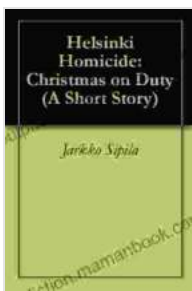


# Helsinki Homicide: Christmas On Duty

As the snow swirled and the wind howled outside, the city of Helsinki was blanketed in a thick layer of white. Christmas lights twinkled in the darkness, casting an ethereal glow upon the snow-covered streets. But inside the austere walls of the Helsinki Police Department, Detective Inspector Kimmo Joentaa was far from feeling the festive spirit.



## Helsinki Homicide: Christmas on Duty (A Short Story)

by Julia Strekalova

★★★★☆ 4.1 out of 5

Language : English  
File size : 33 KB  
Text-to-Speech : Enabled  
Screen Reader : Supported  
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled  
Word Wise : Enabled  
Print length : 20 pages  
Lending : Enabled



Sitting alone in his small office, Joentaa stared out the window at the snow-covered cityscape. His eyes were heavy with fatigue, and his mind was racing with the details of the case that had been brought to his attention earlier that evening.

A young woman had been found dead in her apartment, brutally murdered. There were no signs of forced entry, and the apartment showed no signs of a struggle. The only clue was a single, bloody fingerprint on the victim's neck.

Joentaa knew that this was no ordinary case. The killer was cunning, ruthless, and had left no witnesses behind. As the snow continued to fall and the wind howled outside, Joentaa felt a sense of unease creeping over him. He knew that he was dealing with a dangerous adversary, and that time was of the essence.

With a heavy sigh, Joentaa rose from his desk and made his way to the crime scene. As he walked through the snow-covered streets, he couldn't help but feel a sense of foreboding. The night was dark and silent, and the only sound was the crunching of snow beneath his feet.

When Joentaa arrived at the apartment building, he was met by a young police officer who led him to the victim's apartment. The door was open, and Joentaa stepped inside, taking in the scene with a practiced eye.

The apartment was small and sparsely furnished. The only light came from the flickering flames of a single candle, which cast long, eerie shadows on the walls.

Joentaa walked over to the victim's body, which was lying on the floor in a pool of blood. He knelt down and examined the body, noting the multiple stab wounds to the chest.

As he examined the body, Joentaa noticed something strange. The victim's eyes were open, and they seemed to be staring at something in the corner of the room.

Joentaa followed the victim's gaze, and his eyes widened in horror. In the corner of the room, there was a large, dark shape. As he approached the shape, Joentaa realized that it was a man. The man was sitting in a chair,

his head bowed. He was wearing a long, black coat, and his face was obscured by a scarf.

Joentaa reached out and touched the man's shoulder. The man's body was cold and stiff. Joentaa knew that he was dead.

With a sinking heart, Joentaa realized that he was not alone in the apartment. The killer was still there, lurking in the shadows.

Joentaa quickly drew his gun and scanned the room, but the killer was nowhere to be seen. He had vanished without a trace.

As the snow continued to fall and the wind howled outside, Joentaa felt a sense of despair creeping over him. He knew that he had failed to protect the victim, and that the killer was still at large.

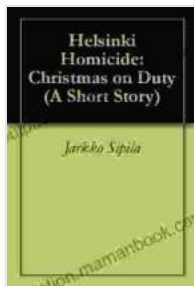
With a heavy heart, Joentaa left the apartment and returned to the police station. He knew that he had a long night ahead of him, and that he would not rest until the killer was brought to justice.

As he walked through the snow-covered streets, Joentaa couldn't help but think about the victim. She was a young woman, with her whole life ahead of her. Now, she was gone, and her killer was still at large.

Joentaa knew that he had to find the killer, not only for the sake of the victim, but for the sake of the entire city. He knew that the killer was dangerous, and that he would not stop until he was caught.

As the snow continued to fall and the wind howled outside, Joentaa made a silent vow to himself. He would not rest until the killer was brought to

justice, and the city of Helsinki was safe once more.



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