was that his boss asked him to take a look at it, since the investigation had stalled. He had made a number of notes in a note book lying on the table in front of him. It read:

"Sex practices, credit cards, ATM withdrawals, cell phone triangulating", moreover he had written "stolen property."

He went in to the colleague who dealt with the case. The colleague was sitting at his desk looking at a paper. He turned to Nyman and looked a bit puzzled and simultaneously ashamed.

- Sex practices and credit cards? Nyman asked brusquely.

- Huh?

- What were her sexual preferences, have you checked it?

- How, then, one cannot ask what people do in the bedroom.

- Well it's a murder. Had she any credit cards? Continued Nyman a little sarcastically, he was obviously not particularly impressed by the investigation.

- No.

- ATM card, then?

- I do not know.

Nyman sighed.

- Cellular phone triangulation?

- Her cell phone was at home all of the Saturday.

- Was it something that had been stolen in the apartment?

- I don't think so. By the way, will you take over the investigation now?

- Yes, but you may help me out and see how it works.

Nyman left the colleague to talk to the boss. But almost immediately he changed his mind a bit. It was perhaps unnecessary to be so aggressive against him. It was never an easy thing to do the right things in a murder case, and the guy had probably never made any such thing before. He decided to turn back and apologize.

- I'm sorry if I was a bit brusque, it is not easy and you haven't done so many murder investigations in the past. Maybe we can work on this together.

His colleague looked relieved and accepted the offer. They went together to the DCI and Nyman described what he thought they should do.

- Do so, I trust you, 'said the boss.

Nyman went to his room and called the couple's apartment, no one answered. He tried to call her boyfriend's workplace. A woman answered:

- Welcome to Nordbanken, calling on Göran Andersson's phone, he does not answer.

- Thanks, I know, where do I get hold of him?

- I have no information about where he is, maybe there's someone else in the department who can help. What is it about?

- I can not answer that, can you put me through to his manager?

- Sure, I will link you to Kerstin Tunström.

Nyman was linked to a man who answers:

- Central storage, Powel.

- Good day my name is Nyman I seek Kerstin Tunström.

- You've then come to the wrong place.

Nyman sighed and got connected around for a while before he reached Kerstin. It turns out, however, that she is not at all Göran Andersson's boss, she gave him, however, a direct number to someone she thought was. Finally, he got a hold of a person who informed him that Göran was on sick leave at his parents in Småland. He also assisted him with a phone number to them. Nyman phoned the number and got hold of the man and asked if it was okay that he came to Småland and asked him some questions. The man agreed and they decided to meet that evening. Nyman went in to his boss and asked if he could go to Småland.

- No problem, shall we arrange a hotel for you?

- No thanks, I'd probably be back to night.

- Out of the question, you sleep over at a boarding house, or similar. I do not want you falling asleep while driving. Where are you going anyway?

- To Huskvarna.

- It is outside Jönköping, huh?

- That's right, maybe I can find some place in Jönköping.

- Only if it's not too expensive.

- Well then let's say so.

Nyman went to his room to get his briefcase, a note book, his thermos and a packet of biscuits, then down to the garage. He actually looked forward to spending the next five-six hours by himself in his car, it use to be relaxing and moreover he liked to drive. It would in addition be nice to get to the country side a fine August day like this.

The journey really took about six hours, not counting a long lunch and a dinner.

Göran Andersson's parents lived on a farm on the outskirts of Huskvarna. The dwelling house was old and it looked pretty worn. Nyman could not determine if it was someone there. The light was not on in any window even though it was past eight in the evening. He parked on the little gravel in front of the house, got out of the car and walked up to the front door. Nothing showed that someone in the house had even noticed this. But as soon Nyman stepped up onto the porch an old man opened the door. Nyman stretched out his hand and introduced himself. The man met the handshake with the words:

- Arne Andersson. You want to talk to my son.

Nyman nodded.

- Wait a minute, he's up in his room I will get him. You can come in.

"Maybe he's not so old anyway" Nyman thought, when he saw the man run up a staircase.

The man went up a few steps, stopped and turned around to Nyman.

- Terribly sad this with Kristin.

Nyman was trying to think of something appropriate to respond, but he failed, so he said nothing. A few minutes later, he saw the father and son come down the stairs.

It was obvious that the son was in a poor mental condition, unshaven with a tired look. He had a pair of worn sweatpants and faded t-shirt on which it was written HV-71, the local hockey team. They came to the front door and Göran nodded to Nyman.

- Hello, 'he said quietly. Nyman nodded and said, as gently as he could:

- Hello. Can we sit somewhere where there is little undisturbed?

- Why don't you sit in the parlor? said Göran's father. Mom can make coffee for you.

Göran went through the hall and a door. He did not say a word. Nyman followed him. The door led to a room with a sofa and a TV. They went through this room to a door. Göran opened the door and went into a room that Nyman realized must be the parlor. It was furnished with old heavy furniture as a large oval table with eight chairs. Next to an old sofa, it was a large ornate cabinet. In one corner of the room there was a fireplace and it was lace curtains around the windows. Nyman found the room quite beautiful, it reminded him of his grandmother. Göran sat down in one of the chairs at the table. Nyman sat down opposite him. He opened his briefcase and took out a note book and a pen. He put these things on the table as he pondered how he should begin.

- Olof Nyman, is my name. He stretched out his hand against Göran. Göran took it and held it in a loose grip. Nyman continued:

- As I said on the phone I am detective inspector on the Södermalm police. I have taken over the investigation of your girlfriend's murder.

Göran nodded.

- I must begin by saying that I think it's terrible, what has happened. But I have a few questions that I need answers to, so hopefully we get whoever did it.

Göran nodded again. Nyman had been thinking for some time about how he would express himself in order to ascertain whether she had any particular sexual preferences, something that made her search for violent men. He began by asking the most obvious.

- Do you think she had someone besides you?

The man was clearly upset by the question, but he answered calmly:

- No, I have not noticed anything, but what did I really know.

- Forgive the question, I hope you have the energy to answer the rest, some of them can be hard to hear, but it's really important that you respond.

He waited for a response, but there was nothing, so he continued:

- First I want to know if you are strong?

Göran looked quite surprised, but he nodded and replied:

- Yes quite, I trained a lot when I was younger, moreover I used to help out on the farm.

- Are you into anything now?

- Yes, I usually train a few times per week at a gym.

- Was she fond of muscular men?

- Yes, absolutely, it was among what she thought was the best about me. She thought I was a real man.

Nyman saw a tear running down his cheek. He could see on the man's body that he probably had trained a lot in his days. Both the upper and lower arms were pretty big and it did not seem to be fat.

- Could she be provocative?

- How do you mean?

- If she was one of those girls who could tease a man and just continue to annoy him even though she saw that he was angry.

- No, I did not notice it anyway.

- How was she in bed, did she liked it a little tough, so to speak?

- Yes, she was wild in bed.

- Did she like being tied or something?

- Not directly tied, however.

He paused and looked toward the closed door of the room, then he continued:

- She liked to be spanked.

Nyman was silent for a while and wrote in his note book. Then he tried to summarize what he had concluded with the answers he had received so far.

- As I understand it, it could be as follows. She was attracted by muscular men. Whoever did it should reasonably be quite strong, as the knife was run down pretty deep into her chest, this with a single blow.

Göran shuddered, and then he nodded.

- Have you or she ever had a kitchen knife in the bedroom before?

- No, never.

- If it was so that they had a fight and he went into the kitchen and retrieved one of your kitchen knives, she would reasonably not just remained in bed waiting for him?

Göran looked a little questioning at Nyman, and waited for a continuation.

- If she had brought the knife because she was angry and he took it, there should have been some sort of fight. I mean she would not just hand over the knife to him and wait for him to stick it into her chest.

Göran hid his face in his hands.

- Yes. He whispered.

- It was one of your kitchen knives.

- Yes.

- Where do you kept them?

- In one of those knife block on the sink.

- Was it easy to find the knife block, even if for someone who had not been in your kitchen before?

- Yes, I do think it was in the middle of the sink.

- There was nothing that suggested that there had been a fight in the bed. The murderer must therefore either have smuggled the knife into the room, or it must have been a game from the beginning.

Nyman stopped to see if Göran was following him. It appeared to be so, he continued:

- Do you think it could be that they first used the knife as a game?

- I do not know, we did anyway never do that.

- As I said earlier, there is nothing that suggests that they had a fight. The murderer ought to have stuck the knife in her when she was not prepared for it.

Göran said nothing, but it still looked like he was following Nyman.

- If it was no fight and it was no game, we have to deal with someone who carried out a planned murder.

Göran could no longer stop himself, instead he wept uncontrollably. Then there was a knock on the door. Göran's father opened it, and a woman came in with a tray with a thermos on. On the tray there was also a large plate with different kinds of buns and cakes, furthermore there were a sugar bowl and a cream jar. The woman took a step into the room, froze and looked at Göran.

- Sorry, she said. Then she went out again. The father followed and closed the door.

- I do not have so many questions remaining, can we continue a little longer?

- Sure.

- It seems to me that we are dealing with the worst kind of killer, a cold-blooded type that can kill without being provoked. I hope we manage to get hold of him before he kills someone else.

- Yes, and hang him then.

Nyman chosed not to make any comment on that, he understood him, but he was for reasons of principle against death penalty. But this didn't feel like the right time to discuss penalties.

- Did she have any debit or credit card?

- No.

- Had she an ATM card?
- Yes, at Nordbanken of course. She also worked there.
- Did you work in the same department?
- No, I work in the goods reception and she was working in an office area.
- Did she go out to enjoy herself without you?
- Sometimes.
- Where she then used to go when and with whom?
- It did not happen very often, but when it happened, it was always with some friends from school.
- What are their names?
- Stina Lindgren and Inga Fredlund.
- Do you know where they live?

Göran Nyman gave their approximate addresses.

- Where did they use to go?
- I think they used to go and dance at different discos.
- Then I have just two more questions.
- Was it something that was stolen?
- No, I do not think so.
- Do you remember if the door was locked when you came home?
- It was locked, but we got the kind of lock that always locks when you close the door.

Nyman thanked him and said he must go.

Göran nodded. Then they stood up and walked out of the room. In the room beyond, the parents sat on the couch. They turned against Nyman. They looked very worried.

- I apologize, 'said the woman. Do you maybe like to have some coffee now?
- Thanks I'd love that!

- Please sit down, she said and pointed to an armchair.

Nyman sat down and the woman placed a coffee cup in front of him and poured coffee from the thermos. Then she pushed the cake plate against him.

He drank his coffee, ate a bun and some different cakes, praised them, as one should, and got a refill. While this was going on no one in the room said anything. Göran sat in the other chair. He was also offered coffee, but he declined. When Nyman was finished the father asked:

- Do you think that you catch him?
- I do not know, but most people tend to get caught in the end. I just hope we do it before he kills any more women.

Göran's mother began to cry. Her husband placed an arm around her. She said heaving:

- I have prayed to God that you should catch him.

Nyman got up and thanked for the coffee.

He drove to Jönköping, drove around for a while until he found a hotel that appeared to be sheep and parked the car outside. The porter, an elderly woman, smiled welcomly and asked what she could do for him.

- I want a room overnight.

He got a room, went there, left the briefcase and went back into the reception.

- Do you have a toothbrush and toothpaste to sell?
- No sorry, but they certainly have in the grocery store on the corner.

Sure enough, he found what he was looking for at the store on the corner, plus that he bought a packet of razors and a bottle of aftershave. He went up to the room, showered, brushed his teeth, and went to bed to watch TV. Nyman would normally not do it this way. He used to be well prepared for any situation. Moreover, he was a little too frugal with money to buy new toiletries just for one night. But he was careful with his hygiene and knew that the trip would give him a pretty hefty extra money in the form of overtime, expense and mileage compensation.

Nyman was back in Stockholm at about one o'clock the next day. He went directly to the colleague who had initially dealt with the case. He listened in silence on Nyman's story.

When Nyman had finished he just said:

- Well what do you know.

Nyman got a little surprised. He had looked forward to having a discussion on how to interpret what the man said. The colleagues reaction dampened the lust substantially. Maybe it was so, he thought that his colleague felt even more run over and inept since Nyman obviously got more out of his questioning of her boyfriend. Nyman, however, was of the opinion that it was not professional to take personal considerations. Thus he said:

- What is wrong with you? Don't you have anything more to say?

- Sorry, I was thinking about other things.

- Other things! Pull yourself together. You can't go on that way. For example, if you are performing an interrogation, you can't think about other things when the suspect is responding. It is not surprising that the investigation did not get anywhere.

His colleague was silent, and it was obvious that he was ashamed.

- Sorry, I will try to pull myself together.

Nyman accepted the apology and asked if he had found anything.

- I checked her bank account, she had made a withdrawal that night. She took out five hundred crowns on an ATM at the Hötorget. The withdrawal was made approximately at ten twenty.

- How did you find out her account number and her bank?

- I called to Nordbanken, since she worked there.

- Good. Nyman managed to squeeze out. He was glad that the person had done something constructive. Thus he was able to remove him from his rather long list of people whom he regarded as totally useless.

- It is reasonable to believe that she took the opportunity to go to a disco or similar to pick up a man, when her boyfriend was gone. Concluded Nyman, the colleague agreed. Nyman continued:

- It is reasonable that she went to the ATM and took out money before she went into the place.

His colleague interjected that it might just as well be that she already was in the place, but had to go out and get more money.

- Absolutely, but no matter what, this suggests that she was in a place near Hötorget, since she lived in Södermalm. Are there any clubs near Hötorget.

- Lots, I can offhand count up to three.

Nyman realized that he no longer had any knowledge about the nightlife in Stockholm. He had for long been tired of going to the pub, if he had ever liked it. But he felt that as a professional criminal investigator, he should have some basic knowledge in the field. For a few seconds he considered taking it up with colleague.

- It does not make things easier. We should check, with some of her friends if she was talking about any particular place.

- I actually asked that. They listed a few places that they knew she liked, but it did not sound like she had any favorite place. Moreover, it seemed as if she did not go out very often.

- Then it becomes immediately more difficult. It's not so likely that some of the staff would recognize her.

His colleague made a gesture that indicated that he agreed.

- I personally think that we may have to do with a real psychopath, one who kills without even being provoked. There was no sign that they had a fight?

- No, you're right. It was strange, it was not even particularly messy among the bedclothes.

- Do you think that someone may have straightened them afterwards?

- I do not know, but it should be possible to judge from how the blood spots are located in relation to the body.

Nyman watched with newly awakened interest his colleague. It was actually a quite intelligent thought. He decided to definitely remove him from his list of totally incompetent people. His colleague took out the folder with the investigation. They spread out the photos on his desk and began to analyze them. The photos showed a woman lying on a bed. The woman was about in the middle of the bed. She had a quilt pretty tightly spread over her.

The quilt covered almost the entire bed. The only thing that stuck out beyond the covers was her head. She lay on her back. A kitchen knife was run in what appeared to be her chest.

- She was definitely not prepared for what happened. She had not even her hands in defensive position. Also, the killer must have had a pretty good time to fit in the knife, because he has managed to aim through the cover.

- Yes the knife hit right in the heart. It can probably not be easy through the quilt. She definitely must have slept.

Nyman nodded and continued:

- He did not want to wake her by pulling away the cover. You know by the way if it was dark in the room? Did she have the blinds down.

The colleague thought for a while then he said:

- I do not think so, she died sometime around five-six o'clock in the morning, so it should also have been daylight then.

- We definitely have to do with a real rascal. Concluded Nyman again.

He borrowed his colleague's phone and called the boss.

- Nyman here, we have some things we would like to discuss with you.

Then he described briefly what they had just found. The boss asked them to urgently come into his office. A few minutes later, Nyman again described the indicia and the conclusions they drew from them. Then he and the colleague waited for the boss to come up with a proposal on how to proceed.

- I agree that it seems as if we are dealing with a psychopath. Furthermore, there is no indication that this was a deliberately provoked event. I think we should send out a request if it has happened anything like it in any other part of Stockholm.

The young colleague shined up, cleared his throat and said gently:

- Well wasn't it a woman who was stabbed to death with a kitchen knife in Södertälje, a while ago.

Both the manager and Nyman smiled appreciatively.

- That's right, can you contact them. He looked at Nyman.

Nyman nodded and thereafter there was silence for a moment. Finally the boss hit the table with his hands and closed the meeting.

Psycho

Wednesday, August 27th sometime in the morning Kalle Burman came into Sten's room with a fax. They greeted each other happily. Then they talked for a while about things in general and summer and boats in particular. He was in no hurry to give the fax to Sten. It appeared as if he wanted to suck on it for a while and use the possibility for a little social interaction. Sten did not mind this, because he thought it had been far too little of that since he became a detective. Sten felt it did not quite suited a detective to hang around in the break room, as he had done before, when he was patrolling. Sometimes he felt that he missed it a little. When the two colleagues had exchanged a number of phrases in the, for them, dear topic boats, Kalle gave Sten the fax.

- This just came on the fax machine, I think it might be something for you.

Sten took the fax and glanced through it. It came from Olof Nyman on Södermalm police station. Nyman was actually one of the few officers who Sten knew on that station. He realized after only a few lines of the text that this was highly interesting for him. This he hastened to say to Kalle.

- Didn't you know that that had happened a few weeks ago? It was done the weekend after the event here in Södertälje.

- How the hell did we miss it? That fucking big isn't, after all, this city.

- Maybe I should have said it, but it didn't cross my mind, but isn't it anyone else here who reads a Stockholm newspaper?

Sten ignored the comment. Instead he thanked for the help, went into Fredrik and showed him the fax. Even Fredrik realized that this could be important.

- Should we call Nyman at once, we almost knew him. He seems like a really good cop.

- I think so too, we call him at once.

Sten grabbed the phone and dialed the phone number that was written in the fax. Nyman responded with just the last name, without any greeting. Sten greeted him and described their case. Nyman also felt that murders appeared to have the same modus operandi. They decided that they should meet as soon as possible.

- Can't you come to Stockholm, I've already been at your station, suggested Nyman.

- Sounds good to me, but I have to check with my colleagues and the boss of course. Can we meet tomorrow?

- Absolutely, this is important. Call me again as soon as you checked with them?

Sten rang off and looked at Fredrik.

- It's okay for me, but check with the manager and Anders also.

Thus Sten and Fredrik went away and asked their colleagues, all the police officers who were directly involved in the investigation had now agreed on that this could be important. They had also agreed on that they would go to the Södermalm Police Station the next day. The rest of this Wednesday Sten, Fredrik and Anders spent summarizing what they knew and to get this down on paper.

They met at eight o'clock in the morning in the garage. They all went in the DCI's car. It was he who drove. At nine o'clock they sat inside a conference room at Södermalm police station. In addition to the four policemen from Södertälje there were Nyman, his boss and the colleague who first was in charge of the case. Sten's boss summarizes the facts and evidence they found during the investigation of Anna Fredriksson's death. Nyman did the like regarding the woman who was murdered on Södermalm.

- It seems, said Sten's chief. As if it could be the same offender. Have you secured any fingerprints that might belong to him?

- As I said, replied Nyman. The kitchen knife was clean. But we have found fingerprints belonging to neither the victim nor her boyfriend on other places.

- If it's the same killer, said Sten. It seems reasonable that he knew our victim, because he came home to her during the Sunday night. It must have been pretty early in the morning.

- But you have ensured that she had the sperm of this man in Årstad in her? Said Nyman.

- Yes, but that does not mean that she could not have the other man's sperm in her too, said Sten.
- They might not even have had sex, maybe he realized that she had been with someone else and then he got angry. Anders continued.
- Have you heard her previous boyfriends and lovers? Asked Nyman.
- We've called the guys who were written in her phone book, it was not that many. There were some erased names too, these we have not checked, said Fredrik.

Sten continued:

- One can imagine that she didn't erase the name of someone she did still met.
- If it was not him who did it, 'said DCI Bergström.
- Was there any of the old boyfriends, who acted suspicious? Asked Nyman's boss.

Sten looked questioningly at Fredrik:

- It would then be he, Karl, then. We had thought about hearing him at his job, when his girlfriend is not around.
- Well, maybe we should check him up.

Sten looked at Nyman and asked:

- But your victim, then, where there no sperm there?
- No, not really. Maybe he used a condom. Or they had no intercourse.

Sten hummed a little and said hesitantly:

- The guy may have been pissed that she lured him home and then did not want to fuck.

The others nodded in agreement. Fredrik continued:

- Maybe he is just a copycat, who has read about the deed in Södertälje.

The others agreed and they decided that Anders and Sten would hear the men that were in Anna's address book. In addition, they would take samples from these men. If it was unsuccessful, they would go to her apartment and look for other names to work on. They also decided that they would make a comparison of all foreign fingerprints that had been secured in the two apartments. Finally, they should make an additional attempt to find foreign human DNA in Kristin's apartment. The latter two tasks fell on Nyman's lot. The meeting had taken over two hours. Nyman's boss then invited all the policemen for lunch.

The police officers from Södertälje were impressed. Such luxury, they were certainly not used to in Södertälje.

- You come from another station and then we can take it as representation, he said cheerfully.

You have done a great job I think.

When they returned to Södertälje Sten immediately went to the evidence store to retrieve the woman's phone book. But it was not there. He went to his room and looked through his papers. Then he went to Fredrik and asked if he knew where it was. He did not. Sten felt a sense of panic coming.

- But haven't you sent it to any kind of analysis to check the smudged names?
- No, we talked about it, but I forgot. Damn it! Isn't it in your home then, we called from your apartment.

- Bastards, so it may be. You, I have to go home to check.

He almost ran out to the car and drove to his home. But regardless of how he looked, he didn't find the address book. He called Sten. Sten understood that Fredrik was nervous. To fritter away significant evidence is not very successful. If it would be revealed that he had evidence in his home, it could be embarrassing. Moreover none of them looked forward to explaining how they did the telephone interrogation.

Sten attempted to make a constructive proposal:

- That Charles, he was in the same class as her in school eh? Maybe we can find some old school catalogue at her.

- Good, pick up the keys to her apartment and then we meet outside her house, as soon as possible.

They met about fifteen minutes later outside her entrance. They went up the stairs and Sten carefully tied up the barrier tape on her apartment door.

Sten suggested that they should start with her bookcase in the living room.

- You take it, I'll take the bedroom.

In the bedroom, there was besides a bed, a chair and a wardrobe, and also a desk. On the desktop, it was a computer and next to the computer, there were a number of books, and miscellaneous office paraphernalia. Fredrik opened one by one of the drawers in the drawer unit that were mounted right under the table top. There were a lot of things, but no school catalogues. Nor was there any love letters or the like. Then he went through the wardrobe. Afterwards he came somewhat dejected out to the living room. Sten put back the last of the photo albums on its shelf.

- Did you find anything, Fredrik?

- No, nothing, you?

- No, she might have her school stuff in a box in the attic.

- Maybe, but we better check in the kitchen first.

They went into the kitchen. On a small bench at the side of the dining table is Anna's phone.

Next to the phone, it is an answering machine, next to the answering machine there is a caller ID. They look at each other in amazement.

- How the hell did we miss that? Sten said.

The indicator on the answering machine shows that Anna had twenty-one unanswered calls.

- Dare we press play? Said Fredrik.

- Sure it does nothing?

- Well it depends, some answering machines flushes away the talks as they are played.

- Oops, not mine. Wondering what kind this is?

- Here is the "ERASE" button it might mean that you have to actively choose to erase the messages that you do not want to save.

- So it's on my answering machine, we'll take a chance?

- Okay then, but maybe we should be ready to pull the cord if it starts to erase.

- How do you notice it then?

- I do not know.

Sten pulled the shirt over his finger and pressed a button that was bigger than the other. Under the button was written "MSG".

The first call was "hey it's Tina, just checking how you are, but I guess you are partying somewhere, it's Saturday night."

Next call was just a lot of rustling. Then it was Tina who rang again. Then it was Anna's boss Philippa who called. She wondered where Anna was. It was Monday and she would be on her work.

The remaining eighteen calls were from other people who wondered where she was. The voices were all female. The longer they played it the more comments were heard that no one had listened to the answering machine. The last talks sounded very worried. After each conversation one digit was added to the number in the box with the figure of how many calls that were recorded. When the indicator reached number twenty-one, Sten was prepared to unplug the answering machine's transformer.

Nothing happened, however, the indicator continued to show twenty-one calls. Sten and Fredrik puffed out. They now changed their attention to the caller ID. They were particularly interested in if someone had called during the night to Sunday, August 9.

- Are you familiar with such devices? Asked Sten.

- Yes, maybe. My ex has one of those. Press that button, he said and pointed to the largest of the buttons. It shows the last call first then it scroll backwards.

- We need to flip at least twenty calls back then.

- Well at least.

They flipped back and found that someone called Anna on Sunday, August 9th at 05:43. She had not responded. Maybe because she was sleeping, did not want to answer or was already dead. The person in question had called from a mobile phone. Sten wrote up the mobile phone number and noted the time of the call. This person had as the caller ID could testify, called her once before in the end of July. That was as far as its memory could remember.

The person had not called her after that Sunday.

Sten picked up his cell phone and called directory assistance. He noted the name of the subscriber in a paper that he took out of his wallet. Furthermore, he noted the subscriber address. The person who held the subscription was named Mats Wiklund. He lived in central Södertälje, on Tappgatan.

- What do we do now? I have no great desire to tell the manager that we missed it here with the answering machine, said Sten.

- Me neither, but I guess we have to do it. Luckily, it was in all cases you and me that came on to it.

- What shall we say then? Why were we here at all?

- I think we lie and say that we would see if she had any answering machine or caller ID.

- It sounds a bit stupid that we have not checked it before, but we'll maybe have to say it anyway.

Sten dialed the phone number to their boss and explained what they had found. The manager commented quite rightly that it was a bit clumsy of them not to check the answering machine before. But it did not appear as he made a big deal out of it. He would make sure that Kalle checked up the person in question, and then they would take him in.

Sten and Fredrik left the woman's apartment. When they got back to the station Anders was already on his way to Wiklund. Sten joined him. In the car, he described what had happened in the apartment, with the corrections that he and Fredrik had agreed on. Anders did not comment on their mishap. Instead, he asked about the phone book. Sten was forced to admit that he had not found it. He could not think of any good defense, so he just said it straight forward. He also knew that one should be careful lying to Anders because he was an recognized expert at revealing lies. Anders said that Wiklund was twenty-nine years old and unpunished.

They arrived at the man's home. They rang the doorbell, but no one answered. They were satisfied with that and went back to the station. They decided that they would try again in the evening. Then they went each one to his room. On Sten's office chair there was a note that announced that Nyman had tried to contact him. He called him and he told Sten that the technicians had found no interesting DNA traces. And none of the fingerprints they had hitherto compared was the same at the two crime scenes. Sten thanked for the information and told him about what had happened to them.

- Take him. Said Nyman, then they hung up.

At ten past five Sten, Fredrik and Anders went to McDonalds and after their meal all three of them went to Wiklund. They rang the bell and a man who was quite similar to the earlier suspect opened the door. Anders held up his ID.

- We are from the police, your name is Mats Wiklund?

- Yes.

- We want you to come to the police station for questioning.

The man turned pale.

- Why, I have not done anything.

- We'll see, 'said Anders. First we want to look a bit in your apartment.

They pushed the man aside and went in. He followed them. It was an old apartment. It consisted of one room and a kitchen. They just went through it in a rush and nothing remarkable was found. Wiklund was then taken to the police station and into an interrogation room.

Anders started to fry him.

- Do you know anyone named Anna Fredriksson?

- No.

- What did you do on Saturday, August 8th?

- I do not think I did anything special. I was at home I think.

Sten noted that he had not insisted on knowing why he was taken to the station. But he seemed otherwise quite comprehensive and not particularly nervous. If they were dealing with a true psychopath it would, however, not be very strange. On the contrary, it would be fairly typical. Anders continued:

- What did you do on the night between Saturday and Sunday, the eighth to 9 of August?

- I was sleeping at home in my bed.

Anders went after a while over from quick questions to letting him in detail describe these days. He did not provide more than a very short description. Anders then continued by asking him about the weekend after. Wiklund claimed that he had also been home that weekend and did not do anything special. They interrogated him for over two hours without getting anything more than that. They took his fingerprints and forced him to leave saliva on a stick with cotton lined lace. Then they arranged that he was taken into the custody at Hall. The very next day they received answers regarding both the DNA sample and fingerprints. His thumb and forefinger print matched prints on Anna's cutlery drawer and on the knife that was in her chest. His DNA matched the DNA from hair that the technicians had found on her blanket. Mats Wiklund's cell phone had been connected to a telephone tower a few hundred meters away from Anna's apartment from about three to half past five in the morning Sunday the 9th. He probably saw Stig Lundberg both come to and leave the house, and most likely her door was unlocked.

Wiklund, however, continued to deny. He also denied in the trial, but the court found him nonetheless guilty to the murder of Anna. A major forensic investigation revealed that the man had a severe personality disorder. The psychologist who led the study said that Wiklund could become very violent. A former girlfriend also testified that he could be violent if he felt threatened or teased. She had been beaten several times, but she had not reported it to police. She had left him two years ago, but it happened that he still harassed her. He was sentenced to a life time penalty. But he was not charged with the murder of Kristin and that deed is still unsolved.

The truck lift

A body

Sten had just come to work that day. As the boss, DCI Ingvar Bergström, came into his room and ordered him to go to the truck plant.

- Why?

- They have found a man dead under a truck.

- When?

- This morning, at seven, I guess, it does not matter anyway. Go there at once. You have to go yourself because no one else has come. Take a camera with you.

- Are there any cops there?

- Of course, Grönkvist and Bergman are there.

- Okay, I go at once, I just have some coffee, so I wake up.

The manager looked so annoyed on him, however, that he skipped the coffee and went straight to the garage.

The truck factory is located almost in central Södertälje so Sten was there in minutes. But those who have not been there understand how little one has arrived when reaching the area that consists of truck factory buildings. Sten soon realized that too. He wondered if he would demean himself by calling the boss and ask in which building the corpse was or whether he would turn in to the main office and ask there. Sten chose none of these options, instead he called Bergman and asked where they were. He got such a detailed and complex description that he had to call twice before he stood beside the corpse.

In between, he had parked the car and passed a guard at a gate.

The dead man was under a truck on the floor of a large engineering hall. It appeared to be a man with black jeans. On the upper body, he probably had a dark blue shirt. The body did not appear to be damaged. The head however, seemed to be totally mashed under one of the inner rear wheels. The floor around it was sticky and bloody, very bloody. The truck was hanging in a four column jack. The truck lift was not unlike the ones you often see in automobile repair workshops, except that the legs and especially the gap between them was much greater. The area in-between the four legs were surrounded by the police's blue striped barrier tape. Sten stood outside the tape and looked at the body. Beside him stood the constables Grönkvist and Bergman, as well as a person he guessed was a doctor. All four looked at the body.

