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For reading, improve and criticize this novel, which
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At the last pages you will find the translations and explanations from Dutch, Italian and German into English

(All the events, names and locations in this story are fake, the story is fiction, based on fantasy and subjects are random chosen)

John de Kiewit

‘George’

Crime novel

Part I

1992 – the Netherlands

Saturday morning, the eighteenth of July, they arrived at the Huntveld farm, east of Assen on the 'Valtherzandweg', just below Exloo.

Tijmen got this address from a travel agency. Made reservations for one of the four camp sites which farmer Huntveld offered on his land against the forest edge. They were the only ones there for the following days. He and Els set the tent up while Goos, their four-year-old son, sat in the Citroën's driving seat, playing a car race. It was a dry day, good weather, by the afternoon everything was in place and the three were sitting outside at a small table. Els made sure that everything they needed was bought to last the whole weekend. After discussing with Tijmen, she decided on Sunday morning to go to Borger, to visit a Baptist church, because she was curious how they practiced their faith. He agreed without hesitation, despite his Catholic upbringing and respected his wife's views, brought up reformed but, because of her stubbornness, showed interest in different religions.

They met in Nijmegen during 'The four days' of 1975, his first time walking the fifty kilometers and her second time. Decided to walk the last day together and then stayed by each other's sides for the rest of the weekend. At the end of their little holiday he walked her to the railway station and received an invitation to visit her in Emmen, her home town. From that moment they exchanged letters and every fortnight they saw each other until they both finished college with a diploma. She graduated at Groningen in 'facilities management' and he in 'business administration' at Nijmegen. Despite some protests from his family, her mother wasn't without a say either, they had a registry office wedding with no ceremony and left their faiths in between. Both their

beliefs changed since high school, by the rhetoric preached in their church congregation. Yet, there had to be something, that feeling stayed with both of them.



Goos was born on the twenty third of September 1987 in Nijmegen, after Tijmen drove through the middle of the night to the 'Radboud hospital'. He ignored the midwife because, after a break, she was ready for another attempt to get the delivery going. He couldn't bear it anymore, their son only briefly revealed his crown, before withdrawing. Els was exhausted after seven hours of labour, it was clear to him that the birth wouldn't happen naturally.

Tijmen accompanied Els carefully down the stairs outside towards their car and drove far too fast through town to the hospital. The midwife had apparently called. He ran into the entrance in search of a wheelchair. Which was standing ready as if they were waiting for their arrival and took immediate care of Els.

At ten past seven, Goos was born after surgery. Els stayed on the operating table to suture her where it was necessary. She remained in hospital for nine days until they allowed her to go home. She recovered well, as did Goos. He suffered no ill effects due to the wrong position he was in. However, she was advised to talk to a gynecologist if she wanted to get pregnant again. That her second child had to come into the world by a caesarean section.



They both decided to wait a few years for a second child and enjoy life as a trio.

He being a 'deputy-manager' at a bank, a 'coming man' in this organization. A hard worker who by principle didn't spent his holidays abroad. To ensure

that, if something happened at the bank, he was available quickly.

Els was an outdoors kind of woman, from the age of four she spent all her holidays in a tent with her parents, somewhere in the north of Holland. Their favourite landscape.

Since marrying Tijmen, they continued this tradition. This time they ended up on the land of farmer Huntveld, despite the starter problems their car showed that morning.

Early next day they cycled to Borger, Goos behind Tijmen in a child seat, because their car didn't start. Thus Tijmen decided to call a Citroën-dealer on Monday to get this problem solved.



Goos's memories begin around his sixth year. Living in Wijchen west of Nijmegen together with his father, mother and his sister in a bungalow at 'de Meren'.

His father was the regional-manager of a bank and his mother worked at the Radboud Medical Centre in Nijmegen. After school he went to after school care, along with his sister, four years older than him. Until his father or mother, in line with their busy schedules, could pick up their children.

Evelien, his sister, cared for him as if she was responsible for his well-being during the time that mom and dad were working. But on a Friday afternoon, around four, they always came home and then the weekend started. They spent Saturday and Sunday together, sometimes with grandpa and grandma de Graaf or the granddad and grandmother of mam's side, and Pien was often there to look after them too.

