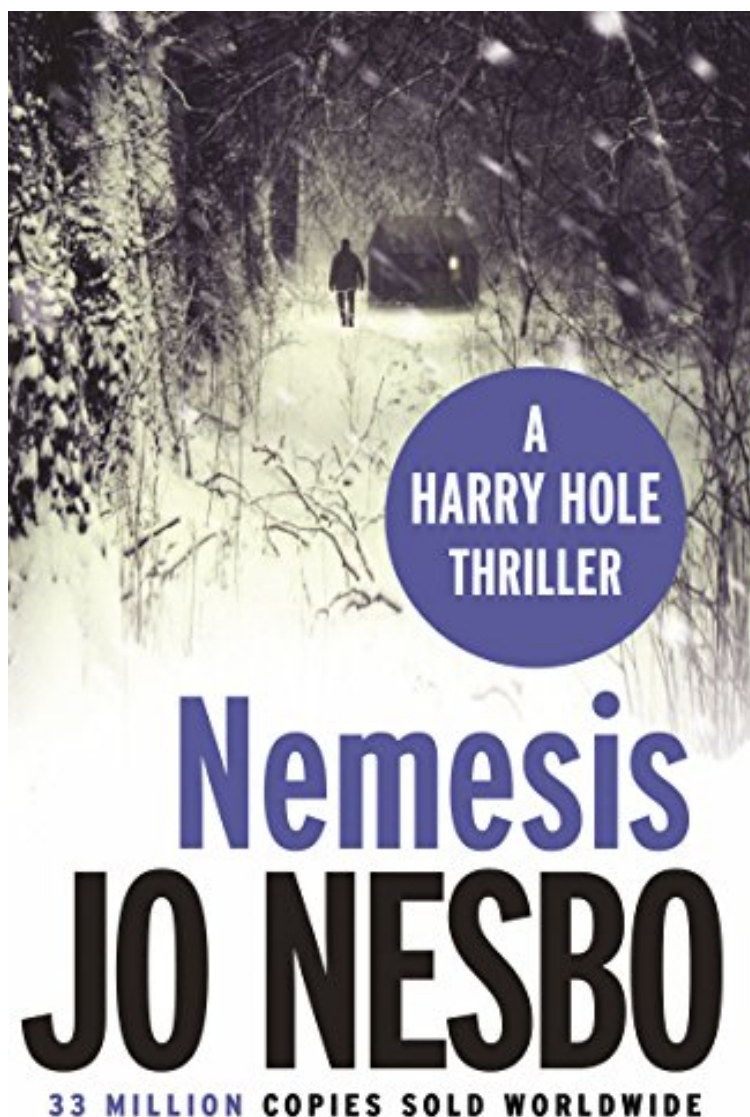


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## Nemesis: Harry Hole 4



*Par Jo Nesbo*  
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**Par Jo Nesbo : Nemesis: Harry Hole 4** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Nemesis: Harry Hole 4:

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**Description :** Description du produitHarry Hole and his team are in a race against time to crack the identity of a violent bank robber who always seems one step ahead.

Prsentation de l'diteurOVER 9 MILLION BOOKS SOLD WORLDWIDE How do you catch a killer when you're the number one suspect? A man is caught on CCTV, shooting dead a cashier at a bank. Detective Harry Hole begins his investigation, but after dinner with an old flame wakes up with no memory of the past 12 hours. Then the girl is found dead in mysterious circumstances and he begins to receive threatening emails: is someone trying to frame him for her death? As Harry fights to clear his name, the bank robberies continue with unparalleled savagery...ExtraitPart I1The PlanIm going to die. And it makes no sense. That wasnt the plan, not my plan, anyway. I may have been heading this way all the time without realising. It

wasnt my plan. My plan was better. My plan made sense. Im staring down the muzzle of a gun and I know thats where it will come from. The messenger of death. The ferryman. Time for a last laugh. If you can see light at the end of the tunnel, it may be a spit of flame. Time for a last tear. We could have turned this life into something good, you and I. If we had followed the plan. One last thought. Everyone asks what the meaning of life is, but no one asks about the meaning of death.<sup>2</sup>The Astronaut