Sten tried to think of something sensible to say, but the only thing he came up with was the kind of stuff that he probably had got from various mysteries he had read. In the lack of better he, after a moment, asked:

- When did you get here?

- Five of seven, Grönkvist answered.

- What did you do then?

- We set up the stripe of course, and then we called for backup, Why, have we done something wrong?

- No, but have you done anything else?

- We took the name of the man who showed us here. What should we do now?

- I'll take some pictures. Do you think that it is an accident?

- It would be if there were errors on the lift, said Bergman. But why would he even have his head under a wheel?

Sten became a little excited by the thought that perhaps this was the beginning of something other than an investigation of a workplace accident, maybe a murder investigation. Then he took out the camera and zoomed in the head. All the details stood out so clearly that he was feeling a little ill. He closed his eyes and pushed the trigger. Then he hastened to document the body, the wheel, the truck and the premises in general.

- Can we lift up the truck now, so I can examine the man? The doctor asked rather impatiently.
- Sure, how do you do it?

Grönkvist walked up to one of the pillars. He found a box with three buttons above the other. At the top there was a keyhole with a key in. The middle button was big and red. It was clearly an emergency stop button.

- Wait, screamed Sten, there might be some footprints or fingerprints there.
- What, you think it's a murder or something? Haven't you a little too much imagination. Just because you happened to stumble on two homicide investigations it's actually still not usual.
- Well, you never know, it seems like a rather strange accident, don't you think?
- Okay, we put barrier tape around the area with these buttons, but I've already been there once with barrier tape, just so you know.
- However, we have to fucking lift the truck. Objected the doctor.
- I can stand at a distance pushing with this rod lying here on the floor.
- Damn, do not touch it, said Sten. Maybe it's very important information on the rod there. He might have done suicide.
- It's called committing suicide. Enlightened the doctor in a serious way.
- Thanks! Sten responded visibly irritated.

Sten took a lot of photographs on the rod and the control panel. Then Grönkvist tried, with a long, to press the top button that was marked with an upward pointing arrow. Eventually the truck began to move slowly upward.

It was now quite a few people in the workshop. None of them appeared, as far as Sten could see, to be working. They stood in silence around them and stared at the truck and the dead man.

Sten tried to ignore it, instead he concentrated on photographing the body and the area around it. The memory in the camera ran out, so Sten told the doctor that he was ready.

Then he went up to one of the spectators and asked him if he knew who the dead man was. The man replied with a hum sound that Sten did not understand, but another one almost shouted:

- Örjan Svensson, he works, I mean worked in the installation lab.

Sten turned to the one who shouted and asked him for more information. Information he assumed could be valuable. As what is the installation lab, and who is boss there. The requested was about to answer when a tall man in a suit came rushing, so he just nodded to him and said:

- There is Örjan's boss, ask him.

That he was some kind of boss was obvious. He went straight up to the Sten, holding out his hand while introducing himself. Sten asked if they could go somewhere and talk and the boss led him, through a series of corridors and stairs, to a fairly large office. They sat opposite each other at a round table and the boss folded his hands.

- What do you want to know?
- Are you his boss?
- Yes, I'm his immediate supervisor, in addition there are the more managers higher up in the organization.
- What do you think spontaneously about what has happened?

The boss stretched and changed setting of the muscles in his face in a way that made Sten come to think about when he was a kid and his father was about to scold him for something.

- We have a very good safety culture here at the truck plant. For example, we recently installed automatic fire doors to each compartment!

- That sounds fine, but what do you think about this.

- He was a bit difficult, the good Örjan. He looked even more serious, and in addition he leaned against Sten, as if someone could hear them. Moreover, he almost whispered, though the door was closed.

- He was probably a bit lonely and I do not understand what he was doing under the lift. In addition, it must have happened long after everyone had gone home and after the guard had done his round. I really do not understand how it could happen, that it could be an accident, I mean.

- Has he been acting strange lately?

- He has probably always been a little special, at least as long as I've known him and those who known him even longer says that he has always been like that, though it's possible that it has gotten worse recently. I handle mostly administrative and technical matters.
- Sten's cell phone rang, it was Fredrik who wondered if he would come along to lunch. They met at their new favorite restaurant, The Greek grill bar where they ate their new favorite dishes souvlaki and moussaka. Sten described what he had observed and Fredrik agreed that perhaps it was not an ordinary accident.
- Have the Labour Inspectorate been there?
- What, do they have something to do with it as well?
- Yes, don't you know that?
- Okay, I'll call them later, but then perhaps we should secure fingerprints on those buttons as fast as possible before some labor inspector begins to touch them.
- We probably need his fingerprints too, huh? What will you do first? Do you want me to help you by the way?
- Yes please. The main thing is to get the prints on the buttons, if there are any, then we go to the hospital.
- Do you know if your girl is dissecting him?
- No, but they're just two pathologists, so that's likely.
- What about her? Should you not have children? You've been together for years now?
- I do not know, we'll see.

They drove the car to a gate with a big sign saying "The lab gate". The guard waved at them and the gate was opened. At the truck lift Sten opened the bag he was carrying. The bag was labeled fingerprint equipment. Sten stared down at the contents, and after a while he decides to take a spray can, lifted it up and examined its label.

- Do you know how it works, he asked, looking at Fredrik.
- You press the button on the top.
- That I got too, but how far distance should you keep it and how much should I spray?
- Haven't you done that before?
- Nah only on the course, have you made in reality at some point?
- No, and I had such a hangover on the course after that whiskey test we had the night before.
- Me too, so then we'll have to take a chance.
- Let's start with something less important, such as the up button, suggested Fredrik.
- Sten sprayed a while on the up button. For safety's sake, he sprayed from slightly different distances. Then they decided to wait a while until the liquid was evaporated, before Fredrik brushed away the powder that was not stuck in the grease from the fingerprints which hopefully were there when they pushed a tape strip on it. It seemed to be no pattern, there was only one black unevenly dispersed powder that disappeared completely when Fredrik brushed.
- We did maybe wrong or what do you think Freddie? Let's try that first I put a fingerprint somewhere.

Sten pressed his thumb firmly on the column. They waited a few minutes before Sten sprayed in the same way as before. When Fredrik brushed this time a clear black fingerprint appeared.

- Damn! Exclaimed Fredrik. It is you who have done it.

The silent spectator crowd around them, which had now been reduced to a handful, laughed loudly. The two policemen tried not to take any notice of this. Instead, they repeated the spraying on the down button. However, there were no fingerprints on the down button either. So they went on and checked the rod with an ultraviolet lamp. Several fingerprint-like marks appeared on it. Therefore they used almost a whole bag of fingerprint papers because they had learned to just tape a fingerprint on each paper.

On each of them Fredrik wrote, with a ballpoint pen, "fingerprints on iron rod in the truck factory."

Then they turned the rod and placed it on the bag to prevent it from getting dusty. It went as usual when cylindrical objects are placed on not perfectly flat surface.

The rod rolled down on the floor with a strong noise. The two policemen looked angry and paralyzed on the rod that rolled along the floor and stopped a few meters away.

- Damn Stene, we take it with us instead.

Sten felt so embarrassed that he just wanted to leave. He nodded therefore severely to Fredrik, packed the equipment in the bag, got the rod and walked quickly towards the exit.

On the way to the hospital Sten phoned his girlfriend and asked if she was working on a corpse from the truck plant.

- Nah, that's probably Stig who has taken care of it. Personally, I had to go to the emergency department. I cannot talk more now I'm about to sew a guy.

- Why did you answer the phone then.

- You know that when it rings on my mobile it's private and then it might be important, now, for example, when you call.

- Could you call back later?

- Sure, kiss!

Sten phoned the hospital switchboard and asked to be connected to Stig Gottman.

Gottman responded and when Sten introduced himself, he asked if it was Elin's boyfriend who was on the other end of the wire.

- I'm calling wireless, but I'm together with Elin. Have you dug into a Örjan from the truck factory yet?

- Yes, I am doing it now, what do you really want to know?

- What did he die of to begin with?

- I'm not sure about that yet, but he has severe injuries in his head.

- I know, but we wonder if he's been the victim of violence prior to the injury, or if he had been drugged and someone placed him under the truck.

- I'll look into it, do you want something more or can I continue with my work, the phone gets so disgustingly bloody when I hold it.

- Just one more thing, could we take his fingerprints now?

- Sure just come and do it, goodbye.

Once they were inside the autopsy room, they noted that the pathologist probably had joked, since the phone was not bloody at all.

A brief comparison of the prints showed that Örjan probably had not held the rod, at least not with his fingertips or he had held it with gloves or some other protection on the fingers. After this work and a long coffee break as well as a short surf on the Internet, Sten went home.

Next morning there was an email from Stig Gottman in Sten's inbox. The email described the results of the examination of Öljans body. In summary Gottman had not found anything to suggest other violence than what was produced by the truck. However, it could be that he had some kind of drug in his body, but about that he would return. After reading this mail and some others who had arrived the previous day, Sten went to a meeting.

The meeting was in a conference room and it would, according to the invitation be about how the work in the detectives department could be improved.

It was certainly seriously meant by the boss that they should develop their business. Maybe it was something he had got from the top. Or he had participated in a course in the subject Sten and Fredrik speculated while they waited for him. The meeting became quite farcical. Fredrik in particular, but also Sten and Anette Karlberg threw up a whole host of suggestions on how they could increase the police's income. The manager, tried to grab the initiative through banging in the table while saying:

- Our goal is hell not to make money, we are going to prevent crime. We will develop the business so that we prevent more crimes.

All sat for a while as question marks, then the creativity got on again.

- More cops, said Fredrik.

- More prisons, said Anette.

- Can't we send a questionnaire to the criminals and ask why they commit crimes, suggested Sten.
- It's already coming, they have developed a questionnaire at the headquarters, which they are testing in Stockholm.
- Is it true? Sten said. I was just joking. What is the expected response?
- I do not know, I have not seen it. But the headquarters require that all districts write an action plan for how to reduce the criminality.
- Could we not reduce the number of offenses for the crimes committed, suggested Fredrik. I mean if instead of writing that someone has been beaten and robbed we write just beaten. Sten latched onto:
- It's brilliant, we could reduce the number of crimes radically.

Despite Sten and Fredrik's enthusiasm the boss was completely indifferent to the proposal. The meeting continued for a while, but without coming up with more radical approaches to bring down crime in Södertälje. The manager summarized the meeting with the decision that Sten should develop a proposal on a Södertälje Customized survey questionnaire about why criminals commit crimes. After the meeting, Sten called the number inquiry to get the number of the Labour Inspectorate in Stockholm, but they found no number. Not anywhere else in Sweden either. After doing a manual survey through walking around and ask all colleagues he met, he worked on the theory that they had been renamed the Work Environment Inspectorate. This new theory proved to be correct and he got connected to their office in Solna. He described his arrend to the operator who connected him to the person who apparently was responsible for the inspections in the truck factory. He listened to Sten's statement and said then that he had already heard about the event on the radio and actually was going to go there himself to investigate. They agreed that he would call Sten as soon as he got a hold of the chief safety officer at the factory and had made up of a time with him. He called half an hour later and said they would meet him one and a half hours later at the lab door. Now, however, Sten then had to attend a meeting concerning EU-adaption, since according to the boss it was mandatory for all the detectives.

- It's okay, said work environment inspector. We perhaps don't investigate quite the same things. We'll look more on things such as if the lift was inspected and if they have had adequate procedures in place to prevent these things from happening.

Sten did not really understand what the inspector said, but he was quite happy about not having to go out to the truck plant again.

His family

Sten rang the doorbell. After a while, it was opened, and behind it was a pretty big woman who was perhaps in her sixties. Her eyes were red from crying.

- The police? She said questioningly.

- That's right, can we come in?

She moved backwards, turned around and escorted them to the living room.

- You do not need to take off your shoes, we can sit in the living room, in the sofa perhaps.

She pointed to a sofa. She sat in an armchair and looked questioningly at them. They looked back at her, but no one said anything. In the end, however, Fredrik broke the silence by saying:

- Terribly sad this..

- Yes terribly sad. Sten filled in.

- Incredibly, the woman said.

- I do not understand, what he would do under the truck, the woman continued.

- No, it does not seem to be anyone who understands that. Do you have anything to tell?

- No, what would that be? That's an accident isn't it?

- Sorry, I mean when would your husband come home, when did you find out what happened, has he been strange in any way lately?

- Strange, no I do not know, he has probably always been a bit special, I think.

- How? Asked Sten.

- We met at a dance in Gnesta 1969. He stood in a corner of the dance floor and looking lonely. I stood in another corner. I looked at him all I could. He knew that I looked at him, but he dared not look back. In the end I went up. I could barely walk since my legs shook so much, but eventually I came. Then she fell into silence again.

Sten and Fredrik looked at each other. Sten thought that this could probably derail, but it's good that the woman keeps talking. It felt as if Fredrik was thinking the same thing, for he nodded and asked:

- What happened?

- I said hello and then he also said hello, then we said no more.

No one said anything now either. Only after several minutes Sten said.

- Then you got married you had a child and moved here?

- Yes, exactly, though I actually became pregnant before we got married.

- In what way was he a bit special?

- He did not say much, no that one could hear anyway. He mostly mumbled things. I never quite understood what he mumbled. It was so disjointed. It was just kind of words without contexts. But he was awfully nice. He always did as you told him. Life becomes more difficult now that he is gone.

- Did he have any interests? Any hobby or so?

- Cars, he loved cars. He subscribed on several automotive magazines and he saw all the programs about cars on TV.

- did he have real cars as well?

- Yes, he had a very nice Amazon that he handled meticulously. Then he crashed with it and it was just scrap.

- But, he bought another car then?

- No, it was so terrible that accident?

- Why?

- Yes, he had such a violent headache after that and also he lost his license.

The woman began to cry. First gently and then so heavily that neither Sten nor Fredrik dared to remain and listen.

They went back to the police station and looked up the dead man in the records.

He had only been in contact with the law once before. It was regarding a traffic accident on the road leading from his workplace to Södertälje. It happened a little over a year ago, in the winter.

He had been traveling north on the road in an Volvo Amazon. For unknown reasons, he had come across to the wrong side of the road and collided head-on with a truck. The Amazon had been pushed back while it was turned so that the back end blocked the second lane. A red BMW had collided with the Amazon's rear. The driver of the BMW, was thrown out of the car and landed on the Amazon. The driver of the car, a twenty-seven year old man, by the name of Stefan Gärdemo was damaged heavily and he was now almost completely paralyzed. Stefan Gärdemo had not used a seat belt. Örjan Svensson had severe abrasions on the head, three broken ribs and probably a whiplash injury. The driver of the truck had no external injuries but pain in his chest. He, as well as Örjan Svensson had used seat belts. Örjan had in the district court been sentenced for reckless driving so his license was revoked for one year and furthermore he got 50 day fines of 100 crowns each.

- Damn lenient sentence, said Fredrik.

- I agree, that was clumsy as hell, I can imagine that this Stefan was not so happy.

- Though he had never done anything before, so I guess they were forgiving at the court.

- Probably.

- Okay, what do we get out of this?

- I think I sense a suicide here.

- Sense! It's clear as a bell, besides if that Stefan Gärdemo have hired someone to kill him.

- It is also a possibility, he at least has a motive.

Stefan Gärdemo

Sten called directory assistance and asked for Stefan Gärdemo. After trying Eniro and for safety's sake even some other number information services he could conclude that Stefan Gärdemo had no phone number registered in his name. When he looked in the criminal records, he learned that Stefan had committed at least ten crimes, mostly before and two after the accident. Of the crimes he had been convicted for before the accident, three were traffic-related, three were burglaries and two were beatings. The two crimes after the accident were both about selling small amounts of narcotics. He felt strengthened by the fact that Gärdemo was officially regarded as a criminal and thus a grateful victim for deeper scrutiny. Unlike people who have not yet received the label and therefore feel so damn offended just because you hear them. After that strengthening understanding he went ahead with the tax authorities that gave him Gärdemo's official address and income. The official address was a street in Södertälje harbor and the official income consisted solely of sickness benefit from the Social Insurance Agency. He took out a note book and began to summarize what he had found, but when he reached the address he stopped. Why am I doing this, he thought, it's like that I suspect him just because he has sold a little dope and lives on sick leave money. Thus he tore the page in the note book and went to Fredrik.

- Can't we go and shoot a bit or something, I feel I need a little break.

- It would be fun, but I don't have time. Can't we take it later.

Sten went back to his room without saying anything more. Now he felt despondent for real. It might help with a little surfing on the Internet, he thought, and clicked on its icon on the computer screen. He began as usual to check out the news on Dagens Nyheter's website. Then he went on to its economy pages. He looked at stock prices and above all on how it went for Ericsson today. His mood was further reduced when he realized that Ericsson fell that day, too. Just today, his investment has fallen by at least five hundred crowns in value. For at least the thousandth time, he promised himself never to follow Expressen's investment advices again. He surfed through to the DN-residence part and searched for a small villa in the Södertälje area. Among the at least twenty villas which he had got a hit on several times in the past, it had now appeared two new items, one which seemed very interesting. He printed the description, emailed the real estate dealer for a more detailed one, and then he called Elin. Elin was now not as excited as Sten had hoped. It sounded more like she just wanted to end the conversation, but they came anyway to the decision that they look at the house the house in the evening after dinner. Strange, he thought as he hangs up, sometimes she wants very much that we have children, buy a house and all that, but sometimes it seems as if she almost wants to get rid of me. He decided to take it up with her in the evening. She would probably appreciate it, since she often used to complain about that he never says anything. Just goes around in silence. Sten spent the rest of the time until lunch thinking about how he would express himself. He was so focused on this that the clock was close to twelve when went into Fredrik to ask if they would go out and eat. Now, Fredrik was no longer in his room so Sten took a lap around the hall to see if there was any other hungry person that does not use to have a lunchbox with him. However, the premises were empty, so he had to eat by himself.

Even after lunch and well into the afternoon, Fredrik was gone, so Sten went in to Anders and asked if he had time to come along to a suspected person for an interrogation.

- What, do you already have a suspect and what is he suspected for?

- Okay then, he is not exactly a suspect yet, but I still think that we should perhaps check him up. He is a criminal. Sten told what they knew while Anders put on his jacket and changed from slippers to walking shoes.

The house in which the possibly suspect had his official address was a common Swedish suburb house in brown stucco with two entrances.

It was not written Gärdemo on the plate with the flat holder's last name, as in the usual way, was set up in the entrance. They went up the stairs and checked the names on the doors.

It was no "Gärdemo" on any of the doors either.

- We do manual search, said Anders and rang the door that was furthest away on the top floor. On the second floor a door opened when they rang the bell. A little old woman looked out from behind the half-open door. Anders, who was on his way down the stairs to the ground floor where the Sten was, turned and apologized and said he had rang the wrong door.

- That's strange, 'said the old woman. You've called on all the doors in this house, what do you really want, should I call the police?

Anders turned now in his whole body, and went forward to her. He thought that if this was now the only person at home at this time of day, he might have to ask her, so that they did not come back completely unsuccessfully. Thus, he asked if she knew anyone named Stefan Gärdemo. She did not.

- He is handicapped in some way, maybe he is in a wheelchair and he should live here.

- Well, then it must be on the ground floor, here's no elevator. It could probably be so, it comes a boy here sometimes, he has crutches.

- Does it, which door he usually enter then, has he keys or does he ring on the doorbell?

The old woman looked at him suspiciously.

- Why would I answer that, who are you.

They were now two because Sten stood beside Anders.

Anders was considering whether he should tell her that they were police or if he should not answer, or lie.

- Well you I remember, said the woman, pointing at Sten. They wrote about you in the local newspaper, you're a cop. You certainly had captured the creepy type who killed my niece's best friend a few years ago. Come in, by all means.

She opened the door wide and let them in.

- Oh, you are policemen. But I will not ask what you are here for. I understand so well that you have to have your secrets.

- That's right, 'said Anders. He waited until Sten had closed the door behind them, then he continued by repeating the same question he asked earlier?

- He rings the doorbell I think. Yes I have seen it myself, by the way, when I have come after him through the entrance.

- Which door is it?

- It is little Anita Svensson. He probably lived there when I think about it, because it was written Gärdemo on a note on the door before. He seems to be a little suspicious that fellow and I have heard a lot from that apartment over the years.

- What is it that you have heard? Asked Sten.

- screams and stuff. I think they fight quite often when they meet. He use to sound mad and she to sound sad.

- Does she live in the apartment below you.

- Yes, that's right, and you can hear a lot through these walls. Then, I think he does drugs too, because it seems like it.

They did not get more out of the conversation except coffee and the information that little Anita would come home just after six in the evening. After that Anders suggested that they should test shoot his new revolver to kill time until the clock got six. Sten thought it sounded like a good idea, so he called Elin and told that he would be late while they went home to Anders to retrieve his gun. Sten had never been at Anders before, but he knew he lived somewhere near Trosa.

They entered Anders kitchen and he took out a loaf and threw it on the table. It bounced so hard that Sten understod that it was not exactly baked the same day. Anders then went to the fridge and took out the butter, liver pâté, cucumber, cheese and ham.

- Would you like some sandwiches?

Sten hesitated as he discreetly tried to see the baking date of the loaf. He was also quite hesitant about the liver pâté. It was one of those spreadable liver pâtés, which Sten indeed liked, since it's consumable only one week after opening and this specimen appeared to have a poorly sealed lid. At the same time he knew that he would soon be hungry and that would be troublesome if they would have to go and eat just because of that. Moreover, he did not want to be rude to Anders. He hesitated, however, so long that Anders finally asked if he would rather have crisp bread.

Sten puffed out quietly and said:

- Gladly, I actually prefer crisp bread, for the stomach.

- Want a beer? Anders looked questioningly at Sten while he took out two cans of beer. By the way, we have caviar as well. I do not like caviar, it's my wife who eats it, so I usually do not take it out.

Sten jumped at it there with caviar and he made five caviar sandwiches. Anders took a pair of scissors from a kitchen drawer.

- Wait, he said and walked out of the house and came back a moment later with a bunch of chives.

- Here, my wife usually have chives on her caviar sandwiches.

They ate for a while without saying anything, but Sten kept thinking that he should take the opportunity to ask a little bit about Anders. He started a little hesitantly to ask what his wife was called and continued with questions about her age, how old his childrens were and so on. Anders replied cheerfully and even took out some photos and showed. After the meal they made a tour around the house which ended at a metal cabinet in the basement. Anders unlocked it and then stepped aside so that Sten could see the interior. To the right three rifles were strapped. Two of them were just ordinary weapons in an ordinary Swedish weapon cabinet, that is a fairly new big rifle and a little older beautiful double barreled shotgun. The third gun, however, was a pump shotgun with a sawn-off pipe. Sten pointed to it and said impressed:

- Are these really allowed, how did you get it?

- Guess, 'he replied, smiling slyly.

In the middle of the cabinet two revolvers hung in their holsters and over them hung a police gun of the old model that was retracted a few years ago.

- Did you forget to submit yours?

- Type, said Anders. You can hold them if you want.

Anders took out a gun at a time and gave it to Sten. It felt, reflected Sten, like when he was little and came home to a friend who showed his finest toy cars or any other treasure. After having admired the guns a while Anders took a box of cartridges and the two revolvers and their holsters.

- By the way, do you want to try some magnum ammo? He said while he locked up again and took another box of cartridges. They shot up two boxes under less than half an hour and Sten felt pretty shaky afterwards.

When they again stood outside what they previously thought was Gärdemo's home the clock had to be pretty close to eight. The light was on in almost all the apartments now. They went in, rang on Anita's door and heard someone rushed towards it. She seemed very surprised.

- Hello. Did the men say at the same time that they began to dig for their IDs.

But, that was apparently not necessary, as she instead of hello said:

- The police? I haven't done anything, what do you want from me?

She looked so guilty that Sten got embarrassed and looked down at the floor. Anders however went on and said:

- We are not so sure about that, let us in so we can discuss the matter.

She got a little redder in her face and her hand trembled slightly as she let go of the door handle and moved away so that they could get into the apartment.

She went before them into the kitchen and sat down on a chair.

- We know a lot about you. Anders said as he stared fixedly and gravely at her. Sten tried also to stare fixedly and seriously as he wondered what it was that Anders knew. He guessed quietly that it probably was just a trick that Anders usually use to obtain information. They sat there a pretty good while without saying anything. Anita looked pained, but said nothing.

Finally Anders asked:

- Where is Stefan Gärdemo?

She seemed to relax a little and looked down at her stomach.

- I do not know.

- Give us his cell phone number.

She got up, went out in the living room and came back with a mobile phone. She leafed through it. After a while she read a phone number that Sten, in the lack of a pen and paper, typed in his phone.

They continued to sit quietly for a few more minutes, until Anders loudly asked:

- Where is Stefan?

- In his summer cottage, I guess. She looked away as she said it. It sounded like she was crying.

- Where is it?

She described, perhaps somewhat sobbing, the road and the house. Anders turned to Sten.

- Lets go to the living room.

- You Sten if we go to the summer home, she will of course be able to warn Stefan, don't you agree?

- Yes.

- Thus, one of us should sit with her so that she cannot warn him.

Sten nodded and Anders went off to the car.

Sten, on the other hand, went back into the kitchen.

She looked relieved that Anders went and did not seem to be particularly annoyed about that Sten remained.

- I'm sorry, he's a bit tough sometimes, Anders.

She smiled and Sten smiled back. Actually Anita was pretty cute. They chatted about everything and after a while they realized that they went to the same school as children's, though she went five classes under him. Sten felt actually a bit horny on her. She took out two beers and suggested that they should sit on the couch. She sat quite close to him and he suspected that she might be a little horny too. But it did not happen anymore because Sten's cell phone rang. It was Anders who said he found Stefan and Sten must tear himself from the girl and get there. Sten stood up and walked toward the front door.

- Please come back any time!

She smiled and Sten turned to her while smiling back, though he could not think of anything to say. Once out, he took out the phone and phoned for a taxi while he went against the commuter train station. The taxi drove him out on the country side almost to Mörkö. It turned into a summer cottage area and stopped at a little red house.

- Here it is. Said the driver, as he nodded towards it. The taxi driver wrote out the receipt for the taxi trip before Sten had said that he could add 17 SEK in tip. He gave him a tip anyway, but it angered him a little not being able to charge the cost as travel expenses. The house looked pretty cozy and it was tidy. It did not look like it lived a thief there.

So Sten assumed, prejudiced as he is, that Stefan's parents owned the house. He walked up to the entrance and knocked.

After a while a person opened, who Sten immediately understood was Stefan Gärdemo, this because he relied on a pair of crutches. Besides the crutches he looked pretty healthy and his appearance did not correspond at all with Sten's image of a typical petty thief.

Of course Sten know that thieves can look different, that he had learned back in the police academy. When Stefan opened his mouth, it appeared, however, very clear that he was not fond of cops. But he at least let Sten in and went ahead into the room where Anders sat.

Stefan then went on for a long time about how bad he felt, and that it is too damn unfair that the police can't leave a poor crippled man like him, alone. Sten saw on Anders that this was at least the second time he heard about all the injustices Stefan suffered from.

They listened a moment, then Anders stood up and said:

- We know that you are selling drugs and also it says in our paper that you are wheelchair bound, but you can fuckin walk. I think I can imagine that you can handle yourself without the crutches too. You should fucking work instead of living on sick leave wages.

Stefan was so pissed off that he got up and took a few steps towards Anders. Anders smiled scornfully.

- What did I tell you.

- I cannot fucking walk, besides, I have fucking pain. I eat a lot of painkillers.

- Where do you get them from then?

- It's none of your business. Get the hell out of here, you have nothing to do here.

- We intend to take a look at this house, whether you like it or not.

So they did. Anders walked around and looked and Sten followed behind. The house was quite small and consisted of a ground floor with hall, kitchen and living room and a staircase leading to an attic which they had not yet seen. The living room did not seem to contain anything exciting, so they began to search the kitchen. Stefan followed them and watched silently how they pulled out drawers and opened cupboards. Sten pretended not to look at him, but all the time he glanced in his direction to see how he reacted. He did not react at all. It looked as if he was thinking about something else. After a while he left them in the kitchen and Sten heard him go upstairs. Anders signed to Sten that he should follow him in a couple of minutes, while Anders started making as much noise as he could by moving around the pots and pans.

Sten took off his shoes and tiptoed up the stairs. When he got as high up the staircase that he could see the rooms above, he saw that Stefan was doing something inside the room to the left. He turned, however, before Sten had gone into it. When he saw Sten he put a hand over what he fiddled with, which did not directly reduced Sten's curiosity. Sten immediately rushed there and saw that in Stefan's hand loomed a number of needles in their original packages and ditto syringes.

- What are you doing then? Sten said loudly so that Anders could hear.

- I just clean up a bit.

- What clean up a bit? Now you sit on the bed so I take a look at this.

Sten heard Anders rushing up the stairs. Stefan obeyed, though he was pissed.

Anders and Sten went carefully through the small room and they found that a floor plank was picked away. In the double floor lay a number of syringes and a lot of medication packages. Sten turned to Stefan and asked.

- Were you hiding the goods here when I came in?

- What goods, that's my medication.

- You do well not fucking use syringes to take medicine huh, Anders said angrily.

- Yes, they works better then.

- What does?

Anders held up one of the packages and read loudly:

- One tablet to be taken morning and evening or when needed to a maximum of four tablets a day and a maximum of one tablet every two hours. It says nothing about any syringe here.

Anders held up a different sort and read something similar.

- How many of these you take per day? Anders said, holding up a third package. You must have several years consumption here.

- I have terrible pain, I take at least six or seven a day.

- It is fuckin up to four a day. So you can't do. Do you drive? He asked then.

- Yes why not? I have a driving license.

- It's fucking a triangle on these pills, on all of them. You are under the influence of drugs while driving, you're a traffic hazard!

Now Stefan was a lot less aggressive. It's probably sensitive to him that about driving, Sten thought.

- Yes, but I take them only at night, he corrected after thinking for a moment.

- What the hell, do you take seven Rohypnol plus a lot of other things before going to bed. You should have been dead long ago.

Sten sorted up all medications in piles after type. He controlled the pharmacy label on each package and he could see that everything was on prescript to Stefan Gärdemo. Then he made a list of the medicine, the number of packages and the doctors who had prescribed them.

After a while, Sten and Anders felt they had examined the house enough.

