

PERCY LALLEMANG

**IN THE LAND
OF THE BLIND**



**CRIME
.LU**

By the same author

The Mortal Coil, Dizzy Emu Publishing, USA,
2021

Nightscares, Black Fountain Press, Luxembourg, 2024

PERCY LALLEMANG

**IN THE LAND
OF THE BLIND**

A Crime Thriller

with the additional story

THE STEEL ROAD

Crime.lu

© Percy Lallemand éditions Crime.lu, 2026
ISBN 978-2-919836-17-8
Alle Rechte vorbehalten.

Éditions Crime.lu
Baobab Luxembourg sàrl.
9, rue Nic Wirtgen
L-8338 Olm
www.crime.lu

All rights reserved.

Usage rights are available at www.luxorr.lu. All content in this work has been checked for copyright compliance to the best of our knowledge and belief. If any rights have been unintentionally infringed, the publisher kindly requests that the rights holder provide feedback for clarification.

The plot and all characters in this text are fictitious. However, the places and locations described are real. Any possible similarities to actual events or incidents, or to living or deceased persons, are purely coincidental.

Published with the support of the National Cultural Fund, Luxembourg, and the Oeuvre nationale.



FOR DANIELLE

and the Oeuvre nationale.

Exhibit A): Evidence No. 00352
Letter to R. Quarry CLO by Unknown

From Anonymous

Traveller/ Collector

To Mr Randolph Quarry
Europol Chief Liaison Officer
Den Haag - Netherlands

Planet Earth 18/08/2024

Subject: For your eyes only

Dear Sir,

I am contacting you on behalf of a most personal matter. Allow me to draw myself to your attention for it appears that nobody so far has been able to notice nor understand what I have been working so hard to achieve over the past couple of decades.

My real name and my whereabouts are as yet of no importance but bear with me and I'm positive that it will become thus, especially in your line of work.

It will be up to you to figure it out.

Who, or rather what I am should become clear as I proceed.

You must know that I am perfectly aware of my nature, which I fully embrace on any given occasion, using the talents I am gifted with to the fullest... With the sharpest tools at my disposal.

My work, you see, compels me to be constantly on the move and I can proudly testify that I have visited at least five countries on a regular basis and seen more wonders with my own eyes than you would believe.

I have been able to bear witness to a great many wonderful and to even more truly horrible sights, quite a few of which I have orchestrated myself, I am proud to admit.

But despite all my efforts I have apparently so far managed to remain invisible to the authorities, no matter where I have been or what I have done.

Yet, I have left deliberate traces in my wake which apparently nobody has noticed nor made a connection of, which evades my comprehension.

You cannot even begin to imagine the overwhelming frustration this fills me with. I am not one to be easily ignored, hence my reason for writing to you.

You see, I like meeting people of all nationalities, especially women who've many times assured me they appreciate my charm and natural good looks. The fact that I've come to master many different languages has made communication much easier. I am drawn to the members of the fairer sex mostly, with a predilection for those in possession of beautiful eyes.

I absolutely adore looking in their eyes, complimenting them, absorbing the shine that laughter lights in them, tasting the salty tears fear brings to them, fascinated by the reflection of the horror of their final moments.

I can't help it, I just feel compelled to remove them.

Eyes are supposed to be the mirror of the soul, aren't they? Or so popular belief tells us. But what if all they mirror is the last one looking at them, reflecting his own emptiness... once the light behind them has gone out, once the tears have dried.

When I stare into their abyss, does my own abyss stare back?

Oh, I have tried, tried so many times, to conserve that final expression, that last feeling - be it of dread or despair at the final brink of their existence... formaldehyde, medicinal alcohol, even urine!

In the end they all look the same...

Dead, dissolved, blank.

I'm not one to easily give up so I'll keep trying for as long as I can, for as long as nobody finds me or comes looking for me to stop me - although I've come to realize I very likely shall never achieve it.

For fear of repeating myself, I really can't believe the worldwide authorities have never noticed, never seen, never counted two and two together...

The eyeless bodies, the blinded, traumatized survivors, whose shock made them misremember my appearance, nor the small containers with eyeballs I left behind in the wake of my travels.

I have assembled quite a collection over the years but am not keeping them in one location!

I do realize you may simply dismiss my letter as a bad, sick joke.

Know that I have sent a similar missive to the editor of an international newspaper in the hope to finally get some recognition for and appreciation of my ongoing toils.

To ensure you will take me seriously, I'm informing you there's a small parcel from abroad on its way to your office, which shall be delivered shortly by way of an international courier.

I'm positive it will get your attention. I won't give away what it contains quite yet, it would spoil the surprise ... but I will gladly give you a hint.

