

# 1. MURDER IN THE FOG

I do not remember my name.

This is the first thing that I think when I wake, and I look around nervously, **confused**<sup>1</sup> by the dark and by the thick fog which surrounds me.

I **raise**<sup>2</sup> a hand to my face and feel a short nose and a small mouth. I try to remember my face, I try to remember the colour of my hair or what my eyes look like. I try to remember anything, but I cannot! I have no idea who I am.

I am on the ground **lying**<sup>3</sup> on cold grass which is **wet**<sup>4</sup> from the fog, and I am alone.

Why am I here? I ask myself, but I have no answer. I do not even know where this is because the fog is so thick that I can only see for a few metres in any direction.

I try to stand, but then I **realise**<sup>5</sup> that my head hurts and that there is a **sharp pain**<sup>6</sup> behind my right ear. I carefully lift my hand and touch the large **lump**<sup>7</sup> which is there. It hurts to touch, and I shout in the fog, the sound lost in the dark of the night. When I pull my fingers away, they are wet, and even with no light the blood is bright and easy to see.

I begin to feel more than nervous now: I begin to feel **scared**<sup>8</sup>. I imagine I can see shapes and figures in the fog, and I

1 confused - irritiert

2 to raise - heben

3 to lie - liegen

4 wet - nass

5 to realise - merken

6 sharp pain - stechender Schmerz

7 lump - Beule

8 scared - verängstigt, ängstlich

want to run. I feel that I need to run, that there is somewhere I must be, somewhere I must remember.

But before I move, I need to know something. So I push myself up and sit on the ground. I look carefully at my clothes, but they mean nothing. The jeans are new, but now they are dirty: **muddy stains**<sup>1</sup> cover the legs from the wet grass. The t-shirt is not **familiar**<sup>2</sup> either: just simple and black. So I empty my pockets, and at first there is nothing helpful there: no wallet, no keys and no phone. But then I see the **picture**<sup>3</sup>, and I stop.

It is a woman, and even in the dark and the fog I recognise her. Her long blonde hair is beautiful, and her kind, friendly, blue eyes are perfect. Yes, I know her! And the thought is so strong that I smile **despite**<sup>4</sup> the pain in the back of my head.

But what is her name? I pull the last item from my pocket. It is a red serviette with a single word written again and again in black **ink**<sup>5</sup>.

"Catherine," I say quietly into the fog, and the sound of my voice seems strange and cold.

Catherine. I am sure that I know her, but I still do not remember why. Is she my wife? My girlfriend? I think that she is, and I **suddenly**<sup>6</sup> feel afraid for her. "Catherine!" I shout into the dark, but there is no reply.

I am about to shout again when suddenly I remember something. I remember Catherine's face, but she is not smiling like she is in the picture, and her blue eyes look scared and desperate. I try to remember the image, and I see that there is a

1 muddy stain - Schlammfleck

2 familiar - vertraut

3 picture - Foto

4 despite - trotz

5 ink - Tinte

6 suddenly - plötzlich

**piece of cloth**<sup>1</sup> in her mouth so that she cannot speak and that she is **tied**<sup>2</sup> to a large grey stone by thick white **ropes**<sup>3</sup>.

"No!" I **cry out**<sup>4</sup>, and I push myself to my feet despite the pain in my head.

I do not know what to do for a moment. I only know that I must find her, that I must help her.

I think about the lump on the back of my head and the fresh blood on my fingers. Is there somebody in the fog? Somebody who has Catherine? Someone who wants to hurt her, who wants to kill her?

I want to shout again, but then I do not. If the person who has Catherine hears me, she is in danger. And another image comes to me. It is the face of a man. An **ordinary**<sup>5</sup> face with small dark eyes and dirty brown hair. There is nothing **cruel**<sup>6</sup> about the face, but I know instantly that this is the man that has Catherine, and I hate that face with all of my heart.

I begin to walk, slowly at first, unsure of the direction that I must go. It seems like the ground is moving slowly up, and I believe that this is right. The image I remember of Catherine tied to the grey stone is in less fog, and I think that it must be on higher ground.