They stood up to go, but then Sten remembered that he should take Gärdemo's fingerprints.

- We will take your fingerprints as well, it is a pure matter of routine.

He took out a form and stamp pad. Then he wrote down Gärdemo's personal data on the form, while he once again tried to look if Stefan got upset. But it did not seem like that. They left the house and went to the car.

- Suspicious type. Anders concluded.

- Sure, it's quite obvious that he sells drugs. Do you think we should take him in?

- I like to, it's too damn bad if he keep on driving high as a skyscraper.

Their conversation ended. Sten felt tired and probably Anders did too. It seemed so anyway.

Anders drove Sten to the police station. Sten took his car and drove home. At home Elin waited, quite angry since he did not say he'd be late. Now it is too late to look at the house together. I did say I would be late Sten replied, but he never said what he had planned to say to her.

The day after Sten compared Gärdemo's fingerprints with those on the rod. There were no similarities at all.

Sten's desktop phone rang, it was the boss who wanted him to get into his room.

- How's it going? He asked before Sten even had time to sit down. What do you do?

- I keep on investigating this death in the truck factory.

- Well, is it something to investigate? Is not that a job for the Work Environment Inspectorate? That's a work accident isn't it?

- But it was you who sent me there.

- Well, I was thinking of it more as a formality, we have to show them there at the truck factory that they get little for all the money they plow down here in Södertälje.

- Yes, but the police are governmental.

- Fuck the same, you've come up with something interesting?

Sten talked about how it looked on the site of the incident. He fetched the photos he had printed and described how the lift worked. He was particularly eager that the manager would look at a picture of the column with the controls and the iron rod lying beside it.

- Here you can see an iron rod that for some reason laid next to the column. If you lean it against the down button it should go down.

- Have you tried?

- No, but I'll do it.

- If it works, it suggests a suicide.

- Yes, but it's a little strange because we have not found his fingerprints on the rod.

- Was he wearing gloves?

- Nah.

- A cloth in his hand?

- Nah.

- Was there any cloth between him and spit?

- Nah.

- Okay, what else do you got?

- He crashed a couple of years ago with a criminal guy in a very clumsy manner. The guy was disabled by the crash. We have evidence that he is doing drugs nowadays.

- But what has that to do with this?

- The dead might have had some kind of drug in the body when he died.
- The manager now looked quite irritated, he sighed a few times before he asked:
- Why do you think so?
 - The autopsy doctor suspected that it could be so.
 - Was it your girlfriend?
 - No it was not, and what would it have to do with this?
 - Nothing, but what has he said then?
 - That he might have something in the body, they are waiting for test results.
 - It's something calming one could assume then. Many people who commit suicide have got something calming in their body when they do it, you know it well too.
 - What should I do then, do you think?
 - Lay low with this case, wait for the Work Environment Inspectorate's report. But you can try it there with the rod. Give that about the drug guy to Anette, it's she who is the coordinator of drug-related crime here. I want you to grab this thing with the questionnaire. Here's the questionnaire that the headquarter has developed. Work a bit on it so that it suits us here in Södertälje and consider how we should reach the criminals.
- Sten looked at it, browsed it a bit and asked:
- What work on it? We have about the same conditions as in Stockholm?
 - Well you see that this is directed to other ethnic groups than the ones we have here. You have to add more countries of origin. Then you have to replace Norsborg with Brunnäng and so on.

The card key

A few days later there where a post-it note on Sten's desk. On the note it was written that he should contact Olof Wikström, a guard at the truck factory. Sten tried a couple of times without success. Not until the day after he got hold of him. After mutual presentations Olof explained. Sten listened and cleared his throat.

- So, if I understand it correctly, someone went through the revolving gate at the lab door 20:50 the evening when Örjan Svensson died. The person used Örjan's card and his personal code. It could maybe also have been two persons, as the card and the code were used twice. A person then a few minutes later opened one of the doors into the house where Örjan was found. Thirty minutes later the revolving gate was activated again with the same card but from the inside of the factory area.

- Right, so it happened.

- But it's absolutely huge. The pathologist says that Örjan died about that time. This strongly supports what I have said, that he was not alone. He might even be murdered, he paused in his speculations. How did you find this out?

- Someone left the card to me here in the foundry gate a couple of days ago. I called to him, Örjan, but I got no response. Then I was told that he has deceased. I thought it seemed strange that the card was found in one of the company's trash cans near the bus stop down at building 280 after he was found dead in building 106. So I checked in our computers and found this.

- But if you got the card some days ago why didn't you call then?

- You know how it is, a lot to do. I called after all, isn't that great?

- Well I'm sorry, this is probably very important. Could we meet, so that I can take this a little in detail?

- Sure, shall I come to the police station?

- No, I would like to see how it looks in your computers, with these entries and stuff. Then it would probably be good to see where the card was found and what it looks like at those gates.

- Sure, it's just to get here. I am at the foundry gate, it is located at the headquarters you could say.

- I come at once.

Half an hour later, Sten stood next to Olof Wikström and looked at a computer screen.

- Can you print this out?

- I do not know, I've never done it.

He called a colleague and all three discussed how they would do.

Eventually the colleague phoned to something that seemed to be a computer support department.

- There will be someone here in an hour to help you, 'said the colleague after he had finished the call.

Instead of waiting for the support to arrive Sten and Olof Wikström went to look at the bus stop and the lab gate. Sten test walked the distance between the building where Örjan found and the bus stop. The timetable at the bus stop was fortunately not torn away but someone had written "zippo" or something similar with a fat marker pen, which meant that it was not so easy to determine which buses that would normally leave the bus stop after half past nine on weekday evenings. It seemed to be that there was a bus to central Södertälje either 21:33 or 21:38. The next bus was not until after ten o'clock. When they came back to the guard's office, nobody had yet been there to help them with the print out, but Wikström promised to send it to him soon as possible.

Sten went back to the station and it did not happen a lot more in this case for several months.

Sten investigated other crimes. The fall came and therefore it got colder and darker. Elin got pregnant and Sten bought a new car. The latter, he did mostly because he always wanted to buy a new car, but earlier he had thought that it would not be worth it. Now he had an, as he thought, good reason. He bought an estate wagon, they would fit a pram.

What happened in the case was that Sten had four letters: two were from insurance companies, one from the truck factory and one from the Swedish Work Environment Inspectorate.

The spirit was the same in the first three letters: Has a crime been committed, it is suicide or an accident. In the fourth letter the Work Environment Inspectorate proclaimed that they failed to establish any deficiencies in the truck factory's routines and the truck lift worked flawlessly. The Work Environment Inspectorate believed that no one could be held responsible for the incident and they closed the case.

In addition, he was told by Annette that they failed to tie Stefan Gärdenmo to anything that had to do with drugs except that he had a lot of painkillers, syringes and needles prescribed by several doctors that he apparently went to in parallel. Anette suspected that he may be sold some of the drugs, but it was not so much to come up with, she thought. In addition, she had at one time seen him selling a white five-liter plastic container. After that they had made a further examination in the red house. The only thing they found then was a bunch of such plastic containers. They had, however, been empty.

Sten left the letters in the inbox for a few weeks before he went in with them to the manager.

- What should I do? It seems unbelievable that it was an accident. But nothing on or in the body suggests that he was placed there with force or that he was drugged. By the way why would anyone want to do that? It seems not to be the kind of person who is murdered. He seems to be a big wimp I think. Also that with the rod suggests that he arranged it himself.

- But you tried it there with it huh? It didn't work?

- Well, one time we got the lift to go down. He can also have tried a lot of times. The clothing was very dusty, as if he had crawled back and forth on the floor a lot of times.

- What else do we got?

- The truck factory computer showed that there were two who went in with his cards and one person walked out with it half an hour later. Then his card was found in a dust bin at a bus stop.

- As for the notion that the card was used twice at the revolving gate does not prove that they were two people, right? And as for the card at the bus stop, he may well have thrown an extra card there himself much earlier. How often do they change the dirt bags in them? Have you checked that?

- Nah, that perhaps I should do, I'll fix it. But it was someone that went out too.

- Hey, you do not need to go out for real just because you pull the card and spins the gate.

- True. Sten was a little ashamed that he had not thought about it, to top it all, it was the boss who came on to it in just a short conversation, loud he said.

- Then it hang on the card in the bin.

- Check it, we have to finish this in any way. Is there someone who could have a motive to kill him or help him to die?

- I think there might be reasons for the suicide. I mean that he seems to have been a bit bullied at work, or at least very outside. He also had some more or less constant headache and he had lost the license and his beloved car.

- I heard that he had screwed it up properly, right?

- Well I wonder if it wasn't a suicide attempt, too, although very clumsy. Then we have these insurances.

- What insurances, it was new.

Sten took out the letters and showed.

- How much do they give and who gets it.

I'll check it, but I guess it's the wife.

- It seems obvious now, the boss lit up, it's clear that his wife helped her depressed husband to die and as thanks for the help she gets a lot of money. They arranged it as an accident to get the insurance money. And this disgusting thing with the truck lift they did to get money from truck factory too.

- Well it seems pretty reasonable, but they could well have done it in some less complicated way, I mean, he could well have used electricity or something.

- It's something psychological, perhaps he wanted to punish himself with a truck as he collided with a truck, you never know what people do when they are depressed.

- Sure, I'll check this stuff, then I write a report and squeeze the widow a little harder.

- Good take her here and take help from Anders, he can probably squeeze the little lady.

Sten went into his room and sat down in his chair, thinking a little on Anita and felt his penis stiffen, so he decided to call Elin. But someone called him first. It was Olof Wikström, the security guard.

- Did you get the print out.

- Yes, thank you for your help?

- Have you found anything else?

Sten hesitated whether he would comment on this as it was against the rules, but then he thought that he could be a little fair. Telling a security guard is surely not like telling anyone. But unfortunately, he hadn't so much to tell. So he said it, that he didn't have much to tell, that is.

- Well I found one thing, said Olof.

- What?

- Well Örjan took out a new card less than a month before he died. But the one he already had would not become invalid until about a year later.

- Oh fuck, how did you get it?

- I just searched on him in our computers. Did you get the card that someone found in the trash?

- Yes, but it is in the basement now, in the storage, should I get it?

- No, you don't need to, I just thought maybe I should mention this.

- Can you see in your computer which of these cards is used? Did the old card still work after he took out the new one?

- Yes both worked and we cannot see which of them is used. It's a bit bad actually.

They finished the conversation and Sten went to Anders and asked if he could come with on an interrogation.

Half an hour later they sat at home with Örjan's wife drinking coffee. After some small talk they asked her if Örjan had any life insurance's.

- I do not know. He had insurance through the union, I guess.

- Folksam? said Sten, since he remembered that one of the insurance companies that have sent him a letter was Folksam.

- Yes, maybe. I have at least an insurance through my union and it is in Folksam.

She asked if they had come up with something about his death. She did not sound so sad, foremost dejected. They asked further but the answers did not strengthen the theory that she helped her husband to kill himself. She had not been in the workshop where Örjan was found, or ever seen a four column lift for trucks. Her answers sounded credible.

When they returned to the police station Sten went down to the evidence storage room in the basement to get Örjan's card key. It was probably the old card since it looked worn and it was valid for just another year. He searched among his notes about the case. They were completely unsorted in a plastic pouch that was so crowded that it started to crack. Instead of continuing the search he started to sort the papers in chronological order. When they were sorted, he sorted them again, but this time after what they are about. He was still unhappy with the order, so he took out a binder and a bunch of tabs, then he wrote different headlines on the tabs and put them and the documents in the folder. It was almost time to go home before when he looked at the paper he searched from the beginning. Namely the description of what Örjan was wearing and had with him when he was found. Once he found the paper he knew where the new card key was. The thing felt suddenly quite clear:

Örjan planted one card at the bus stop, used the second card twice on the way in, and once a bit later on the way out, but without leaving, and he took the rod with his shirt sleeves. All so that we would not be able to exclude other causes of death than suicide. Maybe because he thought that the insurance companies may not want to pay the premium if it apparently was a suicide, or just because it felt better for him that his death was a mystery.

The bathtub

This morning Sten came later than usual, because he had been at the dentist. He was quite happy because the dentist had not found anything except the usual tartar. Before he got into his room, he was halted by Fredrik who said that Ruth Svensson was found dead in her bathtub.

- Who the hell is Ruth Svensson, yes yes, Öljans wife.

- That's right, I'm going there and check what happened, was just waiting for you.

- We leave at once, huh? We can take my new car, you haven't seen it yet.

- Damn Skoda! But okay then.

Since Sten knew that Skoda was not so highly rated by his colleagues, he tried to make up for it by running with emergency speed out of the garage. Emergency speed, however, is nothing to recommend with new car in a tight garage so he scraped it on an iron bollards that were inappropriately positioned as a traffic divider between the up and down file. Sten stopped the car and looked sorrowfully at the scratch marks on the rear fender. Fredrik felt so sorry for his colleague that he did not even mock him. Instead, he came with a comforting suggestion.

- We pretended that it happened when it was parked, I can help to confirm that it was okay when we parked it. I promise not to tell anyone about it. You get it fixed for free then, by the Traffic Insurance Association.

- Thanks, I'll think a bit about it first.

They came after a couple of minutes to the residential area, but they could not find any parking space.

- What do we do? Should we park in front of the gate and put a business card in the front window, suggested Fredrik.

- And then risk that someone destroys the car, you mean? Then I think it is better to risk getting parking ticket and park without anything that suggests that we are cops. The ticket we can fix later.

- It's true, though this is of course not one of the police department's cars.

The parked therefore pretty legally and took the elevator to the fourth floor. The doorbell rang and a uniformed colleague opened. She showed them directly into the bathroom, but stopped them before they entered.

- Wait, should we not make a study of footprints and stuff first.

- What, have it not been people inside here after she was found?

- Well it has, but why should you go in there?

- Okay, have someone called any technicians.

- Nah.

Fredrik picked up the phone and called the police station on Kungsholmen in Stockholm. While Sten stood on the threshold of the bathroom looking at the woman in the bathtub. She looked about like when he met her the last time, but now she was naked. She lay with her head turned away and resting on the edge of the bathtub. When he thought more about it, she looked not so fat as the last time he saw her. Maybe it was because the body floated out in the tub or if maybe it was something with the breaking of the light in the water that made her slimmer. In the woman's womb there was a hair dryer. The hair dryer was connected to an extension cord that in its turn was connected to a socket in the hallway. Sten began to walk around to take a closer look at the apartment. It seemed to him rather dull. Not that he cared so much, but it seemed boring even for him, that did not care so much. After quite a few steps he was in the living room. In the living room there were, as before, a sofa and an armchair. In the chair sat a woman. The woman sat stiffly and staring, as if she was apathetic.

- Hey, you are her daughter, huh?

- Yes, I am.

Sten walked up and gave her his hand.

- Sten is my name.

- Gunilla, she replied as she lamely took his hand.

Sten quickly assessed her appearance and came to the conclusion that he would definitely not want to date her. She seemed indeed to be in an appropriate age, but way too fat. In addition, she wore big glasses and she had big lips that were not inviting to kiss. He sat down on the couch and looked at her. She smiled a little embarrassed and looked down at the floor.

- Was it you who found her?

- Yes.

- Now this morning?

- Yes.

- Why did you come here?

- Mom called last night and asked me to come, because she wanted to talk about something.

- What?

- Do not know, we can take it in the morning, she said.

- Don't you work?

Now she looked so offended that Sten regretted the question and added:

- Yes, I mean that you maybe had a day off or something?

- Yes, exactly. She looked a bit happier again.

Sten tried to think of something compassionate to say, that also might be an opening to get her to talk about things that might be important, so he figured out one, in his opinion, participating and simultaneously opening question:

- It must be very hard for you this with mom and dad?

She did not appear that very impressed. She looked down at the carpet and said quietly:

- Yes.

- You have no siblings?

- Nah.

- Husband, boyfriend?

- Nah.

- Children?

- Two.

- Guys?

- A girl and a guy.

The answers came quickly and mechanically. They continued this short sentenced question and answer session for a while without Sten really cared so much about what she answered. After a while Sten came on to a question whose answer he actually was interested in:

- Whose death is the hardest? Mom's or Dad's?

Now, she hesitated and hid her face in her hands and Sten heard her cry. He suspected that she said: "Dad." Sten felt bad. He sat quietly and wondered if he should do something. Take a handkerchief or so. As they usually do in the movies, he thought. But he had no handkerchief, and also it seemed quite disgusting to give someone a used handkerchief to rub the face with. He looked around a bit more in the room. The living room had windows all along the short side. In the windows there were a few flower pots. Not so many, just a few. Sten did not know much about flowers. He had only a few cacti, the rest of their flowers belonged to Elin. But something that he thought he knew was that when he was there last time, it was more flowers.

He looked at the walls and saw that there where paintings missing. There were two paintings on the wall opposite to the windows. On the wall with the TV there was however no painting. But there were two nails scattered between the TV bookcase and the windows. Around the nails was a tawny frame of dirt that illustrated the size of the paintings that had hung there. Sten could not remember if it hung paintings there when he was in the apartment before, but it meant strictly nothing. On the opposite wall behind Sten. Hung two paintings: one that depicted a mountain landscape, and one with the houses down at the folding bridge in the center. Not far from it was another empty nail. After he had pondered about this for a moment he asked her what had happened to the pictures.

She replied vaguely in a crying attack that she did not know. Fredrik came into the room with a camera in hand. Sten took him into the kitchen and told him about his observation.

- I can also not remember if there were more pictures when we were here before. If it was, maybe it means something.

- We should shoot the spots, then we ask her about that with the pictures.

- Doesn't she appear to be a little too upset to have to discuss some damn paintings?

- Sure, we have to take it some other time.

It took a while for the technicians to arrive from Stockholm. Fredrik had time to fill the camera's memory card with all sorts of pictures of the apartment. But when the engineers finally came, they did not waste any time. They used the ultra violet lamp for a while and then they sprayed around, in Sten's opinion, totally wild with fingerprint spray on the floor and on the edge of the bathtub. When foot and fingerprints were copied one of them took on a glove and pulled the plug from the wall socket in the hall. Then he pulled the cord out of the tub. He held the other end of the extension cord in his hand and waved to Sten.

- Look, the hairdryer was not plugged into the connector, at least not properly.

He gave the cord to his colleague who laid it on the floor and used the lamp on it.

Then he held the hairdryer in his hands. He held it over the tub and shook it, then he put it down on the floor and asked Sten and Fredrik to follow him into the kitchen.

- Strange, he said quietly when they were out in the kitchen. I took a course in technical murder methods, where we tried to electrify water in different ways.

- Now this is the probably not a murder, said Fredrik.

- Maybe not, but what I wanted to say was that it is not so easy, since either the devices are so isolated that they can withstand water, or there is a short circuit between the connection points inside the unit, or the water does not lead the electricity and then nothing happens.

- But here when the connector was not properly plugged then? Asked Sten. Doesn't it matter in any way?

- Nah, it should then be a short circuit between the holes in the cord.

- Then the fuse blow, huh? Said Fredrik.

- That's right, we can test at once.

They walked around the apartment to look for the fuse box. The technician succeeded the best, since he was looking into the hallway where it was. When Sten came out to him in the hallway he stood and pointed at one of the fuses and said:

- There it is, and it is blown.

Fredrik, who used to be a little innovative sometimes, suggested that they should change the fuse and see what started to shine. The technician thought it made sense, and he reached for one of the plugs that were on the meter. However, it was broken, so he took the next. It was also broken, the third likewise. He reached into the package with fuses that stood beside. In the package there were three unused fuses. He unscrewed the fuse holder and changed the fuse. As screwed it in again the ceiling light in the hall and a small table lamp on a small table were lit. Additionally the ceiling light in the living room was lit. They stood for a moment and admired the lamps, then Sten said:

- It must have been evening.

- Shall we go and eat, 'said Fredrik.

- Wait, I'll be happy to join you the technician said, I just check with Bengt.

Sten looked into the bathroom where the guy named Bengt still was working with tape and paper on the fingerprints.

- Can we take her away soon?

- Sure, I'm probably done here in a minute, I know nothing more to spray. Since I guess I can take with me the cord and the hairdryer.

Sten took the cell phone and called to Elin at the hospital.

- Hi, it's me. I have a corps here, couldn't you fix someone to retrieves it, so you can take a look at her?

- What? It is your job.
 - Well, I'm hungry, by the way, it might be a bit exciting, we think she died from an electric shock.
 - What's the exciting thing about that?
 - I do not know, but it would probably be good to know how much power she has got into herself.
 - do you know anything at all about electricity?
 - Yes, why?
 - You ought to know, then, that it is not as toxins and stuff that is stored in the body, the electricity disappear directly when you turn off the power.
 - Yes, but you get more or less burned inside, huh?
 - There you are right, maybe it's a little exciting nonetheless. What is the address?
- Sten told her the address and said they would be back at the apartment in about an hour. Fredrik went to the woman in the living room:
- Do you want to stay or would you like to come with us?
 - Where, to the police station?
 - No, to eat lunch.
 - I do not think I can manage to eat something.
 - Are you still here when we come back, because we have no keys.
 - Yes.

They decided to walk until they came to a restaurant. Sten led them around for a while randomly until they stepped over a pizzeria. During lunch, they discussed the possibility of taking the life out of someone by throwing down a hair dryer in the bathtub. None of the technicians believed it was possible.

- Not if the fuse works in all cases, said Bengt.
- That's right, 'said the other.
- In addition, the fuse was blown, Sten said.
- Yes, said one technician again. Then he continued:
- The fuse maybe even was blown several times and someone had to constantly put in a new one. Maybe it was therefore it was a lot of used fuses on the fuse box.
- It feels, after all, then not as a murder, 'said Fredrik. I mean, who would wait in the tub while someone replaces the fuse.
- Is there any reason to actually believe that it would be a murder. Asked Bengt.
- No, not really, said Sten. Besides that her husband died under rather mysterious circumstances a few months ago.
- It seems surely as if it is a suicide, said Fredrik.
- It does well here too said one technician.
- Shouldn't it be water, or at least damp patches on the floor in the hall if the lady gone up to change the fuses all the time, said Fredrik as he looked expectantly at the others.
- Sure, we can check that, we should be able to measure the moisture in the parquet in the hall.
- We ought to check the fingerprints on the fuses too, said the other technician.
- Could we not test it there with the hair dryer. I mean check if the fuse blow when you put it in the water. Sten suggested.

The technicians looked at each other.

- Sure, said Bengt. It has after all been in the water so once again can't hurt.

After the meal they went back to the apartment and the two technicians did all this while Sten and Fredrik talked to her daughter.

They did not come up with much to ask her. The questions were about her parents and her childhood.

She answered briefly, almost monosyllabic, so mostly it was quiet.

After a while Sten said the word "insurance", and as he did, he looked at Fredrik.

Fredrik glared so hard at him that he understood that Fredrik thought it was best to wait to bring it up. As fast as he could, he changed the question into a statement that he hoped for her sake that her parents were insured.

Sten then hastened to ask the question he thought of throughout the questioning, the one about the paintings and the flowers. She looked pretty guilty when she answered that it probably had been more paintings on the wall.

- What did they look like?

She could not figure it out and she could not remember when they disappeared.

Suddenly they heard a bang from the hallway. All three went out to see what had happened.

They found one of the technicians in the process of replacing one of the fuses. After that he had changed the fuse he shouted to his colleague:

- Run.

There was once again small bang from the fuse box.

The technician changed the fuse again and shouted:

- I have changed now, but this is the last one.

- Then I try again. Was heard from the bathroom.

Nothing happened, the plug remained intact.

- Have you put it down. Shouted the technician towards the bathroom.

- Yes, though only part of the cord. Come in to see.

They all went into the bathroom and there was a hairdryer in the basin. Bengt was holding the cord with both hands. He held his hands wide apart and the part of the cord that hung between his hands was partly down to the basin, the basin was filled with water. Sten went closer and found that Bengt held the cord so that the contact was not completely in the water.

- Do not touch the fucking water. Shouted Bengt. It's electrified.

- How, then, how does the electricity get out of the connector?

- The hair dryer contact is not completely inserted.

Shortly after he said it he slacked the cord, probably a little involuntary, so that the whole connector fell into the water and immediately the fuse blowed. Once this was established the technicians emptied the bathtub and then took the woman's hand and footprints. The ambulance came and took her. Sten thanked the two technicians for their help and all four men left the apartment.

Sten made some phone calls surfed a bit on the net and tried in general to pass the time until the afternoon coffee break. He ended up at the same table as Anders and the boss. There were two cakes, so Sten guessed that someone had crashed a police car. The manager confirmed this and they laughed heartily at the fine old police tradition that actually works pretty well as they often gets cakes and quite often new police cars.

When the manager heard about the paintings and the flowers he more or less ordered Sten to bring Fredrik and as soon as possible rummage through the house's garbage.

Since the boss did not order people very often, or perhaps because they were ashamed a bit about not coming up with it themselves, they not even took another pieces of the cake, instead they went straight away to get their jackets.

It took a little while for them to find the garbage room. Once they find it, it was obviously locked. The daughter was no longer in the apartment, in any case, she didn't open when they rang the bell. They therefore began systematically to ring on all the other doors in the house. After nearly a dozen doors, they got a hit. An elderly man opened the door and followed them down to the garbage room and unlocked it. It was quite a large room and it smelled like garbage rooms usually do. In one corner was a steel cage with something that could be likened with a carousel. In the carousel there were garbage bags. Above this carousel culminated a big pipe. In addition, the room was largely filled with green carts above which there were signs with texts like "metal", "colored glass" and so on.

In the opposite corner of the steel cage was an area that was probably intended for bulky rubbish, anyway there were an old bed and a sofa.

They started to rummage through the green cart above which it said "Wood / combustible". Sure enough, there were three broken paintings in this.

They found, however, no broken flowers, but they guessed that they were in garbage carousel and to there it was locked. Moreover, Sten was not so keen on having a lot of earthy flowers in the car.

It did not happen much more that day. Sten put the paintings in a box and sent them to the forensic department in Stockholm. He came home before Elin, cooked spaghetti, fried two packages of bacon, succumbed, opened a bottle of wine, filled a jug with water, poured a bag of shredded cheese in a bowl that he put on the table along with a jar of coarse ground black pepper and a bottle of ketchup. The next few days Sten was waiting on results from the technicians and he did some work on a report about the case. He also worked on the survey. Actually it sounded like a pretty easy task, but he did not look forward to the testing of it so he stretches out the time by changing some wordings here and there. The manager was, however, pushing him to try it, so he went to the jail in the Hall Prison and asked the staff to pick up a thief in time for the interview. He sat thus in an interrogation room and waited for the one who sat in the first cell. The door opened and one of the guards stuck his head.

- Here comes the first!

Sten stood up stretched out his hand and said:

- Hi, I'm Sten, I'm a cop and I would like to ask you some questions.

The thief looked suspiciously at Sten, stretched, a bit doubtfully, out his hand and said:

- Stoffe.

Sten knew very well that it was Stoffe who stood before him. He also knew that Stoffe's real name was Göran. He even knew why he was called Stoffe. His buddies thought that he resembled the guy in the movie. Sten did not see much resemblance to Stoffe in the mods trilogy, except that both seemed to have lived a hard life. The Stoffe who stood before Sten was, except that he was much younger than Stoffe in the movie, very small, and he had almost no hair. But since this survey was to be answered anonymously, he wrote neither Göran or Stoffe the form. He crossed: Gender: Male, age: 25-35 years, major crime: Shoplifting and burglary, drug addict: Yes.

Sten now got the answers he had been afraid of. He had hoped that the interviewees would answer questions like: "Would you stop committing crimes if you got a job? With simple answer like "yes" or "no." But it was rather a long rant about everything, almost impossible to interpret as either yes or no. Sten became more and more frustrated. The boss had shown very good results from other precincts where almost all the thieves had said they would stop doing crime if they only got a job. When he asked the first questions he tried to actually parse the entire tirade that followed. Then he filled only yes or no depending on what he thought appeared to be best. It was not fucking his idea nor his questions and would not it be he would eventually ask the questions. He decided to be sure to give those who would ask the questions some oral instructions alongside. He ended the interview with Stoffe when about half of the questions remained. Then he quickly answered the rest and waited for the next thief.

That evening, after dinner, Elin told him that she was done with Örjans wife.

- I found nothing. She was sober, she had no burns, she probably died of cardiac fibrillation.

Then they discussed the case in an hour, but they came to nothing.

The day after Sten phoned to the forensic department and asked what they had come up with. He got a statement, listened and wrote down some notes on a post-it note. Soon, the post-it note was filled and he had to take another one. Before he finished the call he had got together five notes. Sten fastened the pre-glued notes on the page of the investigation in which he described what they had found at the last visit in the apartment. Satisfied with this, he went to Fredrik and told him what he had learned. They decided to immediately make a proper interview with the daughter.

There was a little boy who opened the door. He looked suspiciously at them and said in a artificial tone:

- We don't want to have anything, mom cannot afford it.

Sten leaned down, looked the boy in his eyes as he took out his badge from his inside pocket.

- We are police officers.

- Wow. The boy looked wide-eyed at them and then said in a trembling voice:

- I did not mean it, I did not do it on purpose. He began to cry.

Sten thought for a moment if he would tell the truth or if he would take the opportunity to teach the boy some. He chose the latter.

- That's fine, but don't do it again. You know that the police have their eyes on everyone.

Sten heard how Fredrik struggled to keep from laughing.

- Can we talk with your mother now?

About the same time that he said that, the mother came into the hallway.

- Hey, we'd like to talk a bit more with you, can you come with us to the police station?

- Well don't know if I can fix any babysitter.

- It would be very good, you have someone that you can call?

She thought a bit about it.

- I think not. I usually have no babysitter and also they're a little sick. That's why they are not in school.

Sten and Fredrik looked a little surprised at the boy. It looked like she was a little ashamed that the children were not in school.

- I have a sore throat, the boy said, and squeezed out a very fake cough.

- Okay, do you think you will go to school tomorrow?

The boy said nothing, but her mother looked sternly at him and said:

- Tomorrow you must go to school, your sister too.

- Well, when is it best for you to come to the police station?

- Ideally the mornings, then I can clean up later.

After they had decided a time the two policemen were about to go, but Sten stopped.

- There were a couple of things, we could maybe take them somewhere where there is little undisturbed?

She took them into the kitchen and closed the door behind them. Sten took out the ink pad and finger and foot print form. At the same time he asked her about the phone number, and which operator she used.

Back at the police station Sten went directly to the scanner and scanned the form, then he emailed it to the forensic technicians in Stockholm.

