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Where is
Private
Investigator
Hanson

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Crime

Saxo Publishing

www.saxo.com

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ISBN: 978-87-404702-6-0

Published by The publishing saxo.com

Illustration: Agnar and Fríðgerð Bjarkhamar

Along with Emma Sofie Lind

Thank you to my beautiful wife, Fríðgerð for incredible support.

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Will Hanson

Another evening, without any action.

The silence was almost noisy. Outside the window there was the same going on as ever. Cars driving back and forth. People on their way in the city.

Inside the darkened office, he sat. The old, but experienced private detective. He was for the first time in a long time without something to do.

Will Hanson. 58 year-old private investigator with an otherwise excellent career behind him. Out of all the cases he had undertaken, there were only three cases, he had not cleared up. Although some of them, fell a few years back, he could not forget them.

The first time, he couldn't crack a case was a 4-year-old girl who just went missing. She had gone outside, to play. A few minutes later, her mother came outside to check on her daughter. She only saw her trike. After searching all over the house and in the neighborhood, she just couldn't find the girl. She then called the police.

The police had spent several months on the case, but just could not find the little girl. After several months of searching, the case was filed as unsolved.

At that point, the family then contacted Detective Hanson. He spent eight years on the case. He followed all the familiar and unfamiliar tracks. The girl was as sunk into the ground. The parents in the end decidet, to get the court to declare her officially dead.

For the first time, Hanson had to give up, and lay the case file in the small corner, archive, which was marked "unsolved". Once in a while, and he took it out to look at it.

Also, he had framed a photo of the girl and put it on his desk.

The second time, he had to close a case, unsolved, was when a 17-year-old young man was brutally murdered. The ferocity of the murder did that nobody who was on the case, forgot it. The teenager had been murdered in the most bestial way. He was tortured on all known and unknown ways. Burned with cigarettes. There were cuts on his skin over most of the body. Also there were broken bones in most of the body. Had his fingers and toes cut off. The hatred in this murder was unimagineable. The worst part of it all was, that the young man was well liked by everyone, who either knew him or had ever heard about him. Wherever you checked, they found nothing on the young man. Nobody could say anything bad about him. And in his surroundings, he was the one the others looked up to. It was one of the greatest mysteries, anyone had ever heard of, in the city of Chicago.

Hanson had never forgotten the case. And as with the 4-year-old girl, the file was taken out once in a while. If he heard about a little violent assault somewhere, he was ready immediately. He came into the police station to check, if there were any one suspected or arrested in the matter. However, there was not yet a breakthrough in the matter.

The third matter was a 25-year young woman who had been kidnapped and raped. Then she was then killed, and then the killer had violated her body. When the murderer was done with her, he had dismembered her body. Then he had put her different bags and thrown them in various bins, different places in the city. It was only by coincidence that the police found her body. Police found all the bodyparts, except her genitals and breasts. They were never found.

Also there never was a similar case again. The police knew of no other cases in any other state in the country.

The case had recently been closed by the police, but Hanson was assigned the case. However, the family could not afford to continue to have Hanson on the case. Therefore it also ended up being unsolved. Hanson however sometimes read, in the file.

So here he was, without anything to do. He had played with the idea to stop his practice. He had even thought of retiring. The gods would know that he could afford it. He just could not get to it. He could not bear the thought of that perhaps came a case that he possibly could unravel. It will probably not be tonight, he thought. Hanson stood up. Took a last sip of his coffee. Then he turned the light on the desktop. Lockett out the window one more time. Still no action. Then he walked toward the front door. He switched off the light in the office and closed the door behind him. He put the key in, and was about to lock. So it was that he heard something behind him. He turned.

"Well, good evening"

That was all he could say, before he fell to the ground, bleeding from a head wound.

Hanson came to, in what seemed to be a basement. The light was poor, so he had a little trouble to see clearly. There where no one else in the room. He tried to figure out if he could recognize anything in the room. But it was probably useless. There where concrete walls. By one of the walls, there was a table, and on the wall above it, he could see something resembling to torture tools.

