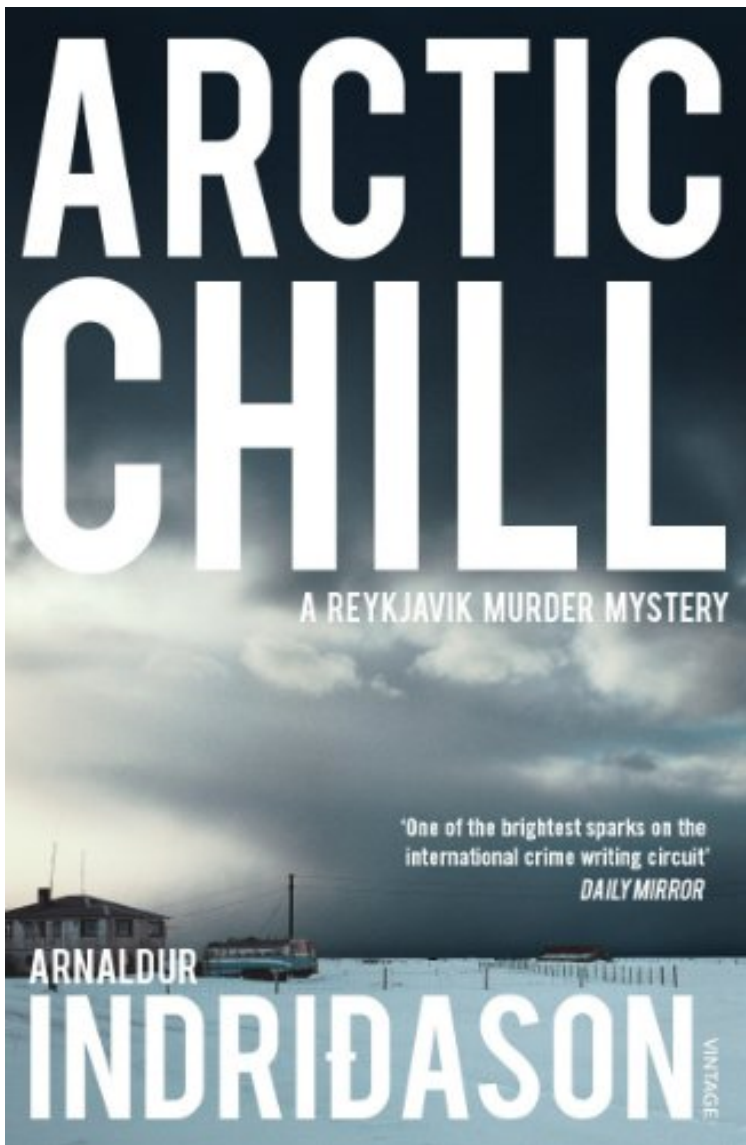


(Free download) File size: 57.Mb

Arctic Chill



Par Arnaldur Indridason
*ebooks | Download PDF | *ePub |*
DOC | audiobook

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #97571 dans eBooksPubli le: 2009-05-04Sorti le: 2009-05-04Format: Ebook Kindle

(Free download) Arctic Chill

Par Arnaldur Indridason : Arctic Chill before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Arctic Chill:

 [Download](#)

 [Read Online](#)

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurA dark-skinned young boy is found dead, frozen to the ground in a pool of his own blood. The boy's Thai half-brother is missing; is he implicated, or simply afraid for his own life? While fears increase that the murder could have been racially motivated, the police receive reports that a suspected paedophile has been spotted in the area.Detective Erlendur's investigation soon unearths the tension simmering beneath the surface of Iceland's outwardly liberal, multi-cultural society while the murder forces Erlendur to confront the tragedy in his own past.ExtraitThey were able to guess his age, but had more trouble determining which part of the world he came from.They thought he was about ten years old. He was wearing a grey anorak, unzipped, with a hood, and military-style camouflage trousers. His school bag was