It was lunch and then the detective department had a meeting. Sten outlined the case with all the details together with his ideas. It took over an hour. The manager decided that Fredrik would check which cell phone station she had been connected to during the times around the two deaths and Anders would prepare for the questioning. They then discuss what questions he should ask. Anders wrote down all the proposals in a note book. After nearly an hour, he got together two pages with questions. They all thought that perhaps it was a bit too much and many of them were similar. They selected a bunch of questions and discussed in almost another hour the order in which he would ask them. Anders numbered each question and there were quite a few changes before finally all said they were satisfied.

- We must have proof that she was in the mother's apartment on the evening when she died. Sten, you can check with the neighbors, home phone or whatever.

- Home phone, why?

- Well the kids might have phoned or something?

The daughter

They would meet at nine o'clock in the reception. She is waiting for them when they come to get her, even though it is only eight fifty-five. She looks tired. Both Sten and Fredrik stretches out their hands simultaneously. They take her to the big interrogation room, where Anders is waiting. He gets up when they come, he meets the woman and stretches out his hand. Then he goes back to his seat and sits down. Both to right and left and in front of him are piles of paper. Sten sits behind the left pile and Fredrik behind the right. Anders explains briefly what will happen then he sets into motion a tape recorder beside him. He pushes the microphone towards her, then he asks her to say her full name. While she says her name he checks a meter on the tape recorder.

Then they start with the actual questioning. It's Anders who asks most of the questions, but Sten and Fredrik also contributes every now and then. The questions comes quickly, while the answers takes longer time.

- When did you move away from home?

- 1985.

- How old were you then?

- 20 years.

- Why did you move away from home?

- I wanted it, I was tired of staying at home. It's nothing strange about that.

- No, not at all, but didn't you like your parents?

- Yes, she hesitates a bit more, at least I liked my dad.

- But was not he a bit spooky. Asked Sten.

- No, he was nice.

- Mom then?

- She was not so kind, she was nagging at me and dad all the time.

- How nagged?

- We should not wet the floor or make stains and stuff.

- They quarreled a lot?

- No, yes mom scolded pretty much on dad. But he did not answer. So it was not exactly any real quarrel.

- Did you like your father more?

It looked like she was embarrassed, she looked down at the floor and then she said softly:

- Yes.

- But he was a little depressed, your father?

- Yes, he was, especially after the accident.

- Was it really an accident?

Now it looked like she was even more ashamed.

- I do not know actually. He called me just before it happened. He does not usually call me so often and especially not from work. He said he liked me more than anything else. So he usually does not say either. I thought he sounded sad. I asked if anything happened, but he did not answer.

Sten was thinking a bit about this. It could either be true or something she just came with to make it sound more like he tried to kill himself. He made a note that he would try to see if it was possible to obtain data from the truck factory or Telia about who had called where that day. Anders continues with the questions they had previously agreed upon.

- Have you been inside the truck factory?

- Yes, several times when I was little. With my dad and with the school.

- Have you been there as an adult?

- No.

- Why did your father subscribe an additional life insurance only a few months before he died?

She's thinks for extremely long time, before she answers:

- I do not know, I had no idea about it.

- Didn't he say anything about it, you were the beneficiary?

- Yes, but he said nothing.

Anders whispers something to Sten. Sten nods and whispers to Fredrik.

Fredrik gets up and goes out.

All of them are waiting in silence.

It takes a good while and Sten asks if there is anyone who wants coffee. Then he goes to the coffee machine without waiting for a response from the others.

When he comes back with a pot of coffee, coffee cups, a milk carton, sugar cubes, spoons and a box of biscuits, he sees Anders standing in front of the woman. He has gloves on his hands, and in them he holds an iron rod.

- Are you sure you have not held this rod?

She says no. But the voice goes up almost in falsetto, as it often does when people are lying.

Moreover she twist her body.

Anders sits down again. Then he opens an envelope lying in front of him on the table. He stuffs his hand and pulls out a key card.

- Do you recognize this card?

- Yes, it's my dad's. He would sometimes have it on when he came home from work, when he had forgotten to take off it.

- Why did you tossed it in the trash at the bus stop?

- I have not done that.

- What would you do with it?

- Nothing.

- Was not it scary to see your dad's head crushed under the truck lift.

Sten shudder to. Now when he hears the question he realizes how brutal it was. He regrets that he insisted that they would ask it.

She does not answer, however, she begins to cry.

They do not get anything thing more out of her for a good while. Instead, they drink coffee in silence.

She stops crying, wipes her face with a napkin that Anders has given her. But she still says nothing. Anders continues with her mother's death:

- We know that you were in your parents' apartment on the night she died. What happened then?

- I was not there.

- Come on, one of the neighbors said he heard you scream and he heard the sound of glass that was shattered. In addition, someone called your daughter's cell phone from the apartment at eight o'clock in the evening.

She responds indignantly and with a lot of falsetto in her voice:

- But I was not there, I guess it was mom who called her.

- Then we will check with your daughter, what's her phone number.

- You ought to know that.

- Okay, Sten can you call her and check?

Anders continued:

- Well let's say it was not you who was in the apartment, who would it be who was there tearing down paintings and screaming. Did she have any enemies, your mother?

Sten gets up to go and call.

Anders removes an object from a bag on the floor. It is a hair dryer.

- Do you recognize this?

- Yes, it's my mothers.

- We think you helped your mother to make the bathwater electrified.

- I did not.

- We believe it anyway. Could you otherwise explain to us how she managed the experimentation it takes to make the bath water energized.

All the fuses that need to be replaced without even a stain of moist on the parquet in the hall. How come there were no fingerprints on the fuses, not even any from the technician who took one of them with his bare hand the day after the event? You were in the apartment while my colleagues went for lunch, right?

She is crying now.

Sten enters the room. Anders looks at him questioningly. Sten tilts his head sideways. They are waiting for her.

Anders brings out some photographs from an envelope.

- Do you recognize these paintings? He points at the photographs and pushes them over to her.

- Yes, they hung in the living room.

- Why were they in the garbage room? Why would your mother tear them down, scream and then go down with them to the garbage room before she committed suicide?

No response.

- Why did your father have two life insurances and your mother one? Why did they not make each other beneficiaries?

No response.

- Why was your phone off both when your father and your mother died. You usually do not turn it off otherwise? This question they had added afterwards when Sten received this information from her operator Comviq.

She continues to be silent, but after a while she admits that she was in the apartment for a while in the evening. Her mother accused her for making her father take his life. That she used him to get money out of his life insurances. She becomes angry at her mother. Tears down the ugliest paintings from the wall and yells at her that she was a mean bitch then she goes down to the bus. They are not coming beyond that. But after the questioning they all agree that she probably has more to do with it than that. But none of them comes up with a way to prove it.

Sten concludes by saying:

- fuck, in Holland's euthanasia is even allowed, so if they wanted to die, it is well up to them. I would never help someone to die, but I'd wanted to help my grandfather, though I did not dare. We might just as well decide that they killed themselves.

The others nodded.

The sect

An idea

Sten got an idea. Actually, he had the idea already in the car on the way to work, but then it had just flown by. Now it had come back stronger. It felt like a pretty good idea, at least good enough to be worth telling somebody. Therefore, he went over to the nearest colleague and did it.

- You Fredrik, I've been thinking about something.

Fredrik looked happily and curiously at him, since he thought that Sten rather seldom seemed to think about anything. At least, he rarely told him about any thoughts. Probably he did not tell anybody else either, since as far as Fredrik knew he was Sten's closest confidant. He gave Sten an encouraging response and Sten continued:

- You know those two from Järna who died the year before last year. They were quite young and they died pretty closely in time, weren't they in some kind of Christian sect.

- Well, I do not know? Yes Sten I remember them, a guy and a girl. I investigated the guy's death.

- That's right, it's the ones I was thinking of. What I thought was that both of them were in that sect in Järna. What if it was one of those Knutby things?

- Cool, we should almost look into that, though I do not have time right now.

- It's OK, I can do it myself, thought I had to check if it made sense.

- Great, tell me how it goes!

- By the way, do you remember when it was?

- Yeah maybe, I think I was with Jeanette then, so it must have been the summer 2002.

- Thank you, bye.

Sten went off to the storage and browsed among the files from that year.

The first of the files he found was about the woman. She died in May, was called Erica and became 31 years old.

Sten took out her act from the hanging folder and placed it on top of the cabinet, while he was looking for the dead man. He took the two acts to his office and began to study the first of them. First Sten controlled the things that was most similar to what happened in Knutby, such as if the woman was a nanny to someone in the sect, or if she died in the bathtub. Actually, he knew that neither was the case but it was at least a way to start.

The report revealed that she was unemployed, but she practiced as a disciple to become a pastor in the sect, and she died of an allergic shock. The act said nothing about any sect, instead it was written: The Temple Church. But he remembered that his colleague, Anders Jonsson, who investigated the death, called the Church the sect. Sten began with the topmost document, but soon grew tired and turned to the interrogations, but got tired even there and flipped through the rest of the documents in the act. He thought a bit about it and called his partner Elin, because she is a doctor.

- You what does an allergic shock mean and how dangerous is it really?

- It's called anaphylactic shock and that means that the respiratory tract swells. You can die from it, but mostly you do not.

- It sounds very unpleasant, to say the least. I would not dare eating anything. I think I've seen it in a movie, someone who killed her boyfriend by putting peanut butter in the food.

- Right peanut is such a substance that one can get allergic shock from.

- Is there any medicine you can take?

- People who are at risk of getting such a shock usually have remedies in the form of cortisone shots.

- But you have time to take it?

- Yes, if you know you are at risk of getting such a shock, you always carry it with you. There are many people living with such this risk and manage it well.

- It's a bit weird because the person this is about did not even attempt to go from the dining table. In the photos it just looks like she sat quietly and suffocated.

- What was she allergic to?

- Penicillin.

- What does it say in the autopsy report? Does it say anything about cortisone?

- No, I do not know yeah no I do not see anything about something like that.

- The pathologist ought to have mentioned that there were traces of cortisone, does it say anything about penicillin in the autopsy report then?

Sten was reading back and forth in the papers for a while, then he replied:

- No it does not.

- It isn't necessarily strange, it is such small amounts needed to get such a shock that it is impossible to trace in an autopsy. Is there any more documents from the hospital, any chemical analysis or so? When was the autopsy, who was the pathologist?

- Many questions. On third question I answer Sven Bengtsson, to question two I reply in May 2002 and on question one I say pass, because I have to check it.

- Sven Bengtsson was a trainee we had here a while. If you find any analysis results, check if it says anything about cortisone.

- Wait, I'll browse a bit, do you have much to do?

- What do you think, I work in a hospital.

- Hm, I'll call you if I find something instead?

- It might be good, I have a meeting soon. What is it about? Why have you started to rummage in a three-year-old death?

- Well I got an idea when I came here this morning. The woman in question and a guy died within a fairly short interval. They both died in a rather odd way, they were both quite young and both were in the Temple Church.

- You think it smells psychopathic pastors and nannies who gets murder missions from God via text messages and all that, just like in Knutby?

- That's right! Good tips that about text messages, I will check if you can get any information about that so far back in time.

- It sounds terribly exciting. I can see if I can get hold of Sven Bengtsson and ask him if he remembers anything about penicillin and cortisone, if you want?

- Gladly! I would love to do this a little unofficial, to avoid trouble with the guy who made the inquiry.

- Who was that?

- Anders.

- But he likes you, doesn't he. He has even invited you home once.

- Yeah, for crisp sandwiches.

- But you did get to try his guns too.

- It's true, of course, then I can just go in and say I think you has done a poor investigation since you did not do all of the Knutby package with following of the entire congregation and tracking of all text messages and stuff.

- Funny! But that's not surprising if you would get a different perspective of deaths in sects after what happened in Knutby. It's the same for the police there too. They at first believed that the pastors first wife had fallen in the bathtub so hard that she died when she was sober and on her way to pee, or however it was.

- It's true. I'll take it up with him later. Thanks for the help!

- Hugs! You shouldn't we invite your detective colleagues some time anyway?

- Don't you ever get the feeling that you might nag? I told you that I have no desire to invite them, they're old men and ladies. Fredrik's been at our house a lot of times.

- You, who was it who wanted help?

- Sorry then, but I really do not want to invite them home, maybe when I get forty or something. Bye, kiss!

- Hugs, see you tonight. You call if you come home late?

- I know, you always say that.

According to Anders Jonsson's report Erica had eaten pasta with some sort of tomato sauce. She had eaten alone and the meal had taken place sometime between six and eight in the evening. She had been found at half past ten by a neighbor who had got tired of her dog, which had been constantly barking.

Anders had written that one could not say how she got the penicillin into her body. Neither what was left of the food or the water in the glass in front of the plate contained any traces of penicillin. There was nothing in the stomach contents or on the table indicating that she had eaten anything more, such as vegetables or a sandwich. The contents in the stomach was so thoroughly and exhaustively described that Sten almost felt a little ill when he read it.

There were six images in the file. Four of them showed a girl sitting at a typical kitchen table. In front of her was a bowl that was filled with quite a large pile of spaghetti. The spaghetti was mixed with a red sauce with white spots on. A fork was stuck in the pile of spaghetti. The knife lay on the right side of the plate, as if it had never had been used. In front of the plate was a glass half full of water. The kitchen table was squared. Next to each side, it was a kitchen chair, except on the side where the woman sat. She sat on a fairly large brown armchair in wood. She had a light blue dress. Her hair was long and pretty blonde. Her hands were clasped in her lap as if she was praying. The head had fallen back so it was hard to tell how she really looked. But in two of the pictures she lay naked on the autopsy table and these showed that she was quite pretty. Sten was on the ball to find evidence that there was something strange about her death, so he spent a while searching for oddities in the photos.

He could, after some time, happily conclude that there were several things that seemed awkward. To begin with, it seemed completely absurd that someone would just sit quietly and still with her hands folded in her lap, while suffocating. Even if she wanted to sit still, she ought to have had cramps or something. Moreover, it seemed a bit strange that she would bother to put the fork so neatly in the pile of spaghetti if she was suffocating. If it was not so that she dropped the fork between each bite, but usually people do not do that.

Another strange thing was, judging from the photo, that it looked like it was cheese on the pasta, but there was nothing about cheese in the description of the stomach content. Moreover, it was according to the pathologist's description pretty much food in the stomach, but the plate looked almost full.

He packed the act together and took out the other one. The death occurred three months later, in August. It was a man named Tomas Fagerlund. He was also a member of the Temple Church, though there was nothing in the police report about that he has been a pastor or so. It was Fredrik who wrote the report. Tomas became thirty four years old. He was single without any children and he worked as an electrician at Astra. The cause of death was that he stood at the top of an eight-meter high ladder that had fallen backwards. The ladder had before falling back, been leaning against one of the sides of the Temple Church. A pastor in the church, Gabriel Karlsson, had asked him to fasten the cross on the church, as it had partially detached. Gabriel had helped him to bring out the ladder and a cordless drill. When Tomas had climbed up the ladder Gabriel had gone into the church to fetch a camera. He heard a crash and rushed out. He found Tomas lying under the ladder in a way that looked horribly uncomfortable. Another parishioner, Stina Hammarström, after a while also came out of the church and they carried Tomas to her car and she drove him to Södertälje Hospital. He died after a few days in hospital, without regaining conscious.

Sten felt quite satisfied now, it could be something to take up with Anders and maybe the boss. Moreover, he felt in his stomach that it was high time for lunch. In about the same moment Fredrik came in and suggested lunch.

Directly after lunch Sten brought both acts, went into Anders rooms and shared his thoughts. He showed the pictures and took up what seemed strange. To the surprise of Sten, Anders seemed not the least bit offended, instead he got quite excited.

- Damn, religious sects, they seems to be completely crazy, so why not? I mean it's not just what happened in Knutby. I'm just saying Waco, Texas, it was among the craziest thing I've heard. I maybe didn't do the most profound investigation of that case. It felt rather obviously like an accident back then, and it was almost summer and everything.

- I understand, one does not expect there to be any malice in a church. The police in Uppsala missed it too, that with the bathtub. By the way, this may very well be accidents, but perhaps it could be an idea to look into it a little more closely now, after what has happened.

- That's right, we'll look at it together?

- Gladly, but perhaps we should check with the DCI.

DCI Ingvar Bergström, also thought it sounded exciting, though he did not expressed it so bluntly.

- Get them, if you can, but do not forget that we also have more recent cases to work with. That you may well take on the side, I mean they're buried long ago. Also, try to do it in a way that the church does not feel attacked. There is probably some kind of ombudsman that could be on our backs for religious harassment if we are not careful. Can't you, by the way tell a little bit about this on the weekly meeting at one o'clock.

The weekly meeting began as usual with that the boss presented the latest organizational changes. After his presentation everyone in the criminal group described what they were currently working with.

Sten told them briefly about his reflections and he showed some pictures, all colleagues thought it was a thread worth to spun on. But the boss again said that it was important that it was done discreetly.

- We do not want it to appear as we persecute religious dissenters.

- What religious dissenters, they're Christians, Sten said.

- What, are you a Christian?

Sten said nothing. He looked at his colleague Anette Karlberg, for he had the idea that she was an active Christian and went to church sometimes.

But she did not respond. However, she commented the description of Erica's last meal:

- Well why did she put a knife there if she did not use it. I usually at least not do it if I'm eating alone.

Anders nodded and said:

- I do not either.

- What, God how simple you are, you just eats chopped food like babies or what? Said Fredrik. They continued teasing back and forth about table manners for a long while until they agreed to record it as evidence.

Suddenly Fredrik stood up and began to speak, even though Anders was talking about something. He was clearly excited. As if he was on to something important.

- But what the hell is that dark stripes on her arms? Could it be bruised!

Fredrik looked questioningly at Sten. He looked so beseechingly that Sten agreed with him, even before he even glimpsed the stripes over the right forearm. Other colleagues showed no reaction at all, either they saw no marks or their thoughts were elsewhere. Nobody said anything more, the boss interpreted it as that the topic for the moment was exhausted and he offered others to take over and tell what they were doing. It was the same old issues and no one seemed to directly listen to the one who was currently speaking.

After the meeting, Sten sat in his room with the two acts. He called directory assistance and got the phone numbers of some of the people who were mentioned by name. It was the two deceased parents and the pastor Gabriel Karlsson and the church member Stina Hammarström. The directory assistance had phone numbers to all except to Erica's parents. He thought a little about calling one of the numbers, but it felt pretty hard, so he refrained.

One thing he noticed when he read the documents in Erica's folder was that no one in the church had been heard. Sten pondered a while on this and he was just about to go in and ask Anders why he did not question anyone in the church. When he was struck by the thought that there was

not anything strange at all about that, he had never done it himself when he had investigated a death. He had at all never thought of hearing someone in a club or interest group that a murder victim has belonged to. He himself was such a member of a yacht club and in the Swedish Church, but what could they say about him if he was found dead somewhere. The deaths also happened in a time, when nobody could believe that it could be someone in a Swedish Church that would be capable of murdering someone.

What Sten could do now, without offending Anders and Fredrik would be to go to the church itself. Since no one had talked to anyone in the congregation about Erica's death, he decided to start with her. Thus, he picked up her file again and read through it. It made him feel quite sorry for her. Partly because she died at a young age, and partly because it must be horrible to have an allergy with fatal consequences, if any mistakes are made. Moreover, she seemed so alone and her parents did not seem to have bothered very much. His father had said that he was surprised that her daughter did not take her medicine. Anders had asked if it had happened before that she had an allergic shock. The father replied that he did not remember. Her mother could not remember either, though she thought it might have happened a few times. She also described how ill she became the first time they gave her penicillin. The mother told how she became quite panicked and how she cried and cradled the girl. The doctor had said that next time she ate penicillin, it could be worse. She might not be able to breathe at all, so they must quickly give her cortisone. The first few years after this, she had always had a cortisone injection with her, wherever she went, and she had hardly dared to leave her daughter alone. Over time, she realized that there isn't penicillin everywhere and she was relaxed. Especially since her daughter had become so old that she could handle a syringe herself.

Anders had asked if they thought it was a little strange that she seemed not to have looked for her syringe. The father replied that this must have been the will of God and the mother replied that she did not know.

Sten went to Anders, but he was not there so he rang his mobile number. Anders replied but sounded pretty stressed, so Sten said he would return later. He wondered now how he could proceed with the Temple Church. The most suspected persons, Sten thought, were definitely the preachers, but would probably not be so successful to start talking to them.

He came up with a thing that they have previously made once when they received a tip about gang with youth tipster who were dealing with drugs. They did not know what the guys were called, but they knew they had a Rastafari band named Dweezil. They had on Fredrik's proposals called the self-study organizations in Södertälje and asked if they gave grants to any band called Dweezil. Fredrik then found that they received grants from the Adult School. He thought ahead and then he rang the Tax Authorities and asked if the Temple Church received any money from any self-study organization. After a while, the Tax officer concluded that this was the case. Sten then immediately called the current study organization. After talking with various people there, he came up to someone who administrated the contribution to the Temple Church. The person was very accommodating when she heard that Sten was a cop.

- Would you like me to fax a list of those who are involved in their Bible studies?

- Gladly.

- What year do you want?

- Ideally for 2002.

- Wait a minute. It took quite a long while before she came back. I can't find the list for 2002, would it be okay with some other year?

- Well the year before then.

- I don't have that either. Maybe they did not have a study circle then. I have not been here as long, so I do not know.

- What year do you have then?

- This year until April and all of last year.

- Then I'll take what you have, could you fax it to us?

The fax contained a cover sheet and nine pages with tables. In the first column were the names

of the participants in the study circle. In the remaining columns, there were crosses and at the top of each column there were different dates. He started with the person who was listed at the top. The list was written in alphabetical order, so the name at the top was Gunvor Aberg. Many other names such as Fredrik Andersson and the like, he did not bother to even try to get hold of. He concentrated on those that had such unusual names that it probably were only one or a few persons in the Södertälje vicinity. The number enquiry gave him the addresses and telephone numbers of the rarer names on the first page.

After that he went to Anders to see if he would be willing to help him talk to them on the list, but he was not even there. However, Fredrik sat in his room and he seemed terribly eager to interrogate church members, Sten thought, so he asked if Fredrik wanted to follow him to Gunvor Aberg.

Defectors

Gunvor Aberg lived in an apartment near the center of Södertälje. Sten knocked on the door. There was no sound from the inside. He knocked again, still there was no sound. He took out his cell phone and called the lady. Phone signals were heard somewhere in there and after a few signals a woman, who sounded pretty old, replied. Sten introduced himself and asked her to open the door, which she immediately did. The woman was small and round, she looked sad and a little frightened.

- Hey, what do you want?

- Hello, we would like to ask a few things.

She stepped aside to let them in without asking what it was about. But the hall was so narrow and the lady so round they had to push themselves along the wall in order to pass her. They stood all three in the hall and looked at each other.

- We can go into the kitchen, though I have nothing to offer.

Both Sten and Fredrik felt quite relieved. None of them were fond of eating their way through seven kinds of cookies and old buns. She pushed herself past them and went ahead into the kitchen.

- What do you want?

- We want to know a little about life in the Temple Church.

- Why? Do you want to join? She asked quite acidic.

- No, we are only interested in Erica's death, said Sten.

- And Tomas death too. Supplemented Fredrik.

- Oh are there something strange about them?

- No, but we investigate all deaths.

Fredrik looked in surprise at Sten, but did not say anything.

- Yes, I know nothing. I know nothing of what happened in the church. They never said anything to me. Apart from that they asked me to bake cakes and make coffee for the church services.

They never asked how it was with me. I would probably never have joined them really. I would have stayed with the Missionary Church. But he seemed so nice, the pastor, in the beginning. He was wonderful to listen to and they thought my buns were delicious. I even got flowers. But then it was as if everything changed, it was such a sad mood. I continued to bake buns, but no one said anything about them, despite the fact that I even had custard in them sometimes.

- When did it happen?

- I do not know exactly. Years do not really matter to me nowadays. I'm retired since many years.

- But was it before or after Erica died?

- It was probably before, it was probably in the fall I think.

- What do you remember of what happened when Erica died.

- I do not know much about it actually. I was not so much with the congregation then. You see, I met the pastor of the Missionary Church down in Södertälje. It was on Storgatan. He said he missed me and my buns so much and he was so happy to meet me. So I started going to their church services instead.

- But you are still a member of the Temple Church? You are in their member list.

- I did not leave. I told them that I wanted to leave, but they said they would not allow me to do it. Then they were here several times and rang the doorbell, but I did not open. I actually thought it was them who rang now.

- You seem sad?

She looked down at the floor and nodded.

- Why?

- The buns were burned.

She looked so sad that Sten felt he was about to cry. Her buns were probably her whole world, her pride. They hastened to thank for the information and to leave the apartment.

- Damn, you should not have asked her why she was sad, she seemed to be on the edge of breaking down, because of those buns
- Well, how could I know that? I feel sorry for her. You're supposed to listen to people, that's our job.
- Yes, but why did we leave then. Should we go back and say that she certainly makes the world's most delicious buns.
- But how credible is that, we have not even tasted them? And if not even the members of the Church say they are good, they ought to be disgusting. Sten stopped a little when he said the last sentence. He turned and looked toward the house to make sure that she did not hear. Fredrik soured and said quite loudly:
- I think she probably did really good buns.
- Fuck it, what did we get out of this.
- I thought it was quite a lot actually. The atmosphere in the church became worse, maybe bullying tendencies, at least one person wanted to leave but was not allowed to. Everything was maybe not so good even before the deaths.
- Sure, one could interpret it so after hearing her. But it is after all only one person who has said something like that.
- Yes, but we've only talked to her.
- It's true, we might have to penetrate this when we talk to the rest.
- Clearly, we may well ask them to talk about how the mood in the congregation changed.
- What is the next name on the list?
- Linda Almqvist, she lives in Pershagen. Though I think she's at work, since I think Linda's not a pensioner's name.
- Just because your last girl was named Linda.
- Oh, yeah, and she was not retired.
- But almost.
- What the hell just because she was five years older than me.
- Let's try and call her.

They jumped into the car. Sten started and backed out of the parking lot simultaneously as he called Linda's cell phone. She answered after a few signals and said it was okay that they came by her workplace. It was a kindergarten and she had apparently told the kids that they would come and that they were police officers, because it was a whole bunch of kids waiting at the parking lot.

Linda looked genuinely happy to meet them. Additionally, she was pretty cute. Sten notes how Fredrik's voice changed a bit when he talked to her. It became like softer.

She was still a member of the congregation and went regularly to meetings. She told them a lot about how it was. The atmosphere was wonderful. All helped each other and it was like a big family.

Sten looked her sternly in the eye and asked if she had had any relationship with someone in the congregation. She blushed noticeably, but replied without hesitation:

- No.
 - Have you had sex with someone then?
- Now she blushed even more, but still answered no.

They thanked her and went back to the car.

- Sten why did you do that? You saw well that she became angry.
- Hey, are you interested in her?

Fredrik did not answer, and Sten said no more, either. They usually did not talk about how they behaved in different situations, even though they knew each other pretty well and talked about very private things in general. But this day Fredrik had violated the unwritten rule even twice. Without that they discussed the matter Sten let Fredrik off at the police station, whereupon he arranged to meet the next person on the list. He then spent almost two full days talking to church members. Most people he talked to only through the phone.

Nevertheless, he managed only to get to those whose surnames began with H. Several complained about harassments after the events in Knutby. Some of them suggested, however, that many church members left in 2002.

Sten got a bit tired on the interviewing process, so he rested the case a few days, while he pondered over how he should proceed. Finally, he decided that it probably would be more interesting to talk to those who were no longer members. Thus Sten rang to what appeared to be the head of the church, as he was titillated first pastor, in the listing. It was Gabriel Karlsson. The number service had no phone number to any Gabriel Karlsson in Södertälje, or in Gnesta. Sten then asked to get linked to the Temple Church. But the inquiry had no number to them either. He looked at Fredrik's report for the address of the church then he went to him.

- Are you going with me to visit the Temple Church?

- Why? What will we do there?

- I was going to check out a little what it looks like and hear if they have any old membership list from when Erica and the guy died. I thought that the persons who might be the most outspoken about the church are those who are no longer members.

- Most critical you mean.

- Okay, will you follow?

- Sure, we eat first?

- Of course, you would probably not stand it otherwise.

- Exactly, my stomach wants pizza today.

- Mine too.

The door to the Temple Church was locked. Sten started to knock gently, but ended up pounding as hard as he could. A tall blond man in his forties opened the door and smiled at them.

- Hello, can I help you with something, do you want to get into the Lord's house?

- Yes, we are from the police and we would like you to help us with a thing. Sten replied.

The man's smile narrowed and he asked:

- What?

- We want to further investigate what happened to the church members who died in slightly unusual ways in 2002.

- Did we not talk to each other then, by the way? Commented Fredrik, while he stared the man in his eyes.

- Yes, it's true. Gabriel Karlsson is my name, I am a pastor in the congregation.

He stretched out his hand and first Fredrik then Sten shook. Then they stood for a moment and looked at each other until Gabriel smiled broadly against Fredrik and asked:

- Do you think we are like the church in Knutby?

Fredrik chose to continue in the same jocular style:

- That's right, we are here to check your text message conversation with God.

- Ha, ha, what do you want to know?

- We want the membership lists for 2002 and preferably also for 2001.

Gabriel looked a little frightened, but a few seconds later, he looked like before but more serious. He nodded, thought for a moment, and said:

- I'm sorry, but all the old membership lists are burned. We want to leave the past behind us and forget those who have chosen to leave the herd, this to make new efforts and aim forward.

Typical nonsense Sten thought while he said:

- How do we do then?

- I would prefer that you did not do anything at all. That you don't cut up the old wounds of Erica and Tomas.

- Well, so you don't think we should not do any investigation, isn't that a little suspicious? Sten said and Fredrik nodded in agreement.

The pastor continued:

- We have been doing an internal investigation of what happened.

- What did you find then? Sten could not hide his irony.

- God has unfortunately chosen to punish them for their immorality. We had a month with shared sorrow and penance. One after Erica's death and then another month after Tomas's death. Fredrik looked at him questioningly:

- What kind of immorality?

- They socialized with each other if you know what I mean, but they were neither engaged nor married.

- Is it serious?

- It's against God's law.

Sten and Fredrik nodded seriously.

- Slimy type, Sten said as they sat in the car.

- Agree, he is definitely like the first pastor in Knutby.

After the call, they went to the station and Sten continued to call members, but it did not feel like it took him anywhere. One reason was that he did not really know what to ask for and it felt pretty uncomfortable to question the congregation. He was by now pretty tired of the Temple Church, and regretted that he even had got the idea. Just as he was the most tired, Fredrik stuck his head into his room.