He and Evelien grew up with nature, art and culture, even though they were young. On Sundays, depending on the weather, they went to church, anyway at Easter, Whit Sunday and Christmas.

After his eighth birthday, Evelien became more affectionate and regularly he felt her arm around him or she kissed him on his cheek.

He understood this behaviour more after he turned twelve. During autumn holidays his parents took him aside, because they had something to tell him. Evelien caught him afterwards, his sister who wasn't his real sister and Ina was actually his stepmother. Els, his real mother, died while camping in a tent in Exloo on the wooded field of a farmer in 1992. They told him this carefully that his mother died there. After which Ina, who was a school friend of his father and lived separately with her daughter, married his father a year after the death of his biological mother.

Then Goos understood who Pien was. Never before had he wondered whose family she was from, she regularly came to visit, often stayed overnight, when mam and dad had an appointment away from home. Pien was Els' mother and since that day he called her 'grandma Pien'.



In 1992 Ina Schouten heard from a friend, who worked at the bank, that Tijmen de Graaf's wife had been murdered. She would be cremated on Friday the thirty first of July in the presence of family only, but there was an opportunity to pay respects the evening before. She immediately decided that she would go there, because she had known Tijmen since high school in Nijmegen. Since the first grade they studied together and from the fifth grade they began socializing in town, sometimes ending at a café.

In 1970, they were part of the first festival organized by 'Pinkpop' at the sports park of Geleen. During the night they slept in a tent together, without creating feelings for each other. They both appreciated this because of their inexperience. Her especially, because it was unthinkable that somebody would touch her, the reason that they both preferred their friendship over romance.

They lost touch when he continued his study at high school and she moved to Groningen to study 'medical microbiology' at the university. There she met Dirk Molenaar, during a night out in the city centre. He worked for the public sector and was a member of the Labour Party. At a young age he became alderman of the city 'Het Hoge land' in the north of Holland, together with Winsum and Uithuizen, also part of that township. During her study she had a stable and intimate relationship with him. After successfully completing her studies, she found a job at the 'Academic Hospital' of Groningen and decided to move in to Dirk's place. She registered at 'Het hoge land' because she found him a reliable man, eleven years older than her, a man with a vision. They went to a notary to conclude a cohabitation contract and from that day she drove from Winsum back and forth to her work. Six years they lived together and on her thirty first she became pregnant, which Dirk was not happy about. He felt that he shouldn't be congratulated with Evelien, as far as he was concerned, this was not his

planning.

All those years she kept it going, accepted his know-it-all attitude which he daily expressed and she couldn't discuss politics with him anymore. He didn't accept an opinion that differed from his. He became a bully which was appreciated by few, mostly because he didn't show any empathy to anyone in the environment which he worked in. He wanted to be the boss and expected everybody to work according to his way, otherwise you were unreliable or a scoundrel. His criticism towards the opposition in the local council got out of hand, due to the press which published this in their newspapers or at local tv. He used words which surpassed political correctness by a long shot. During a reception he called a female council member a flat-chested cow, unaware that a journalist had recorded this, after which his words were repeated next morning in the local news on the tv. Ina kept her mouth shut, but decided to get rid of him after he came home because he was expelled from his own party. After which he started a law suit just because he disagreed. Her final reason was the education of Evelien, she was raised by her and not or hardly by Dirk. Seven years was her daughter when she decided to move to Nijmegen, after she got hold of a job at the laboratory of the 'Radbout Medical Centre'. She took care that her part of the money, which they owned together, was transferred to a new account. And she left when Dirk had an appointment with his lawyer in Groningen city. She rented a three-room apartment at the 'Aubadestraat', and was supported by her dad and brother. They together furnished the flat before she moved. It was a big change from the nineteenth century villa in which she lived in Winsum. But her relief was at its highest one evening, when Evelien fell asleep, and she was sitting on her balcony enjoying the good weather. She still had a week off before starting on Monday the third of June with her new job. Which gave her time to spend with Evelien, who had

been at her new school for a week, getting used to all the new faces.

One year later, at the end of July, she heard about Tijmen. And Thursday evening, the day before the cremation of Els, she expressed her condolences to him, with his loss. She saw how surprised he was and he held her hand with both of his. 'Have a drink,' he said. 'With a cake. We can talk after this ceremony is finished, it won't be too long. Then we catch up. Do you agree?' he asked timidly.

