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NEVER AGAIN Book 5

***GENOCIDE
NEVER AGAIN***

R.J. RUMMEL



Llumina Press

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Tell me, Professor, can we export democratic freedom to other countries?

What a ridiculous question.

Ridiculous? How can that be? It's a question often asked by commentators, intellectuals, and academics.

It's ridiculous because freedom is the most basic human right. It is not being exported to other peoples. Rather, the chains are being removed that prevent people from enjoying this human right.

Acknowledgements

As with all my books in this series, I owe much to the thorough evaluation, many helpful suggestions, and careful editing of Marg Gilks. And I continue to be indebted to the many visitors to my website at *www.hawaii.edu/powerkills/* who commented on or questioned the material there. They often had an impact on this series, and this particular book.

Then, as always, and surely foremost, is my wife Grace. She continues to make these novels possible. Without her at my side, I would not have written any of them. A hug, baby.

To be sure, this is a book of fiction. Although some characters may in name and position bear a striking resemblance to historical figures, they are fictional. Nonetheless, I must say again that whatever errors of fictional facts exist are mine, and wholly mine.

Chapter 1

September 11, 1911
Frankfurt, Germany
Fourth Universe

Bayonet in hand, she stood over him as he slept. It was barely past midnight. He lay on his back under a woolen blanket, and in the dark she could just make out his thin nose, heavy brows, and mustache. She didn't have to see more. She had seen enough of his ugly face in the newspapers, when he received the Order of Merit from the Kaiser.

She wanted to spit on him, but she would do that afterward.

This so-called hero of Germany was nothing more than an obscene mass murderer. She knew by heart what he had once said about his brutality in suppressing native African resistance to German occupation in Africa. As she looked over his sleeping body to find the perfect place to thrust the knife, she repeated it to herself: "I wipe out rebellious tribes with streams of blood and streams of money. Only following this cleansing can something new emerge." She had read and reread that passage in disbelief that such evil could exist in a civilized man's heart.

Because of his reputation for success, in 1904 the Kaiser sent him to German Southwest Africa to suppress a rebellion of the Herero tribe. His ten thousand well-armed German soldiers did more than defeat the poorly armed warriors. They killed Herero whether armed or not, sometimes whole families, and drove the rest into the Kalahari Desert. And then they poisoned the wells.

She remembered very well one more thing: his *extermination* order. She looked at this butcher who was breathing his last and, again drawing on her special talent for remembering her theater lines, she repeated the order to herself, her imagined voice a low growl. "All the Herero must leave the land. If they refuse, then I will force them to do it with the big guns. Any Herero found within German borders, with or without a gun, will be shot. No prisoners will be taken. This is my decision for the Herero people."

All this was evil enough. But what drove her here was what he said about women and children: *To receive women and children, most of them ill, is a serious danger to the German troops. And to feed them is an impossibility. I find it appropriate that the nation perishes instead of infecting our soldiers.*

His orders were carried out. Out of about eighty thousand Herero, no more than fifteen thousand survived. And it was not only the Herero. He also had murdered the rebellious Nama, killing over ten thousand of them—more than half the tribe. He had the rest incarcerated in concentration camps, where many more died slowly of disease and mistreatment.

Yes, she thought, you are the Kaiser's hero. But not a hero for all Germans. Not for me.

She found the spot. Positioning herself, she spread her legs, raising the bayonet above his body with two hands. She hesitated, marveling at the power she now had over this famous general's life. Then her eyes narrowed to slits and she compressed her lips into a thin line as she tightened her grip on the bayonet.

With all her strength, she plunged it straight down, through the blanket and into his heart.

He gasped. His eyes jerked open and his body heaved, his feet drumming against the mattress. Then he fell back. He was still as his final breath rattled out of him. His eyes remained open. *Staring into the flames of hell,* she thought.

She put her finger on the carotid vein in his throat to feel for a heartbeat. Satisfied there was none, she tried to withdraw her bayonet, but it was stuck in his sternum. She had to climb onto the bed and put her knee on his stomach to get the leverage to wiggle it out. She cleaned it on the sheet.

Standing beside the bed again, she reached into the pocket of her black pants and took out the note she'd prepared for him. She leaned over him and pinned the note to his nostril with one of the pins she had used to keep her hair in place under her black cap.

Then she spit on him.

As she left by the way she'd slipped in, she took one last look over her shoulder at his body. "Goodbye. Nice meeting you, General von Trotha. I guess we will never meet again."

Chapter 2

March 30, 1912
Sambayat, Turkey
Fourth Universe

Peter Kahan

The sky was azure blue and dotted with fluffy, white clouds. Beneath it, a convoy of young women and children shuffled into the town and down the main road. All bore the look of death. Some stumbled, some were helped along; some, the youngest ones, nearly skeletons, were carried in the bony arms of their mothers. Some wore ragged clothes. Some none. All were filthy. All stared down at their bare feet with cavernous eyes and sunken cheeks.

Those who were naked were helped by a gentle, surprisingly warm breeze blowing up from the desert to the south. Combined with the bright sun, it overcame the normal spring chill and made for a comfortable coatless day. The air was clear, and the breeze wafted along the smell of cooking food from nearby buildings.

It would have been a great day to be alive.

Uniformed, bearded guards, carrying their long rifles with bayonets fixed, ambled along beside the convoy. The women could no longer be hurried.

An officer at the head of the convoy lifted his head at the smell of food, then turned and raised his hands for the guards to stop the convoy. He waved to the side of the road. The guards pushed and prodded the women to a grassy area, and two of them were ordered to watch over the women. The rest formed a circle in the shade of a sweet gum tree, opened their packs, and began to eat lunch. No food was given the women, but they were allowed to dip their hands in a nearby puddle and drink from them.

One woman limped off the road and stood stock still for minutes, holding her two shriveled little girls by the hand. Then she slowly fell to her knees and toppled over, dead. Her girls sat down at her side, obviously believing she was only asleep, and again clasped her bony, cooling hands in theirs.

Another woman gave no attention to the water. She held the half-putrefied cadaver of a newborn infant tightly to her chest, cooing softly to it.

Nearby, a naked woman lay on her back, her head turned away from the sun. Her haggard face still retained some of what must have been ravishing beauty. Her body bore the bruises and slime of frequent rape. As the light in her eyes gradually extinguished, they momentarily reflected her agony before turning vacant.

After a half-hour, the officer stood and signaled for the guards to reform the convoy. Reluctantly, some at the point of a bayonet, the women and children struggled to their feet and tottered back to the road. One woman took the hands of the two children whose mother had died, and pulled them struggling away from her. The guards checked those that remained on the ground for signs of life, poking some with their bayonets. Finally, the trudging mass of despair was taken out of town on an intersecting road, heading toward the south and the desert.

The guards left the corpses for the townspeople to bury.

Two nargile smokers in the rear of the Ligor Kiraathanesi coffee house along that road, each sitting comfortably next to his traditional pipe, had watched the convoy come and go. They knew exactly what was going on.

Not so the young man seated at a tiny table on the patio of the coffee house. Shielded from the sun by a large Syrian juniper, Peter Kahan watched, mouth agape, only moving when the discomfort of the hard wooden chair on which he was sitting demanded it. He had traveled to several towns and was now in Sambayat on his way to the ancient city of Adiyaman. He had just had lunch and, of course, Turkish coffee, and still held the small coffee cup as though it was frozen in his hand.

He was a foreign correspondent for *The Times* of London, which had sent him to Turkey because he spoke Turkish. He had learned it at home from his parents, who had immigrated to Britain before he was born. As always, *The Times* did not trust Foreign Ministry handouts. He was to interview members of the Young Turk government regarding Turkey's two-front war with Italy over Libya, and with Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro. *The Times* also wanted him to appraise Turkish public opinion, and that was why he was traveling through this region.

