

Split, Criminal Police Station of Dalmatia 12th of September 2002

I have been through lots of interesting and sometimes crazy situations in my life. This Thursday will definitely become a part of the collection of the most memorable days. I don't know it yet, but I will find out soon.

A rather rude wake-up call by one of the criminalists, and a visit to the toilet accompanied by him. Ivo must go separately. A couple of sips from the tap in the bathroom. Teeth brushing nowhere in sight, oh my god.

I am being told to go with the uniformed police guy. We walk down the stairs, somewhere into the inner parts of the police station. They take our photographs. Fingerprints. I start to feel like I'm in a criminal thriller movie. They tell me that I must give my blood sample. This is another wake-up call. I refuse and ask for the Czech consul to join us. One of the police guys says that he will break my arm and there will be enough blood. *What?* I am not sure if I heard properly, so I decide to shut up and pretend that I don't understand anything.

Now a lie detector! The feeling of being in a movie changes into a much more real fear. In the lie detector room, I see our consul, Vera, which calms me down a bit. She looks very serious though. They keep asking some questions and if I am ready to take the test. I look at the consul. She nods. I agree, there is nothing to hide.

They connect me to the machine, a sleeve like when you get a blood pressure test, several springs around the chest, two wires connected to the fingers of my right hand. A stupid idea crosses my mind along the lines of *We can learn something every day* – I have always thought that lie detectors monitor brain waves. Apparently not in Croatia. They start asking questions:

“How did Michael die?”

“What happened during the night?”

“Was he strangled? Was he stabbed?”

What the hell are these questions about? I think to myself, but try to answer in the calmest manner possible. That is rather difficult though. They keep asking:

“Do you know why we ask questions about Michael’s death?”

“Do you know that he was stabbed with a knife?”

“Did you know it was a murder?”

What the fuck??!! I answer negatively to all the questions, but it is very difficult to keep calm in such a situation, moreover after a couple of sleepless nights. I start shaking and become very nervous. *What kind of tricks are they playing on me?! Michael went down to the cave and most likely drowned. Murder?! Not possible.*

“What was the weapon that Michael was murdered with?”

The criminal police guy – he must be crazy! – who had said earlier that he will break my arm says that Michael was stabbed to death. I am being disconnected from the detector, I hear myself as if I was outside of my body asking about the test results. They refuse and escort me from the room. He threatens me again and makes some vulgar gestures. I decide the best strategy is to ignore him.