

**NIDAL  
MANSOUR**

**THE SPREE-  
KILLER**

## **Table of Contents**

Chapter 1  
Chapter 2  
Chapter 3  
Chapter 4  
Chapter 5  
Chapter 6  
Chapter 7  
Chapter 8  
Chapter 9  
Chapter 10  
Chapter 11  
Chapter 12  
Chapter 13  
Chapter 14  
Chapter 15  
Chapter 16  
Chapter 17  
Chapter 18  
Chapter 19  
Chapter 20  
Chapter 21  
Chapter 22  
Chapter 23  
Chapter 24

Chapter 25

Chapter 26

Chapter 27

Chapter 28

Chapter 29

Chapter 30

Chapter 31

Chapter 32

Chapter 33

Chapter 34

## Chapter One

Djerrie got in the police car and dreamt that he was the one lying in the grave.

Djerrie and his colleagues had finally finished the morning's work. Djerrie wanted to quickly go to the bathroom before sitting down to eat his packed lunch.

Once he finished the day's work, he washed his hands, very thoroughly. Not everybody did that. Some people would only rinse their hands, others did not wash them at all. This lack of cleanliness bothered Djerrie a lot, it made him uncomfortable.

The biggest problem was Djerrie's colleague, Ronnie. Djerrie did not like him. His language was dirty and smutty, he hardly ever washed, instead, he would spray perfume on top of sweat. He believed that it would remove the bad odour, which it certainly did not. The smell made Djerrie sick to his stomach.

Inside the lunch room, Djerrie went over to the fridge to get his lunch. He put his food in the micro wave. When it was hot, Djerrie chose to go and sit on his own in a far corner of the room. He wanted a bit of peace and quiet, away from the others, while enjoying his lunch. And to make absolutely sure that no one doubted his desire to be alone, Djerrie hunched over his food. He wanted to be left alone by his potentially dirty colleagues, who might otherwise join him.

Ronnie entered the room, grabbed his lunch from the fridge and headed toward Djerrie. Typical Ronnie, he just could not

leave Djerrie alone, he always wanted to provoke him, always made a few too many smart comments. When he reached Djerrie's table, he placed one hand on Djerrie's neck and said, "What's up, nerd?" Djerrie gave him a dry response, "Hi." He wanted to spend his lunchbreak on his own, but apparently Ronnie did not get the message, and so he continued: "Feeling fresh?" His hand was still on Djerrie's neck. Djerrie tried to restrain his discomfort and anger, but he eventually said, "If your hands are dirty, please don't touch me." Ronnie removed his hand with a sigh, rolling his eyes. "Relax, man, it's only dust, stop being such a pussy - so fussy."

Now, Djerrie moved a little away and looked at Ronnie. "I'm not a pussy, I just don't want your dirt anywhere on me, which is why I told you not to touch me, that's all." "Yes, well, I heard you, but if you want to work here, you shouldn't be so fussy, and if that's too much for you, maybe you should find another job." Djerrie had a hard time controlling his simmering anger now, and he replied: "If I'm to find another job, it would only be to get away from you, your hygiene problem and your disgustingly dirty hands." It was clear that Ronnie was also getting angry now. "If you leave here, you'll be doing all of us a giant favour, and not least, you'll make our lives a lot more pleasant, and what the hell are you talking about, hygiene problem, I don't have a hygiene problem, you're the one who's so hysterical and bacteria-phobic that one would think you were a girl." Ronnie angrily grabbed his lunch, which he had put down on the table, and trudged over to another table, where he sat down. Thank God, Djerrie thought to himself, at least I will not have to deal with that fool.

Once the lunch break was over, Djerrie started on another task. Shortly after, Jan, who was their boss, came to see him. "Would you please come to my office, once you finish

your task? I would like a word with you.” Djerrie immediately felt unwell, it was rarely anything good when you were called into the boss’ office, but he managed to stutter, “Okay, will do in a minute”. “That’s fine,” Jan said. “Only when you’re done.”

Djerrie actually liked Jan, he was a calm and fair boss, not like some of the people he had worked under during his working years. With a lot of them, you never really knew where you stood. You never knew when they might jump up and start shouting. Fortunately, that was not the case with Jan. Despite Djerrie’s off-hand good impression of Jan, he was suddenly worried and wondered whether he had been wrong about Jan? Perhaps he was just like all the other bosses? He would soon find out.

Djerrie hurriedly finished his task. He could not really concentrate anyway. His thoughts circled continuously around the coming talk in the boss’ office. Djerrie gently knocked on the door and there was a calm, “Come in,” from Jan. “Djerrie, the thing is, I’ve had a chat with Ronnie. He tells me that you two don’t really hit it off.” Djerrie felt the anger flare up inside, his cheeks were burning. He was hot and his pulse was pumping. “If only he would leave me alone and get on with his own business, then it would all be fine. And then I’ll just mind my own business as well.” “Only, Ronnie is not the only one to comment on your communication skills. Several of the others also complain about a bad atmosphere.” “Hmmm,” Djerrie said. “I thought I was okay with everyone else. I have normal conversations with them. Ronnie is the only one who provokes me, who makes me flare up sometimes.”