She stayed, had some coffee and a biscuit, waiting for him because she sensed familiarity. Despite his grieving, which could be seen on his face, she noticed his appreciation that she came. The feeling of support she gave him, after so many years without contact.

He still had to face the hardest time the next day, but they arranged a meet on Saturday the twenty fourth of August, after they exchanged their addresses and phone numbers.

Monday the twenty fourth of August, a year after their first meet, they married in law in Wijchen. A simple, tiny wedding without festivities, both with a witness, a friend of his and her brother. It had been his wish, that their friendship, which had changed to affection and slowly into a feeling of love, would turn into a marriage.

She agreed despite the traumas Tijmen still experienced from the murder of his Els, the way she was raped and strangled, knowing that her killer was still at large. She was happy that Evelien got a brother of five and a father through her marriage and Goos a sister of nine and a mother, who quit her job to take care of the children.

In their hearts they knew that they married half for convenience, because their intimacy was limited to a friendly kiss on the cheek. They did show each other much affection, regularly when she felt his arm on her shoulder when they spoke or watched something

together. He was a sensitive man, who wanted time to express himself and share a bed with her after they were married. As if his mourning period was over.



Goos couldn't handle the changes in his life. He was not able to place his feelings, Ina felt like his mother and Evelien as his sister, who he received a lot of support from. He crawled into her bed with grief which he couldn't explain and dreamt, with images in his mind he could not make sense of.

Until his father noticed this and found his children asleep in Evelien's bed. Silently he showed Ina, after which they decided that it was probably best to send Goos to a child psychologist, to make the violent changes within their family life understandable and bearable.

Every two weeks in his first year at high school, he had an appointment with Karel Hartman, the psychologist who was recommended by their doctor. It helped, but it also caused him to wonder what happened to his mother and how she died. He wanted to know how this had happened, what she had died of. But nobody would say because he was too young. Until he found out that Evelien was also told when she was twelve why her mother married Tijmen. She still knew exactly when she joined her mother to the town hall where the simple ceremony took place. There she took care of him, her new brother, almost six, something he couldn't remember very well. But she didn't know the reason for this event until she turned twelve and they told her that Goos's mother died during the summer of 1992. And she also wondered every now and then how Els could have died.

At sixteen she learned the real cause, that Els was murdered while camping. Goos found out when he noticed that Evelien hesitated when trying to answer what kind of an illness his mother had, or was it because of an accident on her bike or in a car.

Evelien told him what she knew after he explicitly promised that this secret would stay between them, until he turned sixteen. But in the meantime he was aware that his mother was murdered. He immediately stopped the sessions with his psychologist, after he told his parents that he felt it wasn't necessary anymore. But as soon as the time of their agreement was over, he wanted to know this story from his father, what really happened. He didn't want to be sent on a wild goose chase to hide the truth.

The unity remained strong within the family, Goos felt at home with them. Words like stepfather, stepmother, stepsister and stepbrother were never used, it didn't occur to them. His bond with Evelien grew closer. She became his good friend despite the age difference, which was barely noticeable. Because Goos was quite tall for his age and she was slightly shorter than him.

Yet Goos continued to struggle with the thought of what had happened to his mother. That caused concentration problems, which isolated him and doing his homework became problematic.

They still went camping together during the summer holidays. In 2002 they went abroad for the first time to Bavaria at the foot of the Alps. Together with his sister they climbed a mountain via hiking trails, eight hundred meters high, in Germany. Tijmen and Ina stayed below at the camp site in 'Oberammergau' and trusted their children, that they knew what they were doing. Along the narrow paths, he helped Evelien to stay on her feet, it was steep but warm and when they reached the summit, they put their names and date in the register, which gave them a sense of huge satisfaction. They wrote Goos de Graaf and Evelien

de Graaf, without an addition of the name of her mother, Schouten or the name of her biological father. That name she would never use.

Just before his sixteenth birthday he went from level three at Tertiary education to level three at A-level, a Pre university education, because of his good grades. During spring he became a member of 'Rowing club de Waal' and during the summer time he achieved his certificate to row in a skiff, after which he found a mate to start rowing in a double-two.



