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Ulrich Knellwolf

Registered Luggage

It is a long time since I have seen a book so well written and so well edited. The author's style is clear and concise, and the editing is superb. The book is a pleasure to read and a valuable addition to any bookshelf. The author's knowledge of the subject is evident throughout the book, and the editing is of a high standard. The book is a pleasure to read and a valuable addition to any bookshelf. The author's knowledge of the subject is evident throughout the book, and the editing is of a high standard.

— If I had taken the car I would be in Paris now, he said.

— You see, it is a matter of time.

— It is a matter of time, he said, looking at his watch. — It is a matter of time, he said, looking at his watch. — It is a matter of time, he said, looking at his watch.

— He is not at the time, he said, looking at his watch. — He is not at the time, he said, looking at his watch.

my suitcase, which is slightly heavier now, as registered luggage. Of course not to Zurich, that might give me away, but for example to Basle, to St. Gallen or to Chur. There I am able to pick up my loyal suitcase on the following day at the latest and return home, and then I can begin with the evaluation of my haul. If you accost the proper kind of person, the contents of such suitcases can yield quite a lot. I don't live badly from it. Of course the jewellery is the most lucrative. It is amazing what things better-off ladies pack into their suitcases. Furs aren't bad, either. On the other hand, you won't very often find cash. However, once I found no less than 20,000 Euro in cash lying among the underwear and the stockings in the suitcase of an Italian countess whom I had travelled with from Chiasso to Zurich (of course I got off the train at Zug). It was a hard-covered suitcase and you would never have credited it with such contents. The lady didn't dare to take it along to the dining car for fear of it being too conspicuous.

I made my largest haul ever last week. Since then I have had a problem. The piece of luggage in question was a large expensive-looking trolley case belonging to a very elegant and extremely attractive lady wearing a lot of make-up, who was travelling on the train from Zurich to Geneva as I explained earlier. Especially that piece of luggage, but also its owner had already attracted my attention on the platform at Zurich. Everything went very smoothly. At Burgdorf we were already sitting in the buffet car, at Fribourg I excused myself in the manner described. There was only one snag about the whole thing, but I didn't think that was too terrible at the time: My suitcase was too small to contain the lady's trolley case. So I left my reliable travelling companion lying in its place and only took along my raincoat and my hat. I feared there might be a search operation if my travelling acquaintance discovered her loss too soon, so I checked in the trolley case right away at Fribourg as registered luggage to Basle. On the evening of the same day I already had it handed over to me without any difficulty shortly before closing time.

The difficulties only started at home when I opened the trolley case. I should have been immensely pleased by its contents. There was jewellery lying there wrapped up in pieces of cloth – I should say it was worth about half a million Swiss francs altogether. I knew at once where the stuff came from: It was loot from the raid on a jeweller's at Lucerne that had taken place the previous week. Not only had the shop been raided, but the owner had been kidnapped as well. Although his next of kin had paid a heavy ransom, he had not turned up yet. And he would never turn up again – the proof for that was lying before me. For apart from the pile of trinkets the trolley case contained a large plastic bag filled with clothes – blood-smearred clothes.

One can imagine just how horrified I was. I was just wondering how to get rid of the incriminating textiles in the least conspicuous way when the telephone rang. A man's voice that I didn't recognize said: «Have you got them?» I played the innocent. Without another word the other person rang off. Through half the night I waited for another call, trembling; there was none. I was already calming down when the telephone rang again at eight o'clock: «Good morning. This is Tiefenbrunnen Station. You asked to be informed when your suitcase had arrived. It is here now.» I had not phoned them and I was not expecting any luggage, either.

I check in my bags as registered luggage at Tiefenbrunnen Station when I am going on a holiday trip and not travelling on business. They are very helpful there and treat me almost as part of

the family. «I'm coming right away», I said, so as not to arouse any suspicion. I was full of foreboding when I left the house, and had a look in the letter box, just to make sure. There was an envelope there with a ticket inside: «Registered luggage, registered: Lausanne, destination: Zurich Tiefenbrunnen.»

It was my suitcase. When I opened it at home I nearly fell over backwards. Inside the suitcase there was a severed human hand, to which a note was attached, saying: «We hope you will offer a hand to a good cooperation with us.»

I still didn't know what to do when the telephone rang yet again. I lifted up the receiver hesitatingly. «Yes, this is Tiefenbrunnen Station again», the kindly official's voice said. «Yet another suitcase has come for you. If I didn't know you as a good customer of our's, that most certainly would give me the creeps!»

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END