on his back. One of his boots had come off and there was a hole in his sock. One toe poked through. The boy was not wearing gloves or a hat. His black hair was already frozen to the ice. He lay on his stomach with one cheek turned up towards them, and they saw his broken eyes staring along the frozen earth. The puddle of blood underneath him had started to freeze. Elnborg knelt down beside the body. Oh my God, she groaned. What on earth is happening? She held out her hand, as though she wanted to touch the body. The boy looked as if he had lain down to take a rest. She had difficulty controlling herself, did not want to believe what she saw. Don't move him, Erlendur said calmly. He was standing by the body with Sigurdur li. He must have been cold, Elnborg muttered, withdrawing her hand and slowly getting to her feet. It was the middle of January. The winter had been reasonable until the New Year, when the temperature dropped sharply. The ground was now covered in a solid coating of ice and the north wind howled and sang around the blocks of flats.

Rippling sheets of snow swept along the ground. They collected into little drifts here and there and fine powder snow swirled away from them. Straight from the Arctic, the wind bit their faces and penetrated their clothes, cutting to the bone. Erlendur thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his winter coat and shuddered.

The sky was heavy with cloud and it was dark, although it had only just turned four o'clock. Why do they make military trousers like that for children? he asked. The three of them stood hunched over the boy's body.

The blue flashing lights of the police cars bounced off the surrounding houses and blocks of flats. A few passers-by had gathered by the cars. The first reporters had arrived. Forensics were photographing the scene, their flashes vying with the blue lights. They sketched the layout of the area where the boy was lying and the immediate surroundings. The forensic investigation was in its initial stages. Those trousers are in fashion, Elnborg said. Do you think there's something wrong with that? Sigurdur li asked. Kids wearing trousers like those? I don't know, Erlendur said. Yes, I find it odd, he added after a pause. He looked up at the block of flats. People were outside on the balconies watching, in spite of the cold. Others stayed indoors and made do with the view through the window. But most were still at work and their windows were dark. The officers would have to go to all the apartments and talk to the residents. The witness who had found the boy said that he lived there. Perhaps he had been alone and had fallen off the balcony, in which case this could be recorded as a nonsensical accident. Erlendur preferred that theory to the idea of the boy having been murdered. He could not pursue that thought through to the end. He scrutinised the surroundings. The garden behind the flats did not seem well kept. In the middle was a patch of gravel that served as a little playground. There were two swings, one broken so that the seat hung down to ground level and spun around in the wind; a battered slide that had originally been painted red but was now patchy and rusty, and a simple see-saw with two little seats made from bits of wood, one end frozen solid to the ground and the other standing up in the air like the barrel of a large gun. We need to find his boot, Sigurdur li said. They all looked at the sock with the hole in it. This can't be happening, Elnborg sighed. Detectives were searching for footprints in the garden but darkness was falling and they couldn't see much on the frozen ground. The garden was covered with a coat of slippery ice, occasional clusters of grass poking through it. The district medical officer had confirmed the death and was standing where he thought he would be sheltered from the gale, trying to light a cigarette. He was uncertain about the time of death. Somewhere in the past hour, he thought. He had explained that the forensic pathologist would calculate the exact time of death by correlating the degrees of frost with the body temperature. On first impression the doctor could not identify a cause of death. Possibly a fall, he said, looking up at the gloomy block. The body had not been disturbed. The pathologist was on his way. If possible he preferred to visit the crime scene and examine the surroundings with the police. Erlendur was concerned at the ever-growing crowd gathering at the corner of the block, who could see the body lit up by the flashing cameras. Cars cruised slowly past, their passengers absorbing the scene. A small floodlight was being erected to enable a closer examination of the site. Erlendur told a policeman to cordon off the area. From the garden, none of the doors appeared to open out onto a balcony from which the boy might have fallen. The windows were all shut. This was a large block of flats by Icelandic standards, six storeys high with four stairwells. It was in a poor state of repair. The iron railings round the balconies were rusty. The paint was faded and in some places it had flaked off the concrete. Two sitting-room windows with a single large crack in each were visible from where Erlendur stood. No one had bothered to replace them. Do you suppose it's racially motivated? Sigurdur li said, looking down at the boy's body. I don't think we should jump to conclusions, Erlendur said. Could he have been climbing up the wall? Elnborg asked as she, too, looked up at the apartment block. Kids do the unlikeliest things, Sigurdur li remarked. We need to establish whether he might have been climbing up between the balconies, Erlendur said. Where do you think he's from? Sigurdur li wondered. He looks Asian to me, Elnborg said. Could be Thai, Filipino, Vietnamese, Korean, Japanese,