On Tuesday, September the twenty-third, he became sixteen which was celebrated modestly, after which his birthday was really celebrated on Saturday, with family, a few classmates and his rowing partner.

Wednesday, in the evening after dinner he helped Evelien to clear up. He reminded his father that he had turned sixteen, that they should tell him the true story about his mother, what really happened.

'Shall we do this on Sunday?' asked his father.

'No dad, I'd prefer to talk about it now,' he answered. 'It is about time that I know what happened that day.'

'It's not a pleasant story, we haven't told you with a reason. It is better to wait until you have graduated, because the truth could hurt.'

'It is bothering me already dad, I can't get it out of my head. Especially when I'm in bed, it comes into my mind. I'm imagining all the possibilities, that's why I want to know now to get rid of those bad thoughts.'

'I don't know,' says his father.

'Do you want me to find out what happened myself then? Because you didn't postpone until I was sixteen for nothing.'

He saw his father thinking. Ina walked over, stood behind him and put her hands on her husband's shoulder and she said: 'I don't want to meddle, but I

think it would be better for your father that he writes it down. It is a traumatic experience for your dad to relive. It makes you sleep badly, but for your father it has been for twelve years. Giving such a loss a place in your mind is hardly easy. My proposal is that you write it down Tijmen, so Goos can read it and read it again, to prevent him from misunderstanding the circumstances incorrectly. It would be for the best.'

Evelien sat close to him on the bench and laid her hand on his knee. His father looked at him and asked: 'what do you think?'

'When can you finish writing?' he responded.

'Next Friday?'

'Okay,' he replied. 'Sounds good,' and Evelien squeezed his thigh gently.



Friday, after supper, at his father's direction, Goos finds on his desk a letter from his father. He regrets that Evelien is not there and he hesitates to open the envelope but he can't control his curiosity. He takes the two sides out and unfolds them, feels the tension in his body when he starts to read:

Goos,

30 September 2004

This is the letter as promised. It covers the twentieth July 1992 the day your mother passed away. On Saturday the eighteenth, we arrived at farmer Huntveld's campsite at the Valthzerzandweg just outside Exloo, where we have put up our tent. Since I met your mother in 1975 at 'The Four Days Marches', we knew that we both enjoyed this way of holidaying the most. As soon as her mother gave her permission to get married, we almost immediately bought a tent and set off. Even when she was pregnant with you and when you were only one, until we decided in 1992 to go to Drenthe and spent the first week of our three-week vacation there. In those days we were driving a Citroën BX Break that had some start problems just before our departure, so I decided to take it to a dealer in Emmen on Monday after the weekend. However our car would really not start on Monday, so the dealer sent a tow truck in which I took place, because to get a starter motor replaced went fairly quickly. We left at half past eleven and I was back at the camp site at four o'clock, where I ostensibly found you sleeping next to your mother. When I tapped you on your back to wake you up you held your mother even tighter, as if you knew what

had happened to her. Something that has never become clear to this day given your age. Then I come to the horrible conclusion that Els is no longer alive, after which I protect you and try to organize my chaotic thoughts. I turn your mam on her back and see the strange position of her head. Looking around I come to the conclusion that someone has been in the tent and I suspected that Els has been the victim of a crime and all I could think of was to protect you. Tuesday the twenty-first of July, we drove back during the end of the afternoon, together with grandma Pien and my sister Marijke, to Nijmegen. On Friday the thirty-first of July we said goodbye to Els, after which she was cremated. The ashes of your mother, mixed with soil and seeds of violets, lie along the paths of the 'Bargerveen', where Els cycled as a ten-year-old girl. A place where you can walk, where you can remember her, a place that you visited when you were ten years old as we scattered the ashes of grandma Pien on her daughters. The police in Emmen, all reports in the news-papers, on local TV and a detection programme, did not yield anything that led to a further investigation. Since the beginning of 1995 your mother's murder has been a so-called 'cold case' and after that I have never heard more about the crime on her. Before the cremation ceremony, we were consoled by Ina, your current mother. She was

alone and came because of our friendship at high school and since then our friendship has been restored. Ina had a bad marriage from which her daughter was born, your sister Evelien. I was a widower with a son and mourned the loss of Els, my best friend since I was eighteen. On a Friday evening, Ina was at the door with Evelien and since then they stayed, she divorced her husband and married me and together with you and Evelien we formed a family.

