

Anna Lopez



# Unexpected Circumstance

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Audio tracks inclusive**



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by Anna Lopez

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## How to control the playing speed

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La medicina forense siempre ha sido la pasión de Damien Morin. Inspeccionar minuciosamente todas las pruebas para deducir la causa de la muerte, o encontrar aquellos pequeños detalles escondidos tras la sangre y la carnicería. Éste era su último año como estudiante de patologías forenses, y aunque decirlo le hacía sentirse como un creído, no podía negar los hechos: era el primero de su clase con una ventaja enorme. Damien tenía un ojo para el detalle.

*Forensic science has always been a passion for Damien Morin. Delving deep into the evidence to deduce the cause of death, or finding the small details of a crime amidst the blood and carnage. It was now his final year of studying forensic pathology and though it made him feel like an arrogant prick, he could not deny the facts: he was bounds and leaps ahead of his class. Damien had a keen eye for detail—the ones that even other*



Aquellos que incluso otros científicos forenses no eran capaces de ver, para él resaltaban como la luz del día. Había crecido en el orfanato de St. Clements en Londres, leyendo y pasando mucho tiempo solo. A los otros niños los adoptaban y él se había ido quedando solo. Hacía amigos y los perdía una vez tras otra, finalmente desarrollando una tendencia solitaria.

Había seis estudiantes alrededor de la escena de un crimen preparado. Un antro lleno de drogas y un maniquí vestido de hippie con varias botellas y jeringuillas a su alrededor. El grupo deambulaba con sus monos de protección y guantes de látex haciendo observaciones. Una figura con traje se movía mucho más lentamente. Inspeccionando con cuidado cada área y escudriñando el cuerpo de cerca, incluso mirando bajo las uñas y siempre, siempre, meticulosamente tomando notas en su portapapeles. Estaba determinado a no pasar por alto ninguna señal que pudiera indicar una causa distinta a la conclusión obvia.

La profesora invitada entró, una tal Doctora Helena Debreu, una investigadora forense líder en la policía metropolitana. Tenía unos cuarenta y llevaba un calzado

*forensic scientists overlooked stood out plain as day to him. He had grown up in the London orphanage of St Clements, reading and keeping to himself. The other children were adopted and he was left alone. He had made friends and lost them many times, eventually developing a tendency to keep to himself.*

*Six students stood around a mock crime scene. A drug den with a dummy dressed up like a hippie, various bottles and syringes lying around him. In coveralls and latex gloves the group roamed, making their observations. One besuited figure moved much more slowly. Carefully checking each area and closely scrutinizing the body, even looking beneath the fingernails and always, always making meticulous notes on his clipboard. He was determined not to miss any sign pointing away from the obvious conclusion.*

*The guest lecturer entered, one Doctor Helena Debreu, a chief forensic investigator for the metropolitan police. She was in her forties and wore sensible shoes and a suit to match, with little jewellery and makeup. A*

adecuado con traje a conjunto, pocas joyas y poco maquillaje. Una profesional, como se podía esperar. En cuanto entró, la clase se organizó delante de la escena del crimen de forma diligente. Helena los inspeccionó y leyó las notas de cada uno de los miembros de la clase, parando solamente si había algo particularmente bueno. Durante el procedimiento Helena sólo se paró al lado de Gina Webb, marcando su documento como excelente antes de pedirle que esperase fuera. La chica casi saltó de alegría al salir de la sala. Finalmente se acercó a Damien y paró de nuevo. Al leer se dio cuenta de que él había notado las marcas de inyección entre los dedos, la extraña forma de caer del cuerpo y los múltiples puntos de inyección en los brazos. Igual que Gina, había indicado un asesinato mientras que el resto de la clase había concluido que era una sobredosis accidental. Damien, al salir, vio a Gina muy nerviosa; estaba sentada al lado de la ventana y se frotaba las manos con ansiedad. Se sentó a su lado, tratando de ser lo más modesto posible y sonriendo lo mejor que pudo. “¿Tú qué has escrito?” le preguntó, intentando no sonar vulgar o desagradable.

*professional, as one would expect.*

*As soon as she entered the class dutifully assembled in front of the crime scene. Helena went down the line and read the clipboards of each of the class members, stopping only if there was a particularly good one. Helena only stopped next to Gina Webb as she proceeded down, marking her paper as excellent before telling her to wait outside. The girl nearly jumped for joy as she left the room. Finally she came to Damien and she stopped again. Reading through she noticed he had spotted the injection marks beneath the fingers, the unusual slump to the body and the multiple injection points on the arms. Like Gina he had pointed to murder, while the rest of the class had concluded accidental overdose. Standing outside he looked over to the nervous Gina; she was sitting by the window and anxiously rubbing her hands. He sat next to her, trying to be as unassuming as possible, and smiled as best he could.*

*“So what did you put down?” he asked, trying not to sound crass or unpleasant. She replied quietly “Murder,*

Ella contestó en voz baja “Asesinato, el cuerpo estaba posicionado como si lo hubieran tirado, no como si se hubiera desplomado de esa forma al morir. No parecía natural.” Ella le miró “¿Y tú?”

“Marcas de inyección bajo las uñas, y obviamente el cuerpo había sido colocado, no desplomado como si se hubiera muerto de sobredosis. Aunque yo no he escrito lo de que no pareciera natural,” pausó, “tienes un buen ojo.”