No this was certainly not a place he had been before, he thought. He tried to remember back to before he ended up here. It was not easy to concentrate, right now. However, he wondered who the heck just kidnapped him. Suddenly he heard someone approaching the door. It would be

interesting to see the fool who had taken him. The door to the room was opened. In walked a masked man. He was in black clothing from head to toe.

Mask man

"Well," Hanson said. "Afraid of being recognized, I can see?"

"I do not think you should try to be smart here," said the kidnapper with a strong voice. He had a voice distorts set.

"What should I try then?" Hanson felt his nose break when he received a fist right in the face. The pain was infinite.

"Shut up!" Kidnapper seemed stressed. "You have no idea what or who you're up against!"

Hanson, who was known for his quick replies, couldn't keep quiet.

"You are so right," he replied. "You're hiding behind that mask!"

"SHUT UP!" The kidnapper's voice almost trembled in fury. "You don't fucking plan to stay alive very long, huh?"

"I live until I die, just like anyone else," Hanson said with ironi.

This time lost Hanson consciousness as the mask man's fist hit him in the temple.

When Hanson came to again, he was alone. The pain was unbearable. The worst was the nose. He had difficulty breathing through the nose. Hanson thought he should be better at keeping his mouth shut.

Loneliness

He had already begun to get used to the idea that he probably wasn't going to get out of here alive. Fortunately,

there weren't too many who would miss him. He had purposely never gotten married or started a family. His work entailed some risks that could cost him his life. He would not put a family through that. He had had angry business men, cheating husbands and others who had threatened him, for revealing them.

However, he had a brother to whom he had very little contact. And it was not that long ago, they had been in contact. It would probably take some time before there would be any contact from him again. A few years could pass before that day came. However, his brother would probably get the news that he was dead, if it came to that.

Hanson just hoped that the kidnapper didn't take too long, before killing him. He hoped it would soon be over. He hated to wait. And to wait for his death, was a bit depressing. Otherwise he had such an exciting life and the end was not entirely without tension. So he thought that he probably would die as he had lived. Exciting. The pain however, he could do without. He came to think of a case he once had.

He had pursued an unfaithful husband, for a while. The man's wife would have photos and details on the whole affair. It had given him an exciting trip to the rich people's playgrounds. A trip to Saint Tropez and then Monaco.

However, the husband one day fell over a payment to an airline. He had asked his wife what this was all about. When his wife wouldn't tell, he had it checked up on. That had led him to Hanson.

It was a very interesting confrontation. The man could quickly figure out what his wife had up her sleeve. The cheating husband then threatened Hanson was to hand over all the material he had on the man.

Of course, Hanson did not disclose of anything. He could deliver it to the wife. Although the man used the trick of

the husband and wife were one and the same, Hanson wouldn't hand over anything. The result was that the husband pulled out a gun and threatened Hanson.

Hanson had jumped out the window. The man didn't follow Hanson at first. He wanted to search for the material first. When he discovered that Hanson had everything kept in a fireproof filing cabinet, he had begun to chase after Hanson. It had not taken him long to catch up with Hanson. He had run into the nearest bar.

Not the smartest move, Hanson thought, when he saw the man enter the bar. Hanson stood up and began to move toward the back door. The man followed. They had hardly come out the back door when the first shot fell.

"Shit, he's serious," Hanson muttered.

Hanson had reached the end of the street, when he felt a searing pain in his back. He had been hit. The pain was very penetrating. Another shot fell, and Hanson fell to the ground. The shot had hit him in the back of his thigh.

Fortunately, other people had heard the shots and came to the rescue.

The angry husband was overpowered and the gun was taken away from him.

While he was a major figure in the city, so the media coverage was massive.

And it was good for Hanson's agency.

After Hanson had been discharged from the hospital, there were people needing him from everywhere. It soon became known that Hanson didn't back for noone. Some shook their pants, others cheered. Some even threatened him. They said, that if he would ever be hired to follow them, it would have fatal consequences. Hanson therefore had a secret telephone line set up, so people who had suspicion about something, could be able to call anonymously to Hanson. When he had received a payment

in an envelope marked with the name anonymous, went
Hanson started with the matter.

