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"I knocked several times. You didn't hear me, so I came in." Ruby looked a little scared.

Irish said sourly, "What? The general manager is not on duty, and his wife is coming here to inspect my work. "Joseph had flown to South Africa last Sunday.

"Don't get me wrong. I know nothing, how am I qualified to inspect your work?" Ruby carefully looked at her, gently, "I came to find you. See, you're back at work. Our Dad wonders if we can get together for dinner in our old house tomorrow night?"

Irish sneered, "Are you naive, or do you think I am forgetful?"

"Dad has been talking about it for a long time, would you permit it?" Ruby said earnestly, "His health has been getting worse and worse, and that's okay if you just show up for a while. "

Irish's coldness was still not dissipated. Ruby was also embarrassed at seeing her reluctance, sighing lightly, "Think about it, anyway, there is still a whole day left."

"Don't worry, I'll go. "Irish agreed unexpectedly.

"Really?" Ruby's eyes were bright.

Irish went around her desk, sat down, and said, "I'm working. Please leave. I'll be there on Friday."

Seeing that, Ruby dared not to say much, nodded, and left.

What killed people was not solitariness but loneliness. On a desolate corner on a summer night, though neon lights could be seen everywhere, people were always solitary. Nobody knew them or remembered them.

On weekends, the elegance and business of the day were about to be replaced by the sexiness of the night, and the neon lights on the streets were beginning to take up their place, blurring the gap between the sunset and evening.

After 4 pm, Irish returned from the Runestone building to the Linkus building. Professor Tim arranged a meeting with Blair and Cheska to address the situation of Bernert. Irish first ordered Christy to send a copy of Bernert's documents to the audience. The meeting lasted until the end of the working hour, but no ideal consensus was reached.

After reading Bernert's information, Blair's attitude was always obscure. It seemed that he didn't care, but his views remained unchanged.

"From a professional point of view, Bernert's situation can be initially judged as paranoia, which is unquestioned."

But Blair didn't succeed in persuading Irish and shook his head after hearing that, "From the information given by the police, Bernert's words are not entirely imaginative," he said.

Before returning to the Linkus, she specifically looked for Jay, who checked out the information of the two victims mentioned by Bernert and confirmed that the accidents occurred two years ago and that the dead were the two women mentioned by the newspaper. Irish asked him if the deaths of the two victims were strange, and Jay gave her an affirmative answer. The car accident two years ago was closed as a traffic accident case, but the recent one had given rise to the concern of the police, which were under investigation.

While Jay did not notice, she quietly copied the files of the two dead and returned to Linkus.

"What if it was Bernert's memory problem?" Cheska asked as she looked at the information documents.

Irish looked up at her, waiting for her to continue.

"Bernert may have read the report two years ago, and after reading it, it may have left an imprint on his subconscious mind. Everyone knows that everyone's memory points are different, probably because a report two years ago impressed Bernert. So there are dreams, and the recent accident is the same as it was two years ago, stimulating memory points. A person's subconscious being depressed for a long time will naturally result in psychological changes, and then he will have a false sense of self-hypnosis, thinking that it is a dream he had, and then a tragedy happens." Cheska tried to convince Irish, "I mean, it's actually the first subsistent materials and image information and then the reality."

"I don't agree. From Bernert's dream analysis, his logic is clear, and he's in a good state of mind." Irish shook her head.

Blair closed the file and said to Irish, "You have already made a preliminary observation and diagnosis of him. In the diagnostic book, you also wrote that a large number of his dreams were meaningless, and most of these dreams were about the dead. But in reality, no one died."

"I have carefully sifted through and found an important message." Irish looked serious. "Even if his dreams are no longer messy and meaningless, at least two of them are realistic, that is, the carcass we just mentioned two years ago and not long ago. In his dream, the process of these two cases is very clear. The place of these two events is all in front of a villa. I agree that the subconscious has been affected, but I do not agree that Bernert is paranoid, let alone that memory problems have occurred."

Cheska sighed helplessly, "Dr. Irish, do you really believe that he can predict the future? This is ridiculous."

"Dr. Irish, you research dreams, and you should have come into contact with cases where there is no clear distinction between dreams and reality. There is no absence of such a person." Blair said, loud and forcefully.

Irish looked at the photos of the dead on the file, did not immediately refute Cheska and Blair's opinion, and kept silent. After a long time, she suddenly said, "If you all agree that Bernert's memory has a problem, then there is a key point that needs to be explained."

Cheska and Blair looked at her at the same time.

Irish took a deep breath and put the file on the table, and her tone was as heavy as her face. "Bernert lived in Belgium year-round. He learned Chinese from his mother, and as far as I know, he speaks fluent Chinese. But for Chinese characters, he does not know much, and he is still learning. He had not come to

China two years ago. Even if he had come to China, how could a foreigner who only knew a few Chinese characters read a newspaper? How can he remember words in his mind if they do not form an image?"