Peter had heard rumors about what he had just seen. Some Greeks swore to him that it was happening and that he must inform the world through his newspaper, but the government officials he queried about it denied it flatly. Oh, there were some deportations of Armenians from

the east, they said. But they were only to relocate those sympathetic to Russia from the eastern border regions in case Russia joined the war against them. They insisted that the deportations were humanely done.

But now he had seen a deportation with his own eyes. He looked again at the two scrawny corpses, and the *doner kebab*—thick grilled bread stuffed with lamb shavings and cabbage, topped with a spicy sauce—he'd had for lunch weighed heavily in his stomach. It was beginning to revolt; he could taste the spicy sauce again.

He quickly put the cup down and doubled over, spewing his lunch on a nearby bush.

Forty-three Miles Away

One after another, the muscular, heavily-built man hacked at their heads and necks with his axe. When they tried to shield themselves, he hacked off their arms first. His comrades, armed with their bayonets and knives, worked into the quaking, screaming crowd of women, children, and old men. He and the other soldiers were under orders to save ammunition.

Then he saw her. She stood silently, hugging her younger brother to her, her head resting on his. She was from his town of Okaris, and very beautiful. She was not one whose name he would forget, and he yelled to her above the tumult, "Quick, Siran. Come to me."

She did not hear him.

He pushed several women aside, kicked over one who was praying on her knees, and came up alongside Siran. He put one bloody hand on her shoulder, and when she looked at him, he yelled above the terrible noise, "I will protect and save you. Release your brother, and follow me."

She shook her head.

He grabbed her arm and tried to pull her away from her brother, but she held him tighter. The hacking, stabbing soldiers were getting closer. "I give you life," he urged.

Again she shook her head. She turned her head to look into his eyes, and finally shouted, "If you are so kind, I ask only this favor."

"What? Quick!" he barked.

"I know you will not save my brother. Please. Kill him now. Please, before me. Then while I wait for you to kill me, I will not worry about him. I do not want him to suffer any agony, any torture."

The muscular soldier vigorously shook his head, and again tried to pull her away. She resisted.

“Please,” she said.

It was too late anyway. He could feel his comrades at his back, and one was approaching from the side with his bayonet pointed toward her. He nodded.

Siran quickly turned her brother to face her, and whispered into his ear, “A temporary goodbye, my brother.” She kissed him. “We will meet in the next world and be in God’s hands. Do not fear. It is a matter of seconds.”

They kissed each other for the last time, and the boy stood apart, facing him without fear. The soldier now had no choice. Orders were orders. He quickly cleaved the boy’s skull open with the axe, and he collapsed at sister’s feet, dead.

He turned to the girl. She stood with her hands at her sides. Her chin was uplifted toward him, and her eyes were misty. “Thank you,” she said, barely loud enough to hear. “Please, now, do the same to me. One blow. No torture.”

He nodded, heaved back his axe, then hesitated, looking into her eyes. He saw only acceptance. He brought the axe down on her head.



The muscular soldier killed many women and children that day. He killed many more in the days to come. But he could never get that courageous and loving girl out of his mind. He saw her eyes, resigned, pleading for the favor, when he got up in the morning. He saw them before he could fall into a fitful sleep. In his nightmares, he saw his axe cleave her brother’s head and then hers. She came to symbolize for him all the women and young girls he had murdered.

He deserted from the army, dressed as a poor farmer, changed his appearance to look much older than draft age—not too difficult, with his rapid deterioration since the massacre—and, by stealing and stealth, made his way to Constantinople. There, he hung out at the tourist Hotel Ibrahim Pasha. He was looking for a Western newsman.

Chapter 3

April 2, 1912
Belfast, Ireland
Fourth Universe

Tommie Andrews

It was early afternoon when thirty-nine-year-old Thomas—Tommie—Andrews hugged and kissed his wife Helen and picked up his little daughter. Brushing Elizabeth's dark hair out of her face, he kissed her. "Take care of your Mom, now," he told her.

He put her down and looked back at Helen. "I'm off."

She nodded, gave him a smile, and a final kiss. She was used to these voyages of his, and obviously proud of his role in them.

"A month," he said as he picked up his worn leather case. He walked out the door and down the steps of his home on Windsow Avenue, Belfast. His chauffeur waited beside a Rolls Royce limousine, its motor gently chattering. His suitcases and equipment had already been taken to the ship.

As the limousine approached the Thompson dock, Tommie stared at the ship that waited well out from the dock, steam up, black smoke swirling from its four stacks—the fourth was for looks and smoke from the third stack was shunted to it. He was its chief architect and managing director of its construction; he knew the ship as he did his wife's body, but he never got used to seeing it. A gigantic ship, the world's largest. It so towered over the tugboats waiting alongside that it seemed as though they would be rolled over and sunk just by the ship's bow wave. The fights he'd had over its construction had been as monstrous as the ship. That's what he called it in his own mind: the *monster*.

Automatically, unconsciously, the astonishing figures he had sweated over, fought over, and often accepted reluctantly, the figures he had calculated with excruciating accuracy, flowed across his mind: gross tonnage of 46,328; not one ton more or less. A length of 883 feet, 130 feet longer than New York's tallest skyscraper, the Woolworth Building. It had nine decks, with a passenger capacity of 2,603 people and a total crew of 944.

Most important to him, it had sixteen watertight compartments by means of fifteen watertight bulkheads up to E-Deck, which was a few feet above the waterline. He had designed them to be topped off, but Joseph Bruce Ismay, Chairman and Managing Director of the White Star Line whose ship this was, insisted the expense was unnecessary. Tommie had tried to tell him that if a compartment filled with water, it could spill over the top into the next, and then the next after that, until with five or more compartments filled, the ship would surely sink.

But Ismay had responded, “You designed it so the ship will remain afloat with any two compartments flooded, possibly three; it will not sink even if another ship collides with it at the joint of two compartments. No one on your design team could imagine a worse disaster, you told me.”

Ismay pointed his smoking cigar at him. “That’s all you think about!” he exclaimed. “It’s always what might happen, even if it were that the ship could be hit by a meteor. You don’t think of the economics. You don’t think of the passenger cabins given up, the cargo space lost.”

But Tommie knew that in the world of ship building, one could never be absolutely sure of anything, and so he spent much time on the design of twelve heavy watertight doors that separated the compartments. How they would be activated involved many arguments, but he finally agreed that they could be closed manually, or automatically by a water-detecting float near the deck, or by a switch on the bridge.

The White Star Line would advertise her as “practically unsinkable.” He had insisted on the “practically.”

Through the limo window, he could see his design team waiting for him. He took another look at his brainchild. So huge, so monstrous, with a power plant beyond what he had believed possible a decade ago. The steam to run this monster was produced by twenty-nine three story-high boilers, with 159 furnaces. They were voracious, and ate 650 tons of coal a day.

The chauffeur stopped the Rolls in front of Tommie’s team, and hurried around the front to open his door. He slid out and stepped down to greet those who had worked so hard for him since 1907—he had been a workaholic, a taskmaster, a perfectionist, but he knew they also thought he was fair and kindhearted, a man’s man who would take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and get into the dirty work. Most important to his team, he was among the best of ship architects, with a solid reputation for integrity. He had gotten his own hands dirty working in fifty-three departments of the shipyard, and now oversaw every design of ships constructed by Harland & Wolff.

Tommie noted their solemn expressions. Each face showed the strain, all were obviously concerned about their responsibility. The final test of all their work was coming up.