Don't you think it's funny that according to a recent survey, apparently many people misremember the colour of the eyes of their ex-partner when asked about it? The colour of those eyes they spent the longest time gazing into when they were in love.

Unbelievable.

My favourite eye colour happens to be the rarest there is. You guessed right: Green!

Now I do wonder, can you remember the colour of your ex-wife's eyes?

If not, a reminder is headed your way!

In the meantime, and in the hope of seeing you soon (and looking forward to what your profilers will make of me),

I remain yours truly etc.

The Traveller

CITY OF LONDON, GREAT BRITAIN

‘So, what do you make of it?’ Europol investigation officer Tom Schuiler asked, his English was perfect but he had the faintest hint of a Dutch accent. He leaned forward in the leather clad chair facing the desk of forensic psychiatrist Dr Megan Hunt and adjusted his glasses with the tip of his left index finger which she had immediately noticed was a nervous tic of his. She looked at the letter neatly wrapped in four see-through evidence bags, one for each page, displayed in front of her on the desk. They were far up in a high-rise building, a huge window to their left overlooked the City and its many modern towers. The ever-present noise of the capital below was muted by the triple layer of thick glass.

‘My very first question would be: what makes you think it isn’t fake?’ Dr Hunt asked. She took off her reading glasses and began to wipe them with a soft tissue.

Schuiler smiled, his index finger went from his glasses into a “hold on” gesture and he removed a somewhat crumpled printout of a photograph from his no less crumpled coat with his right hand with some difficulty. ‘He’s left-handed,’ Dr Hunt couldn’t help but notice such details. Her “*déformation professionnelle*” as the French called it.

The photograph showed a glass container with what looked like a couple of green eyes swimming in a liquid inside.

‘Definitely *not* fake. Those are not made of rubber to scare kids at Halloween, nor from a pig which you can purchase at any butcher’s or at a slaughterhouse. Those are *real* human eyes. Green. DNA matches that of Officer Quarry’s ex-wife. No idea of her whereabouts, she disappeared without a trace from her office in Monaco five days ago. No woman without eyes has recently turned up at an ER in Monaco or in any hospital across the French border, no dead body has been found yet either. We believe it’s hard to survive such trauma without immediate medical attention. The eyes had been removed with the use of a sharp tool, probably surgical, maybe a scalpel. The so-called “*Traveller*” knows what he’s doing, not his first time neither for sure, nothing messy about it.’ He took a deep breath and smiled again: ‘Randy is my superior and a close friend. I knew Margot well. They were divorced because she left him for some rich flunky but he never stopped loving her. He obviously suffered quite a shock and is on forced leave now. No doubt he will need intense therapy.’

‘I see... and why have you come to me with this?’ Dr Hunt enquired.

Schuilier sighed and leaned back into the comfy chair. He again pushed his glasses back up his nose and looked at her. She was tall, slim with blonde hair cut short which gave her a boylike appearance. She was

wearing a kind of dark blue female business suit with a white blouse. Mid-thirties. No jewellery, no wedding ring, no noticeable make-up.

‘You were the first of the five forensic psychiatrists on our list who picked up the phone when we called them. You were also top of that list. You had top grades at university *and* come highly recommended by the British police and MI5 whom you have previously helped catch a couple of the most despicable multiple murderers in recent history. Fortunately, Brexit so far hasn’t blocked a possible co-operation between our agencies yet.

I booked the first flight from Den Haag asap. Again, thank you for taking the time to see me at such short notice.’

Dr Hunt surveyed the first page and the last page of the letter in front of her, she said:

‘That letter is dated August 18. That was almost five days ago. And you’re here now already. You seem to be highly motivated to catch that someone who claims he has been killing people and cutting out their eyes for years. You said you are Europol, like your friend and superior. As far as I know Europol isn’t specialized in what appears to be a serial killer investigation. They normally do “*Counter Terrorism*” or “*Border Security*” or “*International Organized Crime*.” The composer of that letter here certainly doesn’t seem to be aware of the workings of your agency, since he seems to think Europol employs “profilers”.’

'You seem to be well-informed about our competences, but I guess it comes with your job.' Schuiler remarked.

'You can look it up on your internet site. I am surprised you didn't pass this case on to another agency.' Dr Hunt replied.

'Due to Randy's connections with important personalities in the Dutch Government among others and since this case, for want of a better word, touches one of our *own* high-ranking officers, Europol are taking this investigation *very* seriously. So, it has been decided to set up a *special division* to solve this crime and hunt down the perpetrator. A very unique decision, the first of its kind! Although properly speaking we *are* a law enforcement agency, we usually work in collaboration with other European police departments to help *them* solve crimes or they provide agents to work for us, but since in this case we have no idea where to begin with...', he shrugged, 'this time it's Europol that needs help. I am currently in charge of this new division,' Schuiler replied.