An act that seemed best for all four of us at the time. Already ten years ago and through the times the years have passed as if it has always been this way, attached to each other.

You will remember the rest yourself son, because as long as I have known you, you have been smart, intelligent and quite private. I am proud of you.

You can always talk to me when something worries you.

Love you,

Papa

Immediately after reading the letter, he folds it back up and puts it back in the envelope. He knows that his father is waiting for him downstairs to take him under his wing and answer his questions, which he has a hundred of. He just doesn't know where to start and doesn't really see the point, because nothing changes. He stares at the floor and tries to organize his thoughts. Evelien is not here, she plays hockey later at eight o'clock at MHC-Wijchen in ladies two against MHC from Oss. It was a practice match, so he decides to go. He apologizes to his father and mother that he has to go out to Evelien's game. Because he has to do something else and doesn't want to talk about it yet. Moments later they hear him tearing away. Leaving his parents somewhat worried about whether it was wise to write the letter.

He can't get it out of his mind that he was in the tent when his mother was murdered. He wonders how the killer could have done it and why his mother didn't scream. That had been etched in his memory. All his questions, which he will eventually ask his father, are rebuffed for his feelings because he says he has no answer to that. He has to wait for his mother's file to be opened. In case they discovered something that points to her killer, is his father's advice, with which he cannot live.

He talks to Evelien who advises him to seek more distraction, achieve performance at school that maintains his self-confidence. If necessary he could train hard in the double scull with his rowing friend, after which she grabs him and looks at him intently.

'Don't let this terrible event distract you,' she says affectionately. 'Look at the challenges in your life and make something out of it like I do, to eventually become a geriatrician. I too live in an exceptional situation, that I have a stepfather and gained a brother I love. So do this for me too, do it for us to make sure you keep your head above water, and keep

talking to me so I know what's going on inside there,' she says and pulls him tighter against her. 'Promise me that,' she says, looking intently into his eyes.

'Promise,' he responds timidly, impressed by her affection for him and kissed on her head.

Ever since, Evelien has never lost sight of him. Father and mother noticed this and decided not to interfere. Goos found his way and worked hard on getting good grades, which made him go from the third to the fourth school level. He was on the hockey field every second Sunday to cheer on his sister and during summer holidays he became club champion together with his rowing buddy in the double scull. Encouraged by his father, mother and Evelien, who screamed until her throat was hoarse.



2005

During August, he starts preparing for the fourth year of pre-university education. Makes a list of all the things he might need for the various school subjects.

On Wednesday the twenty-fourth, he drives with his dirt bike to Nijmegen. To the 'Hema' to buy some stuff, parks his moped next to a motorcycle and walks into the shop.

After about twenty minutes he returns to his 'Derbi' and puts his purchases in his rucksack.

'Nice little machine,' he hears someone say and turns to look at the face of a bearded man.

'Does that ride a bit?' the man continues.

'Yeah it does, it drives way too fast for a moped,' he replies. 'And it guzzles a lot of petrol.'

'Doesn't it make your butt hurt?'

'No, not really. But is that 'Harley' yours?'

'Yep, this is my third bike already, I always buy them second-hand. This one's from 2002, I've got two more at home,' the man answers.

'Nice bike. Are those other two 'Harleys' too?'

'No, I have a bit of everything so I can tour or race.'

'As soon as I turn eighteen, I'm getting my motorcycle license.'

'By then you don't buy a bike like this.'

'No, I gotta drive for the first two years with a light driver's license, with a 500-cc engine with a maximum of twenty-five kW or I have to wait 'til I'm twenty-one.'

'Yeah, that's right, luckily I missed that time,' he replies with a smile. And Goos looks into his penetrating eyes, one light blue eye and a brown one.

'If I were you, I would buy a 'Ducati Monster 600' with twenty-five kW, I think that would suit you better,' says the man. '

'Yeah, sounds good.'

'That's a good choice, but keep looking well ahead and watch for traffic from the left and right, you'll be

overlooked before you realise it.'

Goos nods. Says: 'thanks,' after which they say goodbye to each other and he races away on his moped towards Wijchen.