“I’m sorry,” Jan said. “But that’s not what they tell me. Most of them; naturally, I haven’t spoken to everybody, but most of them say that sometimes, they feel insecure when they

have to tell you things, because they never quite know how you'll react, if you get mad or what."

Now, Djerrie was really angry, he was just about to turn on his heels and storm out of the office. They could all go to hell, as far as he was concerned, such a bunch of gossipmongers and pussies, who did not even have the guts to tell him to his face that they did not like the way he reacted, but instead chose to tell the boss about it, bloody hell.

But there was something in Jan's calm behaviour that made him stay. Instead he said, "So, what you're telling me is that all my colleagues are false and that I can't trust anything they say to me." Djerrie sensed the old, familiar feeling of being alone and lonely. Jan answered, "They're not false, they are merely nervous when they have to tell you things, because they don't know how you'll react." Djerrie was sad and desolate, as he responded, "I simply don't know what to say. I'm shocked that I could misunderstand people to such a degree, but unfortunately, this is not entirely unknown to me. I just don't know what to do about it anymore."

Jan sat for a while, quietly contemplating what to say. Then he said, "Perhaps it would be a good idea if you spoke to a psychologist. Someone, who can give you some tools to establish a more fruitful way of communicating; someone, who can teach you how to manage your anger." Djerrie felt an urge to shout: "Hell no!" But he actually really liked Jan, and the way he behaved, so instead he said, "Honestly, I've tried all that psychologist-shit, and I seriously can't be asked to see another shrink again." "Jan raised an eyebrow and moved forward in his chair. "Again, what do you mean, again? You have tried it before?" "Oh, yeah," Djerrie said. "I have. And the last time, it gave me nada. On the contrary, I

just thought she made everything worse, by ripping up my past and stuff.”

Jan leaned back in his chair again. “Maybe you just haven’t spoken to the right one, yet? Just like humans are very different, there are many different types of psychologists.

They have the same education, of course, but still, they each have their own ways of going about the work. As far as I’m concerned, I would have to say that if you don’t get help, I will have to deal with this problem in another way.”

Djerrie felt slightly convinced that it might be alright, that he might be able to find a psychologist whom he would be able to talk to, but at the same time, he also felt that he was pressured and that made him nervous. “I think that they’re all the same, but I’m willing to give it a shot.” Jan rose from his chair and moved to Djerrie’s side of the table, sat on the edge of the table and folded his hands in his lap. “I’m very pleased to hear that,” he said. “I am convinced that it’ll be the best for everyone.”

Once the working day was finally over, Djerrie gathered his things and went back home to his flat. His mood had certainly not improved after the talk with Jan. He was well and truly angry at Ronnie. Just imagine, that giant fool had told the boss and even got the others to join in. Djerrie was so angry at Ronnie, he seriously thought about ways of hurting him. Ronnie deserved nothing good in this world. Only, Djerrie knew that if anything happened to Ronnie, he would be the first person, the police would come looking for. Suspect number one, on account of all the fights they had had at work. Djerrie would have to stick it out and simply accept Ronnie’s unbearable behaviour.



In order to focus on something different, Djerrie went into his kitchen and got a can of coke. Then he sat on his couch with his computer and started looking for a psychologist. There was so many to choose from. You had to decide whether you wanted a woman or a man. Djerrie definitely preferred a man. Women were just too much with all their "How-do-you-feel-inside shit". Then there were the various specialities, and it took him quite a while before he found the one, he thought would be the better match. But eventually, he succeeded, and Djerrie hoped that this time, it would be someone who could actually help him.

## Chapter 2

That night Djerrie slept better than he had feared he would. Usually, he could never find rest when had been really angry during the day. However, the following morning, he got up with renewed energy and a small hope that everything would turn out okay, as long as he was able to control his anger and his temperament. To confirm the good mood, the sun was shining from clear skies, when Djerrie went to get his bike. Djerrie noticed that he felt lighter, in spite of still being able to feel the well-known anger toward Ronnie. God, it was so tiresome to have to relate to and deal with so many opposing emotions at the same time.

When Djerrie arrived at work, Ronnie was not yet there. Which suited Djerrie well; it meant that he would have time to land properly before Ronnie arrived.

After a few minutes, Ronnie entered the room. Djerrie sensed that he had to make the effort in order to maintain a pleasant tone. "Hey, Ronnie, I'd like to apologise for my behaviour yesterday. It wasn't okay, but it was just one of those days, you know. Unfortunately, I'm going through a rather difficult time right now, and that's why I have a hard time some of the time." Ronnie looked somewhat relieved.

Perhaps he had feared that they would be continuing their fight from the day before. "That's okay. We all have shitty days once in a while. I understand that you and Stine have split up, sorry to hear that. Have you found a new place to live now, or what's the situation there?" Djerrie thought that it was actually quite nice to find out that Ronnie could speak