A tender waiting at the dock took them out to the monster. The crew, Admiralty officers, maritime officials, and those of the Certification Board were already well into their inspection. This was not Tommie's concern. It was what was to come. For Tommie, the monster was still a design in progress.

Because of high winds, the sea trials were delayed a day. At 6 a.m. the next morning, the ship lifted anchor, and tugs took her through the Victoria Channel to Belfast Lough. Tommie made sure everyone on his team was positioned with whatever equipment they needed, and waited. Now he could do nothing. What would happen would happen.

The Certification Board members spread throughout the ship. All electrical equipment was tested, including the electrical doors and lifts; her twenty-nine boilers were now pressure-tested after having been fired up; the dynamos, turbine, and reciprocating engines were tested, and so on for all the devices, motors, and conveniences that made this a luxurious floating hotel. Once those tests were completed with few problems, the ship headed for the Irish Sea and her sea trials.

The ship steamed up to her maximum speed of 22.5 knots and sustained it, sailing smoothly at high speed without a boiler popping, a propeller jittering, a shaft shimmying, or the two outboard 46,000 horsepower reciprocating engines and the low-pressure middle turbine overheating. Then Captain Charles Innes of the Certification Board ordered the ship turned full rudder to starboard and, after a full turn, full to port. The ship behaved clumsily and turned slowly, displaying well how lumbering these incredibly huge ships were to turn. Tommie expected that, and had repeatedly cautioned Ismay about it, but Ismay demanded size, and this was what came with it. As well, the rudder was about fifteen feet wide at the fullest part of the blade, much smaller than Tommie wanted. But listening to "an incompetent marine consultant," as Tommie described him to his team, Ismay insisted it was large enough.

When the ship was back to full speed forward, Innes ordered the starboard propeller reversed, and then the starboard one, and then all three. The cavitation from the reversing propellers shook the ship down to her rivets, but no member of Tommie's team, the crew, or the Certification officers reported a leak, or a problem with the machinery.

For hours more the tests went on, and minor problems did appear. But with a promise they would be fixed when underway or in New York harbor, the ship was finally certified. It took less than a day. Perhaps American railroad and steel mogul J. Pierpont Morgan's money

had nothing to do with it. He did own the International Mercantile Marine Company, which itself owned the White Star Line, the owner of the ship. And strangely, the *Lusitania* of the competing Cunard Lines took over two months to certify.

With the ship certified, and Tommie and his team satisfied, Ismay's smile lit up the bridge. The monster was ready for its maiden voyage. But Tommie still couldn't smile.

April 3, 1912 Southampton, England

The mammoth floating city with its squash racquet court, Turkish bath, fully equipped gymnasium, plunge pool, Parisian-style café, libraries, four electric elevators, and deluxe suites with private promenades, steamed up the Solent. She was met by five tugs and slowly docked at newly constructed slip 44 at Southampton, England. No ordinary dock could berth a ship so large, and so the White Star Line had to design and build a new dock, forty feet deep at low tide and covering sixteen acres. The ship would spend a little more than a week taking on passengers and preparing for its maiden voyage to New York.

Tommie checked into Southampton's elegant South Western Hotel nearby, so he would not be in the way while stewards and stewardesses cleaned and prepared all cabins for the passengers. He sent another telegram to Helen, telling her about the monster's progress and how much he missed her and Elizabeth.

April 8–9

Crew had been hired, and 11,524 separate pieces of cargo weighing 559 tons and 5,892 tons of coal had been loaded. Now, as Tommie and his team did their final inspections—even looking under the captain's bed, as Chairman Ismay jokingly insisted—box after box, bundle after bundle, crate after crate of fresh food and drink came aboard. This alone foretold the luxury to come: 75,000 lbs. of fresh meat, 11,000 lbs. of fresh fish, 7,500 lbs. of ham and bacon, 2,500 sausages, 25,000 lbs. of poultry and game, 40,000 fresh eggs, 1,500 bottles of wine, 1,200 bottles of spirits, 20,000 bottles of beer and stout, 8,000 cigars, and 1,750 quarts of ice cream.

The ship was as ready as she could be.

Chapter 4

April 9, 1912
London
Fourth Universe

Buruk Metin

Buruk Metin almost knocked over his black Turkish coffee as he waved his hand in dismissal of the young man's accusation. "How dare you say I am unpatriotic. I am as good a Turk as you are."

On meeting, they had engaged in the usual round of small talk about relatives, health, and London. Then Buruk mentioned that he had become a naturalized American citizen in 1910.

The man leaned forward, his slitted black eyes seeming to absorb the candlelight without reflection. "You are an American now. You accepted American citizenship. You gave up your motherland. How could you?"

Stroking his graying beard, Buruk stared at his wife Nuray's nephew. He'd never liked him, but relatives were relatives, especially on his wife's side. She would never let him forget it if he passed up this opportunity to meet with her nephew while in London. No doubt, she would pry out of Buruk even the tiniest morsel of information about how he looked, what he was doing, his health, his job, and so on. Buruk had left arranging this meeting until his last evening in London, and the meeting in the Turkish restaurant "Iznik" was as unpleasant as he had expected.

Trying not to reveal his distaste for the nephew in his voice, Buruk responded, "I told your father why I left Turkey. Didn't he tell you?"

"My father was killed by the Sultan's secret police before he could tell me anything. You must know about that."

"Of course. My deepest sympathy." Buruk leaned back in his pillowed chair. "The Sultan's secret police were also after me. As a university student and then a teacher, I supported revolution, as your father did. When the Sultan started rounding up and interrogating members of the Young Turks' Committee of Union and Progress, I thought my wife and I had better leave Turkey."

The nephew sneered at him. "Sure. For San Francisco. For gold. Right? Loyalty? Ha!"

Buruk felt his face get hot. He had been lying, and he felt that he'd been caught at it. He was in his fifties now, and had indeed immigrated to the United States and California when he was thirty-five to find gold. He had been misled by stories of gold-paved streets in California, and when he found out that he had missed the gold rush by many years, he returned to teaching.

He raised his voice in response, as though he had been insulted. "The gold rush was over. I applied for a position at the University of San Francisco to teach Near Eastern history, particularly that of the Ottoman Empire. The position was for a year, and the extension of my contract dependent on my becoming an American citizen. So I did. But my heart still remains in Turkey. Do not doubt that."

Buruk narrowed his own eyes and glowered at the other. "Now, you tell me. Why are you in London? And working for an unholy, infidel newspaper." Buruk was, as were the Young Turks, secular, and thought that Islam was a severe drag on Turkey's potentially great future. But he was not about to miss the chance of exploiting its rhetoric.

His nephew gripped his cup tightly, slurped his coffee, then put the cup down slowly. His response was louder than necessary. "Your call surprised me. How did you know where I was working?"

Buruk noted his nephew's refusal to answer the question, and let it pass. "I called the Ottoman Embassy and asked if they had your telephone number. They said that they had no information on you. So I spoke the key words that the Directorate General of State Archives gave me to use if I needed special help from any government agency. They then gave me your contact number."

"When you called, you said that you were here as a tourist for several days and returning to America from Turkey. Why were you in Turkey?"

To test his reaction, Buruk shot back, "What? You did not call the embassy to ask what I was doing here? Surely their secret service is keeping track of every Turk's comings and goings?"

His nephew's eyebrows shot up as his eyes widened for a second, and then he all too quickly shook his head.

Buruk had his answer. *There is some connection there and I had better be careful*, he thought. He decided to answer the question. "I'm writing a book on the history of the Ottoman Empire, but particularly the way it stymied Peter the Great's war with Sweden, and his designs on Europe. The Empire ultimately saved Poland, Germany, and Austria from Russian control. If the Empire had not acted, world history would be entirely different. Anyway, I am focusing on how the Empire saved Europe."