- How's it going? Shall we take a coffee break?

- It is not good, he replied as he grimaced, then he stood up and took his cup.

- What is not going well?

- I cannot find her parents, I'm getting tired of talking to parishioners, they all say the same things and it doesn't give anything new. Then I think that Anders hasn't helped very much. I have to do all the boring jobs.

- Whose parents?

- Erica, you know she died when she ate. She was in the Temple Church.

- What, how difficult it can be in Sweden. Have you checked the phone book.

- Very funny. Not even the Tax Authorities knows where they live. It says unknown address in their files.

- Have they a protected identity then, doesn't it usually say something like that in the Tax Authorities files then?

- Maybe, do not know. But why would they have it. It's just battered women who get that.

- It sounds a little exciting, what about siblings. Are they dead, where did they live last? Are they junkies?

- They are at least not sentenced, and she has no siblings. They lived in Bankeryd.

- The Jesus belt.

- Of course.

- You'll have to go there to Bankeryd and knocking on doors. In such a small place everyone knew everyone. When did they live there?

- Type three years ago and back in time. But I do not know if I can go there. I mean her file is already closed. Sten tried to sound like the boss when he finished with:

- We have, in fact, a responsibility to the taxpayers. The money must surely be enough even to chase traffic offenders.

They laughed and went to the coffee machine.

- The other bits, then? Fredrik continued. Why should you talk to the parishioners?

- I do not know, to get anywhere. I figured someone might tell about tricky text messages, sexual harassment and stuff.

- But what if it has happened, it's nothing that you like to talk about, especially not in an extreme religious organization.

- No, that's true, but what should I do?

- Have you ever thought more on that the marks on her arms? What if they are due to that she was taped at the armchair? The width between marks is about the width of duct tape and it would explain why she sat in a chair and ate?

- No, yes. If it was so that she, for example, was taped to the coamings of the chair, it should well be traces of tape on them.
- But it was not, right?
- I do not know, I have not found anything in the report about her furniture, it's one of the things I was going to ask her parents about.
- Then there is at least one good reason to go to Bankeryd. The furniture may even be there with her parents.

In contrary to what Sten had feared, he was actually allowed to go to Bankeryd, if he promised to organize the detective's annual spring event and just went over the day.

Thus, he went up awfully early the next day, drank a cup of coffee, shaved, brushed his teeth and went to the car. He arrived in Bankeryd just after ten in the morning. The last known address was an ordinary villa from the seventies. It looked like there lived a family with young children. He knocked on the door, but no one opened. On the mailbox, it said Jönmark, very much thus pointed in the direction that Erica's parents did not live there anymore.

Sten waited a while before he tried the door to the neighboring house. There was not any reaction there either, so he went to the house on the other side. It appeared to be deserted. Sten knocked anyway, but nothing happened. He tried to knock on all the neighboring houses, but nowhere he noticed any reaction. It felt a bit stressful. What if this was all he got out of the trip. To get forward, he went down to the center of the village and tried the shops there. In the second shop he succeeded. The clerk knew Erica's parents and Erica for that matter. She said they were members of the Missionary Church. Her parents lived since several years in Congo. They were working as missionaries there on the church's behalf. She gave Sten the contact to one of the pastors in the church, which had been in close contact with Erica's parents. Sten got hold of him and he offered a chat at the mission house.

The pastor, whose name was Einar, met Sten outside. After the pastor had given Sten coffee and cakes Einar described his sorrow for what happened to Erica. He had known her since she was little and she was a nice and good girl. They talked in general terms. Sten was a little unsure about how to proceed. Perhaps it would be stupid to talk about the theories he had, this in particular with a person that represented the free churches. He might take it as a harassment. Additionally Sten thought about the secrecy that prevails suspicions against someone. However he has to say something. Incidentally a pastor also ought to serve under confidentiality. Sten stretched, and said:

- Knutby.

It was enough to initiate a long tirade from Einar about how awful the story was, then he looked seriously at Sten.

- Do you think there might be something similar that happened in the Temple Church?
- I do not know but there are some things that suggest it.
- I understand if you cannot go into it. It would be terrible. I can assure you that within the Missionary Church exists in all cases, no such things.

Sten had a rather vague idea of what the Missionary Church was. To him, it sounded about as dubious as the Pentecostal Church, or the Temple Church. But he did not want to offend the person he was talking to, so he said:

- That good. Where is Erica's parent's and how do I get in contact with them?
- In Congo Kingshasa. You can only write to them since they have no phone. I can give you the address.

The pastor went away and came back a few minutes later. Meanwhile, Sten managed to figure out a question that he thought could be very important. The pastor gave him a used envelope.

- This is a letter from them. Their address is on the back of the envelope. If you want to talk to them, you ask them to call you. If so, they will to the Mission League's headquarters in Kingshasa or the Swedish embassy to call you, but it takes some time.

Sten nodded and asked his question:

- You knew Erica pretty good, right?

- Yes, as I said, I've known her since she was a child. She was very active in the church ever since young age.

- Did you know then that she was allergic to penicillin?

- Of course, all who knew her was aware of that. At first, her parents talked about it, then when she got older, she talked about it herself. I think they thought it would be good for others to know if anything would happen. I remember how frightened they were when they discovered that she was allergic. She was like six or seven years old, she was dying, but they managed to get her to hospital.

- Did she even tell others what they should do if she happened to get penicillin in her?

- Yes, absolutely, she'd always bring a syringe with her. I remembered how she once stood next to me in front of the congregation and told them about her allergy and she showed how we would do if she got sick.

- What would you do then?

- It would take up the syringe, stick it into her and press it I suppose, though I do not remember where.

- Do you know anything about the Temple Church?

- No, not directly. Well I know that it was a Pentecostal Church from the beginning, but they chose to leave the union, or if maybe they were excluded. Between us, I can probably imagine it is quite sectarian.

- Do you have any idea why she joined the Temple Church?

- Yes, I have, but I do not know if I can say this because she told me in confidence.

- But she's dead.

- I know, but still.

- You know I need all the information I can get if I'm going to get forward in this. You might not want me to move on.

- Yes, absolutely, so okay then. It was about love. She fell in love with someone who was a member of the congregation, he was a pastor. They met at an ecumenical camp, I think it was. I remember how happy she was. I also remember that I suggested that perhaps it was a little too big age difference and also I warned her of the church. Her parents asked me to talk to her and do it. Warn her that is. But she did not listen to me. She was nineteen years old and you know well how nineteen year old girls are.

- What did she do then?

- She moved up to Järna pretty soon thereafter. She moved into someone in the church and got some work in the home care.

- Did you have any contact with her then?

- Sure she got home every now and then and took part in our worship services. But then her parents sold the house and went to Africa, and she has not been here since.

- Do you know if she had any relationship with the pastor?

- Yes, absolutely, but something happened that made it end, but unfortunately I do not know more than that. You'll have to ask her parents about it.

- I'll do that, thanks for the information. By the way, is there someone else around here who might know more? Did she have a best friend or so?

- I know nothing about that. You'll better ask some of the girls in the parish.

- Do you have any suggestions?

- Sure, I'll get the members list, so I can give you their addresses and stuff.

The pastor came back after a while. In one hand he held a binder and in the other he held a note book. He sat down and looked through the binder.

He flipped back and forth, humming a little to himself. Now and then he wrote something in the note book. After a rather long moment he released the pencil, tore out a page from the book and handed it to Sten.

Sten thanked for the help, went out to the car, picked up his cell phone and the name list. Already on the third phone number someone answered. She answered:

- Annika.

Sten introduced himself and asked if she knew Erica.

- She who died you mean? No, not really, not more than anyone else. You should talk to Eva, they stayed together a lot.

Sten glanced through the list, there were two Eva.

- Eva, what's her last name?

- Johansson.

Neither of the two Eva's had Johansson as the surname.

- Is she married?

- No, she has always been called Johansson.

- She is not on my list in that case.

- What is the list about?

- It is a list of all the girls in Erica's age who are members of the congregation.

- Then it's not so strange. Eva Johansson is not and has never been a member of the congregation.

- How can I the get in contact with her?

- I do not know, she moved to Stockholm in the same time as Erica. I do not know where she moved. I did not know her. She lived in Jönköping and I met her only once in a while, when I was doing something with Erica, or at a party at her place or something.

- Do you know how they knew each other then?

- They were in the same class in high school, though I do not remember what school they went to. It was in Jönköping.

Sten ended the conversation and called directory assistance. Of them he got the numbers to all high schools in Jönköping.

He started go through the list of high schools as he headed for Stockholm. After a few calls, and like half an hour, he could say that it was too late and thus he must wait until the next day to continue on that track.

The next day Sten called the Swedish Embassy in Congo Kingshasa and asked them to try to get hold of Erica's parents. It was no problem at all. He came to a switch that directly linked him to a woman that without much explanation or persuasion promised to try to get hold of them. It sounded like she thought the task would be exciting.

He also managed without much trouble to find the school that Erica went in. It was in itself not so impressive because there were not so many high schools in Jönköping. So in the afternoon, he had Eva Johansson's home address and mobile phone number. He called her, she answered, and they decided to meet at her workplace. She worked, just as Linda Almfridsson, in a kindergarten, but Eva's kindergarten was outside Stockholm.

No children were waiting when he came walking towards the entrance. He knocked on the door and a young woman opened it.

- Eve, said Sten.

- Sten said the woman. Then she continued. Wait, I'll just get my coat so we can go out and have a smoke.

Eva had really not much to say more than that Erica had fallen in love with Gabriel, moved to Stockholm and joined the Temple Church. Eva had tried to get her to avoid him, but she refused to listen. Then they had lost their contact. She seemed quite nervous, Sten thought. He noted that during the short conversation she managed to smoke five cigarettes.

The ladder

One day a Malin Stensson called Sten. She said she heard from Linda Almfridsson that he investigated what happened to Erica and Tomas. Malin also said she wanted to talk to the police because she had woken up now, after what had happened in Knutby. She came to the police station and told Sten that she saw Tomas and Gabriel just after Tomas fell from the ladder. She saw how Gabriel held Tomas head and there was a large stone under the head.

She rushed there and took out her cell phone to call the ambulance, but the pastor asked her not to. She then took off her blouse to bind the wound, but the pastor told her that she cannot sit there in just bra. He ordered her to cover up her body next to the lord house, on the hallowed ground. Then he said that they would pray for Tomas.

Sten lay on the floor and asked her to show him how the pastor held Tomas's head. They took a pretty good while to carry out this exercise since Malin pondered, tested and changed her mind several times before she was sure about how it happened.

Sten stood up and summarized the results before he asked:

- Did you talk to Gabriel about this later?

- Yes, he came home to me the evening after. He seemed pretty upset. He wanted us to talk about what happened and we would pray for Tomas, he said.

- Upset, I what way?

- Yes he was weird, he talked a lot and looked wild.

- Type manic?

- Yes, maybe. I remember that he had a blue short-sleeved shirt on, the same shirt that he had the day before. It was quite wrinkled as if he had slept in it. Otherwise he would always be properly dressed.

Maybe this is important, Thought Sten, but how should I continue. He thought for a while but he did not get any idea, so he took up another topic.

- Did you visit Tomas when he was in the hospital?

- Yes every day.

- Did he say anything about what happened?

- No, he did not say anything at all, not to me anyway, he just lay there and one day, he was no longer there, then he was dead.

- Do you know if the pastor and Erica had any relationship?

- Well, maybe. When she came to the church, I thought so. They looked so lovingly at each other. I know there were several other women in the congregation who became jealous.

- How do you know that?

- I heard how they talked.

- What did they say then?

- Nothing special, nothing that I can remember anyway, but you saw it on them.

- Who are they?

She hesitated a bit:

- Linda and Gunilla.

- What happened then?

- They stopped to look lovingly at each other and the pastor was not nearly as sweet to her as before.

- Had Erica and Tomas any relationship?

- Oh yes. All of us knew that. They even asked the congregation to forgive them for that.

They sat in silence for a while. Sten came on to anything more to ask and she did not say anything, Sten tried:

- Why didn't you tell us this before? You are not even included in the report. It says that Stina Hammarström came out and she and Gabriel carried Tomas into her car.

- Gabriel said that I should not talk to police.

Sten thought about the testimony for a moment, then he asked her to wait while he retrieved a tape recorder and a witness. He met Anders in the corridor and asked him to attend. Then he brought a tape recorder and began a regular hearing of Malin. It appeared, however, nothing new. Except when Sten, just before she passed the door to the police station, asked her if she had suggestions for someone who might have more to tell. She thought and replied:

- Gunilla Martinsson and Linda Almfridsson. They probably have a lot to tell.
- Because they were jealous?
- You'll have to ask them about that.
- But what do you mean?
- I think that at least Gunilla had something together with Gabriel before Erica came to the church.
- Hold on, I'll just check something.

Sten went to his room and picked the participation list in the Bible circles. Oh yes Gunilla Martinsson was listed.

Anders and Sten watched Malin as she left the station. Then Anders turned against Sten and asked:

- Why have you not questioned her before. You were supposed to talk to all parishioners.
- Yes, but they're really a lot, and her name starts with an S, and I am just at H yet.
- I understand, it sounds pretty boring.

Sten called Gunilla Martinsson and she promised to come to the police station, as soon as she stopped working for the day.

A moment later the phone rang, it was Elin.

- You, can't we have it a little cozy tonight?
- Why?
- It's Friday.
- Good reasons, what did you have in mind?
- Some good food and a little wine perhaps.
- Mm, maybe a steak with fries and béarnaise sauce and a video?
- Is that the best you can come up with?
- Okay then, toast with shrimps, egg and mayonnaise, sushi and chocolate pudding.
- I do not like mayonnaise, it's so greasy and sushi is so messy, but chocolate pudding is good.
- What do you want then?
- Can't we make that they made on TV yesterday?
- What did they make, I don't remember.
- It was a thin steak with cheese and it was a warm potato salad with lemongrass on. You said you thought it seemed delicious.
- The steak yes, but I would rather have a potato gratin and some sauce too.

After some further negotiation, they came up with a menu that would satisfy them both. Sten promised to fix the food and Elin promised to buy wine and rent a video film. He trusted her taste when it came to movies and also she would choose with care and she would be concerned that there was something that suited him as well. Moreover, he could then with good conscience whine about the movie if it was no good.

Shortly after he had finished the conversation with Elin, the phone rang again. It was Malin Stensson.

- I thought of another thing I forgot to say. Then she told Sten what she had previously forgotten.
- Sten set as neglected with the phone pressed hard against the ear and it went a shiver through the spine.
- Did he really say that?
- Yes, just like that.
- But it's almost eerily similar to the events in Knutby. Are you really sure that it was what he said.
- Yes, you think I'm lying. Her voice was a little jumpy.

- Sorry but this is just so sensational that I have to check again. Is it okay if I ask a colleague to come in and attend as a witness?

- Sure.

Sten cowered the microphone with his hand and shouted at Fredrik. Fredrik came into the room and Sten connected the phone to the speakerphone feature.

- Now my colleague Fredrik is with me also, could you repeat what you just said.

- Well I remembered that Gabriel, the pastor then, said to me when he came home to me when Tomas was in the hospital, that he had dreamed that Erica and Tomas would die.

- Oh fuck, 'said Fredrik.

- Agree, Sten said. Then he continued:

- We need to have this properly documented. If I print the interview and add what you said now. Can you come here and read it and approve it.

- Sure, when should I do that?

- Sometime in next week, but not before Wednesday, you can come any time after Wednesday, when it suits you.

Unfortunately, it was not until well beyond the time that they used to stop working on Fridays before Gunilla called and said that she was on her way. It was a quarter to five. Sten had since long changed the potato gratin to frozen potato croquettes and changed the homemade mushroom sauce to a powder based red wine sauce. The problem was now mostly the chocolate pudding. This since it has to be refrigerated for several hours. He called Elin and checked if it would do with ice cream instead.

- Mövenpick, she said. Then I want Mövenpick chocolate.

Half past five Gunilla had still not arrived.

Sten sweated properly. He was a little ashamed that he could come up with such a stupid idea as questioning someone on a Friday after work. He was just about to call her and cancel the meeting, when he came to think about that he should call Elin again to tell her about the situation.

She was pissed.

- We're supposed to have a cozy evening. Stupid idiot, how can you make a plan like that? Don't you care about me?

The only thing he came up with to use as his defense was:

- Greek food. I'll call the Greek charcoal grill and ask them to do two souvlaki and a meze platter, then I buy Mövenpick chocolate. I'll pay.

- You just try to buy yourself free all the time, but you have to think about me too.

- Yes, but you often work late also.

- Yes, but that's the difference, it may well be a matter of anyone's life.

- What life, you're a pathologist.

- All right, hurry anyway.

Then he rang Gunilla on her cell phone. He asked if they could meet on Monday instead. But then, she was very disappointed.

- I've just found a parking lot outside the police station.

Sten felt that he could hardly force her to come on Monday instead, when he had asked her to come.

He thus went and met her at the front desk and took her into the room. She told a lot of things about Gabriel, Erica and Tomas. It seemed like she did not like any of them. Least of all, she seemed to like Gabriel. Among other things, she told Sten the following:

- Gabriel Karlsson stood before the congregation and said that the devil had come in among the parishioners. A fairly new female member began to cry because she thought the pastor meant her. Gabriel Karlsson then announced that it was about fornication and that you should not have desires for your neighbor's wife.

She stopped and looked at Sten.

- What happened?

- Erica and Tomas stepped up to him.

- How did he get them there?

- He told the devil had come to some of the church members to spread disaster. But together, we would expel him. Come my lambs, ye who have him in you, he said. He looked, or stared, at Erica and then at Tomas.

- Then what?

- Then we read together all the commandments and for each commandment we had a long discussion about what they meant. Gabriel Karlsson said that a person could be meant for someone and then others should not interfere. He said everybody that needed penitence should rise.

She stopped and stared down at her hands quite a long while. Then she continued.

- It sounds crazy when I think about it, but then it felt right. I remember looking at them and like urged them to go up there. So did the others in the congregation as well.

- What happened next?

- Tomas got up and walked with his head held high, he looked almost proud. But Erica walked with her head lowered. It seemed clear that she was ashamed.

- Then?

- Gabriel Karlsson held up a Bible in front of them and said that they should swear, in front of the whole congregation, that in the future they would live in the nurture and admonition as God wants us to live. They laid their hands on the Bible and said something like that. The entire congregation cheered. Afterwards we sang several songs to glorify the Lord.

The dinner was after all quite successful even if Elin was sour when Sten came home around seven thirty in the evening. Sten was surprised over how nice it felt in the couch after eating the ice cream, each with a glass of cognac. It was a long time since I felt this good, he thought. There had been so much negative vibrations between them lately, probably ever since Elin had a miscarriage. But now they would start over again and really love each other. It seemed that Elin was in the same mood because she was cuter than for a long time, and she even lay her hand between his legs.

On Monday morning Erica's father called from the embassy in Kinshasa. Sten was surprised and yet so stressed by talking to someone who was so far away, that at first he did not come to think of what he wanted to know. The only sensible question that he came up with was to ask about what happened to Erica's household goods. The father sounded pretty disappointed with this.

- Do you mean that I have gone all the way to Kinshasa to tell you what happened to her furniture. Not only that you tear up my and my wife's grief, you are forcing me to leave my key assignments to talk about such a mundane thing as old furniture.

- But it may be important.

- What is important and why?

Sten was a little ashamed, and it felt good to be able to refer to confidentiality and thereby avoid having to tell you about Fredrik's pretty far-fetched idea regarding the stripes on Erica's forearms. Thus he said:

- We are most interested in an armchairs in teak and I can't, because of the confidentiality of the investigations, not tell you why.

- Well. I think her cousin Peter got them. He lives in Uppsala.

- What's his last name, where does he live?

- Andersson, but I do not know where he lives. It is somewhere in the center.

- Thank you very much and I am sorry that I had to bother you, but you understand we cops have got an extra pressure on us to look at deaths in religious communities after what happened in Knutby.

- What Knutby, what happened there?

Don't you know that? The first pastor forced a female church member, who he had an affair with, to shoot his wife and a neighbor whose wife he also had an affair with.

Among other means to make her doing it he was using text messages that he told the member came from God. Furthermore he also killed his first wife earlier when he wanted to have an affair with the woman who later became his wife and even later was shot to death. I think you should ask the embassy staff or look in some magazines from the spring of 2004, for further information.

- Oh my goodness, I will, thank you and goodbye.

Sten got a hold of her cousin Peter and he had the chairs. They stood in his storage. He had not even begun to use them, it had to wait until he had a bigger apartment. They made up that Sten would visit him that evening. Sten phoned the forensic laboratory to hear how he should proceed to search for tape residuals. The technique was, according to the forensic scientists he spoke with, very simple. He thought that it was just to spray the entire frame with fingerprint spray, then any leftover of tape would be clearly visible. It did not on the first chair but on the other one. It was obvious that there had been tape underneath both coamings. There were several fingerprints around the tape marks and Sten copied both these and the tape marks.

A few days later the reception called Sten. He had female visitor, it was Malin Stensson. He came down to the front desk and shook hands with her. Then he handed her the print out of the questioning protocol. She attested almost without reading it. Menawhile she said that there was another thing. She saw the pastor go home to Erica on the night she died. Sten asked her to come to his room. On the way to the room they found Fredrik and Sten asked him to come along too. Sten started the tape recorder on the desk, and after the usual introductions, he asked her:

- Can you now tell me what you saw that night that Erica died?

- I do not remember so much in detail, but I saw Gabriel knock on her door, and then she opened and he entered.

- How come you saw it, what did you do outside her door then?

- I was on my way to visit her.

- But you did not?

- Just as I was only like a house away from her house, I saw the pastor.

- What did you do?

- Yes, I went back because I did not like being the third wheel if they had something going on or something.

- When did this happen?

- I do not remember, maybe at seven.

- Why haven't you told us about this before then?

- But no one has asked me.

- But don't you think it would have been right to tell this to the police?

- Well Gabriel said that I should not talk to you, it would just mess things up, he said.

When she left, it was time for a coffee break. On the coffee break Sten told his colleagues about all his findings and particularly what Malin had said. They were of the opinion that Sten should bring this Gabriel Karlsson to the station, in order to question him for real. Thus Sten phoned Gabriel and asked him to come for an interrogation.

Liars

Anders stared into the eyes of Pastor Gabriel Karlsson.

- You went to Erica sometime between six and six-thirty in the evening on May 19 2002, that's on the night she died.

- No.

- She had invited you to dinner.

- No.

- We know you were at Erica's house on the night she died. There are witnesses who've seen you.

- I visited her often. We discussed matters of faith and I guided her on her path to becoming a pastor. But that night, I was unfortunately in my home all evening.

- Have you no school for pastors, asked Sten. Anders looked a little annoyed at him.

- No, we are a small independent church so we do not have any school.

Anders continued:

- Somehow you managed to persuade her to replace the chair she sat in with a chair from the living room. Additionally you made agree upon being taped to the chair. There are traces of trace of tape on her arms.

- No.

- You sprinkled crushed penicillin tablets in her food. How did you manage that?

- No.

- When she was not breathing, you took off the tape from the chair, but not good enough because there are still traces of tape on it.

- No.

- You replaced her plate with your plate, but you did not think about that you poured cheese on your pasta, but she did not.

- No.

- You broke off one of the screws with which the cross at the end of your church was bolted, so that it was hanging upside down.

- No.

- You asked Tomas to climb up on a ladder to fasten the cross.

- No, I mean yes I did.

- So you can say yes, it was like hell.

The reverend winced.

- So you do not like when I sin and invokes hell, but it's okay to murder?

- No.

- You were there when Tomas screwed the cross?

- Yes, but not all the time, I was inside the church for a while.

- You held the ladder when Tomas screwed the cross. Then you overturned the ladder.

- No.

- But how could it overturn then?

- I do not know, I went into the church to get my camera.

- No, you did not. You held the ladder and pushed it backwards.

- No.

- But how the hell could it otherwise fall backwards?

This time he did not wince.

- I do not know.

- Tomas did not die, but instead of helping him you banged his head against a stone.

- No.

- But one of your church members saw when you did it.

- I have not done it. I held his head, but it was to comfort him. Who says I banged it against a stone?

- I think you know.

The pastor thought for a while.

- It must have been Malin since she came when Stina was looking for the phone.

- You did not allow her to help him and you did not let her call an ambulance, how the hell could you explain that?

- So it was not at all. Stina had gone into the church to call, I had asked her to do so already. But unfortunately we had resigned the phone subscription, in order to save money.

- You forced her to pray with you, damn he lay there and died and you wanted to pray for him. It's a fucking a serious crime in itself.

- Yes, but what could we do, I'm no doctor and Stina had, like I said, gone away to call.

- Then when you sat there and prayed for such a long time that you may be sure that he was going to die, and then you dragged him away to Stina's car.

- So it was not at all, we took her to the car as fast as Stina came back. I have no car otherwise we would have taken mine of course.

- There are also church members who have testified that you were jealous of Erica and Tomas. You forced them to separate in front of the congregation.

The pastor closed his eyes, it looked like he was embarrassed, but he said nothing.

- You said to at least one parishioner that you dreamed that Erica and Tomas would die?

The pastor continued to remain silent.

Sten and Anders looked at each other. Anders pointed to the door. They went out, closed the door and whispered to each other.

- I do not think that we will get no longer, said Anders.

- I agree, we take the fingerprints and release him.

Sten took the fingerprints he copied from the armchair, the pastor's prints and a number of prints Fredrik took from the ladder that Tomas climbed on and sent it all to the forensic laboratory. The fingerprints on the ladder felt a little unnecessary, what would he be able to prove with them?

The pastor held the ladder, he had already confessed. He added them mostly because Fredrik had asked him to do so. Sten thought that it felt good for Fredrik that he had not taken them unnecessarily.

Nothing happened under the rest of the day and the following day the whole detective department in Södertälje went on a course. Sten picked Fredrik up outside his home in the morning and they went together to the conference center where the course was to be held. They were treated with coffee and cheese sandwiches inside a large conference room while everyone waited for the clock to get nine.

Shortly after nine the county police master went up on a small stage located at the front of the room. She held a short speech about the importance of police work and the importance of that all the policemen had values that were consistent with the law. Then she left the floor to the guy who would hold the course, by smiling at the audience stretching her arms as she said:

- Now, dear friends, we will get to know ourselves and we have an expert here to help us, please Thorolf!

The man who stood beside her on the stage also stretched out his hands.

- Hello everyone! My name is Thorolf Tärnsjö and I will help you to get closer to your dark sides. As you know, we all have our dark sides. Things that we carry inside that makes us react strongly on certain things. We can take you as an example. He pointed at Sten.

- What is your name?

- Sten Svensson.

- That's good Sten, have you busted any pedophiles?

- No, a couple of flasher but no pedophile.

- Okay, but if you would do it, maybe you would be a little extra brusque with him because you was abused as a child.

Fredrik, who also sat beside Sten, began to laugh out loud at the same time, he said:

- Just as I suspected.

Several others laughed with Fredrik. But there were others who looked quite despondent. Sten began to get upset.

Thorolf continued.

- But Sten it's nothing to be ashamed of, there are many who have been abused as a child. There are much we must carry with us from childhood. There are sure many of the rest of you who became cops to get revenge on dirty old men who used you as a child.

Now the mood was not so hilarious anymore. Thorolf pointed to an older colleague from the Huddinge Police station.

- Haven't you been abused as a child. How do you feel about sexual relations between adult men and young boys?

His colleague literally flew up from the chair and shouted:

- What the hell are you saying, you should be kicked?

Thorolf, however, continued:

- Oops here I really stepped on a sore toe. You may use little boys yourself? You might go to Thailand sometimes?

The older colleague stood by his chair, but he was all red in the face. One could imagine that his hands were shaking.

Then Thorolf turned to a female colleague that Sten thought worked in Nynäshamn.

- How about you, how do you feel about prostitutes? Do you get jealous because they get paid for sex while you have not had sex in several months?

He did not need to continue for long before he got all the policemen in the room greatly agitated. Then he said:

- There you go, you have been really good, I think. Now that we have had a little warming up, we split up into groups and rehearse on coping with our feelings. Now I will hand out an envelope to each one of you. In this envelope, there is a sheet with text and a round piece of paper.

He went to a few people in the front row and gave each of them a stack of envelopes and asked them to take one each, and then send the rest backwards. When all had received an envelope he spoke again:

- You can open your envelope and look at the top of the paper. It states what group you belong to. Take for example the paper I have here, where it says: rape group 1.

Thorolf went on and described what they would do and in the end it was clear that there would be role plays. Sten would be a person who assaulted someone at a restaurant, two others in the group would be police officers and a third would be the victim.

The round piece of paper had a green and a red side. They would put the piece of paper in front with the green side up until that someone wanted to cancel the exercise then he would turn over the piece of paper.

Sten sighed and looked at others in the nearest seats. They looked pretty suffering. Then he found that almost all the cops in the room looked rather unhappy. Well, Sten and three colleagues from various stations gathered in one of the small group rooms and the exercise began. In the beginning it was quite tough and perfunctory until Sten began doing the beating, then it became a little more exciting. The two that would play cops probably thought it was a little boring just to watch while Sten soft boxed with the victim. Thus, they went in to help, one on each side and it became a vital soft boxing match.

No one wanted to turn in their paper. Instead, it became livelier and livelier until a superintendent came in and asked how they were doing.

- Yes, we are working with our attitudes, Sten said as he tried to look serious. His colleagues were not the least bit serious they laughed like crazy.

They ended the fight and tried to pretend it was a serious intervention, but the whole thing was pretty freaked out. All four were very pleased with the exercise and they laughed at it when they later sat with a beer and waited for dinner.

Unfortunately, they much later in the evening, after many more beers, decided that they should continue the fight. It ended with that Sten injured earlobe on a table edge.

The colleagues taped the ear with a roll of tape that they found in the reception. But when Sten woke up in the morning the pillow was very bloody.

A few days later the manager came into Sten's room and closed the door behind him.

- How is it going with the deaths in the Temple Church?

Sten stared into his eyes, trying to look relaxed.

- It seems very weird. It feels like Reverend Gabriel, has taken the life of them, but we do not have enough to prove it.

- What do you think?

- We have witnesses that say he was at the home of the woman on the night she died. And as for the other person who died, we have a witness that saw him holding his head against a stone after the guy fell from the ladder, which later led to his death. He also behaved strangely and he forced a church member to keep quiet about it.

- Do you have anything more?

- Yes, I have a witness who has heard him say that he dreamed that Erica and Tomas will die.

- It sounds almost unbelievable, something more?

