

Noir.

There is nothing more disturbing than the sensation of white dust setting on a manikin\'s perfectly combed wig.

As I reveled in this little thought of mine I noticed time slipping away ever so slightly; as to say my thoughts consumed me completely.

Ashamed of what I had done - yet satisfied - I rose to my feet to meet the plain-looking customer. The thought of having to serve him at a time like this stirred a mild irritation in my stomach. The tainted gloves went off and on came the old apron.

- What can I do for you today, sir?

- You are Peter Shoebeck?

- Yes that\'s me.

- I\'m looking for a young woman that is reported missing since yesterday morning. She was last seen coming out of your shop, wearing dark blue jeans, a white loose fitting blouse and a brown leather jacket.
Could have been moccasine.

For a moment a trail of recollections stream through my mind like a cold river. The pain. That awful pain, hits me right in the back of my head.

- Are you okay sir?

- Yes I\'m fine, I just. I have these headaches sometimes. Nothing serious.

- So about that lady.

- Right. She left this place and misteriously dissapeared a moment after.
Do you know anything about it?

- Well. No. I get alot of customers on mondays. I guess they like to shop early for the week. Heh.

- Right. Well, I want to take a look around here then; if you don\'t mind.

- No ofcourse. Take your time officer. I\'ll just finish up with the meat.

- No! Leave it as it is. If you please.

- Of- ofcourse.

The thinly built man was getting suspicious. The veins on his pale hands filled with blood. His eyes, they looked for something. A knife? A bloody cloth? Her?

I felt how the irritation in my stomach grew to a lump of led; heavy and cold. This was it, there was no turning back. I had to get his attention - distract him somehow. But how? Then it hit me! The freezer was still out of order. If I could convince him to come back another time I'd be safe for the moment.

Damn he has already seen the backroom, I have to make this quick.

- Sir, can I ask you to come back in the morning? It really is getting late and my dotter is waiting for me at home, alone. Besides my freezer isn't working for the moment and I need to get at it before too late.

The tension rises. His breathing is getting heavy.

- I see. I notice you haven't taken out the meat yet. Too many customers perhaps?

- Well I...

- Nevermind. I'll come back tomorrow. Be sure to leave everything as it is, I'm not done here.

- Yes sir. Ofcourse not sir. I'll see you tomorrow then.

- Right. Have a good night mr Shoebeck.

- Good night officer.

Finally. I thought he'd never leave. A sense of relief brushed over me as the doorbell clinged from the other room.

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