He feels strange when he gets home. He is alone, his father and mother are still at work and Evelien probably has college. For some reason he can't get the conversation with that man out of his mind and he doesn't understand why. It wasn't such an interesting conversation at all, more small talk about mopeds and motorbikes.

He walks to his room, turns on his radio softly, kicks off his shoes, plops down on his bed and looks at the ceiling. He tries to wrap his mind around the plans he has for next year. Imagines what it will be like when he goes for the first time to winter sports with Evelien, and falls asleep.

Wet with sweat, he jerks awake, throws his legs out of bed and rests his head in his hands.

'That's him,' he says aloud. 'It is him, I saw him in our tent in Drenthe. I'm sure he had a beard and mustache and his eyes were different in color, he's the guy who killed my mother.'

He couldn't believe what he was saying loudly, but he had seen that man in the tent. He is completely confused by this conclusion, for he has seen that man before.

Still alone at home, he contemplates leaving because he does not want to be found like this. Uncertainty he feels and five minutes later he drives off on his cross moped to the rowing club, something else he could not think about. His head was spinning and he slowed down to collect his thoughts. Thinking about the promise he made to Evelien.

At the clubhouse, he takes a coke and sits down in an old armchair. He thinks about what happened to him. Around five-thirty, he calls home and tells his mother that he is not coming for dinner and is at the

rowing club, after which he orders chips with a croquette.

Half an hour later, Evelien unexpectedly stands behind him. Asks: 'What are you doing Goos? Is something wrong?'

'How did you get here?' he responds, surprised.

'Mom was worried, she heard something of unease in your voice, she thought I should come to see you here. Is there something?' she asks again, noticing that he hesitates. And stumbling he replies: 'nothing to worry about.'

'Tell that to the cat,' she says, not unkindly. 'You're obviously off the map.'

He says nothing, trying to think of an answer. He has no intention of telling her what he experienced today.

'Well?' she asks, impatiently. 'Will I get an answer?' 'I was almost run over by a car that didn't give me right of way,' he fantasizes. 'He almost hit me. Moments later, the man drove next to me and started scolding me, like I was to blame, but I was driving on a priority road. Then I scolded him, something I would normally not do. But I was terribly angry and was shocked by his behaviour.'

'How are you feeling now?' she asks, concerned.

'Rebellious, that's why I came here to cool off.'

'Can you make it back on your own? I want to go home to reassure mum and dad.'

'I'll be fine, give me another hour then I'll come back,' and he gets a kiss on the cheek.

At half past seven, he follows her back home after he rediscovered himself. He is determined not to share his memory with anyone. If only because of the danger he senses, that this man is going to be a threat to him, to Evelien and his parents.

At home, they react as if nothing has happened and he knows that Evelien is the cause of that.

■

In the course of September, his social studies teacher instructed him to make a study with three other students on the police organization in the Netherlands. Together they must submit this paper before the spring break and the grade will count towards the final list 2006.

Together with his classmates Elsie, Martijn and Geralde, they discuss how they are going to approach this, search the internet for information to compile a list of questions.

Geralde is instructed to call the headquarters in Nijmegen with a request for an interview. The next day she arranges an appointment with a detective named Jacobine Dijkman. She will answer their questions, for which they have allocated two hours on Wednesday, October the eleventh, in the afternoon from three to five.

The incident with that man is impossible to get out of his mind. Philosophizing about what he knows, he comes to the conclusion that that man should not escape his sentence, and he intends to share his findings with that detective.



'Do you have a moment?' he asks Detective Dijkman.

'Just for you?' Jacobine asks, as she says goodbye to his fellow students.

'Yes, if you don't mind.'

'I still have fifteen minutes,' she answers and closes the door behind Geralde, who asks Goos: 'Do you want us to wait for you?'

'No, don't,' he replies. 'We'll talk tomorrow.'

'What's on your mind?' asks Jacobine.

'An event where I don't know what to do with and keeps me awake.'

'Go on,' she says. 'And take your time.'