His nephew's frozen face seemed to relax, and cracks formed at the corners of his small mouth, almost resembling a grin. "The Young Turks must be happy about that. Anything that honors the Turks or suggests ancient glories they will turn into posters, government pamphlets, articles, and use in their many speeches."

Buruk nodded. "This is why they supported my trip to Turkey and a month's research into the Ottoman archives. I got a semester's leave of absence to do this."

His nephew seemed to hesitate, playing with his cup. Finally he looked up and studied Buruk's thin face. Slightly unsettled by this silent interrogation, Buruk rubbed his finger along his long Semitic nose, then stroked his beard. But he did not let his eyes waver from the other's.

The Turkish music started up and reached a high chord, then leveled off as a *gobek dans*—belly dancer—took the floor with a castanet tied to one hand to aid the musicians, and her long veil in the other. She slowly began her complex, sensual movements.

Finally his nephew asked, leaning forward to be heard, "Do you know what is being done to the Armenians?"

Buruk was going to sip his coffee, but saw that he had finished it. So he took a last forkful of his *patlican salatasi*. He no more tasted the lemon in it than he tasted the cardamom and cloves in his Turkish coffee. *Be careful*, he warned himself. He believed in the Young Turk revolution. They were finally modernizing Turkey, and by war they were trying to hold on to what had been part of the Ottoman Empire for centuries. It was vital to Turkey's future to have a foot in Europe. That plus the modernization now underway would go far in restoring its ancient greatness.

But he hated the massacres now going on. While he was doing research in the Sultanahmet archives, he met and had lunch with an Armenian professor at Constantinople University. He was going to show Buruk a particularly rich collection of historical diplomatic exchanges when he disappeared. So did his family. Word soon got around among the people in the archives about the roundup of Armenian intellectuals, professors, and others in Constantinople.

Were he one of the Young Turk rulers, Buruk would have strongly argued for another way, such as a phased expulsion, to deal with these Christian minorities that monopolized Turkey's economy and many of its professions. *It is not right. Turkey has such a great future, if only the Turks were free to realize it themselves. Full secularization and a return to the great Turkey of the Turks, the Turkey of the great Ottoman Empire that defeated Peter the Great, demands purification of the nation, but not by extermination. Turkey will become a pariah among nations, and the Young Turks' goals will be defeated.*

He answered his nephew loudly, his voice sounding too controlled even to his ears, belying his shrug. “I practically lived in the archives. Never read the newspapers, and talked to few people outside. I had to make the best of my research month in Turkey.”

His nephew raised his eyebrows. “You know nothing about . . . the Armenians?”

“No. Tell me.”

“They are . . . ah, being deported from areas that may be invaded by Russia. Russia has been building up its army along the eastern border, and the Armenians might revolt against Turkey and join the Russians if they invade. They are all Christians, so the Young Turks ordered they be deported out of the threatened eastern provinces.”

“Humanely, I am sure.”

“Of course.”

The belly dancer shimmied toward their table, but the nephew briskly waved her away with the back of his hand and asked Buruk, “What do you think about it?”

“I think she is a good dancer and, with those sexy wiggles, probably very good in bed.”

“No, I mean the Armenian deportation.”

So he is working with the secret police, Buruk thought. He answered, “I’m a historian. I deal with the past. I know nothing about what is happening to the Armenians. That is politics. All I can say is that I support the Young Turk revolution.”

Buruk felt he had endured this arrogant *it oglu it*—son of a dog—enough to satisfy his wife with what he could tell her, and he didn’t want to risk saying something that might get him a Turkish secret police interview before he left the following morning. He did not want to miss his ship.

The belly dancer left the floor to applause, and the music ended.

“Well,” Buruk said, pushing his chair back to stand, “I must be going.”

His nephew stiffly nodded, but remained sitting at the table. Without an ounce of sincerity in his voice, he said, “Have a good return trip, and a fond *merhaba*—hello—to Nuray. I hope that you can bring her on your next trip.”

Buruk nodded in return, and responded with the same lack of sincerity. “My best wishes for your job at *The Times*.”

Chapter 5

April 9, 1912
Berlin

She was sure he would not recognize her, but still see her beauty. She'd hidden her recognizable hair under a wide-brimmed Helena hat with organdy and silk blooms, and a red feather to signal her trade. She hoped that she had not overdone the rouge and red lipstick. Dressed in the open leather cape, hip-hugging red skirt that fell halfway below the knee, and rose blouse of a prostitute, she waited on Kastanienallee Street, near the entrance to the Cafe Schwarz Sauer, for him to leave the party with his fellow police officers. She had studied him, and knew his susceptibility to prostitutes, if they were young and pretty enough. With threats to jail and torture them afterward, no prostitute would dare think of ever divulging his name, if she recognized him.

The woman waited patiently. She had planned this for two months, watching his home and office to determine his routine, and she was ready.

Men alone or in pairs would come up to her, asking her price or specialty. She told them all nicely that this was part of a motion picture, and they should hurry off so that they wouldn't get caught on film. None lingered.

He came out, slightly high—he never got more than slightly high—and headed for his chauffeured luxury Audi a block away. His rank was not enough for the car to be allowed to wait in front of the cafe.

She quickly walked up to him and said, "Oh, what a handsome man. I have just the thing for you. Come, let me show you." She put her arm through his.

Startled, he stopped, and at first tried to pull his arm free. Then he got a good look at her, and relaxed. "Where?"

"I have a special arrangement with the Cafe Diethard. My room is at the rear, with its own entrance off an alley. No one will ever see you."

"Very good. I cannot stay more than an hour."

"Oh, that's enough time for me to go around the world with you, and to show you my special tricks. *Ya*. This way."

She led him down two blocks, into an alley, and up the rear steps to a dim hallway. Her room was the first one. She opened the door, ignored

the stuffy odor of too many unwashed bodies that flowed out, and waved him in. As he looked around, she closed the door, locked it, pulled out the key, and dropped it next to the door

She turned to face him, her hands at her side, her narrowed eyes glinting, and said softly, “So, police *Polizeirat*—Captain—Balthasar Bierhoff, how nice to meet you. You are *Polizeirat* Bierhoff, yes?”

“None of your business, *Strichmädchen*. Hurry up and get undressed. *Ich will dich ficken*”

“Is it not true, *Polizeirat*, that for over ten years you have had a special hate for pro-democracy demonstrators, and have ordered them beaten, tortured, or shot to death ‘while trying to escape’?”

“*Schweinehund*,” he hissed. “You are one of them.”

She knew how helpless she looked and that he felt that at anytime he could overpower her. And he had the holstered Mauser he always carried. He edged closer. She whipped off her hat, letting it drop on the floor, and shook her head to release her hair.

He tilted his head and squinted at her. Then his eyes opened wide. “*Scheisse*, I can’t believe it. You can’t be—”

“Oh, *Polizeirat*, I am. Is it not also true that these people you killed only wanted democracy and an end to the bloody aristocracy bleeding the people with taxes for its games and comforts?”

He ignored her question and stared at her. His hands began to twitch.

Then she threw at him, “Is it not true, my good *Polizeirat*, that you murdered about four hundred of these people for nothing more than their belief in democracy and freedom?”

He moved toward her.

She spit out at the top of her voice, “Yes or no, *Polizeirat*?”

“Yes, *schlampe*—slut.”

She held her hand out toward him as though to shake hands, and shot him in the chest twice.

He stood stock still for a second or two, then put his hands up on his chest, looked down at the blood beginning to flow between his fingers, and slowly collapsed. “Why?” he squeaked from the floor.