The old man reminded Harry of an astronaut. The comical short steps, the stiff movements, the dead, black eyes and the shoes shuffling along the parquet floor. As if he were frightened to lose contact with the ground and float away into space. Harry looked at the clock on the white wall above the exit. 15.16. Outside the window, in Bogstadveien, the Friday crowds hurry past. The low October sun is reflected in the wing mirror of a car driving away in the rush hour. Harry concentrated on the old man. Hat plus elegant grey overcoat in dire need of a clean. Beneath it: tweed jacket, tie and worn grey trousers with a needle-sharp crease. Polished shoes, down at the heel. One of those pensioners of whom Majorstuen seems to be full. This wasnt conjecture. Harry knew that August Schulz was eighty-one years old and an ex-clothes retailer who had lived all his life in Majorstuen, apart from a period he spent in Auschwitz during the War. And the stiff knees were the result of a fall from a Ringveien footbridge which he used on his daily visits to his daughter. The impression of a mechanical doll was reinforced by the fact that his arms were bent perpendicularly at the elbow and thrust forward. A brown walking stick hung over his right forearm and his left hand gripped a bank giro he was holding out for the short-haired young man at position number 2. Harry couldnt see the face of the cashier, but he knew he was staring at the old man with a mixture of sympathy and irritation. It was 15.17 now, and finally it was August Schulzs turn. Stine Grette sat at position number 1, counting out 730 Norwegian kroner for a boy in a blue woollen hat who had just given her a money order. The diamond on the ring finger of her left hand glistened as she placed each note on the counter. Harry couldnt see, but he knew that in front of position number 3 there was a woman with a pram, which she was rocking, probably to distract herself, as the child was asleep. The woman was waiting to be served by fru Brnne, who was loudly explaining to a man on the telephone that he couldnt charge someone elses account unless the account holder had signed an agreement to that effect. She also informed him that she worked in the bank, and he didnt, so on that note perhaps they should bring the discussion to a close. At that moment the door opened and two men, one tall, the other short, wearing the same overalls, strode into the bank. Stine Grette looked up. Harry checked his watch and began to count. The men ran over to the corner where Stine was sitting. The tall man moved as if he were stepping over puddles, while the little one had the rolling gait of someone who has acquired more muscle than he can accommodate. The boy in the blue hat turned slowly and began to walk towards the exit, so preoccupied with counting money that he didnt see the two men. Hello, the tall man said to Stine, banging down a black case on the counter. The little one pushed his reflector sunglasses in place, walked forward and deposited an identical case beside it. Money! he said in a high-pitched squeak. Open the door! \*It was like pressing the pause button: all movement in the bank froze. The only indication that time hadnt stood still was the traffic outside the window. And the second hand on the clock, which now showed that ten seconds had passed. Stine pressed a button under her desk. There was a hum of electronics, and the little man pressed the counter door against the wall with his knee. Whos got the key? he asked. Quick, we havent got all day! Helge! Stine shouted over her shoulder. What? The voice came from inside the open door of the only office in the bank. Weve got visitors, Helge! A man with a bow tie and reading glasses appeared. These gentlemen want you to open the ATM, Helge, Stine said. Helge Klementsens stared vacantly at the two men dressed in overalls, who were now on his side of the counter. The tall one glanced nervously at the front door while the little one had his eyes fixed on the branch manager. Oh, right. Of course, Helge gasped, as if he had just remembered a missed appointment, and burst into a peal of frenetic laughter. Harry didnt move a muscle; he simply let his eyes absorb every detail of their movements and gestures. Twenty-five seconds. He continued to look at the clock above the door, but from the corner of his eye he could see the branch manager unlocking the ATM from the inside, taking out two oblong metal dispensers and handing them over to the two men. The whole thing took place at high speed and in silence. Fifty seconds. These are for you, pop! The little man had taken two similar metal dispensers from his case and held them out for Helge. The branch manager swallowed, nodded, took them and slotted them into the ATM. Have a good weekend! the little one said, straightening his back and grabbing the case. One and a half minutes. Not so fast, Helge said. The little one stiffened. Harry sucked in his cheeks and tried to concentrate. The receipt . . . Helge said. For one protracted moment the two men stared at the small, grey-haired branch manager. Then the little one began to laugh. Loud, reedy laughter with a piercing, hysterical overtone, the way people on speed laugh. You dont