- He was apparently jealous of those who died because they were together.

- This starts to become something. What does he say to the testimonies?

- He denies everything.

Something more?

- No, but I'm waiting for the results from the fingerprint matching with the chair that Erica might have been taped to.

- Good, but is it various witnesses who had seen those things?

Sten felt he got a little warm on the cheeks.

- No, it's the same person.

- Did you contact her?

- No, she called me.

The manager looked incredulously at him and said:

- Then it sounds a bit weak, it is perhaps best to lay it down. Besides, it is several years since it happened and no one is on us to solve it and they are actually not regarded as unsolved crimes. But you can keep on a bit with it on the side when you get time. But make no mass interrogations and do not send a lot of fingerprints to the forensic laboratory. It is we who have to pay for it.

He did not wait for a response from Sten, he just turned around and walked out of the room. Sten felt dejected, so he looked at the wall for a long time after the manager had left. In addition to this job, he currently had a residential burglary, a pair of robberies and four cases of domestic violence that he worked on. He sighed and reached for the pile with plastic folders. He had just started to brows in the pile when the phone rang.

- Hi my name is Sören Bergman, I'm calling from the National Forensic Laboratory in Norrköping.

- Hello.

- You, I've found a safe matching of the fingerprints taken on the chair.

From that Sten sat slumped in the chair he became on the edge.

- Oh, who?

- The fingerprints do not match any of the ones you wanted me to compare with. However, they match with some of them, that according to the form are taken on a ladder.

- It was like hell. Is it more fingerprints that match?

- Yes, we have a safe matching on two full fingerprints. Moreover, it is a pair of half prints that matches well.

- It could be Tomas.

- Well, it means nothing to me. But if you can take prints on him Tomas, I could tell.

- He's dead, but I might be able to ask his parents to send anything that they know he has fingered on a lot.

- Do it then, send it to me Sören Bergman.

Sten did so. He called Tomas's parents. It was his father who replied. Sten thought that maybe they'd be happy that society devoted time to investigate their son's death so far after it happened. But the father suddenly became very distressed when he heard Sten's question, he promised, however, to find something to send. He offered even to come and give it to Sten personally, even though he lived in Umeå. Sten said that it was enough if he sent it by post.

After the call Sten went to the boss and told him what he just heard.

- It was like hell. How do we get it together.

- It may well be that Tomas murdered either Erica or help her to die, it might be hard to ever find out which. But then, he has either fallen with the ladder or kicked it out from the wall and in that case it appears as a witness is lying. Or Pastor Gabriel killed Tomas and then he is lying. It may also be that the pastor was also present when Erica died, since there are witnesses who saw him there in the evening.

- Do you have multiple witnesses to it, I thought you only had one, wasn't it by the way the same woman who saw him hold Tomas's head.

- Yes, you're right, it's not unlikely that she is lying.

- It could be so, we actually have nothing proper to suggest that the pastor has killed them.

- It's true, maybe we should press her a little bit. She may have had some business with the pastor too, maybe she is jealous.

- Exactly, you may well look a bit with a few others in the congregation. Talk to a few that might be gossip hags.

- You're right, I think I'll call Gunilla Martinsson.

Gunilla was not home, but Sten was given a mobile phone number by the inquiry. She replied, and after various small talk, he came in on the core subject:

- Do you know if Pastor Gabriel Karlsson had any relationship with any of the women in the church, or any of the men for that matter?

- You know what, she said completely spontaneous. Homosexuality is forbidden by God. Then she thought for a moment.

- Yes, he had a brief relationship with Erica just when she came to the church. Besides that I do not know. Yes, almost all of us more or less had a crush on him, but relationship.

She thought ahead and Sten said nothing.

- Linda Almfridsson, she said after a moment. They probably had a relationship for a while.

- How about you then?

She was silent for a very long time. As if such a thing was something one would forgot. It was obvious that she at least had a crush on him. Eventually she confessed that she was in love with him and that they had sex once.

- How was it with Malin Stensson then?

- Yes, they had a relationship, I remember now. It ended when Gabriel met Erica.

- How is this possible? That pastor was preaching about that Tomas and Erica lived in sin and then he has sinned with half the congregation?

- Yes it's weird, but I wanted so much that he would see me.

- Do you think Malin hates Gabriel?

- Absolutely.

- Why do you think so?

- You can tell on her that she hates him.

- But why doesn't she just leave the church, then she will not see him ever more?

- Yes it is a little strange but she maybe hopes that he would take her back. I probably hoped that also before, though I've gotten over it now.

A day later Sten and Anders sat in the interrogation room with Stina Hammarström across the table.

It was Anders who led the interrogation, i.e. asked questions.

- Can you tell me what happened when Tomas died?

- I was cleaning inside the church. I dried the floor. I went out to ask if they wanted coffee. I mean I was going to ask if they wanted me to make coffee. When I came out there Tomas had fallen and Gabriel sat next to him.

- Didn't you hear a crash or so?

- No, not really.

- How is it possible?

- I think I sat on the toilet at the time it happened.

- Okay, what did you see when you came out?

- Gabriel kneeling beside Tomas. He kept his hand on Tomas forehead and talked to him.

- Did you hear what he said?

- Yes, but I do not remember what it was, it was something comforting I think.

- Did Tomas answer?

- No.

- What happened next?

- I rushed to there and asked what happened. Gabriel said something about that he must have fallen. Should I call an ambulance, I said then. Yes, do that, he said. I went into the church to call, but I did not find the phone. Then I realized that we turned it off to save money.

She paused. It seemed like she was waiting for a new question.

- What did you do?

- I went back to them. Then Malin sat there also. I told them that we no longer have a phone.

Then Gabriel asked if I could get my car. I said yes and then I went to get it. Then all three of us carried Tomas into it. I had a station wagon and we folded down the rear seats and laid him on his back in the back. Gabriel was next to him, and I drove them to Södertälje Hospital as fast as I dared.

Sten looked at Anders and said:

- How was Tomas laying when you came out?

- He was lying on the ground and Gabriel had his hand on his forehead.

Anders took up the thread and continued.

- Was his head lying on the grass?

- Yes, I think so.

- Was the head bleeding?

She thought a bit:

- Yes I think so, he was a bit bloody.

- Was the ladder laying straight out from the wall?

- No not really, it was laying a bit sideways toward the woods.

- Was Tomas laying under the ladder?

- No the ladder lay beside him.

- did he lay on his back, stretched out?

- Yes I think so.

Sten broke in again:

- When you came out the second time Tomas was moved then?

- No, I don't think so.

- Are you sure?

- Yes.

Anders continued:

- But why did you not call the alarm center with your mobile?

- We have a rule that we does not have any phones with us when we are in the church, since the radiation interferes with our contact with God.

They finished the interview and discussed how they would make up the next one, that they would do with Malin Stensson. She came to the police station a few hours later.

Sten and Anders met her at the reception. They walked past the coffee machine, took one cup of coffee each and went to the interrogation room. Unfortunately, all the rooms were occupied so they went into Anders' room.

Both Sten and Anders stared at her with serious faces for several minutes as they had agreed on. In the end, Sten asked:

- Well Malin why have you lied to us about what you saw after Tomas fell from the ladder?

She was silent for a long moment. The moment was so long that it probably ended up being impossible to persist in the lie as nothing had happened. So she replied:

- I hate him, Gabriel, he's a pig, but it is impossible to get him.

Was it true that Gabriel told you that he dreamed that Erica and Tomas would die?

- No, I found it out, sorry. She looked imploringly at them. She had tears in her eyes.

- You also lied about that you saw him go in to Erica's house on the night when she died?

- Yes.

- Where you even there?

- Yes.

- Did you see anything?

- She hesitated again, eventually she replied, while she hid her face in her hands.

- Tomas, I saw Tomas go in to her.

- At what time?

- About seven.

- What were you doing there?

- I was on my way home to Erica. I was often with her because she felt bad.

- But you never went in to her?

- No, I knew that they had been together, so I did not want to disturb. Moreover, she could just as well be comforted by Tomas, I thought. Was it foolish?

- No, how could you know what would happen. But why didn't you say anything about it to me?

- I talked to Tomas, asking what he had done. Tomas said he helped Erica to die, because she wanted it. He asked me not to say anything. He wished that Gabriel would be blamed and I wanted that too.

- Did he kill her?

- He helped her to die. She was so unhappy. We were all unhappy. The interrogation continued but nothing more interesting was revealed. Afterwards Sten and Anders agree on how they thought it had happened. They also agreed on not doing anything more about it. A few days later there was a padded envelope in Sten's mailbox. Sten opened it gently and shook out the contents on his desk. It was a small letter opener in something that looked like ivory. It lay in a taped freezer bag. In addition, there was a letter in the envelope. The letter said:

Hey Sten!

Thank you for devoting time to find the truth about how my son Tomas died. Unfortunately, I fear that he took himself out and his girlfriend Erica also for that matter. This is because he said he wanted to do it. He asked me not to talk about it. Therefore, I have kept quiet, but I cannot stand it anymore and I do not want the truth to die with me. He told me that Pastor Gabriel Karlsson was a big pig and that they wanted to die. They wanted him to get the blame so he would get a little dicey. I never thought he would do it. He has tried to it before, but then he has always survived. Luckily the pastor never got the blame. If he had got the blame, I probably would have felt compelled to reveal the truth, even if the pastor was a big pig.

YOURS SINCERELY

Anders Fagerlund

The money transport

The robbery

It was completely empty in the detective department when Sten arrived this morning, though he was later than usual. But just when he got into his room, Fredrik stuck his head into the doorway. He looked happy, but did not even say "hello", instead:

- Do not take off your jacket, we must get out immediately.
- Why? Good morning by the way.
- Sorry, good morning to you too. But we usually never say good morning to each other.
- No, but you usually at least say hello.
- It was damn how sour you are then. Aren't you interested in why have to leave straight away?
- I'm not sour, but you can say hello or something anyway. We've fucking gone on a course to practiced how to meet the thieves in a friendly manner.
- You're too damn sour and by the way, you are no thief either.

Now Fredrik had lost some of his good temper. Sten tried to think of something conciliatory. He used to be good at getting Fredrik in a good mood, but now it was empty in his head. So he waited until Fredrik continued.

- You know this money transport robbery that happened this morning in Järna.
- What, nah I know nothing about it. Has it happened here too now?

Fredrik sounded happy again when he answered:

- But don't hear on the radio when you are on your way to here?
- Yes, but Rix morning zoo with Gert Fylking, what do you think they're talking about?
- Morning TV then?
- But you know well that I do not waste time on such things in the morning, but what has happened?
- Sometime type half past seven a money transport van from Securitas was forced to stop by a truck. From the truck came two guys with automatic weapons. After the van came a Saab with two guys. They also had automatic weapons. They forced the guards to get out. Then they blow the cabinet.
- Oh fuck, it's almost like in Hallunda.
- Precisely, they actually had spread out Spanish riders too. But they did not do any cover thing.
- You mean like blowing up an ATM or something?
- That's right, they maybe did not think that it would be needed out there on the country side.
- Type, as if the only police car in Södermanland was busy helping some old lady across the street, or something.

They did not continue to talk, instead they walked briskly to the garage. Without discussing it they took Sten's car. They used to do it because Fredrik had no car and then it was better that Sten got the mileage compensation than that they took a government car. Sten drove away without knowing where they were going, in lack of better he steered towards the motorway. They reached the motorway before Fredrik had come to what it was that they would do. Fredrik talked all the way from the station to the ramp, but it was just a lot of details about what happened and who did what out there in Järna. When he finally realized that they were on the motorway to there, he said:

- But we're not going to Järna we are going to Tumba.
- And that information you thought you could save until we arrived in Järna or? What should we do in Tumba, anyway? Does the boss think they went there just because the getaway car from the Hallunda robbery was found in Tumba?
- No, but you didn't give me time to tell you what we are going to do since you are nagging all the time.
- I don't.

- What was that whit not say good morning then if not fussing?
 - Yes, but that was a long time ago.
 - Okay. Well one of the Securitas guards is living in Tumba. They were sent home immediately.
 - But should they not be heard, or go to someone, like stress relief?
 - Maybe, but how relaxing is it to sit in an exploded money transport van in Järna? The boss told Stickan and Mustafa to drive them home to begin with.
 - Whas it Stickan and Mustafa who took the alarm?
 - Probably, I do not know. Nah, by the way, it must have been a general alarm, so then probably all our available cars went there.
 - Sorry, I remember now. They thought it would be a car chase and bang-bang. But so far it has only been crisscrossing in Södermanland?
 - Exactly, but fuck it. Turn now before we miss this exit too and must turn in Gnesta. They caught up on the ramp, but Sten had to cross the cross painted lines so the whole car shook. He was a little ashamed that he had forgotten that they actually would go northward. But then he realized that it was Fredrik who started with the mistakes. Then it felt better. Aloud he said:
 - Okay, but what should we do in Tumba?
 - The Stockholm police have an idea that the guards might be involved, so they asked our boss to sneak on them.
 - Does the Stockholmers do that also?
 - Yes, I guess so. But it took a while before they started with it and perhaps it hasn't resulted in any leads.
 - Sounds like a pretty bad argument.
 - I agree, but maybe it was not so they said it to our boss. In any case, it sounds reasonable that the guards are mixed up in some way. It has happened before.
 - I know, but if I was a guardian I would lay very low for a long time.
 - Now you are not a guard, luckily. You know how thieves are, they want's to brag, right?
 - True, but what should we do then?
 - We will scout on one guy, he is living in Tumba. I do not know for how long or so, but the manager said we would discuss that later. Now it's just to establish a reconnaissance.
 - But the other guy, though, who scouts him?
 - Anette and Anders. We shall skip everything else for this right now. It was a lot of money.
 - Right, equality before the law.
- They continued in silence, but Sten was thinking about how untrue this expression was in reality. Had it been an ordinary car that had been robbed, they had not even gone there at all. The guard lived in an apartment block quite close to central Tumba. They parked the car in a parking nearby, from where the house could be seen. After sitting there for a few minutes looking at the house, Sten spoke:
- Damn, we cannot sit here all day. People will start to wonder why all of a sudden two guys are sitting in a car and staring at a house.
 - Yes, in addition, we not even know what he looks like or what apartment he lives in.
 - No right, but what do we do now?
 - We could probably get the description of him from Securitas. They should have photos. As for this with the car park, there are not so many options besides standing out on the street, or to fix a room in the building over there, or standing in the woods.
 - Standing in the woods or on the street, no way. It is perhaps okay during a few hours, but then we'll have the cops on us.
 - Yes, and if we sit in the building, we have no chance to get out on the street in time, if he would go away somewhere.
 - Exactly, and then what is the point with sitting here?
 - Well then we have to sit in the car, but it does look strange in the long run.

They thought a bit about this while staring intensely against the house, as if they were trying to see something suspicious. After a while Sten had an idea:

- Maybe we could borrow Tomas van. You know my friend Tomas. Have you seen his car? He has a VW van. The whole back end is like a little workshop with a door to the driver's seat. In addition, it has tinted windows in the back.

- But doesn't he need it himself?

- Yes, he does use it from time to time, but not so often. He bought it, to some extent, so that he could have a tax reduce.

- But that's no point if he does not need it?

- Right, but you know how it is. Whoever has the most stuff when he dies is the winner. Additionally, he will earn some money on it now, if he can lease it to the police.

- Then it's only one problem remaining. How do we park the car and stay in it without people starting to wonder?

- It's true. That's a problem.

They thought a little about this and they discussed some possible solutions until they agreed that a person should sit in the back while the other, who was driving, parked the car. The driver would then go to another car which they had parked somewhere nearby. Then he would drive home. When it was time for change, they would do the opposite. If the guard would leave his apartment, the one who was on duty would crawl into the cabin to the driver's seat and follow him by car or by foot. The only hole that they could see in the idea was that people perhaps would wonder why a parked van suddenly came to life. But they concluded that in all cases was better than all other alternatives.

Fredrik called the boss, Detective Chief Inspector Ingvar Bergström, for reporting. He thought it was a good idea, with the van, if it was not too expensive. But then he asked if they had checked in which apartment the guard lived. They had not, but Fredrik did not want to say that. Since then there would be no point at all in that they were there. So he said they had checked the sign in the entrance, but they were not sure which windows belonged to each apartment. The manager understood this and promised to return as soon as possible with a description. Since Fredrik had said that they have been out and checked in which apartment that the guard lived, he felt compelled to really do so. Thus he went off to the house. Sten remained in the car to call Tomas. The guard was named Ola Andersson. There was luckily only one Andersson in the house. He lived on the second floor. The stairwell was rectangular and it was the middle of the house. Fredrik went up the stairs to the second floor. He stood a moment at the end of the stairs and looked at the doors. There was a door at each corner. The door into Andersson's apartment was luckily in the corner facing the parking lot. To reduce the risk that Ola Andersson would understand what he was doing, he continued briskly up the stairs to the next floor. When he came out of the house, he went around it to check if it had any other entrance.

Meanwhile, Sten got hold of Tomas. He thought it sounded exciting and cool that his car would be in a reconnaissance mission. There was absolutely no problem for the police to rent it. He could come and leave it within twenty minutes. But since Tomas is craftsman, he didn't come until after more than an hour. They met on a desolate parking in an industrial area some distance away. Fredrik opened the doors in the back. Along one wall there where shelves and drawers made of wood. In the shelves there were different machines and a lot of cables. Along the other wall there was a work bench of wood. The floor was empty except for an office chair and a wooden box. Fredrik said he thought it looked perfect. Tomas looked pleased. He pointed to the chair and said:

- You'll surely sit there for quite a while, I guess, so I put an old office chair there.

Then he pointed to the wooden box that stood in the middle of the floor and said:

- I've added a little entertainment in the box there.

Fredrik put a hand on the box to open it, but Tomas stopped him.

- Wait until you are on the spot. I figured it would be a surprise.

So Fredrik sat in the cabinet and Tomas sat at the wheel. Sten drove the other car, showing Tomas the way.

Sten drove past the house and stopped a short distance away. Tomas However drove to the parking and parked in a parking lot, with the rear doors facing the house. Then he went to Sten's car.

- I fucking appreciate it that you helped me Tomas! I know that you have a shitload to do.

- Thanks, but you said I could send an invoice to the police.

- Absolutely, how much do you want?

- I do not know. Actually I do not use the car so much. But if you have the chance to earn some money...

- I get it, I'll check with the boss what he thinks it is worth or should we take what Eurocar take, for it is them we usually hire from?

- For me it does not matter. But you obviously get a penny from what I earn on this.

Sten then asked what was in the box. Tomas laughed and replied that he had to see for himself.

- Another thing, Tomas said, still a little chuckle, maybe it was not so smart to set up an office chair with wheels on.

- Why?

- Well your buddy went around in there and got hit a little bit here and there. He swore a lot, too. It sounded pretty fun actually.

- But what the hell. He could not sit in the chair when you went, then he may well blame himself.

Both laughed quite heartily at the thought of Fredrik going around on the chair in the cabinet.

Then Sten asked, a little bit uneasy:

- Did he hurt himself?

- No, not that bad. I asked and he said it was okay.

The rest of the way home to Tomas they talked about all sorts of things like friends do. Sten dropped him off and he wondered if Sten wanted to join in for a coffee. It used always to be like Tomas did not have time to meet. So now that he had little time, even if it was just for a quick snack, Sten did not want to say no, even though, for once, he was short on time. It turned out that Tomas had quite a lot of time, so it became a long break.

After a full pot of coffee and a packet of biscuits the DCI called and asked how it went. But Sten did not get a chance to explain since the boss interrupted and asked him to go to Stockholm for a meeting with the colleagues investigating the earlier robberies. He pronounced the word "colleagues" in a way that made Sten realize that he thought they were not at all colleagues. Sten thought for a bit on whether he would ask about if the "colleagues" tried to take over the Södertälje police's investigation, but he did not find any proper way to say it. Moreover, he had only good experiences from working with Stockholm.

The manager said he wanted someone who took information home to Södertälje and Sten was the only one who was not busy. Sten was a little hurt that he said that. It sounded as if he sent Sten in the lack of someone better. Though he did not comment on that either because Tomas sat next to him and heard everything he said. Instead he said nothing. After that none of them said anything for a while it seemed as if the boss had realized out that it did not sound so good, for he said:

- Sorry I did not mean that I do not trust you, I just meant that we shouldn't invite Stockholm more than necessary to our investigation. But we should take with us as much as possible of what they know.

- It is not so hard because I really do not know a thing about what happened here in Södertälje, or Järna I mean.

- Exactly, you are perfect for this task.

The meeting would be held at one o'clock in the police headquarters on Kungsholmen. It was far away, so Tomas said he would make some grub. Sten had no idea that Tomas could fix grub, for he had never done it in the days when they hung out together.

But that was of course before he started an electric company, had children and bought a house. The cooking went on so that he opened the freezer. It was full of different plastic boxes. There, he was looking around for a while until he took out a box that appeared to be the biggest. It was a big-pack ice cream box. It said chocolate ice cream on it.

He opened it and looked at the contents, smelled and gave it to Sten.

- What do you think about this? Surely meat sauce huh?

The content was brown and not unlike either chocolate ice cream or meat sauce. It smelled nothing at all, well it is most likely Bolognese sauce, said Sten.

- Then it is just a question, it's spaghetti in it too or should we cook some pasta?

- Do you have quick macaroni, in that case, we can always take a chance that it is spaghetti in the box, and if it is not, then we fix it pretty quickly.

- Good idea, I boil water at once for quick macaroni's we just have to have at home. It was the only thing I was living on before.

- And ketchup.

- And pizza.

- I used to eat burgers sometimes.

- Really, on the weekends then?

- Wage weekends only.

- Of course.

Sten felt satisfied. He had not seen Tomas in over a year. Every time they talked on the phone, it had only been stressed talk that doesn't saying anything at all. But now they had a great time without even a beer.

It took quite a long time to heat a whole big-pack. Once it was hot, it turned out to be just meat sauce, but then the water in the pot had almost boiled away completely and there were no quick macaroni's.

Tomas took out a packet of white sliced bread from the freezer. He put out plates, a toaster and two beers on the table.

- Now we have to eat all the sauce, otherwise Lilian will be sad. So we have to load a big pile on each sandwich.

Sten took a toasted piece of bread and covered it with a big pile of meat sauce. But as soon as he put on the sauce, it began running in all directions. Not that he had his wedding suit on it, but he was still going to a meeting in Stockholm. He thought for a bit on how he would get the food into the mouth. Meanwhile, the toast got softer and the plate messier. He was considering various options, like bib or cutlery, but he did not want to seem silly. Tomas had a t-shirt and craftsman pants on. He did not think at all about if it sprinkled, it was already his third sandwich with even more sauce on. Eventually Sten pushed the plate as far as possible in on the table as it was possible to reach it with his mouth. Despite this, he still got a couple of small splashes on the shirt. Tomas on the other hand was completely brown spotty. They laughed a little at this. Tomas retrieved a roll of paper towels and said he probably would change t-shirt.

When Sten learned the technology and wiped away the worst mess in the face every now and then, he could say that it actually was very tasty, like hamburgers but with much more flavor. But he began to be in a hurry. They parted, and decided, as is customary, to meet over a few beers sometime.

Although the lack of time, he came quite in time for the meeting on Kungsholmen.

Meeting

He was not the first person in the room, but there were several who came after him. It was a Detective Chief Inspector on the National Police who led the meeting. He was the leader of a small special group that was working with violent crimes directed against the police or other officials. It was created after what happened in Malexsander. He began the meeting by telling a little about what they were doing. The group had gone through a variety of spectacular crimes committed during the last fifteen years. Several of the other officers in the room were asking questions about various crimes. The DCI responded, but it was obvious that he got annoyed. Finally he said that it was time to get to the subject of the meeting. All went silent and many looked at the floor and it looked as if they were ashamed.

The DCI completed the presentation of himself and his group, through pointing at a girl who sat next to him:

- Ulrika here is working in my group. Now you others might introduce yourself and tell us what you are doing and from which station you come.

After the presentation a girl from Skärholmen described what happened in Hallunda. Then another police officer told about a failed robbery attempt, that Sten never had heard about. It had been done in Sollentuna. The robbers had not managed to stop the money transport vehicle. It had not happened so much more, so his story was told pretty fast. A third police officer told about a robbery in Järfälla. It had been done in almost exactly the same way as the robberies in Hallunda and Järna.

When he was finished, all looked at Sten in a very curious way. Sten had feared this moment. He began with a humming sound, followed by that it was not yet so much they knew. The others seemed nevertheless pleased with his history and they nodded approvingly several times.

When Sten had finished and no one seemed to have anything more to ask, the DCI said:

- Okay, we're dealing with four rather similar robberies that have occurred within a period of six months. It is quite a lot of money involved. First it was ten millions, then zero, then six millions and so now then nine millions. Plus that the robbers in Hallunda could've had twenty millions more if they had got with them the third box and had not destroyed the second one. Luckily, no one have died or been seriously injured, but its big money. We have little DNA traces and other things, especially in the vehicles the robbers used, but nothing have given any hits.

All sat in silence for a while, waiting for someone to say something. After a while, the police from Sollentuna said:

- Why isn't it color cartridges in the boxes? They have certainly had it in the ATMs and bank boxes for at least twenty years.

The DCI explained that they had, but probably the robbers can open the boxes without activating them. Otherwise, they would reasonably well not even try. Maybe they had copied the keys from someone inside the Securitas.

Silence again until Sten asked if they thought it was the same gang that made all the robberies.

The DCI replied:

- It seems reasonable, there is a lot that suggest it, like descriptions of the robbers and procedures. But there are things that speak against too.

- Like what? Asked Sten.

- Among other things, the descriptors are so thin that it can be anyone and it would be strange if the same gang would continue if they already have collected so much money. In addition, they are no DNA traces consistent between any of the crimes.

They continued to talk a little about this. Sten asked after a while, something he had thought about all the time:

- I have been asked to shadow one of the guards. Do you think that they are involved in any way?

Everyone nodded and the girl from Skärholmen said:

- It's quite obvious, especially in your case. They would not go around randomly in Järna, in stolen cars, hoping to run into a security van.

Everyone laughed.

After discussing it for a while, Sten understood that the guards were the only real lead they could follow. Which meant that he also understood why the detective department at Södertälje police station had to use every detective to shadow two of them. But he still had some practical questions. He wrote down things on the paper he had in front of him, he wrote:

First. Does the other stations follow some security guards too?

2nd. Does they then shadow them around the clock?

3rd. If they do, how do they do that in practice?

4th. What do they think it can bring?

5th. On which account shall we book the time on in our time accounting system?

When there was a gap in the conversation Sten asked his first question. The answer to that was no. The DCI explained:

- Sure, we have an eye on the involved guards to see if they spend an unusually high amount of money, hang out with bad guys or so. I cannot go into how. But so far it has not yielded anything.

Since all follow-up questions then fell, Sten had to reformulate the rest:

First. Why should we do it?

2nd. What should we look for?

3rd. Should we shadow them around the clock? Can we get help in such case?

4th. Which account shall we use?

The DCI responded to the first question:

- We unfortunately do not have much to work on. The guards seem to lay low, but it is reasonable to believe that at some point soon after the robbery they get their share of the pie. It is so far the most interesting. The second most interesting thing is when they hide their share of the goods. Bury it in the woods, or whatever they do.

Sten nodded and the DCI continued to answer the other questions:

- You should look for and document those who they socialize with or meet. Some of them may well be in the robber gang. And type, forest walks are very interesting. If that happens, you must immediately do a dog search afterwards. I'll make sure you get some unwashed clothes that are theirs.

As for the third question, the DCI said that they did not need to follow them when they were working and they could go home when the guards turn off the lights for the night, if nothing happens in about an hour after that.

- Okay, so we'll follow them during the evenings and weekends?

- Exactly.

- How fun is that? We are actually only four detectives plus the DCI in our detective group. Can we get some help maybe?

The DCI promised to look at it, then the discussion about the guards continued. Those who came from other stations brought phone lists for the guard's cell phones and home phones. One of the colleagues was asked to make copies. Meanwhile the others went to the coffee machine. A moment later they all gathered again and flipped back and forth in the lists.

Ulrika, she who worked with the DCI, said:

- We have gone through these lists and looked after if there are any numbers that appear on multiple lists, but it seems not to be so.

- Have they called to each other then? Someone asked.

- No they have not, at least not with these phones.

The girl from Skärholmen followed up the issue.

- Private mobile phones then?

- That we do not know if they have, because we've been laying low asking about it, so they do not get suspicious. Though as far as we know, they usually only have work phones when they are working.

The guy from Sollentuna asked:

- But isn't there any record where you can check it?

- Directory service, someone said.

Ulrika looked a bit annoyed as she replied:

- Of course we have checked it, but they have no registered private phones. Though they might have phones with unregistered prepaid cards.

The DCI looked a little annoyed.

- We have to move on. You may take them in and see if they have two phones.

- Would it not be better, Sten said. If we, when we follow them, could keep track on exactly when they call and then check the list if the call gets listed.

- What do we gain on that? Said the guy from Sollentuna.

Sten did not respond because he from Järfälla hooked on Sten's idea with the suggestion that they would check with all operators on the calls made from the nearest base stations if the calls were not on the list.

He from Sollentuna sighed. The guy from Järfälla then realized that he just had suggested that all the involved guards should be followed. Sten sighed, but said nothing. He let everyone else talk and the longer the discussion went on, the more it became clear that the others had to shadow guards as well. It was concluded that all would give it a week and see if it gave anything. Ulrika, who meanwhile had sat and flipped the phone lists, suggested when the discussion stopped, that they would go further back in time with the phone number they already had. Once this was decided, they decided a date in the middle of the following week, for the next meeting.

Sten was quite pleased when he went from there. He thought he handled it well and he had succeeded in reducing their shadowing assignment. So he cheerfully called the boss and then Fredrik to report. The boss asked foremost about what kind of explosives and weapons that had been used previously. But they had not, as far as Sten remembered, talked so much about that. However he remembered that it had been the same kind of explosives and weapons used in the two other fully completed robberies. Unfortunately, it was said at the meeting, it was not of much a help because in both cases, it was military explosives and military automatic weapons, which are very common within criminal circles. The explosives were surely identified by classical analysis of the blast injuries. Regarding the weapons all four guards had recently made their military service and they were absolutely certain that it was the military's standard semi-automatic guns that were leveled against them. Fredrik, on the other hand, only commented that it was nice that they did not have to do the night shift.

- What was in the wooden box then?

- You'll see when you come. Please come pretty soon because I'm crap ...