In 1992 my mother was murdered at a campsite near Exloo in Drenthe. I found out recently that she was murdered, before that I was told she died during that holiday. When it happened my father was at the garage in Emmen cause the car wouldn't start. Me and my mother stayed in the tent. In it, she was killed in the sleeping area, while I was in the awning. I don't remember any of that, because I turned five two month later in September. But here comes the important part. Three weeks ago I talked to a guy in the 'Hema carpark', here in Nijmegen. I had parked my moped next to his motorbike and we started talking about my dirt bike, a 'Derbi' and his 'Harley Davidson'. After we said goodbye I had a strange feeling that I couldn't shake as I was driving back home. I went to my bedroom because no one was home and fell asleep on my bed. Wet with perspiration, I woke up and didn't know what hit me because I recognized that man, he was my mother's murderer. I envisioned him with his piercing eyes, a light blue and a brown eye, and he had a mustache and a beard. I was sure it was him, how he leaned towards me and squeezed my cheek walking away with a smile, then I saw his eyes,' says Goos and he asks her: 'before you start asking questions, I have a request to you. Will you please take me seriously?'

At six o'clock he left the station, detective Dijkman took him seriously and asked questions to get the best possible picture of what murder he was talking about. They agreed to keep it quiet. She would try to keep it in a small circle if an investigation was going to take place and she would inform him about as soon as she found out more.

With an indefinable feeling he drives slowly to Wijchen. Something in him says that he did the right thing telling the police. His other side wondered what the consequences could be given the uncertainty of his statement. But he did experience the conversation with Jacobine Dijkman as pleasant and serious, because she never had any doubts about the answers he gave.



When Jacobine Dijkman and her colleague Rein Klunder are on their way back to Nijmegen, she tells him: 'I've got to tell you something. Last Wednesday I had an interview with four students from pre-university. They had been referred to me by Rolf because they had to do a paper and one of them is called Goos de Graaf.'

'What kind of assignment?' asks Rein.

'How the police force in the Netherlands is organized.'

'They're in over their heads, it won't fit on an A4-sheet,' states Rein.

'Yes, but the boy, Goos, came for something else. After the interview he asked if I had any time for him, after which he told me a bizarre story. He asked me to take him seriously and I have been doing so ever since.'

'What was it about?' he asks, interested.

'I have promised not to tell anyone until some evidence comes along and only when he won't be in danger.'

'Right,' says Rein while driving the 'VW Golf'. 'How old is he?'

'Seventeen, busy with his last two years at high school, an intelligent guy, a little introverted and convinced of himself.'

'From a decent background?' he asks, looking sideways at his colleague.

'His father is a regional director at a bank in Wijchen. Goos also lives in that place, but here in Nijmegen he attends high school so he drives up and down with his moped. A few weeks ago he parked his moped next to a motorcycle when he went shopping at the 'Hema' because he needed school equipment. When he came back and was busy putting the stuff in his bag, someone said to him that he had a nice moped, because he has a 'Derbi', one of those dirt bikes. He talked to that man about his motorcycle, a 'Harley Davidson', after which they said goodbye. But

now the twist comes into his story. In the course of the day he remembers that man from his youth, through his eyes. Because he had two different colored eyes, one blue and one brown, like David Bowie, and he also had a beard and mustache at the time.'

'How old was Goos then?' asks Rein.

'Not even five.'

'That seems very young to draw this conclusion.'

'Google it,' she replies confidently. 'That'll change your mind.'

'Okay, assuming he recognizes him. How did he know that man?'

'He saw the guy in his tent after his mother had been murdered.'

'Seriously?' Rein responds, surprised. 'When would this have been?'

'In 1992 on the land of a farm near Exloo in Drenthe, his parents were there on July twenty with a bungalow tent and in that tent his mother was murdered by a man and Goos was in the awning when that happened.'

'And he was four?' Rein says, with disbelief.

'Yeah, almost five, but that's why he asked me to take him seriously, given the way he told his story, I had my doubts at first. But since I have been digging into all kinds of information, I think differently now. Because a study in America found that this is among the possibilities, that you experience someone at a young age whom you recognize again, years afterwards.'

'Even when you're so young?' says Rein.

'Yep, the experiment concluded from four onwards.'

'Was that guy convicted at the time?'

'No, it's probably an unsolved case, I don't know yet because I can't ask for the file.'

'If you do that, you'll raise suspicions, if I were you I would inform Rolf beforehand.'