“There are four hundred whys, *Polizeirat* Bierhoff.”

He was still alive, gasping for breath. Bloody froth was beginning to come out of his nose. She took two cartridges out of the box in her purse and reloaded the two-shot derringer-style gun made to her specifications by an admirer. She had hidden the tiny weapon in the palm of her hand. With it reloaded, she leaned over the *Polizeirat* and, as he watched her with protruding, watering eyes, she shot him in the temple.

She took his wallet and badge. Yes, he was the *Polizeirat*; she had no doubt.

Taking a note from her purse, she pinned the note to his nostril, and then spit on him.

She checked the room to make sure she left no clues, picked up the key, and unlocked the door. As she left, she took one last look at the dead man. Just another victim of a prostitute or her pimp—but for the note.

“Good day, Polizeirat Bierhoff,” she said, and shut the door behind her.

Chapter 6

8:30 a.m. April 10, 1912
Southampton, England
Slip 44

Tommie

This was the big day for boarding passengers. Tommie had no more than a cup of coffee and danish brought to his cabin—A-36, at the top of a first-class work of art, the first-class stairway—and then he went to the bridge wing to view the activity.

Leaning on the starboard bridge rail, he watched the crewmen performing their lifeboat drill using lifeboats 11 and 15. They seemed to take fifteen to twenty minutes just to uncover the boats, and then they slowly swung them out on the rotating Welin davits he had demanded, and partially lowered them. The davits were a new kind that could be used and reused to lower boats. Tommie noted the confusion among the crew; obviously they needed much more practice.

He looked toward the ship's stern and saw the seamen rushing back and forth in final preparations for the passengers shortly due aboard. No problem there.

He walked over to the port wing, nodding at Captain Edward J. Smith, who was receiving the sailing report from Chief Officer Henry Wilde, as he passed through the bridge.

On the port side he again leaned on the rail, idly staring down at the bustle on the dock. He shook his head and sighed. *What more could go wrong?* he wondered. He had never been on the maiden voyage of a ship so beset with one problem or issue after another. Not the kind of problems that would have denied the ship certification, but those of a deeper and more worrisome kind. It seemed as if fate was trying to tell him something.

He sighed again. Maybe he was overtired from the worry and all the details he had to oversee. But as he watched the increasing bustle on the dock in preparation for the arrival of the first trainload of passengers, he wondered if this would be their last voyage. Forever.

That's silly. No, it's absurd. This monster is virtually unsinkable, and I made it so.

His thoughts segued to all the arguments he had had over the design of the ship, particularly with Ismay. And then his thoughts again returned to their well-worn track—the problems the ship had suffered, one after another.

But ships do sink

March 31, 1908 Belfast, Ireland

As he walked through the Harland & Wolff shipyard in his usual grease-stained work clothes, blueprints in his hands and sticking out of his pockets, Tommie was frequently stopped by one engineer or mechanic after another and asked to interpret his designs. He simply told them he was in a hurry, and to come to his yard office in two hours. He finally reached the massive slipway named the great gantry and, with a wave to the rigger, he climbed up onto the engine housing for the specially made giant Benrather crane. Grinning widely, unconsciously stroking his rounded chin, he watched as the shipwright, shipfitter, and workmen began laying keel number 401 for the monster that would awe the world.

It had been the toughest job designing this ship, what with Ismay, the owner of the ship, and Lord Pirrie, Chairman of Harland & Wolff shipbuilders, constantly hovering at his shoulder and making changes as he and his staff drew up the blueprints. The ship was their brainchild; they looked on it and two other ships to be built, the *Olympic* and *Gigantic*, with paternal eyes. Ismay thought the three ships would give his company a decisive edge in the transatlantic passenger competition against Cunard Line's *Mauretania* and *Lusitania*. But this ship, especially, was their baby.

J.P. Morgan had bought the White Star Line six years ago and had pressured Ismay to develop a more profitable passenger line, and especially to beat out the Cunard Line before it got too well established. In early 1907, Ismay and his wife had dinner with Lord Pirrie at the Downshire House, Belgrave Square in London. His shipbuilding company was also part of the Morgan business empire.

After some discussion of the Cunard Line and its new *Lusitania* and *Mauritania* launched the previous year, they played with several ideas concerning how to beat this competition. It was really a question of

speed, or size and luxury. They settled on the latter, and decided then and there to build three such ships, each about 50 percent larger than Cunard's, and as luxurious as the best hotels for the rich. It was also a matter of economics—the economy of size. In wages, cargo, and passenger receipts, operating two big ships saved more money than three or four smaller ones.

Even before financing for the ship's construction was arranged—no big deal, with Morgan's money behind it—Lord Pirrie's nephew and managing director of Harland & Wolff, Tommie, was put to work on the designs. There were many problems inherent in designing the most gigantic ship ever, but the worst was dealing with Ismay and Pirrie. He would drop off a sheaf of blueprints for them, and the next day receive the designs back by courier with red marks all over them. It was their baby, he reminded himself. He had no doubt that even when the monster was launched sometime in 1911, an Ismay assistant would rush into his office at the last minute with another change or addition.

Construction was now underway. Tommie focused again on the keel. At this moment it looked so small in the vast dock, and he found it hard to envision the colossal ship that would sit on the finished keel. It would have a double bottom, but not the double hull for which he had argued so strenuously. With a ship as huge as this, all the stress would be on the single hull. If it struck something, such as an iceberg, the stress would be magnified along the whole single hull enough to pop rivets and rip some steel plates apart. A double hull would dampen the vibration of the outer hull, and even if both hulls were punctured, the ship would sink far more slowly, providing enough time for all passengers to be rescued.

"No," Ismay had insisted, "no double hull. We would lose too much space."

Tommie countered with, "Only a foot or two would be lost on each side of the ship."

"C'mon Tommie, where's your slide rule?" Ismay had responded. "Take four feet away along the whole length and height of the hull, and you are asking me to give up thirty-seven third class cabins."

Then there was a problem with the steel for the single hull. It had to be especially good. It was coming from the John Brown shipbuilders, and would be battleship quality, Siemens-Martin formula steel, and the demands of the ship's size challenged the technology for making such steel. Tommie was concerned that in the icy water of the North Atlantic, the steel might become too brittle, and shatter like crystal under a blow. But he had to take what he could get.

Anyway, he could overdo the imaging of disasters. The ship would have the sixteen watertight compartments he designed, even if open at

the top. The possibility of a spillover from one compartment to the other if the hull was breached was a worst case possibility, he told himself.

Still, he couldn't stop his mind from picking at problems like a scab. To give the ship a classier look, the heads of the three million rivets used would be hidden by riveting from the inside out, rather than the other way around. A hydraulic punch punched a hole in the steel and then punched the rivet into it. Tommie was concerned that the punch would create hairline fractures in the steel center about the rivet.

Of greatest worry was the wrought iron rivets coming from Colvilles and Company in Glasgow. He had inspected several batches carefully, and found that some were of poor quality—too full of slag; more pig iron than wrought iron. They'd heat unevenly and could shatter. So he demanded that the riveters inspect each rivet they used for cracks and other imperfections, even though doing so was a near-impossible task, given the pressures on the workmen's time.

He had unsuccessfully complained to Lord Pirrie about it: "That company's rivets are used by all the shipyards, and no other source is as good or as trusted," Pirrie had responded. "Surely, Tommie, you bloody well don't expect us to make our own rivets. Start-up alone would delay us a year."

Well, almost all that was past now. Most of what still had to be done had been agreed upon by all involved, and plans passed on to the engineers and builders. And there now, before him, was the beginning of the keel.