Then there was silence. At first Sten thought the call was interrupted, but soon he realized that someone came near the car, though he knew at least that he should rush since Fredrik was either crap hungry or crap pissy. In any case, there was no time waste. Sten was in Tumba, about ten minutes later. He parked in a parking lot at the De Laval and went to the VW van. He locked it up and drove off towards the car park at De Laval. Fredrik rushed out of the van as soon as they stopped. He stood in the bushes some distance away. A moment later Fredrik drove the VW van back again though he parked on the street instead of in the parking lot. The change went smoothly except that Sten a while after that Fredrik had left, discovered that Fredrik had taken with him the keys to the ignition switch, so he had to call Fredrik.

- What the hell you cannot take my keys also, you have your own.

- Sorry, I'll be back as soon as I have eaten.

Sten sat in the bus till half past seven in the evening.

It did not happen so much in his life during that time. In the wooden box he had found a large bag of promotional sweets with different flavors.

Most of them just tasted sugar with artificial strawberry or orange. Though there were some with licorice flavor as well, but they were relatively few. It was hard to see outside of the candy if it had licorice flavor, especially as it was very dark in the van. On some of the sweets, the paper was sloppily twisted around the sweet. Sten suspected that Fredrik done the same as him. He knew that Fredrik was also very fond of licorice. Sometimes they would buy a bag Good & Mixed each and it used almost always just be the licorice that ended.

Besides candy there were a portable DVD player with a screen and headphones in the box. In addition, lay a number of DVDs and a Game Boy.

He gave a warm thought for Tomas as he opened the cover to the top-DVD. He did not understand what was so funny until he realized that almost all the DVDs contained pirate copied porn. Now he also understood the purpose of the roll of paper towels in the box.

About the time he normally used to come home he called his girlfriend Elin and told her he would be late. She said about the same as she usually did, that is, that it did not do much except for that he should have said it earlier, since then she could have worked overtime or something. Sten was going to say that it would be okay if she did so sometimes also instead of always seeing herself as a victim, but he stopped himself and said instead what he had learned:

- Sorry honey, I want to be with you all the time. I miss you.

It apparently worked this time too, for Elin immediately sounded much happier.

When he came home, he made a few sandwiches, took a can of beer and sat next to Elin in the couch. She watched an American TV series that he did not follow. Elin had a glass of red wine in front of her on the coffee table. He ate two sandwiches and drank half the beer before he realized that he had not even spoken to her. He had said "hello" of course. But he had not hugged her. Sten closed his eyes and tried to concentrate on trying to figure out a way to make it up to her. It was apparent that it was needed. The only sensible he figured out, however, was to say sorry once again, so he said it. It did not work so well, even though he described how stressed he had been during the day.

- Sorry, but it does not sound so stressful to sit in a car for five hours and watch a movie.

He did not come up with any good answer. Instead, he crawled on all fours over to her, pulled up her shirt a little and kissed her belly. Then he kissed her arms, neck and any other bare skin he could reach. He became horny. This was partly because he actually still got horny from kissing her, but all the porn movies he had seen during the day helped, of course, a lot. Unfortunately, he knew from experience that it was very difficult to take Elin from sour to horny. He came, however, on to a slightly new approach. He said he would get naked, lie in bed and wait for her. She nodded, but she continued to watch TV. Sten did, however, never find out if the new approach was working since when Elin came to bed, he already slept.

Surveillance

The following day began as usual with that the clock radio started about three quarters before they had to go up. For once, he felt as though he was rested, so he went up before Elin had pressed the snooze button for the second time. This meant that he was the first one in the office this morning, which in turn meant that he could check several of the things that he had planned to do the previous day. The first one that bothered him this day was the boss. He wanted to hear in more detail what happened at the meeting. Sten took out his notes and presented them as carefully as he could. The boss soon appeared to get tired of listening and instead he asked Sten to fix phone lists for their company mobiles and home phones. At this point, Sten had fixed phone lists so many times that he actually almost knew a person at Telia who could help him with this. The guards' telephone numbers were written on the paper with notes from on the site of the crime. When he ordered the phone lists, there was not much more that Sten could do in that investigation, so he continued with another one. A few hours later, they held a meeting about the robbery. They had not yet come up with anything substantial besides what Sten had already heard. Both cars had been found burned-out on a forest road. But he had already heard that on the radio. Moreover, he had read it in the local newspaper in the morning. The manager said he would interrogate the guards himself because he did not want them to see any of the other detectives. He decided that Fredrik and Sten should continue to follow the guy in Tumba also the coming evening. The next evening, however, they would switch so that Anette and Anders took Ola Andersson and Fredrik and Sten took the other one. Sten and Fredrik went to lunch as usual and when Sten came back he found the phone lists in his mailbox. He printed them and placed them side by side on his desktop. The desk was full even before he had put up half of the lists, so he placed them on the floor instead. Pretty soon, however, he grew tired of standing bent over the floor, so he went with the lists to the conference room. It took a while to come up with a sensible approach on how he would do. He began to highlight all numbers dialed to and from mobiles. Sten did not know what he would use it for when he was ready, so he went to check if any of the guards called someone or received a call just before the robbery. It turned out that Ola called someone fifteen minutes before the robbery. He got a little excited, but the excitement faded quickly when the inquiry said that number was to Securitas. The third he checked was whether any of them had called one of the other guards, which he got telephone list from on the meeting the day before. But he did not get as far in the project until it was time for coffee. After coffee, he emailed the telephone lists to the police officers he met at the meeting. Some our later Sten, Fredrik, Anette and Anders went to Securitas in order to wait until the guards had finished their shift.

They waited, each in his own car, on the parking lot outside a house with a big neon sign that read Securitas. Several muscular young guys with short notched hair came out of the building, but none of them looked like the person in the photo Sten held in his hand. The other guard did not seem to have come out either, since both Anette and Anders car remained in their parking lots. When the clock had become half past four Anders phoned and said that he had checked with Securitas and they had said that their two guards were on counseling all day at Securitas headquarters at Lindhagensplan.

- You, by the way, he said then, the guy you're shadowing have no car. He takes the commuter trains, but I guess you know that already.

- Oh, hell, no, we did not. But what do we do now? Should we to go to his house and hope he gone home.

- Right, see you tomorrow.

Just in time when Sten got alone in the VW van, he sees Ola Andersson go through the entrance. After a while, a light was lit in a room facing the parking lot. A man who appears to be him pass near the windows. Sten plays Game Boy. A number of people goes into the house. Some others goes out. Ola Andersson walks past the window again. A lamp is turned off.

Sten notes that bluish light from a television set reflected in the far wall. Sten eats a sandwich.

Ola Andersson turns off the TV and walks through the room. A moment later he comes back. Behind him are two guys, they probably went into another room. He thinks for a while about how he should do. He decides that it might be important, leaves the car and walks around the corner of the house. The windows on the side, have their blinds folded. He goes back so that he can see the main entrance, but stands a short distance away. After a while he gets tired of standing and he sits down on a lump of concrete. It appears as if the door to the apartment opens and two men leaves. He goes to the car and take out the camera while he is calling to Fredrik to tell him that he has to go away to follow someone, so he has to take over a little earlier. Then nothing happens. No one comes out through the entrance and it happens nothing more in the apartment. Sten runs to the backside of the house, but no one is there either. Sten goes back, it seems quiet in the apartment. He calls Fredrik and they agree that they should do as previously decided.

When Sten comes home Elin gets excited. She comes leaping and hugging him. They kiss hotter than in several months. She takes his hand and pulls him into the kitchen. In the middle of the kitchen table is a large serving dish. The dish is filled with various cheeses. Between the cheeses, she has added different vegetables. Beside the serving dish there is a smaller dish covered with different kinds of biscuits, and a box with red wine. Sten gets of course very happy, but at the same time he thinks about what a disaster it would have been if he had to shade those two guys.

They eat and chat about how their day has been. The wine warms and an hour later they have sex. Even much later Sten's mobile phone rings. Sten has already managed to sleep for several hours. It's Fredrik who calls.

- Sten what should I do? Now it's two at night and the light is still on in the room on the side, the one with the blinds down. But otherwise nothing has happened. It feels a little uncomfortable. Sten sneaks into the living room before he responds. He feels like being a bit snide.

- You think that's scary? Want to hold hands?

- Come on, I think it sounded a little weird that what you saw, and I have thought of one thing. Then he was silent as he waited for Sten to ask what he thought of. In the end, Sten asked that, though it took some time. He was not exactly on the ball.

- What is it that you have thought of?

- Well what if Ola Andersson is involved and they knew that they were being robbed. So he takes a few millions before the robbers came. Then when the robbers read in the paper how much money has disappeared they got angry.

- And kill him.

- Right.

- Well that does not sound unreasonable, but strange that it has not happened before.

Furthermore, I do not know if the guards even themselves can access the money.

- Well they was about to replenish ATMs so they must have had access to the money. By the way, it was so much trouble there on the Hallunda robbery, with boxes that were destroyed and the money that was spread by the wind. So there was probably more difficult for anyone to know where the money went.

- Okay, you think we should go into the apartment or what?

- Maybe, but then we might ruin our mission.

- Right, but on the other hand, it would be too damn embarrassing if we hold on and monitor an apartment where a man is murdered. But the most likely thing is that they all three went to the pub or something. Maybe I just did not see that he went also.

- But the light is on in the room with the blinds.

- If he has stolen a bunch of money, he might not care about the electric bills. But you I came up with an idea. Try and call his mobile and home phone. You know how to set up your phone so that the phone number is hidden.

- Of course, but then what?

- If he responds, then just asks for someone named Eva. If he does not respond, you probably should call the boss and ask what to do.

- Damn it doesn't feel that funny to call him in the middle of the night.

- But it is okay to disturb me, hah.

- What, are you upset?

- No, I'm just kidding.

- He's probably at the pub.

- Probably, but I came up with another thing you can do if he does not respond.

- As?

- You can test if the door is locked. If it is, then it should be okay. But if it is not, it's pretty weird.

- Great idea. If it is unlocked, then I go in and check. If he would wonder what I'm doing in his apartment, I can say that the door was open and I'm the new neighbor.

- Well not entirely believable, maybe. But better than, we thought you had been murdered because you have had a visit and now you have had the lights on half the night.

Both are laughing, though Sten tries to laugh as quietly as he could, then he continues:

- Seriously, you should probably call the manager before you go in and also we should probably be two. So if you intend to go in then call me before.

The hang up and Sten goes back to bed. But he is wide awake, so it takes a while for him to fall asleep again. About as long as it takes for Fredrik to do what he would do. Thus he calls right about when Sten has just fallen asleep.

- You Sten, the boss thinks we should wait and see if he goes to work tomorrow.

- But the door, was it unlocked?

- Yes, and he did not answer the phone.

- But okay, he goes to work early as hell type before six so it's not so many hours until then. Do you want to be replaced or so?

- Nah, that's okay, I'll try to sleep here in the car. But we can go in quite early. He begins at seven. If he had not been seen before seven, and do not answer the phone and do not move in the apartment and the door is unlocked, it cannot be so risky to just go in and take a look.

- Agree with you, shall we say, I will be there at half past five, and we have a coffee in my car, waiting to type half past seven and then go in?

So they decide. Sten, sets the mobile phone to wake him and then again back to bed. He doesn't feel as he sleeps at all. But every now and then his thoughts disappear in strange ways, so he probably fell asleep every now and then.

When the phone wakes him he slept probably quite heavy since it takes a while for him to understand what kind of sound it is. Elin on the other hand understands what it is and she screams:

- Turn that that fucking phone off and let me sleep.

It doesn't sound like a morning for small talk. She was, however rarely found of small talk in the mornings. Sten does not think much about it. To make the pain short he throws himself out of bed and takes his clothes out to the living room. He skips showering to avoid shock starting. Instead, he fills the coffee maker and looks for a thermos. Somewhere they should have a steel thermos, but where? Instead, he found an old glass thermos that Elin found at her grandmother when they emptied the apartment. He fills the thermos and puts it in a plastic bag along with a loaf of sliced bread, a tube of melted cheese with ham flavor and some napkins. He ponders for a moment to shovel in the caviar tube too, but he stopped himself in fear of that Elin would be even more acidic. It was, after all, mostly she who ate caviar. Instead, he puts down a pack of garlic cheese and some sliced pepper from the night before. So he brushes his teeth and leaves the apartment without saying anything to Elin. When he comes to the car he is thinking that he should have woken her up anyway and said "goodbye". He solves it, as customary nowadays, by sending one, as he thought, cute text message.

Sten parks on the street outside the house. So far away as possible, without losing the entrance door out of sight. The lights are still on in the room.

He goes to the VW van, unlocks and looks into it. Fredrik sleeps so deeply that he did not even notice that Sten opened the door.

- Fredrik wake up!

- I do not sleep.

- Yeah, you think I would believe that, let's have some breakfast?

They go over to Sten's car and he picks up the bread, the cheeses and the thermos. Fredrik takes the thermos. The first person who says something is Fredrik:

- Cups.

- Hell.

- No, cups.

- I think I forgot cups. I had planned to take the steel thermos and it have two built-in cups.

- Okay, that may go anyway. By the way, you did not say good morning.

- What, do you really think it is a good morning? Want ham cheese or garlic?

- You ate garlic last night, huh. So it's probably best that I take it also, to be able to put up with your breath.

- How did you sleep anyway? Wasn't it cold?

- No, not too bad, it's only September. Then I had this jacket on me. But feel free to turn on the heat. I may need a few extra degrees.

It wasn't comfortable to drink straight from the thermos, since it flowed straight down the throat. Luckily the thermos did not keep the heat so well, otherwise they would have burned their throats. Fredrik thought it was a pity that Sten forgot to put down a knife, because it was so hard to spread the cheese with an ice scraper, since it went down so badly in the package.

In the lack of something else to do or because they were hungry, they ate everything. The last of the melted ham cheese Fredrik sprayed directly into his mouth. When they were finished, they sat still staring at the house. In the end it was so misty on the car windows that they barely even saw it. They went out and took a walk, went back to the car, slept a bit and then it was half past seven.

- Okay then Freddie, let's go!

The entrance was unlocked and they met no one on the way up. The door was still unlocked. They nodded at each other and went as quietly as they could. Fredrik went first. The hall was quite small. Next to the door there were a lot of shoes, mostly sneakers. Above the shoes, there was a wall-mounted hat rack on which it hung a bunch of jackets. On the opposite wall a large mirror was hanging. After the mirror there was a door, it lead to the bathroom. Everything looked pretty normal and tidy. The hall ended in a living room. It was spartanly furnished with a sofa, a coffee table and a combined TV and stereo furniture. When they went to the left, they found another door. Behind it was the kitchen. There were a number of cabinets, just as it usually is in a kitchen. The difference was that most of the interior appeared to be thrown on the floor. In the middle of the floor there was the kitchen table with four chairs. In one of the chairs sat Ola Andersson. His arms were assembled behind the back of the chair with cable ties and the legs were attached to the chair's front legs, also with cable ties. He was more or less covered in blood. It looked as if it came from the forehead and it appeared to be a hole in it, at the side of his mouth hung a couple of strips of silver duct tape. Sten, who first came into the room, said:

- Damn.

Fredrik, who came after said the same. They stopped in the doorway and Sten picked up his cell phone and called the boss. The first thing the boss said when he had heard his report, was:

- How amazingly lucky that you entered. Why do you think it happened?

Sten told him Fredrik's theory and the manager thought it sounded reasonable.

- You think they pressed him on where the rest of the money was?

- Right, but what do we do now?

- There is much to be done, you know. Maybe it's best if you start trying to ask the neighbors if they heard anything. I am contacting technicians and stuff.

Then I have to inform our colleagues that work with this and Securitas of course.

- Relatives then?

- We take that later, start hearing the neighbors.

Sten hung up and Fredrik looked at him questioningly.

- What did he say?

- We shall start by checking if any neighbors are home. He would get the technicians and stuff.

- Did you feel anything when we went in, some smells or so?

- Yes a little, I got a bit of a feeling that it smelled butcher shop, but I do not know. How about you?

- I do not know either. It was a little weird the whole thing, to go around here, but I was not thinking about any smell, really.

- Agree, we go for the neighbors then, a door each?

They called on at all three doors on the floor, but none of them opened. There was no one who opened on the floor above or below either, so they went back to the apartment. They now went through the kitchen, past Ola Andersson and opened the door in the far wall of the kitchen. It led to a bedroom. In the middle stood a bed, it was made up, though there was no bedspread. Under the window was a desk with a computer on. All the drawers in the desk was torn out. Two walls were empty except that there was another door. It was open, behind it hung a lot of clothes. It was obviously a closet. Above the hanging clothes, there was a shelf that was completely empty. On the floor lay clothes mixed with boxes and bags.

- You Fredrik, your theory just have to be true. He blew his buddies and they came to look for the rest of the money.

- Yep, I wonder if they found something?

- Yes, otherwise they wouldn't have stopped looking.

- Wondering what to get out of this. Did you see if they had any gloves on?

- No, I just saw their upper bodies.

- I wonder how he got the money from the van, it is embarrassing if our colleagues drove him here with several million in his bag.

- What do we do now?

They thought for a bit and then came Sten up with an idea:

- If we would check if he has any more mobile phones.

- Fuck then we has to rummage in his pockets, that's your thing. I see if I can find any phone book or photo album or something like that.

Sten found a cell phone in one of Ola Andersson's front pockets. When he called the phone number he had written down it began to ring. He stuffed it into the pocket again. Fredrik had begun to go through the only storage furniture that the murderers did not go through. Sten helped him. The TV furniture was quite wide and low. On the middle of it stood the TV and next to it stood a stereo. Under them there were two shelves. One of them was filled with books, and the other was filled with CDs. On each side of the shelves there was a door. Fredrik was going through what was behind one door and Sten began with the other. There were a lot of things like books, a pair of headphones, a pair of binoculars and a cigar box of wood. Inside the box there were a necklace of gold, a pair of gold rings and a wristwatch. It was golden. It was a Rolex copy and it said Oyster perpetual on it. It had stopped but when Sten picked it up, it began to tick. Sten was no expert on watches, but so much he knew that if it begins to tick when you move it, it must be a watch with automatic winding. It meant that it was either a real Rolex or a pretty exclusive copy. Moreover, Sten heard that on a real Rolex the indicator showing seconds flows forward without hacks, while most copies flows with hacks.

This one did not hack. It felt a bit like this could be something. Because the guy did not directly appeared to be rich but still he had what could be a genuine gold Rolex, but he did not have it on. If he had bought a genuine Rolex, why did he not have it on, or at least in the original box.

It would be one thing if it just had been thrown in a drawer or something. But it was lying there in his treasure box, among his finest possessions.

Sten wrote down the watch's serial number and photographed it, as well as the other things in the box, with his cell phone.

Fredrik flipped through a photo album. Sten looked through the rest of the living room without finding anything. He looked through the mess in the kitchen, and finally in the bedroom. After a while Fredrik helped him. But nowhere did they find any cell phone or a phone book. The doorbell rang. Sten opened, it was the technicians. Sten changed a few words with them before he left. Fredrik came after. They threw their rubber gloves in the garbage chute and went to Södertälje. Once inside the police station Sten went directly to the coffee machine and took a cup of coffee. After a while Fredrik came with the same aim. There were some patrolling policemen in the break room. They asked what had happened. Sten felt a little pressed because they really wanted to penetrate the embarrassing fact that the guy he watched got murdered. He tried to lead the conversation into other details, but the issue reappeared several times. Finally Sten got up and went to the manager.

- Hey Sten! Fucking unlucky that. At Securitas they were pretty shocked. Our colleagues in Järfälla and Skärholmen have taken in the other guards for questioning. I do not know how to do yet.

- Relatives then?

- Well damn, but Securitas promised to contact them. They have that kind of information in their personnel records.

- That's good.

- Really, maybe we need to hear them then, but I do not think it will yield something. This is definitely about the robbery in any way. By the way Anders and Anette are questioning the other guard.

- How are they doing then?

- Do not know and you do not want to disrupt in the middle of their thing.

- Sten nodded. He felt very relieved that the manager did not seem to do any big business about that Sten did not understand what happened in the apartment. It felt as if he actually trusted him and he was a little touched by it.

Rolex

Sten went into his room and started the computer. He had gotten some funny e-mails that he sent on to Fredrik. Then he did a search on the Rolex. He got hit on the search. It had been stolen a year earlier at a burglary in the fashionable residential area Äppelviken. There were a lot of other things that had been stolen as well, jewelry and other valuables. Some of the items had been recovered in a raid in Vårby. It was nothing more except the number on the investigation that lead to the raid in Vårby. Sten wrote down the number and found that things that were found in the raid could be tied to six burglaries. The guy had since previously a prosecution waiting, for a mugging in Tantolunden. He had been convicted for everything and now he was sitting in the Nortälje prison. It said further that he had links to a criminal network called "Vårby league." Sten found a reference to an investigation of the network. It seemed to be a big investigation since only the material in the computer was on more than five hundred pages. Sten clicked on one file at a time and then directly on the icon to print. The printer started its work, but after about hundred pages it came no more. He loaded the paper tray and continued to wait. He had to load paper again and also to withstand a few jibes from a colleague who was impatiently waiting for his print out. Once he had printed the whole bundle, he realized that it was too thick to go into the stapler. He got a binder and then he devoted a moment to chide himself that he had loaded with un-holed paper since he now had to punch every paper. About an hour later he was able to start reading the material. Over five hundred pages of text are, however, a lot of text and Sten saw no point in reading all the letters. He flipped back and forth. Read a little here and a little there. He thought it seemed like there were guys in the league that would be able to do really aggravated robberies. There were some pictures inserted here and there. But none of the guys on the pictures appeared to be the guys he saw the night before. On the other hand, the printouts of the pictures were so unclear that it was barely possible to even determine the gender of the people on them. Moreover, from what he saw it could have been any young dude, if you sort out all those with light and or long hair. While he pondered over the investigation the manager came in and said he should go to Stockholm to meet a signatory. Before he went, he left the documentation of the Vårby League to Fredrik and asked him to check it out. Fredrik had also thought that the watch could be a lead, but he was still a little impressed that it gave a hit. Above all, it seemed like he was impressed that Sten only mentioned it when he gave Fredrik the papers on the way out.

Sten ate in the dining room on Kungsholmen before he went to the signatory. It felt a little embarrassing to sit there. He had not seen so much, but he felt compelled to say something. Moreover he was a bit worried that what he said might be more of his own idea about how a gangster from Vårby usually looks. In the end, both he and the signatory came to the conclusion that maybe it was best not to try to do some phantom image. It would introduce the risk of interfering with the investigation. But when he was at the head quarter on Kungsholmen he thought that he might, just as well, meet the girl who studied the telephone lists. After asking at the front desk and after a lot of wandering around in different corridors, he managed to finally find her room. But she was not there. Her boss, the DCI, however, was there. He was so curious to hear what Sten had to say, that he ended his telephone conversation, he was in when he saw Sten in the doorway. Sten told, and he asked a lot of things and understood that they have been hesitating about going in and the thing with the watch was smart.

- Vårby league, it was like hell. It could probably be true. I wonder if some of the other guards comes from that regions as well. We have to check it at once.

- What should we do now?

- Maybe I should ask your boss if I could have you here a few days so that we can check the league together. Would that be okay?

- Sure, it would be exciting. Where is Ulrika, by the way, has she checked the phone lists? I was going to talk to her about the lists related to our guards.

- I do not know, she's not here anyway, she will probably come back soon.

- How is it going with the interrogation of the other guards? Have they found any other phones?

- I do not know. It's Ulrika who work with those issues. I can call her if you want.

He did it and she said she was going into the office. While they were waiting for her, they went for a coffee. Not an ordinary vending machine coffee, the DCI took him to the café at the restaurant. Sten took an espresso and a chocolate ball, the DCI took a regular coffee with a pastry. He asked the cashier to charge the cost on his group. They chatted a bit in general. The DCI spoke about various investigations that he had participated in. It almost felt a little sad when Ulrika called and said that she was back.

But he didn't get much time to talk with Ulrika before it was time to go home for the day. However at least she told him that they, on older phone lists, had found that one of the guards in Hallunda had called the deceased Ola Andersson at a few occasions. Furthermore, she could tell that she had heard that none of the other guards had told anything of value. They had not found anything when they went through their homes. They had neither found any money, any extremely expensive gadgets or any cell phones with prepaid cards.

- Phone cards then? Asked Sten, but he changed his mind immediately, since he realized that maybe it sounded a bit blue-eyed. Who would save an incriminating prepaid phone card. She smiled, it seemed as if she took it as a joke, then she shook her head.

- What do the guards say then? Are they not uptight about what have happened?

- They ought to be, but they have, as I said, not told us anything.

- Where they interrogated as suspects?

- No for information only. I think we do not want to offend Securitas if not necessary. It is, after all, they who have to pay.

- But then the more important for them that the money is found.

- I agree, but so they told me, anyway.

- I have to go home, but your boss said that I might be here a few days and unravel a track that I found. We can talk more about it tomorrow.

She was surprised. But when Sten was thinking a second time, he realized that she had obviously not heard anything about his findings regarding the Vårby league. He described it briefly and she looked impressed.

- Exciting, it would be fun to delve more into it. Hope you come here tomorrow.

The next morning, he went as usual to the police station in Södertälje. In the break room, he came across Anders. He was in a hurry, but during the time that the coffee machine was doing its job he told Sten what they had gotten from the hearing of the other guard. Since they did not get any valuable information at all, it went so fast that he was ready even before the coffee had begun to flow down into the cup. The security guard was very scared, yet they had not got anything out of him. Anders thought that the most likely thing would be that he actually was not involved.

- I have never questioned anyone who has been so soft before. I find it hard to believe he only acted. You can listen to the tape if you want.

- Did you ask anything about the Vårby league?

By now the coffee machine had finished and Anders cup was filled. But suddenly, he had not such hurry anymore. He seemed thrilled about the possible link. But he did not ask why Sten asked about the league, so he guessed that Anders had already heard about the watch.

- A big deal like this isn't done by a newbie. In addition, they must indeed have been quite a few, in particular for the robbery in Hallunda. Let me know if you find any link between any person in the gang and my guard.

- Did you find anything in his apartment, an expensive watch, or so?

- No, I did not see anything, but we searched after money, cell phones and prepaid cards mostly.

- What did you think he would save a hot prepaid?

- No, of course not. But what should one look for then?

Sten went into his room and surfed around on the Internet for a while. As usual, he started to check if there had appeared any cheap villa for sale near Södertälje.

It had, however, not today either. The villas just became more and more expensive. Every time he looked he regretted that he had not bought anything a couple of years ago. Especially a house that he and Elin had thought about buying, when they were expecting a baby. But on the other hand, he comforted himself with that then it would have probably been terrible to sit there in a villa with all the dreams after the miscarriage. A while later, the manager came in, he seemed a bit annoyed:

- What the fuck, are you buttering them at the head office for?

Sten did not come up with any reasonable defense, because there was actually some truth in the accusation, the only thing he came up with was:

- Nah.

The manager ignored his response and continued:

- I told you that you would mainly take information from there. You would not move there.

- What, have they said that they want me there?

Sten tried to look surprised, but he didn't manage it, so instead he smiled. Then the boss smiled also.

- You must have made a good impression, because they want to borrow you for a week.

- What do you think about it?

- Well I said it was okay if you want it. We're supposed to increase cooperation between the precincts.

- I think that it would be fun, I mean interesting, to see how they work.

- Well then I call them and say it is okay.

- But how do we do it practically?

- It's probably just that you go there. They ought to have a computer available. Your login ID and code also works there. The only thing they need to fix is to encode your key card. I'm sure they do.

Sten was quite proud of this, but he also felt a little guilty towards Fredrik. As soon as he saw him pass by in the hallway, he ran out and told. Fredrik smiled and said he was happy for Sten's sake, but he would miss him. When they had talked for a while Sten's phone rang. It was the DCI in Stockholm. They made up about when Sten would come.

Once Sten got a room with a chair, desk, phone and computer in the police station on Kungsholmen, it felt pretty much the same as sitting in Södertälje. He did not sit for long, until Ulrika came in and suggested that they should go to the Skärholmen police station. She had booked a meeting with the police officer who had led the police investigation about the Vårby league. They would meet him half past twelve, so she thought that they could have lunch somewhere on the way to the meeting.

- Heron city, the Lebanese restaurant, suggested Sten.

- Perfect, my favorite food.

Sten had never eaten there before, but Fredrik had done it and he said it was great. Sten had just eaten at one Lebanese restaurant, it was in Södertälje. It was the best lunch place that Sten ever eaten at, furthermore it was very close to the police station. Sten and Fredrik went there almost every day. Unfortunately, it was closed after less than six months and Sten was missing it more than he had ever imagined it was possible to miss a lunch restaurant.

The restaurant in Heron City also proved to be good but it was nowhere near as good as Sten's recollection of the one in Södertälje.

During lunch, they spoke a little about themselves. She was thirty-seven years old, divorced and she had a six year old son. Her way of looking at him and since she actually seemed very interested in his personal life made Sten suspected that her interest was more than professional. She sought eye contact all the time and when their eyes met, she smiled. She did not stop it even when they were talking about Elin. It felt very cozy that someone was interested in him as a person. It was a long time since last. Additionally, she was cute.

Sten thought very much about whether she was prettier than Elin or not. Her face was probably sweeter, he thought.

In particular, the mouth, but Elin have more beautiful eyes. Both of them probably had a good time there in the restaurant, since they nearly missed the meeting. But Ulrika drove so fast that they almost got there on time.

The guy told them about the investigation. They were doing it for over a year until they had to stop, since the management thought it gave too little. He sounded a little bit bitter about this. He said that the league was now more or less dissolved and there was at least partly a merit of their work. Most of the leaders were in prison, and several of the kids sat on juvenile detentions.

- Okay, many of them would have gone to prisons or juvenile detentions in all cases. But the most important thing we did, I think, was that we reduced the recruitment among young people around here.

- But whose of those who are not in prison do you think would be capable of carrying out robberies against money transports? Asked Sten.

He browsed among various papers, thought, wrote down a name, flipped on for quite a long time. Finally he said:

- I have to think a bit more about this, but I believe that, as far as I know, it may be about ten guys who could do that and who is not in prison. But it has passed almost two years since we completed the investigation, thus a lot could have happened since then.

He gave the paper to Sten.

- So this is a preliminary list, you can take a copy of it, but I have to think more about it.

- Next question, said Ulrika. Have any of these guys somehow figured in the league?

She gave him a plastic folder with personal information and photos on the guards. He looked through the folder and replied:

- It's not that I recognize any of them right away, but if I can borrow these papers I can check it properly.

Both Sten and Ulrika nodded.

- Next question, said Sten. How about this guy?