'Hhhmh, I see. And who else is in this special division of yours?' Dr Hunt enquired.

'Jasper Da Silva. He's a brilliant criminological analyst and computer nerd. PhD student from the Sorbonne...'

Dr Hunt raised an eyebrow and scoffed, interrupting him: 'Wait. A student? Seriously?'

'...and hopefully, with you on board we would be complete. I admit we would be out of our depths without the help of a specialist of your kind. But we can

count at any moment on international police reinforcements and the might of an entire, well-established structure of forensic databases, laboratories, and specialist teams, whenever we need them. In fact, Jasper is already closely co-operating with them,' Schuiler added hurriedly.

Dr Hunt immediately regretted her next words, it was not like she had nothing else to do, her agenda would need a LOT of re-scheduling. Later, she came to regret that she had agreed to meet Schuiler in the first place and wished she hadn't picked up the phone when he had called the day before. That *letter* intrigued her for some reason and she was itching to find out more. It certainly represented a challenge for her. She pointed at the thing and asked: 'May I keep this?'

Schuiler replied: 'So, you're in?! Great. But about that letter, sorry, no. I brought the original and we must hold on to it. We have made a copy, though, I can mail it to you immediately as soon as I get in touch with my office.'

'Please do. And also send me a copy of the envelope and of the writing on the parcel. Give me a day or two to have a closer look at this and work out a profile of your so-called perpetrator and I'll be in touch.'

Officer Schuiler winked at her, got up and handed her a card which he also fished out of his coat pocket with some effort. He reminded her of Inspector Columbo from that old TV series.

He smiled and said: 'Great to have you on board! Here are my details. Why won't you come over to our offices in Den Haag the day after tomorrow, so you can also meet Da Silva? We can't pay you for your efforts, I'm afraid. If you help us catch this madman, eternal fame and recognition awaits. However, all expenses will be covered. First class flight and accommodation. We have quite a travel budget at Europol, being on a constant move across the continent is in the name.' He winked and shook her hand.

When he had left, she wondered what she had got herself into, already her restless analyst's mind started to work on the profile. She had a bad feeling about it. Just five minutes later the inbox on her computer pinged. Europol had already sent her the copies... She put on her reading glasses and instructed her secretary to cancel all appointments for the next two weeks. Then she remembered. There was another private appointment she had to cancel. A *rendez-vous*. She sighed and typed a text into her mobile.

A minute later, her phone buzzed...



In the Land of the Blind

In the Land of the Blind



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Percy Lallemand (born 1970) lives in Luxembourg and writes the type of pure genre stories he loves to read or watch at the cinema. He is the author of “*The Mortal Coil*” (2019), a series of award-winning thriller screenplays and ”Nightscapes” (2024), a collection of fantastical tales.

He lists Jo Nesbo, John Connolly, Jean-Christophe Grangé, Lee Child and Stephen King, as well as the popular films of French actor-director Olivier Marchal among his influences. He’s learning from the best and there’s more to come.

In the Land of the Blind

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Special thanks to my dear wife Danielle and my dear friend Christian Hengen for their patience, advice, encouragement, and wisdom.

*Also, many thanks to Monique Feltgen, Gaston Zangerlé and Pierre Decock from **Crime.lu** for their patience and trust, and for letting me join their crime family!*

In the Land of the Blind

IN THIS COLLECTION

- Didier Debord, *Il vous faudra vivre avec...*
Pierre Decock, *Lea m'attendra*
Gaston Zangerlé, *La pègre et la boxeuse*
Monique Feltgen, *Das Rousegäertchen-Komplott*
Pierre Decock, *Le moine à la boucle d'oreille*
Pierre Decock, *Victor*
Werner Giesser, *Die Gutland-Morde*
Hauke Schlüter, *Tod in Belval*
Hauke Schlüter, *Rost*
Monique Feltgen, *Schatten über Diekirch*
Gaston Zangerlé, *Le cadavre du Saut d'Acomat*
Didier Debord, *Greffes sauvages*
Pierre Decock, *Un si gentil voisin*
Rita Braun, *Von Fall zu Fall*
Gaston Zangerlé, *Les sanguinaires des Abymes*
Pierre Decock, *Bon anniversaire Dimitri*
Gaston Zangerlé, *Exécution à Trois-Rivières*
Karin Melchert, *Das Lied vorm Tod*
Rosemarie Schmitt, *Dummer Tod*
Gaston Zangerlé, *Die Wasserfalle*

Cover design by Pierre Decock