Chinese, Sigurdur li reeled off. Shouldn't we say he's an Icelandic until we find out otherwise? Erlendur said. They stood in silence in the cold, watching the drifting snow pile up around the boy. Erlendur looked at the curious bystanders at the corner where the police cars were parked. Then he took off his coat and draped it over the body. Is it safe doing that? Elnborg asked with a glance in the direction of the forensics team.

According to procedure they were not even supposed to stand over the body until forensics had granted permission. I don't know, Erlendur said. Not very professional, Sigurdur li said. Has no one reported the boy missing? Erlendur asked, ignoring his remark. No enquiries about a lost boy of this age? I checked that on the way here, Elnborg said. The police haven't been notified of any. Erlendur glanced down at his coat. He was cold. Where's the person who found him? We've got him in one of the stairwells, Sigurdur li said. He waited for us. Called from his mobile. Every kid carries a mobile phone these days. He said he'd taken a shortcut through the garden on his way home from school and stumbled across the body. I'll talk to him, Erlendur said. You check whether they can find the boy's tracks through the garden. If he was bleeding he might have left a trail. Maybe he didn't fall. Shouldn't forensics handle that? Sigurdur li mumbled to deaf ears. He doesn't appear to have been attacked here in the garden, Elnborg said. And for God's sake, try to find his boot, Erlendur said as he walked off. The boy who found him . . . Sigurdur li began. Yes, Erlendur said, turning round. He's also col . . . Sigurdur li hesitated. What? An immigrant kid, Sigurdur li said. The boy sat on a step in one of the stairwells of the block of flats, a policewoman sat with him. He had his sports kit wrapped up in a yellow plastic bag and eyed Erlendur with suspicion. They had not wanted to make him sit in a police car. That could have led people to conclude that he was implicated in the boy's death, so someone had suggested that he wait in the stairwell instead. The corridor was dirty. An unhygienic odour pervaded the air, mingling with cigarette smoke and cooking smells from the flats. The floor was covered in worn linoleum and the graffiti on the wall seemed illegible to Erlendur. The boy's parents were still at work. They had been notified. He was dark-skinned with straight jet-black hair that was still damp after his shower, and big white teeth. He was dressed in an anorak and jeans, and holding a woollen hat in his hands. It's awfully cold, Erlendur said, rubbing his hands. The boy was silent. Erlendur sat down beside him. The boy said that his name was Stefn and he was thirteen. He lived in the next block of flats up from this one and had done so for as long as he could remember. His mother was from the Philippines, he said. You must have be... *Revue de presse* "What is it with those Scandinavians? For many years they have been producing crime novels of the most chilling and engrossing nature. However, one man stands out for his sense of highly believable drama, suspense and an almost effortlessly simple, yet captivating delivery. He is Arnaldur Indridason... one of the brightest sparks on the international crime writing circuit *****" (*Mirror*) "An utterly absorbing detective story. In Erlendur - morose, grouchy, but hugely likeable all the same - Indridason has created a character in the Morse/Rebus mould who could stand comparison with either" (*Scotsman*) "Trenchantly written... stripped-down, sinewy prose" (*Independent*) "Indridason is as interested in exploring the personalities and the relationships between them as he is in unravelling the mystery... a rounded, superior example of the genre" (*Sunday Telegraph*) "Its humanity and insight make it truly memorable" (*Sunday Times*)