9:35 a.m. April 10, 1912

Tommie's reflections were interrupted by the arrival of the first load of passengers on the dock. He looked at his watch. They were on time. These were the second and third class passengers, brought by the special boat train from London's Waterloo Station. Some had already walked to the ship from the South Western Hotel and boarded.

As the human cargo flooded aboard the ship, his mind returned to its journey through the monster's problems, and his mood turned gloomier.

May 31, 1911

The great day arrived when, without ceremony, the shipyard workers began cutting and knocking away the timbers supporting the monster's

huge hull with its massive engines and boilers, all, even without superstructure, weighing about 26,000 tons. When worker James Dobbins cut away one of the timbers, it pinned his legs. His fellows rapidly freed him and rushed him to the Belfast Royal Victoria Hospital, but Dobbins died the next day of contusions and shock. A bad omen.

With all supports removed, the heaviest object man had ever moved slid slowly into the River Lagan on the twenty-two tons of soap and tallow spread beneath it. Work began on outfitting the ship and adding its superstructure, and all appeared to go smoothly. Then on September 20, 1911, as the outbound sister ship *Olympic* came around a bank and passed within three hundred feet of the British cruiser HMS *Hawke*, the suction created by the mammoth *Olympic* pulled the ship into her, bow first, causing serious damage. The captain of the *Olympic* then was Edward John Smith, the very same man who would now captain this ship. He'd been absolved of any responsibility, but still

And the repair of the *Olympic* would require materials needed to complete the construction of his ship, so in October, White Star postponed her maiden voyage for three weeks. It would now be on April 10, 1912.

Then on February 3, 1912, she was dry-docked at the Thompson Graving Dock for installation of the lifeboats—

10:56 a.m. April 10, 1912

The lifeboats! As he remembered his battle over them, he slapped the railing in renewed anger. Lives were at stake!

He'd felt like quitting over this, but could not. He had won some of the other battles, and without him maybe Ismay would have had his way on everything, but on this Tommie wanted sixty-four lifeboats, enough to save the lives of all passengers and crew if the ship had to be abandoned. He got sixteen, and four collapsibles—four more than required by the British Board of Regulations. He slapped the rail again. "Bloody stupid. They'll carry no more than 1,178 people—not even half of the passengers and crew."

He turned around, crossed his arms over his chest, and leaned back against the railing.

Worst of all had been the coal strike for a minimum wage begun by miners on January 12. It had continued into April, jeopardizing the ship's scheduled maiden voyage. Tommie had recommended outright cancellation rather than letting it hang on the settlement of the strike, but it had been settled just four days before the scheduled departure.

Coal would not be available in Southampton for about a week, and the ship had only 1,880 tons on board; before the ship could depart, 5,892 tons had to come from somewhere. So Ismay scrounged coal from other International Mercantile Marine ships in the harbor, delaying their departure, and therefore also transferring their passengers to the monster. Moving the coal from the bunkers of these other ships to the side coaling ports of this one was a laborious and time-consuming process. Afterward, the ship's carpenter sealed up the coaling ports with a buckram gasket soaked in red lead. Tommie shook his head at the incredible amount of work that followed—every railing, every passageway, every deck, and even every deck chair in the ship's passenger areas had to be thoroughly cleaned to remove the thick coating of black coal dust.

He wondered what else could go wrong. Then he stood straight, clasped his hands behind his back, and told himself, "Enough. Relax. You have bloody well done all you can before departure."

Chapter 7

April 10, 1912
Constantinople, Turkey

Sami Gunday

Vahan Markaryan, working under the alias of Sami Gunday, was one of four private medical doctors to the ruling Young Turks and their nationalist reform party, the *Ittihad ve Terakki Cemiyeti*—Committee of Union and Progress (CUP)—at a time when Armenians, professionals and common folk alike, were being slaughtered. Sami, who protected the lives of these rulers, was Armenian. But no Turk official knew that. Yet.

As a teenager, the ambitious Sami had wanted to be a doctor. He was fascinated by medicine and the medical doctor's healing power as many boys his age were fascinated by guns and steam engines. But as an Armenian Christian he would then stand out in a Turkish land, and this frightened him when his father told him about the slaughter of over a hundred thousand Armenians between 1894 and 1896. Even had he not heard this, he would have been concerned about his future when his family's Armenian doctor warned him that in Turkey's hospitals and among Turk doctors, Armenian doctors were considered second class.

Fortunately, Sami looked like a Turk and spoke perfect Turkish. He had grown up in a Turk neighborhood in Konya, and had only Turk children his age as friends. Since he looked, spoke, and acted like a Moslem Turk, even before he went to medical school, he adopted a Turkish name and false ancestry—to the disgust of his mother. But his father understood that he did so to avoid the prejudice and danger Armenians faced, and supported him through medical school and afterwards.

He received his medical degree in England from the University of Birmingham Medical School and did his residence at the Corbett Hospital, Stourbridge. He would have stayed in England but for his parents, who refused to leave Turkey.

He started off with a good position. Turkish authorities thought highly of Turk doctors trained in England or Germany, and he was

readily hired as part of the medical staff responsible for treating Ottoman officials and their families. Over the next decade, he maneuvered himself into a position of high favor, first as one of many doctors to Abdul Hamid II's royal staff, and then to the up and coming Young Turk's CUP. He was well trusted, and had operated on and saved the lives of several high officials and members of the CUP and their wives and children.

As a doctor he not only heard secrets, but was also told things to which only a doctor would be privy. Even after they finally seized power, the Young Turks operated in a favorable environment that made them loose-lipped. They were also part of a macho culture and often bragged about their accomplishments and their involvement in great events. So, at first he thought he was hearing exaggerated bragging or wishful thinking. He probed and found out more. Then he exploited his unique position to get more information, and finally, with the right inducements, to get actual documents.

At the same time, he was beginning to hear rumors from Turkey's easternmost provinces about the massacre or lethal deportation of Armenians. He wasted not a second more. He prepared to leave Turkey, never to return.

His parents were dead, and he had no close relatives. He was unmarried, with no children. He did occasionally have relationships with women, but preferred men. All his assignations had been discreet, usually with other doctors or nurses. He told his nurses and staff that his father had died suddenly in Konya, and that he had to take a week to settle family affairs.

He frequently traveled abroad to medical conventions, or to learn the latest medical techniques at one European hospital or another. For these prestigious trips, he had a special pass signed by Talaat Pasha, the Minister of the Interior and Secretary General of CUP himself—without question, Sami could travel anywhere inside or outside of Turkey, all paid for by the government. He needed that pass now.

Sami made his way through the confusion of hawkers outside Istanbul's Hayderpasha Station, skirted the crowded spice bazaar, and entered the huge station. He knew his way around it and headed for train No. 76, which would take him to Ankara. From there he would transfer to train 31 headed toward Kars, with stops at Sivas, Erzincan, and Erzurum.

No train crossed the Armenian border. He would walk the remaining distance and sneak across the guarded border at night. It was the only way to safely get the incredible information and documentation he possessed across the eastern border into Armenia. Ghoukas Zhoghov,

president of an Armenia newly independent from democratic Russia, would be sure to inform the big Christian powers—Britain, France, and Russia, the historical protectors of the Christian Armenians—about his documents, if not pass on copies.

As he approached the train, its 1899 German 2-B1 steam locomotive reminded him of the last trip he had taken, in February. Then, as he had passed a similar locomotive and approached the special government car, he had seen well over a hundred haggard and scared-looking men surrounded by armed soldiers and policemen. Two officers and a civilian official stood nearby.