'No, there's a reason I came to you first, y'know. I

need to keep this small until I find out more.'

'You have to inform Rolf,' says Rein. 'Otherwise, he will be outraged.'

'No, I'm only talking to you,' she replies, somewhat fiercely.

'Then you make me an accomplice.'

'Let me look further for information first,' she says.

'If you ask about the file of July twenty 1992, everyone with names signed on the bottom of it are going to have alarm bells ringing all over. There's no way this is gonna stay small,' he replies defiantly.

'I promised Goos, with a reason. He thinks about what he is releasing and what risks there could be in his statement. He would be horrified if his actions put his family at risk or if the man escaped from punishment because of him.'

'That case is already thirteen years old and has become barred,' says Rein. 'However much sense it still makes, that man won't be punished.'

'It depends, actually, next year there will probably be a change in the law that will no longer make murder charges limited to a period of time, retroactively.'

'See first,' says Rein. 'As the criteria of this law are not yet final. Take the weekend to think about it Jac, you don't have to make a decision overnight. But if you plan to look for leads at the office, outside normal working hours if necessary, then my advice still counts, involve the entire team and trust the agreements we make internally.'

He drives onto the street where Jacobine lives and stops in front of her house. He sees her partner step out and wave. He takes her suitcase from the trunk. Jef takes over from him and he walks to the front door. Jacobine puts an arm around him and hugs him.

'Choose for us Rein,' she whispers and squeezes his side gently.



During the morning meeting on Monday she avoids Rein, leaving the subject undisturbed. Catches up with Doris van Beeck about current cases that the team, led by Rolf Detering, were going to be covering.

After five, she lingers in the office and logs in to Interpol and half an hour after into Europol with the data she fills in to obtain relevant information that gives her search support. Alas, the information she gets is too much to mention. Despite her methodical and extensive approach, she still doesn't read anything that catches her eye and at half past six she decides to go home.

In the hall she bumps into Rolf who asks her: 'What's keeping you in so late?'

'Have you got a minute?' she asks.

'Come with me,' he invited her.

Forty-five minutes later she takes her bicycle from the bicycle shed and cycles home.

Rolf could understand her interest, working on this case in her own time. The public prosecutor had to cooperate, because it was an old case. This could make it difficult given the workload and the reasons why they would want to study this case as a team.

Rolf couldn't just prioritise a case like that on his own, he would have to ask his superior for permission. In this case he could not fail to do so, but he wasn't going to do it either. The Public Prosecution wouldn't respond well to such information, arguing that they were already busy enough and that the facts they had were very thin.

He agreed with her that they would come back to this by the end of the year. Because he did not want to let go of this special story completely, given the importance that might lie behind it. Both made a note on Monday nineteen December in their diaries to discuss it again.

She was also advised by Rolf to contact Goos to explain the situation to him, that he had to be patient

until the importance of a renewed investigation found support within the Public Prosecution Service or as soon as new facts surfaced. But she was allowed to give him the impression that his report had the attention it deserved.

She just didn't know how she was going to explain this to Goos, because she couldn't tell a nonsense story, she couldn't do that to the boy.

Thursday, towards the end of the afternoon, she saw him arrive on his moped. Full of confidence he puts his stabilizer on, hung his helmet on the handlebars, took off his gloves, which he put in a bag and walked to the entrance of the office.

She had thought about what she would say, without notifying Rolf or Rein, because she didn't want Goos to leave the building disappointed.

But Goos understood that the information he gave wouldn't lead to an arrest overnight and it could take weeks, if not months, before she found something with which to put his case into the picture.

They agreed that she would contact him again between Christmas and New Year or much sooner if something interesting happened, but he shouldn't count on that. Goos told that he had scoured the internet for the 'Harley Davidson' that man was driving, after which Jacobine noted that it was a 'Night Train', and he had three more in a garage.

When she looked up at him, she saw that he had a letter in his hands. He said it was a copy of a letter his father wrote to him when he turned sixteen. Since then he knew where and how his mother died and he understood better how the marriage with Ina, his current mother, came about. He gave her that letter in the hope that it would help her understand.

She then said goodbye to him, she waved when he got on his moped. When he drove off she opened the letter. She read it again and was impressed by what Goos had to read at the age of sixteen and wondered