

[PRE-RELEASE VERSION 1.0]

DEATH NOTE

THE SECOND KIRA CASE

PROLOGUE

Darkness blanketed the room. The wall in the room's front was lit up by the projector found in the back of the room, though nothing was being shown at the moment. Men and women occupied the many seats, terraced at a slightly higher elevation the farther away from the front of the room that one goes. All wore headsets, fitted with a mike, but no computers sat in front of them to work. They were the representatives of the member countries of the International Criminal Police Organization, also referred to as Interpol.

It has been over a decade since the First Kira fell. Even though he died, things have improved in Japan. Since then, the country improved from the highest mortality rate in the world to the third highest. The overall crime rate has also fallen, if only slightly. The world still remained plagued with crime, but Kira's acts were like morphine to pain.

Nathanael Weaver was, alongside Abigail Davison, representing the United States of America at the Interpol meeting. He is the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and Abigail, who prefers to be called Abbey, acts as Deputy Director of the same organization. The Caucasian director has dark hair and brown eyes, and his chin covered by a short beard. A moustache finishes the decoration of Weaver's lower face. Like the other representatives, he wore a headset, quietly waiting for the next item upon Interpol's list of issues to attend to come to light.

The President of Interpol spoke up, utilizing a mike system to project his voice to the multinational representatives. "Next on the agenda, is a presentation by Robert Smalley of the World Health Organization."

Smalley did not present himself to the front of the audience, though his voice could be heard through the same sound system. His voice was calm and strong, filled with concern yet not in a manner that one would deem exaggerated. "The World Health Organization wants to make it clear here that this may not be of any importance, but rather a pointer to Interpol as to its existence."

The projector flashed, and several graphs appeared upon the view screen. They were bar graphs, displaying medical information. "As of late, WHO has been noticing an increase in the number of reported victims of cardiac arrest per month, as seen by the statistics here. Most of these victims have no previous medical records that would possibly indicate any such condition: a sign that there may be another Kira on the loose."

Smalley paused as the expected murmurs among the representatives commenced. Nathanael could not help but quietly ask Abbey what she thought of it. He was a high school student at the time of the original Kira's war against crime, remembering that period he lived through vividly. His parents were

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afraid of Kira while Nathanael loved him. But now, as an enforcer of the law, he saw that killer as a threat to humanity. The deputy director told

“Again, WHO emphasizes that this may merely be a false alarm,” the representative’s voice sliced through the hushed conversations.

A representative from China signaled to speak. He spoke in Chinese, and was translated moments later by his translator. “Thank you, Mr. Smalley. However, I would like to remind the rest of the assembly that all of the Death Notes that were found, including one that was discovered three years after the initial Kira case¹, were destroyed.”

“But there is no indication as to how these notebooks are created,” responded one from Japan, his words similarly translated, “or how many of these Death Notes exist.”

Nathanael could not resist inputting his own thoughts into the conversation. “For whatever reason, the likelihood that another Kira on the rise is reasonably high. It is too much of a coincidence for there to be heart attack victims without prior medical records.”

“Even if Kira is behind this, what is there that Interpol can do about it? Kiraism has been recognized as an official religion and Interpol’s policy has been to avoid involvement in religious affairs, as stated in the constitution,” interjected another delegate, who was difficult to recognize at the distance in relation to Nathanael’s seat closer to the front of the room. Agreement was echoed among many of the present representatives, though Nathanael will not let it end there.

“The world can keep an eye on this without Interpol,” said the director. “If the need arises, L can take this case.”

“L has already taken a look at the specifics of the case,” Interpol’s secretary-general interrupted. “Watari will be arriving soon so that L can relate his views of the matter.”

As the official finished speaking, footsteps echoed throughout the room as a man hidden within the confines of a large trench coat entered the room. A fedora made it virtually impossible to see the man’s features but it was impossible to discern anything at all about him. Lifting a suitcase to the table in front, the man, whom everyone recognized to be Watari simply by his featureless appearance, lifted a white laptop. After plugging in a mike and speaker, Watari raised the top of the laptop, revealing the large, signature “L” that represented the famed detective in public. The projector matched the black cloistered letter upon the large view screen.

“Greetings. I am L,” the garbled voice began. “I have accessed the information presented by Mr. Smalley, as well as the backgrounds of confirmed ‘victims.’ This is my verdict on the issue.”

¹ The Chinese representative was referring to the C-Kira Incident, where someone had somehow obtained a Death Note and used it to end the suffering of the elderly and those who wished to die. He committed suicide by writing his own name in the notebook, days after ㊦ refused to take the case on public broadcast.

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L paused there, and everyone watched the letter displayed before them, expectantly waiting for the detective to continue. Once satisfied that he gathered the attention of everyone, the detective finished his statement.

“I am not interested in this case.”

Nathanael, as well as many other colleagues, expressed their shock while others remained silent. Interpol’s split opinion on the subject revealed itself as Nathanael’s mind whirled. Why shouldn’t L take this case? It has the potential to have to do with the possibility of another Kira! If L takes this case, he can utilize the knowledge gained from previous related cases to easily crack it, since there is no chance of this Kira being a reincarnation of the original one.

However, L’s thoughts mirrored the FBI Director’s own, verbalized to explain his intentions to not accept the case. “The style of this sort of killing simply is not the First Kira’s. This Kira is far more foolish than him. That is, if there is a connection in the first place.”

The muttering continued among Interpol’s present members, reminded of L’s policies and habitual case selecting.

“Unless there are any further questions, I will take my leave,” L finished, his voice sounding indifferent to the situation (though it could be partially attributed to the voice scrambler).

Silence filled the room: there were none of such inquiries. Watari packed up the equipment and promptly exited the room. Nathanael’s hopes sunk deeper into the abyss with every step that Watari took, holding the only link there was to the greatest detective in the world.

Without L’s intellect, it would take much longer to confirm if there is even a Kira in the first place. He was so lost in thought that he almost missed hearing the president’s announcement that the meeting has been adjourned, leaving with Davison following closely behind. Several FBI guards accompanied him to his armored car, taking him to a secure hotel for the night. There will be work to do once he returned: that much was certain.

On the other side of the world, Kira leaned back in his seat and smiled, admiring his own handiwork.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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