I begin to walk faster, but I am soon running. The fog surrounds me, and the dark is without end. I try not to think of **anything but**<sup>7</sup> the direction I am moving in, but I am starting to remember things now. I remember Catherine. She has a black uniform, which she always wears at work in the restaurant, and on the uniform is a **badge with her name**<sup>8</sup>. "Hello handsome," she always says to me, "another day at the office?" And I never

- 1 piece of cloth - Stoffstück
- 2 tied to - angebunden an
- 3 rope - Seil
- 4 to cry out - aufschreien
- 5 ordinary - herkömmlich, gewöhnlich
- 6 cruel - grausam
- 7 anything but - nichts anderes als
- 8 badge with her name - Namensschild

say much, but I do not have to: we understand each other without words. And I remember that after I eat, I wait for her in the car park until she finishes work, and she is surprised to see me there. But I **suppose**<sup>1</sup> that's just who I am: a romantic.

Suddenly, there is a sound like a gun shot, and I fall. For a moment I think that I am dead and that Catherine is alone, tied to the grey stone in the fog. But then I see the light in the sky, and I realise that the shot was a **flare**<sup>2</sup>. I watch the light fall and illuminate the **hillside**<sup>3</sup>.

Is it the man with the dark eyes and dirty brown hair? Does he know I am here? Good! If he looks for me, he is not with Catherine, I think. And I get up again and run faster now.

Do I hear voices in the fog behind me? I try to turn to look, but the fog behind me is too thick, and I only see the occasional light in the distance.

But in front of me the fog seems to be thinner, and I begin to slow. I am scared now because I know that I am near, and in the dark I begin to see large, grey stones standing like **giants**<sup>4</sup> on the top of the hill. In **amazement**<sup>5</sup>, I think that I recognise this circle of ancient stones.

"Stonehenge!" I say.

"Yes," a voice replies, "and this is where it ends." And a tall man steps from behind one of the silent giants.

I **expect**<sup>6</sup> him to have dark eyes and dirty hair, but he does not. His hair is blond, his eyes light, and I think that this is not the man who has Catherine. Maybe he is his friend, his partner, and I am about to run when I see the small gun in his hand.

"I just want Catherine," I say, but I can see the hate in the man's eyes, and I know that the only thing I can do now is run

- 1 to suppose - vermuten
- 2 flare - Leuchtfackel
- 3 hillside - Berghang
- 4 giant - Riese
- 5 amazement - Erstaunen
- 6 to expect - erwarten

to the stone where I know she is tied and try to escape into the fog with her.

"Don't!" says the man, as if he can see my intention in my eyes, but I have to. **At first**<sup>1</sup>, I think that maybe I am quick enough, but then I hear the **snap**<sup>2</sup> of the gun and feel the explosion in my back.

For a moment more I run, and I can see the shape of the stone where Catherine is tied, and I fall to the floor in front of it. "Catherine," I shout, but there is no reply. When I look to see why, I see that she is not there: the white ropes are still tied to the stone, but she is not.

"Catherine," I say again, smiling, because **she is all that matters**<sup>3</sup>, and I can rest now because I know that she is safe.

"You got him, Detective?" a voice says behind me.

"Yeah, that's him," the tall man says. "He **matches**<sup>4</sup> the girl's description perfectly: dirty brown hair, small dark eyes. And look, the blood behind his ear is where she hit him before she escaped."

"Good for her."

"Yeah. We think she's his third **victim**<sup>5</sup> this year."

"So why didn't he run? Why wait here for us?"

The tall man is silent for a moment: "Who knows? I don't want to understand the mind of these psychopaths. I'm just happy Catherine is okay."

Catherine is okay. Catherine is okay. I do not understand anything else that they say, but I do understand these three words, and I smile again.

Catherine is okay.

1 at first - zuerst

2 snap - Schuss

3 she is all that matters - sie ist alles, worauf es mir ankommt

4 to match - passen

5 victim - Opfer



Stonehenge befindet sich in der Grafschaft Wiltshire im Süden von England und ist wahrscheinlich das berühmteste prähistorische Monument der Welt. Es stammt aus der Zeit zwischen 3000 und 2000 v. Chr., der genaue Entstehungszeitpunkt ist jedoch nicht bekannt. Viele glauben allerdings, dass die Anlage von Anfang an als Begräbnisstätte diente, da zahlreiche verbrannte Menschenreste dort entdeckt wurden. Wegen seiner Verbindung zu heidnischer Magie übt Stonehenge bis zum heutigen Tag eine große Faszination auf viele Menschen aus. Die Entstehung der Steinformation bleibt nach wie vor ein Mysterium.