Soon afterward, he had treated Minister of War Enver Pasha, who bragged to him that they were deporting from the capital Armenian religious leaders, members of the Ottoman parliament, teachers, writers, and even doctors—Sami had mentally winced at that. That group of 186 men had been the first. In the next days, hundreds more would follow. Pasha insisted they were just being arrested for subversion and would be held by the military at Ayash and Changri. But Sami had asked some innocent-seeming questions of his subsequent patients, and it became clear, although not quite put in those words, that almost all would be massacred.

The papers he carried with him documented the evil evidenced by the Armenian deportees he had seen in the station on his last trip. Yesterday he had secretly received and duplicated the final documents. Now, hiding his face from two nearby policemen, he walked along the dirty platform beside the steaming train and entered the government car. He sought Private Compartment 6, one of those reserved for high government officials and for which he had telephoned the ticket office.

As he entered the compartment, he was immediately struck by the stench of too many cigars mixed with the heavy, oily smell of coal smoke. *Almost like an English pub in winter*, he thought. He was a non-smoker, but he knew his nose would soon go dead to the smell. Sami dropped one suitcase on the floor next to the small water basin, and put the other on the Pullman convertible seat. He sat down and leaned against it with a sigh. Although it was April and cool outside, the room was warm. He took off his light German cotton coat and draped it over the suitcase on the floor, then removed his red velvet Fez to cool his balding head. The window was down, the window shade drawn. He would live with it. If the train happened to pass one of those tightly-guarded convoys of Armenian deportees trudging toward their deaths, he did not want to see it.

Although he had lived among Turks all his life, at the moment he found them all despicable. He knew that was unfair, the reflection of a

vast prejudice that had been growing like a vigorous weed for over month; he knew that many Turks, even officials, were risking their lives to help Armenians in this terrible time. But now his secret Christian faith and Armenian ethnicity, his raging humanity, emotionally triumphed over his reason. He tried to rationally fight it. He was a doctor. He was dedicated to saving lives—without prejudice. But deep down where his rage ruled, he felt that, were one of the Young Turks on the operating table under his knife, he would kill him. And only he would know it was murder. For that alone, he thought it was a good thing he was leaving.

He sat still in his seat, waiting, thinking thoughts he did not want to have. Soon the car jerked, shuddered, its couplings clanked, and it began to move. He was on his way, on a one way trip. “God help me, that I survive,” he murmured.

After some slow curves and grinding noises, the train gained speed, and steadied on the straight stretch southeast toward its first stop at Pandik. Still he waited. Soon there was a knock at the door, as he’d expected. “Come in,” he yelled, putting on his fez.

A red-hatted conductor with heavy jowls and small eyes opened the door to check his pass. Sami pulled it from inside his coat pocket, and adopted the expected stern government look. The conductor glanced at the pass, saluted him, and shut the door behind him as he left. Sami went to the door and turned the little knob below the handle to lock it.

He sat back and let the train’s motion rock him; the clickity-clack of the wheels filled his mind. It was only a fleeting respite. It had no chance against the impossibly heavy knowledge he had lived with now for a week. He did not have to open his suitcase and look at the duplicated and miniaturized documentation hidden in its lining. He knew it by heart. Almost every word.

Over and over, he had read the matter-of-fact minutes of a December 4, 1911 secret meeting of the Young Turk rulers. At the highest level of government, the Young Turks and the ruling CUP party made a clear decision to annihilate all Armenians within Turkey, and they carefully planned how they would do this. As he had a thousand times by now, Sami shook his head in disbelief that human beings would do such a thing.

The part he could not digest began with comments made by the Minister of Education, Dr. Mehmed Nazim:

Let us think well. Why did we bring about this revolution? What was our aim? Was it to dethrone Sultan Hamid and his men and

take their places? I don't think it was for this. It was to revive Turkism that I became your comrade, brother, and fellow traveler. I only want that the Turk shall live. And I want him to live only on these lands, and be independent. With the exception of the Turks, let all the other elements be exterminated, no matter to what religion or faith they belong. This country must be purged of alien elements. The Turks must do the purging.

Then Hasan Fehmi, the Responsible Secretary of Kastamonu Province, responded:

Your servant is prepared to present a holy edict in this respect. Don't look upon me as a turbaned Softa—religious fanatic. I was a man of poor means, scarcely able to eke out a living. I was given the right of freedom and I became a deputy to the parliament. I am the teacher and the representative of fifty thousand students in the schools.

Let me explain. Since the collective society is endangered, the individual becomes sacrificed. This is the principle of Islam philosophy. Therefore they must all be killed—men, women and children—without discrimination.

To put this idea into effect, I have another suggestion. With your permission, let me explain. By reason of general mobilization, we took into the army all those who carry arms. Now, we send the Armenians to the front line of the battle. Then we take them in cross-fire between the Bulgarians in front, and our special forces behind. Having thus removed the menfolk, we give the order to our believers to exterminate the remaining women and children, the oldsters and the sick and the maimed, in one full sweep.

Our believers exterminate them and seize their properties and take their daughters to their beds. Don't you find my suggestion the best and the most acceptable way of dealing with them?

After more such arguments, and a spirited discussion, the proposed policy—a secret policy of the Young Turk government—was put in the form of a resolution. The Minister of Finance, Djavid Bey, took the vote, and afterwards announced:

At the order of Talaat, the votes were collected and counted. The resolution to exterminate the Armenians, ensuring that not a single Armenian should be left alive, was passed unanimously.

These minutes were so utterly damning, so intrinsically evil, that even with them in hand, he had to have confirmation that they were not forgeries. Even if he risked death, Sami had to hear it from one of them. He looked up the medical records of the ruling Young Turks, and soon saw what he wanted. He telephoned Talaat's secretary with a medical emergency call. Soon a nervous-sounding Talaat called back.

"As you may know, we periodically review all the medical records of the top leadership," Sami explained. "I was studying your recent record, and there is something I must double-check. You are frequently fatigued. Yes?"

Talaat had answered, "Yes, but anyone would be, in this position."

"You frequently lack an appetite and do not take time out to eat."

"Of course."

"You sometimes have a shortness of breath."

"Yes, but sometimes I'm rushing around like an *imam* who cannot find his turban."

"But you do have a shortness of breath."

"Yes."

"Is your urine discolored?"

"Yes, it is yellowish."

"Hmmm. Do you feel weak sometimes?"

Talaat's chuckle sounded jittery. "Well, after a sixteen-hour day, I am not ready for a game of football."

Sami maintained his serious tone. "Do you sweat?"

"Of course."

Sami hesitated. Then, in a consoling tone, he told him, "I think you should come in to see me for a checkup as soon as possible. What about this afternoon, or tomorrow morning at the latest?"

"God be blessed, why?"

"I want to check you for tuberculosis."

"Oh . . . is it serious?"

"I do not know. That's why I must do some tests on you."

"Can you do it here?"

"I guess so. I will be right over."

Sami packed what he needed in addition to what was already in his medical bag, and headed for Talaat's Yiddish Palace office.

During the checkup, as he pressed his stethoscope against Talaat's back, Sami commented, "I hear that some party members are contriving to kill Armenians."

Talaat stiffened. "Contriving? This is disinformation. I tell you, doctor, we have carefully considered the matter in all its details. We have officially adopted the policy that is being pursued. The deportations—"

Massacres, Sami automatically translated.

“— are the result of prolonged and careful deliberation.”

Sami asked Talaat to lie on his back and began to knead his stomach with his fingers. *Just one more question*, he thought. “Surely, though, the government is not responsible for the massacres that have occurred?”