Hacker

Detective Hacker, who used to spend Hanson, had gotten an unsolvable case on his desk. A 42 year old woman had disappeared and there were no clues in this matter. She had been missing for 4 days now. No one had come up with any information in this matter. The woman was married and had three children. It was also the husband who had reported her missing. Hacker didn't have any clue as to where to search for any clues in this matter.

"Call P.I. Hanson" he shouted to his assistant. "This is just a thing for the old goat."

The assistant returned shortly after. He said that Hanson wasn't answering, but he'd left a message on his machine.

Everything seemed implemented in this case. No traces at all. The husband had the perfect alibi. All the children had only good things to say about both parents. There was no quarreling or hostility among the parents that the children knew about. It seemed like a perfectly happy family. So after some questioning back and forth, the family could be excluded.

Then of course the next problem. The family had no enemies. At least that they knew of. They turned out to be a model family, which both went to church every Sunday and help with charity, etc. in the city. There weren't any ransom demands either.

Hacker was a bit irritated that Hanson didn't call back. He would be very helpful right now.

Hacker's assistant Jorgenson tried to call a few more times, on Hanson's telephone. No response.

God damn that man, Hacker mumbled. He knew that Hanson didn't have too much on his hands right now. Therefore Hacker would have expected Hanson to call him back by now.

"I'm going over to Hanson's," Hacker said to Jorgenson and took off.

Hacker was surprised to see that door to Hanson's office was ajar. He found it to be very mysterious. He placed his hand on his gun before he gently slipped into Hanson's office. He noticed that the carpet was curled up. It looked like it was pushed towards the wall. Hacker had turned on the light. Looked down on the floor. It looked like someone had been dragged into the office. Hacker moved around quietly. Went out to tea the kitchen, to see if he find any clues. Perhaps Hanson was stored there. There was no trace of him anywhere. He had just vanished in the thin air. There were clear signs that someone had tried to break into the filing cabinet. Hanson early knew, that someone might be interested in getting in to his file, some day. Therefore he had bought the most theft secure filing cabinet that existed. Hacker tried to piece together what might have happened. At the same time he called for a team that could come with some equipment, to take samples and fingerprints.

Jorgenson was the first to arrive.

"What the hell has been going here?" He asked Hacker.

"I hope that we can figure it out," said Hacker. "I do not like this, at all."

"Who would harm an old P.I." Jorgenson said.

Hacker looked strangely over to Jorgenson, and said, "Well, maybe a spurned husband? Or a former criminal, he has helped us to find? "

Jorgenson looked down at the floor. He already knew, that the question was a bit dumb.

"Well," Hacker began. "As I see it, Hanson was attacked outside his office."

They moved towards the front door to the office.

"The way the carpet is dragged across the room shows, that Hanson has been dragged or pushed into the office," said Hacker. "We just need the infrared light to see, if there are any traces of blood."

Crime technicians secured as much evidence as possible. Finger prints, shoe prints and liquids. Everything was inspected, with magnifying glass and tweezers.

"Hanson could be an annoying bastard," said Hacker. "But he's damn good at his work."

Jorgenson agreed with Hacker.

"There have been times where you have been wanting to smack him," Jorgenson said. "But since he's such a good investigator, it has saved his ass from being slapped around from time to time."

"Your got that right," Hacker said.

When they were done securing all the evidence, they put an extra lock on the door. And then there set a watch on, in case that it had Hanson, reappeared.

Spill it

Hanson could hear footsteps approaching again. This was going to be interesting, he thought to himself. If only he could be better at keeping his mouth shut. He did not need any more pain right now. The door to the room opened. The masked man came in.

"Well, Mr. Private Investigator," the masked man said a bit more calm in his voice. "I need to get into your filing cabinet. You have a file laying there that could harm me, if it falls into the wrong hands "