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He checks again, but the corridor is empty, and after another couple of minutes he looks at Mikkel’s number in the list of participants. The phone goes straight to voice mail.

“Hi, Mikkel, Thorsten Ejfeldt from Aarhus University here. I’m calling because we had an appointment at one-thirty, and you haven’t turned up. I’ll be in the office for another couple of hours yet, so if you can make it when you get this you’re welcome to drop by. If not, I’ll try to catch you in the next day or two. Bye!”

Mikkel’s story is the one that has made the biggest impression on Thorsten. He and his little family were involved in a car accident at a junction on Silkeborgvej, and in the days that followed, first his girlfriend, then the couple’s newborn daughter, died of their injuries. Describing her brother at an introductory session, Mikkel’s sister Louise had painted a picture of a well-liked and socially active young man who was perhaps a little too much of a live wire. Mikkel, just like Louise herself, had emerged surprisingly unscathed from a pretty troubled childhood. But ever since the accident he’d been doing steadily worse. Eventually, all his sick days lost him his job as a teaching assistant, and by the time the trial started, he was literally struggling to get out of bed.

A gust of wind knocks some papers to the floor, and Thorsten shuts the window. It’s his distinct impression that Mikkel has been