think we were going to leave here without a signature, do you? Hand over two million without a receipt! Well, Helge said. One of you almost forgot last week. There are so many new bods on deliveries at the moment, the little one said, as he and Helge signed and exchanged yellow and pink forms. Harry waited for the front door to close again before looking at the clock once more. Two minutes and ten seconds. Through the glass in the door he could see the white Nordea security van drive away. Conversations between the people in the bank resumed. Harry didnt need to count, but he still did. Seven. Three behind the counter and four in front, including the baby and the man in overalls who had just come in and was standing by the table in the middle of the room, writing his account number on a payment slip. Harry knew it was for Sunshine Tours. Good afternoon, August Schulz said and began to shuffle in the direction of the front door. The time was exactly 15.21.10, and that was the moment the whole thing started. When the door opened, Harry saw Stine Grettes head bob up from her papers and drop down. Then she raised her head again, slowly this time. Harrys attention moved to the front door. The man who had come in had already pulled down the zip of his boiler suit and whipped out a black-and-olive-green AG3. A navy blue balaclava completely covered his face, apart from his eyes. Harry started to count from zero. The balaclava began to move where the mouth would have been, like a Bigfoot doll: This is a hold-up. Nobody move! He hadnt raised his voice, but in the small, compact bank building it was as if a cannon had gone off. Harry studied Stine. Above the distant drone of traffic he could hear the smooth click of greased metal as the man cocked the gun. Her left shoulder sank, almost imperceptibly. Brave girl, Harry thought. Or maybe just frightened out of her wits. Aune, the psychology lecturer at Oslo Police College, had told them that when people are frightened enough they stop thinking and act the way they have been programmed. Most bank employees press the silent robbery alarm almost in shock, Aune maintained, citing post-robbery debriefings where many could not remember whether they had activated the alarm or not. They had been on autopilot. In just the same way as a bank robber has programmed himself to shoot anyone trying to stop him, Aune said. The more frightened the bank robber is, the less chance anyone has of making him change his mind. Harry was rigid as he tried to fix on the bank robbers eyes. Blue. The robber unhitched a black holdall and threw it over the counter. The man in black took six paces to the counter door, perched on the top edge and swung his legs over to stand directly behind Stine, who was sitting still with a vacant expression. Good, Harry thought. She knows her instructions; she is not provoking a reaction by staring at the robber. The man pointed the barrel of the gun at Stines neck, leaned forward and whispered in her ear. She hadnt panicked yet, but Harry could see Stines chest heaving; her fragile frame seemed to be struggling for air under the now very taut white blouse. Fifteen seconds. She cleared her throat. Once. Twice. Finally her vocal cords came to life: Helge. Keys for the ATM. The voice was low and hoarse, completely unrecognisable from the one which had articulated almost the same words three minutes earlier. Harry couldnt see him, but he knew that Helge had heard what the robbe... *Revue de presse* "While sharing characteristics with so many similarly melancholic modern cops (including, of course, Mankell's Kurt Wallander), [he] carves a place of distinction for himself in a crowded field." *Booklist* (starred) "Perfectly paced and painfully suspenseful." *Publishers Weekly* (starred) "Jo Nesbo is not just a good Norwegian author; he's very near the top of the Nordic crime writers' league." *The Times*

(UK)