

Human condition short story essay

[Literature](#), [Russian Literature](#)



It was a puzzle. Clark's head was spinning.

“ Three child kidnappings in three days, what were the chances? ” he thought to himself. There must be a connection. His fists were clenched as he blankly stared at the conference desk, afraid to face the media. Their irksome questions plagued with camera flashes only swelled the misery and embarrassment that he already felt. He had to find a way. Slowly, he raised his head, trying to avoid the scrutinizing looks around the room. His droopy eyes dwindled as a reporter directed a question at him.

Detective inspector is there any chance that these cases are actually murders? And if they are, are we dealing with a serial killer? ” Her sincerity was painful. Clark was silent. Unable to answer, he went back into his sombre state. His neck gave way as his head returned to its hopeless position. The reporters were bored, and gradually left in disappointment. Clark knew what the headlines would be; ‘ NOTORIOUS DETECTIVE CLARK DAVIDS FINALLY FINDS AN UNCRACKABLE CASE’. Just the thought made him cringe.

He left the conference room; his face riddled with anguish as he staggered through the corridor. It had been a week now, and the children were still missing. Suddenly, he received a phone call from his assistant. One of the victims had been found, dead, near railway tracks. Clark was excited. He burst with joy, energized at the thought that there was still hope. Frantically, he jabbed at the elevator's button, his eyes twitching in anticipation.

But he couldn't wait. He ran down the emergency stairs and exited the building, buttoning his black trench-coat as he bracingly inhaled the chilled

London air. He had never felt so refreshed. A black Austin taxi loitered at the Primrose Street kerb. Clark, sparing no thought, ordered the driver to the Malcolm Road railway intersection. The cab sped through Cheshire Street; hustling past the momentous buildings and statues, as ramblers shifted along with their own agendas – it was like watching a heritage film.

Clark scurried out of the cab upon arriving at the scene. It was dismal. A singular railway line projected into the abyss, surrounded either side by inconsistent mounds of dirt and rubble which were littered with graffiti cans and Dasani bottles. Clark paid no attention. He rushed towards the uniformed officers and barged through the crowd surrounding the corpse of a teenager, wretchedly lying in filth. Battered limbs protruded out of a bloodstained uniform; onlookers could only weep in sorrow at the girl's pale pathetic face.

Her half-closed eyes screamed in pain, but were silenced; she was dead. A tacky grin surfaced on Clark's face as he knelt down beside the victim. It was invigorating; he felt empowered. He examined the girl's condition; the body, the clothing, the shoes, and brusquely stood up. The crowd took a step back as Clark began to circle the body and survey the area. He looked west and paused. " Well? " his colleagues urged. " Really, you can't figure it out? " Clark replied sarcastically.

" Come along then, we don't have time for this. A girl's dead" remarked officer Grayson. Clark began.

“ Oh dear. Fine. The girl; she’s in uniform, she’s a student. ‘ BGTC’, Bethnal Green Technology College.

But that area’s on a completely different line. Those trains don’t even come here. Yet she’s found a way. How? Well, she’s clearly left handed. The centre finger on her left hand features a prominent contusion in comparison to her right. Left hand? Left foot. Look at her left shoe, the heel is slashed in exact accordance with the edges of a Network Rail Train.

She’s jumped from a train to another line, and caught another train! Why? She’s being chased. She’s escaping. Nevertheless, she’s a student! Where’s her school bag? The killer took it. Why take a teenager’s school bag? What could she possibly have inside? Lord, just look at her. Her jewellery.

It’s gold. The outside of her ring is dirty, the inside is clean. She removes it regularly. Her necklace; the link is spoilt. It’s soldered.

Why? She’s attempted a repair after suddenly jerking it off. She does attend a technology college after all. But what does all this mean? She’s trying to hide it. Hide her gold jewellery? From who? Her parents. Why? Because she can’t afford it.

But she obviously can. How? Drugs. She’s a dealer! A drug dealer. But who is she escaping from? The bag, Grayson, we need to find the bag.

My guess is that it lies on this very railway line. The killer must have disposed of it in the same fashion that he disposed of the victim. Murderers

have habits. Easy. ” Officers stood in awe as Clark gave them an insultingly blank expression.