Ella sonrió, pero Helena les interrumpió al venir a hablar con ellos, “Muy bien. Casi perfecto, aunque ninguno de los dos ha visto la extraña jeringuilla al lado del cuerpo o la estúpida forma en que el maniquí estaba vestido,” paró un momento para mirarles. Ninguno de los dos dijo nada. “Un hippy, ¿a estas alturas, hoy en día? Bueno, los dos os habéis dado cuenta de que era un asesinato. El resto de la clase está limpiando, pero me han llamado de la escena de un asesinato real y me gustaría que vosotros dos vinierais.”

Apenas había acabado de hablar cuando Gina soltó súbitamente “Me encantaría.”

Damien no respondió de la misma forma. “Lo siento, tengo que trabajar después de la clase, y necesito el

*the body was lying as if it was dumped, not as if it had slumped that way organically upon death. It didn't appear natural.” She looked up at him “How about you?”*

*“Injection marks under the fingernails, and the body was obviously dumped, not splayed out like it had died of overdose. Though I didn't mention it looking unnatural,” he paused “you have a good eye.”*

*She smiled, but they were cut off as Helena came out to talk to them, “Very good, you two. Almost flawless, though neither of you spotted the strange syringe near the body or the stupid way the dummy was dressed,” she paused to look at them both. Neither said anything. “A hippie, in this day and age? Anyway, you both noticed that it was murder. The rest of your class is on clean-up now, but I've been called out to a real murder scene and I'd like for both of you to come.”*

*She had barely finished speaking when Gina blurted “I'd love to.”*

*Damien did not respond in kind. “I'm sorry, I have work after this, and I'm on a tight budget, can't afford to miss it.” “I understand. Well Gina, you can ride with me to*

dinero, no me puedo permitir faltar.”  
“Lo entiendo. Bueno Gina, ven conmigo en el coche a la calle Commercial. Quiero que prestes mucha atención pero no toques nada.”  
Helena se marchó con la chica.  
Damien se sintió un poco decepcionado mientras caminaba hacia su bicicleta, parándose a mirarlas otra vez. Su visión se bloqueó de forma abrupta cuando la clase salió afuera, muchos de ellos con prisas para hacer otras cosas, o de vuelta a sus coches para ir a casa.  
Fuera del edificio Damien desbloqueó su bicicleta, sin ver los tres hombres que se le acercaban liderados por Gerard Buckler, un compañero de clase. Aunque para Damien era un misterio cómo había podido entrar en el curso, seguramente tenía parientes en algún lugar importante. De golpe le asaltaron y Gerard le dio un puñetazo en el estómago. Liberándose, Damien le devolvió el favor con un guantazo a Gerard en su hombro débil, causando un discreto pero audible crujido.  
Gerard chillaba mientras Damien se marchaba en su bicicleta, con los otros chicos mirando a su alrededor como si buscaran una forma de escapar. Damien aceleró pensando en el pasado.  
El restaurante italiano donde Damien

*Commercial Street. I want you to pay close attention but touch nothing.” Helena took off with the girl.; Damien noticed a faint flicker of disappointment as he walked away to his bicycle, stopping to look back on them. His view of them was abruptly blocked as the class came out, many of them hurrying on to something else, or back to their cars as they went home.*

*Outside the building Damien unlocked his bike, not seeing the three men approaching, led by Gerard Buckler, a classmate. Though how he got into the course was a mystery to Damien, he must have relatives somewhere important. All of a sudden they jumped him and Gerard punched him in the stomach. Breaking free, Damien returned the favour by smacking Gerard in his weak shoulder, causing a faint but audible crack. Gerard screamed as Damien rode away, the other guys looking around as if for an escape, and Damien sped away thinking about the past.*

*The Italian restaurant where Damien worked was fairly stereotypical. A new high class chef had recently turned it around and they were now*

trabajaba era bastante estereotípico. Un nuevo chef de clase alta lo había cambiado y ahora recibían clientela mucho más rica; cuando Damien había conseguido el trabajo era un lugar barato donde se podía comer por algo más de diez euros. Ahora tenías suerte si bajaba de treinta. Ya no estaban los manteles baratos a cuadros rojos y blancos, los menús tenían cubierta de piel y el ventilador de techo se había cambiado por un aire acondicionado bastante decente. Todo en el lugar decía a gritos que tenía clase. Tenía un aspecto seductor, incluso si no te lo podías permitir. El apartamento de Damien estaba al lado, un buen edificio pero no moderno. Daba al callejón entre su edificio y el restaurante así como a la calle de enfrente. Damien no tenía mucho dinero, pero había hecho su casa acogedora. Mientras se ponía la ropa de trabajo escuchó una discusión en el callejón, el chef y un hombre desconocido tenían una riña, y mientras miraba afuera pudo ver una abrigada figura alejarse caminando y el chef sacando un cigarrillo. Lo que sea que fuera ya se había acabado, y Damien tenía que ir a trabajar.

*pulling in a much richer clientele; when Damien joined the staff it was a cheap place where you could get a meal for just over ten pounds. Now you were lucky if it was under thirty. Gone were the cheap, red and white checkered tablecloths; the menus were bound in leather, and the ceiling fan had been replaced by a very decent air conditioner. Everything about the place spoke volumes about its class. It looked inviting, even if you couldn't afford it. Damien's apartment was right next door; a good building, but not modern. It overlooked the alley between his building and the restaurant as well as the road in front. Damien didn't have much money, but he had made his home liveable. As he changed into his work cloths he could hear an argument in the alley, the chef and some unknown man were rowing, and as he peered out he could see a coated figure walk away and the chef pulling out a cigarette. Whatever it was, it was over now, and Damien needed to get to work.*

