

Excerpt from Interrogation Of Victim No. 5

By Lars Ahn Pedersen

File no.: 29A-4369

Date: November 19th.

Medical adviser: LJ.

Investigator: TK.

Witness: RL.

Interrogation commenced at 2.34 a.m.

TK: Are we on?

LJ: Almost. I'm bringing her back now.

TK: R-?

RL: (moans)

LJ: Try again, she is nearly there.

TK: R-, can you hear me?

RL: Yes. (pause) What happened?

LJ: This gentleman over here will give you all the information you want when I'm done. But before we get to that I need you to answer some questions. First I want you to state your full name and address.

RL: My name is (erased), and I live at (erased).

(Note: The subsequent prescribed control inquiries have been edited away to save time and memory according to the standard procedure,).

LJ: I hereby confirm that she is fit for the interrogation. I'll leave her to you. If any problems should arise, you can find me next door. Goodbye.

RL: Uh... bye. Okay, that was weird. What was that about? Who are you?

TK: My name is (erased). Do you know where you are right now?

RL: It looks like a hospital. How-? Have I been hurt? Oh my God, the man in the park.
He-

TK: Easy now, R-, easy, we'll come back to that later. I am sorry to inform you that you have been the victim of a crime. We need your assistance in that matter and I am going to ask you a couple of questions. Are you prepared for that?

RL: Yes... I think so. How can I help you?

TK: Thanks. Try to describe what you did earlier this evening.

RL: I was... at work. It got late. I had something I... That's odd.

TK: What's the matter?

RL: I don't know what I'm doing.

TK: You're saying you can't remember what you did at work?

RL: No, I'm saying I don't have the faintest clue about what I'm doing for a living.

TK: Just before when Dr. J- asked you about your position you told him you were a PR-consultant.

RL: Yes, I know, but right now that's nothing but a word to me. If you tried to question me further about my job I wouldn't know what to say. How can that be? What's happening to me?

TK: Perhaps it will return if we try to focus on something else. Do you remember what did when you left your work?

RL: Yes! Thank God. I headed for the bus stop.

TK: Describe the route, please.

RL: I think I was a little late, so I took a shortcut through the park.

TK: The Park? You mentioned it before but according to my map there is no park near your office.

RL: No, it is just something I call it. Actually it's just a small green patch with a playground and a couple of benches. It is quiet nice during the day but a bit scary at night.

TK: Scary?

RL: Yeah, the lightning could be better so the place is rather dark. Usually I avoid it at night but I was in a hurry to catch the bus.

TK: So what happened?

RL: I... I was kind of running when suddenly I was knocked down.

TK: By whom?

RL: By a man. He jumped out from the thicket.

TK: Can you describe him?

RL: Hardly. He wore dark clothes and his face was hidden behind a mask.

TK: What kind of mask?

RL: No, wait, it wasn't a mask. It was more like a hood, kind of a piece of cloth with holes made for the eyes and the mouth. Oh my God, it was him, wasn't it?

TK: Who?

RL: The serial killer. The same guy who has killed four women during the last couple of months. Was it really him?

TK: We don't know yet, but we hope you can give us the answer to that question. That is one of reasons I'm sitting here right now with you.

RL: That's insane! Am I the first to have survived meeting him?

TK: Well, we have to establish that he was your attacker in the first place.

RL: Of course. Sorry. Keep asking.

TK: Did you get a look at his face? You said he was masked, but did you perhaps get a glimpse of something which can help us identify him?

RL: No, like I said, it was very dark and he...

TK: Yes?

RL: He had a knife. The other women were strangled, right? So it couldn't have been the same guy.

TK: He didn't attempt to strangle you?

RL: No... yes, he did have both his hands around my throat and he... I couldn't breathe. I thought I was going to die but I kept struggling and somehow managed to get free, and that was when he brought out the knife.

TK: What did he do with it?

RL: He... he stabbed me.

TK: Do you remember where?

RL: No. Everywhere. It felt... Oh God, it hurt. The pain was... and the sound. The worst part was the sound. And then... and then...

TK: What?

RL: He slit my throat.

TK: Describe the knife.

RL: Describe how? It was just a regular knife.

TK: Did it have any special characteristics? What was the shape of the blade? Did the handle have any ornamentations? That kind of details might in the end reveal something about the owner.

RL: No, I'm certain it was just a regular kitchen knife. Actually it looked like one of my own knives.

TK: Try to describe it for me.

RL: Eh... black handle with three silver-colored dots. Wide, shiny blade. Very pointed. You know, like one of those knives they always use in the Hollywood-slashers where the killer chases the heroine through her house in the end. That's probably the reason I bought it in the first- Wait a minute...

TK: Yes?

RL: He slit my throat!

TK: But you survived.

RL: Yes, but how? My throat was slit and I had already been stabbed I don't know how many times. I must have lost a lot of blood while I lay... Oh my God!

TK: What is it?

RL: The logo.

TK: What?

RL: The logo. Over there, on the board. I have seen it before.

TK: Which logo? I can't see any- Oh...

RL: What does it say? LZ? Oh no... Lazarus. I'm not at a hospital, right? I'm at Lazarus. And if I'm here, then...

TK: R-, believe me-

RL: (screams)

Interrogation interrupted at 2.51 a.m.

Interrogation resumed at 3.16 a.m.

RL: I am dead.

TK: Yes.

RL: You could have told me, you (erased).

TK: I'm sorry I lied to you before. But we were unsure about how you were going to react.

RL: Well, now you sure as hell know.

The complete version of this short story is available in *Sky City: New Science Fiction Stories by Danish Authors*, published by Science Fiction Cirklen, 2010, www.sciencefiction.dk



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