Sten gave him the papers he had about the guy who has been convicted of the burglary in Äppelviken. Almost as soon as he saw the papers, he replied:

- Oh that guy. He is still inside. He was one of the leaders.

They sat in silence for a while. Sten tried to think of something else to ask, after a while he came up with one thing:

- Do you know if there is anyone in that gang that could make Spanish riders?

He thought for a bit.

- Yes, I think so. There were several of them who studied at the automotive program in Tumba gymnasium. I can check it as well, who it was, if you like.

Both Sten and Ulrika nodded again and he made a few notes on a paper in front of him.

Sten asked Ulrika if she had all the guards cell phone numbers. She had no complete list, but she would be able to compile it. Sten did not continue to develop his idea, instead he said:

- At these robberies military explosives and weapons have been used. Do you know if any of them have made the military service? Or if you have found some military stuff on any of them?

- Must check it, something else?

He looked as if it had enough homework. As to finish, he said:

- Would you like some coffee?

During the coffee break Ulrika asked about the girl who had attended the meeting earlier this week.

- Her room is over there, he pointed. But I think she is at home today.

Sten and Ulrika left the station.

As soon as they came out Ulrika said:

- I do not know if I want to do anything more today.

Sten agreed upon that it is an effort to sit in a meeting, so he said:

- Agree, we walk around a bit in Skärholmen center for a while? It's not so often that I am here.

- Great, I would need new panty hoses. Can you help me to choose?

- What kind do you want? Do you want that kind of skin-colored that my mom use to have or?
- What kind do you prefer? Do you prefer your mother's skin-colored? If so, you may well call and check which brand she has.

It was obvious that she was joking, but Sten could imagine a message beyond. He continued:

- Skin-colored pantyhose are among the least sexy things I can imagine. Though I do not think my mom is sexy no matter what kind of panty hoses she uses.

- Net patterned ones then?

- It can be sexy, but it depends a bit on what more you have and also how the legs look.

During the conversation they walked slowly towards the car. Now she stopped and turned to Sten. It looked as if she was expecting a comment. He said nothing. Then she asked:

- My legs then, can they fit in net patterned panty hoses?

Sten looked at her legs and tried to guess how they might look under the jeans.

- It looks promising, but it is a bit hard to say because you wear pants.

- Depends on what?

- Yes, if you have varicose veins and stuff.

- You'll see.

Nothing much was said until they were inside H&M. Ulrika looked for a while among the panty hoses, found a couple that she seemed to like, took a pack and held it against Sten. They were black. In the picture one could see that it was a seam on the back. Sten nodded:

- Delicious!

She took another package. The picture showed that they were net patterned. Sten nodded again. In the end, she picked a whole bunch of packages. Sten nodded approvingly for each package as she held up.

- But Sten, I cannot buy eight pairs. Now, you actually have to help me choose. There must be some pairs that are better than the others?

- Try them on then.

- You knew one cannot try panty hose's, they can be torn just by taking them out of the package.

- Okay, I think that the stay-ups were the sexiest.

- Then I'll take them, though you might not think they're sexy on my legs.

- I think so.

- You'll see tomorrow.

They walked around in a few other shops too, but it happened nothing special.

The evening went by much like most other evenings, but Sten felt a little embarrassed when Elin asked about his day. He mentioned nothing about the panty hose's, he only said that they were in Teknikmagasinet looking at digital cameras.

He was quite curious when he looked into Ulrika's room the next day. But she had not come. She came half an hour later and she was indeed wearing the pantyhose's. Over them a pretty strict plain skirt. It looked like a flight attendant skirt. She looked pretty much like a flight attendant in general.

Not that she was that cute, but she had such a blouse and her whole manner was very welcoming, in all cases against Sten.

She came into his room and stole around her body.

- Well, what do you think?

- Delicious, they fit perfectly!

- Well, what did you expect? Panty hoses always fit perfect, they're resilient.

- I think they fit your legs and your skirt.

Sten tried to think of anything else to say that could retain the subject. He wondered how he would get into that they were stay-ups. The only thing he came up with was:

- They stay up then?

- Indeed, do you want to see?

Sten nodded and smiled happily.

- That we probably have to do somewhere else. We can swing by my apartment then I'll show you.

Sten did not say anything but it probably was pretty obvious that he wanted to have a look.

However, he was quite nervous about what that might lead to. They began to approach the limit of what one could pretend being normal police camaraderie. He tried to convince himself that it was actually quite normal to take a turn past a colleague's home to look at something or get something, but the nervousness was not reduced.

When she left the room, he called one of the forensic technicians and asked what they had found.

- Nothing in particular. A mass of fingerprints of course, that we are checking. But so far, all we have checked has belonged to Ola Andersson. I suspect that they used gloves, since the tape around his mouth and the bundle ties were completely free from fingerprints.

- They may well have wiped the stuff too.

The technician did not answer, instead, he took up another thing:

- I think we may have some luck anyway since we found a piece of duct tape in the mess on the floor. It had glued together, you know how it can get when you to take a piece of tape from a roll. I can imagine that it was the first piece on the roll and they tore it off when it stuck together. There were several fingerprints on it. I think they handled it without gloves before they came to the apartment. We have of course checked the prints, but we haven't got a hit yet.

- Well done Filip! You do have my phone number if you would get any hits.

- No, but the operator have. I'll call you if I find a name.

Then Sten called Fredrik. He said nothing about what perhaps was happening with Ulrika. They talked mostly about the investigation. Fredrik had talked with several of the neighbors and none of them had heard anything. He had also spoken to several of the colleagues that Ola Andersson met at Securitas that day. But no one had anything interesting to tell. When they finished talking, he went to Ulrika and asked if she thought it was time to call the guy in Skärholmen.

- Absolutely, he ought to have had time to get some of the answers.

But he had not.

- You know there's so much one has to do. I'll try to catch it today.

Sten became a little irritated or even a little angry:

- What trying to catch? This is a murder investigation, and if we do not hurry to get the killers maybe there are more people who are dying.

- Well that's a lot to be done.

- Would you like us to come and help you or?

He said no, so Sten continued:

- Okay, we're going over to help you looking in your material. Is that okay?

He sounded a bit grumpy, but he said it was okay.

On the way there they went past Ulrika's apartment. She lived in Bromma, so it was not really a place they just passed by on their way to Skärholmen. But Sten wanted to see it that way.

She did a quick guided tour around the apartment. It was pretty nice. It was apparent that she cared much about design. It was so neat that it was hard to believe that there also lived a little child. It seemed that she did not just put there some things that she happened to have. It was even so that each flowerpot matched the flowers that were in it. He said that and she looked happy when he said it.

- I have painted them myself actually, thought it was a little fun.

- Nice!

- Thanks, but what do you think of pantyhose's now?

This she said as she started to pull off her skirt. Her legs were really nice. Quite thin, and above the elastic band that held the panty hoses up was seen that they were quite brown. She had a pair of tiny black panties. They were made of some kind of lace material which was quite transparent. They were so transparent that Sten saw that she must be completely shaved. He did not answer, he just looked, but his eyes said enough.

- Do you want to feel? She smiled and stroked her hand on her panties. But Sten never got to do it, since her cell phone rang. She first looked at the phone to see who it was who called, then she thought for a moment and said:

- The boss.

He heard her talk about the traces they were working on right now. After the call, she told him that he said that he needed to have all the information they had, because he had been asked to give a briefing to the press in an hour. Sten asked if he wondered what she was doing at the time. She blushed and smiled but she did not answer.

Neither Sten nor Ulrika made any attempt to continue with what they just had started. Instead, they left the apartment and went to the car.

Baseball bats

The guy in Skärholmen had actually managed to answer two of the questions before they arrived.

- I checked the names on the list that I wrote yesterday. It disappeared three then. Two guys in prison and one guy is doing his military service in Finland.

- Good, then it's only seven left then?

- Yes, maybe so. Then I have checked these guys.

He waved the folder Ulrika had given him.

- I cannot find their names in our material.

- Photos then? Sten said.

- Well you can check through them if you want.

- We do, but it still remains some questions, like the one about the Spanish riders.

- I do not really know how to answer that.

They thought little of it until Ulrika came up with an idea:

- If we had a list of everyone who has been involved in the gang and not is in jail. Then I would be able to call the schools that have the engineering or automotive mechanical training and ask.

Both Sten and the other guy looked pretty relieved. Sten knew, however, that he ought to do something too. So he said he could see if anyone on the list had done military service.

- That leaves really just one thing, 'said Ulrika.

- The list of names.

Sten and Ulrika looked at him. He nodded.

- Lunch, he said then with a small question mark in his voice.

But Sten said.

- I thought of another thing, don't you have any fingerprints?

- On some of them we have.

- Do you have any photos on those who are on that list.

- No, I actually looked it up yesterday and we haven't. It was none of those who were arrested.

We had like nothing that we could take them fore.

- Okay then, we go for lunch then.

- Wait! Said Ulrika. I have written down the guards mobile numbers. What do we need them for? She looked questioningly towards Sten.

Sten turned to the man and asked:

- Do you have any telephone lists for them in the league?

- No, generally we don't. We have in some specific cases. I think it was when we were investigating some assaults. Should I get them?

- I do not know, maybe if one of them on the list is included.

- Will check it out. If so, you will get it.

He looked at Ulrika. She nodded.

After lunch, Sten took the killer list and called the armed forces, who said he had to call the duty authority, which in turn only answered in the mornings. So he decided to help Ulrika instead.

She held on to sort all the photos the police had taken on the league. In front of her on the table were four piles of photos. The smallest pile seemed to be just photos of things, such as baseball bats and the like. The second largest pile appeared to contain images with only one person on and in the middle there appeared to be gang pictures. From the largest pile, she took one photo at a time and watched it long. Then she looked at some of the photos of the guards. She repeated this procedure for each of the guards and for every photo of anyone in the league. It looked a little winded, but Sten took a bunch of photos, sat down next to her and did the same.

When they had looked through all the photos of people, they had not yet found anything. But there were three photos which maybe imaged the now deceased Ola Andersson. All three photos were on three guys standing on what appeared to be a parking lot.

They had baseball bats in their hands. On the back of one of them it said that the photos were taken with a telephoto lens and the guys were standing on the parking lot at IKEA. There were also two names, but none of the names were Ola Andersson. The pictures were a bit blurry. On one of them the guy who resembles Ola Andersson was a little bit in front of the others.

- May be it is he, said Ulrika after looking at that photo for a long time.
 - Yes, maybe. We should maybe ask someone who knows him, possibly his parents.
 - But how much fun would it be to show them this picture. How does it look? We believe that your poor son was a gangster.
 - But maybe we can ask any friend to him then. Damn, by the way, we should be able to question the pals about if he has been in the league.
 - You think they would answer such a question honestly?
 - Now he's dead, if they're real friends I think they should want that the killer gets caught.
 - Okay, we'll check that thread, can you fix names and stuff.
 - It's in his cell phone I guess. Besides, shouldn't we check if the numbers to his colleagues are programmed?
 - Absolutely!
 - I wonder, however, who has the phone, must check it with my colleagues in Södertälje.
- Sten picked up his cell phone and called Fredrik. He had it lying on his desk.
- Can you check which numbers he has programmed and make a list, please.
 - So you are my boss now.
 - Yes if you did not do what I say you get fired.
 - But unfortunately I cannot help you.
 - Why?
 - The phone is dead, the battery must have run out.
 - But charge it then, what is the brand?
 - Sony Ericsson.
 - But that kind of charger we ought to have?
 - Yes, but then, we don't have his PIN.
 - It's true, how do we solve it?
 - What is it that you want to know?
 - I want to get in touch with buddies to him to ask if he had something to do with the Vårby league. And if we are really lucky, maybe he has the number to anyone in the league on his mobile.
 - I understand, I'll fix the PIN. I'll call you.

The next thing Sten grabbed was searching for fingerprints from them on the list, in the police databases. He walked around a bit in the hallway until he found a room with a spare computer. Although he had barely used the system before, it did not take more than ten minutes for him to conclude that there were no finger fingerprints on any of the guys, in the central database. He felt quite happy about this, even if he did not get any hits, a bit as if he was a computer professional. Something no one who knew him would agree upon. Then he felt like he had done enough for the day, went to Ulrika. She was contempt to. Moreover, it was Friday and it seemed as if people had already started to go home so they did the same. He drove Ulrika to the parking lot outside the police station on Kungsholmen, where she parked her car. It seemed as if the entire erotic thrill was gone now. Sten did not know whether he was happy or sad for that. He was glad that he escaped to face the choice to cheat or not, but he was also still very horny.

Once he was alone in the car he had an idea. The bats appeared in the picture and maybe other weapons that they have taken from members of Vårby League ought to be in police seizures storage. He decided that he right away on Monday morning would check if the colleagues in Skärholmen had taken anything from any of the guys on the list. He was so pleased with the idea that he stopped the car on the motorway and wrote it down in his note book.

He had no special plans for the weekend except that Fredrik and a colleague to Elin would come over and eat crayfish on Saturday night. Sten had already the night before taken out the two cartons of crayfish from the freezer and put them on a thaw in the fridge.

He felt, however, that he wanted to make something more out of the weekend so he called to Elin and asked if they could maybe go out to eat. As usual when he suggested that they would go to a restaurant, she got excited about the proposal. They decided to go to their favorite restaurant right in the center.

The weekend went about as planned. The food at the restaurant was good although Sten gambled and ordered a dish that he had never heard of. They cleaned on Saturday. The crayfish party was nice and everyone got drunk. It seemed even as if Fredrik and Elin's colleague had begun to like each other. This was Elin's plan that Sten reluctantly had accepted, though he told Fredrik that they absolutely not had any intentions in that direction. The entire Sunday they did nothing.

They solved the name day crosswords in a pile of old issues of the local newspaper, while they listened to the radio. In the evening, they made pizza together.

The subsequent working day began for Sten's part with that he contacted the guy on Skärholmen's police station and explained the idea about the bats. The guy took the bait and not long later, Sten had a faxed copy of a confiscation record of three baseball bats, one of which had been owned by Ola Andersson. Sten went directly to the Department of seized weapons, the armory commonly called. He had never been there, but he had heard that there would be somewhere on Kungsholmen. He had to look far, because he did not understand the system that seemed to be to describe the various corridors and rooms. Once he found it, there was no one there. But a person he met in the corridor said he could help him search the computer. The person was nice enough to take Sten to his room and do a search on the names Sten had. It turned out that police had confiscated some baseball bats, several knives and a pair of brass knuckles from the people on the list.

The friendly man helped him to write an e-request on these things. When he was done with this and had found the way back to the room he had borrowed, he called to the Duty Authority. It was how smoothly as ever to get the information he sought. But it turned out that none of the guys had done military service. Sten was a little surprised about this, since he lived in the belief that most guys still had to do it.

Ulrika came into the room, said good morning and told him that she had received an e-mail with a list of all who were suspected to have had something to do with the league. She had called Tumba gymnasium. Apparently, two of them on the list went to the automotive program.

- I have checked with the IRS as well, both of them seem to work on auto repair workshops. Or, I mean they did get salary from workshops last year. The first workshop is in Eriksberg's industrial area and the other is in Slagsta. Which should we take first?

- It does not matter to me, but how do we do it?

- I want to know if they made any Spanish riders there.

- But how should we do? We cannot just walk in and ask it, right? By the way, they can easily have made them at home or something.

- Sure, but that's more likely that they made them at work in this case, they're welded. Have you seen them anyway?

Sten had not, so she went away and came back with three small plastic bags. On each of them was there was a proof tag. On one bag, it said:

"Järfälla", on the second it said "Hallunda" and the third said "Järna". The objects looked about the same all three. When Sten looked at them for a while, he said:

- These things seems to be made of the same person, or at least the same kind of iron pieces.

- It is even the same iron, we'll checked with a metallurgist at the Technical University.

- Really.

- Exactly, and what I would like to check out is if they have any metal pieces like that in any of these workshops.

- But the chance is surely quite small and the risk if we go in and do the search is probably that we alert everyone in the league.
- Should we make it another way then?
- Yes please, but how? Should we crash the car a bit and then go there and ask what it would costs to fix it while we go around looking for scrap metal.
- When you say it like that, it sounds pretty stupid. Maybe we should wait until we have the really bad guys and thus have revealed our suspicions.
- I guess it can be the best. Producing Spanish riders does not feel like such a serious crime, even if it is classified as participation.
- What should we do instead then?

Sten thought for a moment. It ought to be a lot of things that they had missed. He thought little about the telephone lists, they should be able to get something out of them. Eventually he gave up trying to formulate a conclusive idea instead he said:

- We ought to use the printouts of the guards' calls to something?
- Right? But what? I can check if there are anybody in the league who has a registered mobile phone. If so, I can check if they had any telephone contact with any of the guards.
- Perfect! Sten felt relieved. It felt good that they come to some sort of use for all those lists that they had ordered.
- Speaking about telephones, by the way. Have you got hold of some buddies to Ola Andersson?
- No, his phone had gone off, but my friend is working with that.
- Can't you call him and see how it goes?

Sten did so, and Fredrik said he got the phone working through putting in his own SIM card in it. And he was writing a list of the telephone numbers that were stored in it.

- How far have you come then?
- I have written at least 20 names and then I am just at "H". Imagine then how many it will be on type "S" and "T" then.
- I believe you, almost a third of the names in my phone book is to type "S" or "T" and almost none on A, B and C. You maybe we can be content with what you have already typed. We have no desire to call two hundred people, if we do not have to.
- Good, then I will email it. You by the way now I got a small gap. You need help with something else?

Sten thought for a bit. The only thing he came up with was that maybe they ought to talk to the guy who sat on the prison in Norrtälje about why the security guard had a watch that he had stolen. He mentioned it to Fredrik and he thought it sounded fun to take a turn to Norrtälje.

- It is a whole day project so it's perfect. Moreover, I get allowance then. Can you email me the act number, and then I'll fix it.

Sten did so and then he printed the list given to him by Fredrik and went to Ulrika. He asked what happened to her. Nothing she said. There were few in the league that had a registered phone and based on a brief check none of these phones had had any phone contact with any of the guards.

Sten described the results of his work and both felt that the next step would be to call some names and ask if they could meet to ask a few questions. They discussed a bit how they would do when they rang. Then the manager came in and asked how it was going. He thought it sounded like a good idea to check the fingerprints, but he thought they should wait with calling Ola Andersson's mates.

- First, it proves nothing about the actual crimes and also it can of course mean that we will alert them.

Both Sten and Ulrika said they agreed, and at least Sten was a little ashamed that he had not thought about it. When the manager went out of the room, Sten rang to the armory. They were working with Sten's requisition.

- Please, try not to touch them, because as I said, we want to take fingerprints.
- Sure, it's cool, I saw that.

- Have you got the stuff then?
- Soon. You have them tomorrow.
- Can't we come and get them, then?

- Sure, any time, except when I have lunch.

He never said when he had lunch and Sten did not ask. Then he called to the forensic technician that he talked to earlier, he who was called Filip. Filip sounded genuinely pleased that Sten called. He promised to drop everything he was doing and look at the weapons as soon Sten got them there. As Sten understood it, he was given priority because it was such exciting crimes they were investigating. As he had read, Filip said, there was no hotter crime right now.

Sten went to Ulrika and told her that he was going to the armory. She had never been there so she wanted to come along. The guy had not had time to pick out everything yet. He suggested that they could go around in the store and watch a little while he picked up the last pieces. There were a lot of weapons there. Most things were different kinds of knives, but there was also a lot of firearms. The funniest stuff, however, was all the homemade weapons. There was everything from simple brass knuckles to homemade rifles. Sten especially liked a double-shotgun, made of wood and brass. It had no trigger. Instead there was a spring and a pin behind each pipe. After a while the guy in the store gave them two plastic bags.

Filip was not in place, but Sten left the bags on his desk and put a post-it note on one of them.

Then they went for lunch in town. Today Ulrika had other panty hoses. They were almost even sexier than the stay-ups she had the day before. They were shiny. He told Ulrika. She smiled and said:

- You know, this is also stay-ups. Check if you want.

Sten bent down under the table, as if he'd pick up something from the floor. She spread her legs. The panty hoses were really nice. They ended up in a crown of lace. He could see that she had no panties. When he looked into her eyes, she blushed. It felt like he blushed too.

After lunch both Sten and Ulrika were busy writing a report on what they had found so far.

About half past two the manager came in and said he bought cakes. They took a long coffee break and talked about everything. Most talked a guy that Sten never had seen before. He apparently worked in the same group as the DCI and Ulrika. Though he was doing something else that had to do with severe crimes, but Sten did not understand what it was.

When he got back to his room, he had received an e-mail from Filip. One of baseball bats had several hits that matched the imprint on the piece of tape they found in the apartment. Sten was thrilled. He immediately went into Ulrika and told her. She was also thrilled and they went together to the boss who was even happier.

- What do we do now? She asked. Sten answered:

- Maybe we can take him, especially if we can find something in his apartment, but will probably not get anyone else and he will probably not snitch.

- Yes, I think we have him, fingerprints are pretty strong evidence. Moreover, we probably find something in his residence. But you're right about that with the others. And we know he was not alone, neither on the robbery nor on the murder.

- We have really nothing that ties him to the robberies, said Ulrika.

Sten nodded.

- Okay, maybe you can scout a bit on him and see who he associates with, and if he spends a lot of money.

The rest of the day they gathered information on him and did a background description. Sten phoned Elin and said he would be late. Once the regular working day went towards its end, they went in separate cars to the suspect's home address. Sten passed by McDonald's and bought two Big Mac meals. They sat in Sten's car and ate them while they scouted the entrance to the suspect's house.

At half-past seven, a pretty flashy BMW stops outside. A guy steps out. He was carrying a large black bag. Both Sten and Ulrika think he looks like the suspect. They wait a few more hours.

They do not say much to each other, but Sten feels the erotic tension again.

He doesn't know what, but it is something that she does. Maybe it's about the way she looks at him.

At about ten o'clock at night, the guy comes out and gets into the car.

Ulrika goes to her car and Sten starts following him. He has telephone contact with Ulrika. After a while he lets Ulrika be closest for a while. The guy stops on Kungsgatan, after the crossing with Vasagatan. Ulrika describes over the phone, where he stops and Sten understand immediately where he is going.

When he comes into the big room, he sees Ulrika watching on a gaming table. It's quite a crowd around it. One of them is the suspect. Sten tries a bit of acting when he goes to Ulrika and pretends that he is surprised to see her there. He smiles and they hug each other. None of them want's to stop, so they hug for quite a while. In the end she whispers:

- God eh we really sacrifice ourselves for the job, don't we?

- Really.

- Then she gave him a kiss on the mouth and let him go.

They went around among the tables for a moment. Mostly to pass time, but also so that no one would begin to wonder. After a while they came up with the idea to go upstairs instead. There they could comfortably stare down at him. Sten suggested that they would improve the disguise further by hugging a little more. Ulrika thought it was a great idea. It did not happen so much more. The guy played all the time. It seemed like he lost a lot of money. Ulrika and Sten managed to drink several glasses of Coke and do some hugging a few more times. They kissed a bit too. At about half past one the guy had still not got tired of playing, but Sten and Ulrika had definitely got tired of watching on him, so they went home. Elin was asleep when he came home. She barely noticed that he came.

Sten had a little trouble sleeping. He thought of everything, most of Ulrika. But then he came up with something. As he sat and gazed at Ola Andersson's apartment and the two guys were in there, he had seen an old lady in the parking lot. She had walked around there with a dog. He got the idea that she came out of the same house that Ola Andersson lived in. Maybe she saw the guys, on their way out of the house. It would not at all be impossible. Once he figured that out, it was even harder to sleep because he was worried that he would forget the idea during the night. Eventually he got up and wrote it down on a piece of paper which he folded and put in his wallet. In addition, he took a decent whiskey. He fell asleep, finally, and to compensate the lack of sleep he lay in bed until Elin was on her way to go. Elin asked a little suspiciously what he was doing the night before. Sten told her, of course, without describing how he and Ulrika had disguised themselves.

Once he came to the police station on Kungsholmen he found Ulrika inside the manager's room. The boss thought that maybe they should bring in the suspect.

- We must also think of all those guards who are terrified.

Ulrika more hesitant:

- But should not we have more when we hear him. We've only got the fingerprints and that he was part of a criminal network and the fact that he spent a lot of money yesterday.

- It's also just one of those things that have any weight. Continued Sten.

The manager, however, still wanted to bring him in:

- We might find something in his apartment too. By the way, the fingerprint was a hundred percent match.

- Yes, it is with very high probability the same person who held the bat and touched the tape, for one of the prints on the tape. In addition, there were several incomplete impression that pointed in the same direction.

- All right, but don't this make it very likely that it is the right person? You, by the way, the DCI looked at Sten, you've probably seen the killers. Didn't any of them look like him?

- Well, I saw it so little that it could have been anyone. What I can say is that it was two guys with short dark hair, without beard.

- This guy of course fits into that. The boss smiled.

- I thought of one thing, said Sten. We should to check with casino Cosmopol if he's there often, and if they had paid out any winnings to him. Then we might have more to show that he is spending a lot of money.

- Perfect! Said the manager.

- Really, said Ulrika.

- Can you check it, Sten? Asked the manager.

- Though I want to check another thing.

- What?

Now Sten told about the lady who went out with her dog.

- It's even better. Yes we must check that up before we bring in the guy. Yes you need to work on that. You can take the casino Ulrika.

Ulrika looks a little hesitantly.

- But do you really think she remembers anything then. I would not remember someone who passed me a week ago.

It did not seem as if the manager shared her reluctance, since he said.

- But if she then hears that someone had been murdered in the house that they came out from, then usually people remembers a lot, so I think we definitely should check it out.

- I did not mean that we shouldn't check it out. Ulrika sounded a little offended.

Sten went to his room and called to Fredrik. He had not questioned any old lady.

- But I just heard them on the same floor, plus they on the floor below. There are at least three more floors. She seems to be old did you say? Then maybe she is home during the day.

Sten went to the house in Tumba and rang on all doors. He started on the ground floor. Already in the second door he got a hit. He suspected that he had come to the right directly, because as soon as he pressed the bell, he heard a dog barking behind the door. It sounded as if the dog stood and waited behind. There was an old lady who opened. Sten did not immediately recognize her, but she recognized him.

- How do you do, it is you who have looked at me in your car right? Are you a cop? She laughed a little.

Sten was a little ashamed that he had been so exposed, but he tried to ignore it. He tried to laugh a little, too. Then he nodded and put his hand in his pocket to take out the ID. But he could not get it up before she opened the door wide and let him inside. The dog wagged his tail, stood on his hind legs and put his front paws against his thighs.

- He is called Scamp.

- Hello Scamp. Sten stroked him on the head.

- It is well about that poor Ola Andersson, I can imagine.

- Right. I thought that I saw you outside the house when the murder was committed.

- Well maybe so. When did it happen then?

- About a quarter to seven in the evening.

- Well then, I was probably going out with Scamp. We usually go for a walk for half an hour just after supper.

- Do you remember if you met someone when you came back?

- Yes, I did actually. I've never seen them before. I actually thought that I would call the police to tell them about it.

- What do you remember more then?

- I remember everything, I think. I have quite a good memory though I am old. I remember you for example. I actually wondered why you sat there in the car and ate breakfast. But then when I read about Ola Andersson I realized that you were policemen. Yes, you could have been the murderer, too, but you did not look like killers.

Sten did not know what to say about it. Would he let the lady have her prejudices? He thought for a while and decided that it was probably too late to change her attitude towards people.

Moreover, it was actually a bit of a compliment.

- Good, but what is it that you remember then?

- Well there were two men who came down the stairs. They came down on the ground floor just as I came through the entrance. When they saw me, they looked like they changed direction and went to the back door. There seemed to be in a hurry.

- Did you see how they looked?

- They were foreigners. Both had dark short hair. They looked tough. One of them had a big black bag with him.

- Could you come with me to the police station for a proper questioning?

- Yes, but I have to go out with Scamp first.

Sten went with the lady and the dog. They went to Tumba center and back. The old lady was talking constantly throughout the walk. She told him about things that they passed. She seemed to have something to say about everything she saw. But of course, Sten thought, if one has taken the same round for like forty years it will well make some memories.

The interrogation in the police station gave really nothing more than what he got when he was in the lady's hall. But now it was at least on paper.

Ulrika was present throughout the interview. When the hearing was ready and Sten had put the lady in a taxi, she told that her investigation revealed that the suspect has often been at the casino in the past year. He had several times won larger amounts, type, fifty thousand crowns. They did not know how much he played for and they had no card payments booked on him, which apparently was not so unusual, when it came to the bigger players. Ulrika looked at him and tried to explain what she meant by the latter:

- It is almost only cash there, they said.

- Dirty money.

She nodded:

- Probably. The state always gets their money somehow. Should we talk to the boss now?

- Absolutely, it is probably time to take this guy now.

The boss agreed that it was time to bring him in and so they did. It was completely painless. Sten and Ulrika and the DCI went in Sten's car to the suspect's apartment. After them came a painted police car. After the painted car came another civilian car with two forensic technicians.

The suspect was home. It seemed as if he had been asleep because he had only a pair of boxers on and he looked dazed. He did not seem particularly surprised, until he realized that they wanted him to come along, then he became angry. He refused to go with them, but one of the uniformed constables pushed him up against the wall until he stopped fighting. He got dressed and searched for extra keys to the apartment. The officers took him to the car and the others stayed. The technicians began to methodically scan the apartment while Sten, Ulrika and the DCI walked around and looked seemingly aimlessly. The boss found a lot of money in the spring-mattress on the sofa which was later summed up to around three million crowns. Sten found a black bag with Securitas logo on. They even found some items that might be linked to other crimes. In addition, they found some torn out newspaper articles about the robberies against money transports. Finally, they found several knives and brass knuckles, but no firearms. Later it turned out that the Securitas bag was full of Ola Andersson fingerprints. He admitted nothing, but the lady with the dog identified him. In addition, they later found almost two million crowns in cash in his basement storage. He was prosecuted for the murder of Ola Andersson and robbery against his money transport. He was convicted of both crimes and the sentence was life imprisonment. In addition, no one else is yet neither prosecuted nor even arrested for the crimes.

Five unusually credible stories about police work in the investigation of deaths. The main character, Sten Svensson and his colleagues are ordinary people with the worries involved with it. They are policemen, with daytime service, which would never work overtime with less than they got overtime pay or compensatory time off. Sometimes they investigate deaths, and usually, they believe that there are other reasons than that someone has murdered them. The actions they take are not always the wisest, they often fail and the work is rarely exciting. But above all, they never need to risk the lives in their professional lives.