Talaat visibly expanded his chest; he seemed offended. “You are greatly mistaken, doctor. We have this country absolutely under our control. I have no desire to shift the blame onto our underlings, and I am entirely willing to accept the responsibility myself for everything that has taken place.”

That evening, copies of three final documents were handed to Sami by a male lover—a middle-level party member opposed to the massacres. In a day of profound shocks, these were the worst. They showed that abstract and desired policy had passed into cold-blooded implementation for some two million human lives.

One, signed *Talaat, Minister of the Interior* and dated February 11, 1912, read:

It has been previously communicated that the government, by the order of the Assembly, has decided to exterminate entirely all Armenians living in Turkey. Those who oppose this order can no longer function as part of the government. Without regard to women, children, and invalids, however tragic may be the means of transportation, an end must be put to their existence.

Sami knew that carrying out these orders would be difficult. The Young Turks had a massive problem in organizing the liquidation of over a million Armenians. But they had prepared well for it. The extermination would have to be a multistage process. First to die must be the able-bodied Armenian men who could resist. The Turks had already drafted 200,000 to 250,000 of them into the army for the wars against Italy, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro, so they were easily available for slaughter. On February 20, 1912, all army commanders received the second document now in Sami’s hands, a telegram signed *Deputy Commander General and Minister of War Enver*:

In view of the present situation the total extermination of the Armenian race has been decided by an Imperial order. The following operations are to be performed to that effect:

1. *All Ottoman subjects over the age of five years bearing an Armenian name and residing in the country should be taken out of the city and killed.*

2. *All Armenians serving in the Imperial armies should be separated from their divisions, without creating incidents, taken into solitary places away from public eyes, and shot.*
3. *All Armenian officers in the army should be imprisoned in their respective military camps until further notice.*

Forty-eight hours after the above instructions are transmitted to the commanders of the army, specific orders will be issued for their execution. Aside from preliminary preparations, no action should be taken in that regard.

The third document Sami had was a deciphered telegraphed order from Enver dated February 21:

Take care of the Armenians.

The train began to slow down and Sami looked at his pocket watch. The train was seven minutes early for Pandik. Something was wrong. No train had ever arrived early. He looked under the window shade and saw a line of soldiers prepared to board the train. It must have been flagged down.

Talaat. My questions must have made him suspicious. He pulled a pill out of his change pocket and slid it between his teeth and cheek. He was unafraid. Indeed, if it came to it, his death would be fast, unlike that of many fellow Armenians, who would die a slow and tortured death.

Nor would it stop the documents from getting to Armenia. If an Armenian nurse and lover did not receive a certain coded telegram in one week, she would transmit by other means copies of his notes and the documents. And still there was that middle-level bureaucrat and lover. By one means or another, Armenia's leaders and the world would come to know the evil being done here.

The door to the compartment slammed open as a soldier's foot broke the lock. Two of them stood in the passageway on each side of the door, bayonets fixed. An officer stepped into the compartment between them, pointed a German 9mm Luger at Sami, and shouted, "Hands up. You are under arrest."

Sami did not hesitate. He bit down on the pill.

Chapter 8

10:33 a.m. April 10, 1912
Southampton, England
Slip 44

Buruk

He was tired and hungry. Because of a mutual misunderstanding with the driver of his hansom cab, whose Cockney accent was as much gibberish to Buruk as his heavily accented American English was to the driver, he'd been taken to the Euston Station. Once he found out he was at the wrong station, he had found another cab, again loaded all his luggage onto it, and barely got to the Waterloo Station in time. As it was, the conductor was signaling the boat train to leave when Buruk reached the platform with two panting porters trundling far behind with his luggage.

He had endured being crowded in with other second and third class passengers during the eighty-one mile, nearly two hour-long train ride to the Southampton docks; he had submitted to the jostling and suitcase bumping as the mass was led off the train to Slip 44; and finally, he had allowed himself to be jostled into single file by the ship's stewards at the entrance to the covered ship's gangway.

As he tramped up under the decorated awning and entered the side of the ship, he could not believe how huge the metal behemoth was. He was amazed it could float. Seeing the ship, boarding it, made him forget what he had just gone through. He had looked forward to this return trip—to being on this ship's maiden voyage. And he believed that its size would conquer the waves, provide steady ground for his feet, and save him from the awful seasickness that had done him in during his previous voyages on much smaller ships.

Once he entered the ship, he again had to show his ticket. The Turkish government would pay for no better than third class, and then the least expensive of such accommodations, at \$15. From his meager personal budget he had added \$25 to get the best of third class—a berth in

a small, two-man cabin. He could not stand the idea of sleeping with eight others. He would tell his wife that he spent the money on customs duties, bribes, and taxis.

He and the other third class passengers were separated from those holding second class tickets, and then divided into small groups of those married with children, without children, single men, and single women. Buruk understood that the single men and women would be separated in third class by the full length of the ship. A ship's steward led his group down a stairway to F-deck and through the third class entrance into a steel-walled corridor with a linoleum-tiled floor that ran between the third class cabins; the cheapest accommodations were in G-deck, below.

The steward looked at their tickets and showed each of them to their cabins. As Buruk entered F-16, he stopped in amazement. It was pine paneled, with foldaway bunks for two passengers, and grander than he'd expected.

"You're lucky," the steward told him, "your cabin mate cancelled at the last moment. Food will be served in the third class Dining Saloon beginning at 11:30. It is located on this deck.

Buruk looked around the small cabin. There was a map of F-deck on the wall, below which were instructions as to where to go in case of an emergency. Buruk put his luggage against the wall beneath it, tossed his Turkish stiff hat onto the topmost case, pulled out a bunk, and collapsed onto it. He released a long sigh. He was on his way home with a thick folder of notes and photographs of the most important documents, and he had avoided being caught up in the dangerous politics swirling around the Young Turks and the Armenian massacres. He smiled and used the expression he'd learned in America: "I'm home free."

Chapter 9

April 10, 1912
Constantinople, Turkey

Peter Kahan

Peter was dressed like a foreigner, in his baggy, single-breasted check suit and haircloth hat. That must have been why the strange, muscular Turk sidled up to him along the hotel bar and asked, “Are you a foreign reporter?”

Peter turned and saw a farmer’s soiled clothes, an oily beard, flat red nose, and watery eyes, and was about to shake his head and turn away when the man said in Turkish, “I have a horrible story. You interested?”

As a newsman, how could Peter turn that down, even with the way the man looked, and the alcohol on his breath? Peter nodded to an empty table nearby, lifted his glass of scotch, and led the man there. He ordered Turkish coffee for the man, then waited.

At last the man asked, “Do you have identification?”

Peter showed him his press card in English and Turkish. The man looked at it, then looked into Peter’s eyes, as though gauging whether he was the right man. Finally, without small talk or introduction, without lowering his voice or looking over his shoulder, the man confessed that he was an army deserter. Then, in simple words uncolored by emotion, hesitating only to sip his coffee, he described the various massacres in which he’d been involved, up to his murder of that unforgettable girl and her brother.

The man had long-since abandoned his coffee cup by the time he finished. His left hand had a white-knuckled grip on his right wrist, the one that had swung the axe. Shoulders slouched forward, he stared down at his hands.

Peter took careful notes, asked where the massacres took place, how many were murdered, how they were rounded up, and who ordered it. The man answered in few words. He was not interested in these questions. Apparently tired by them, the man suddenly stood and said, “Please tell the story of this girl and her brother.”

Peter waved his notepad at him. "I promise I will. How can I get in touch with you?"

"You cannot," the man responded. He stood more erect. Turning quickly, he strode away.



Although the story the man told seemed authentic, especially when combined with what Peter had seen at Sambayat, he had to have it verified in some way. Confirmation came the next day. The man hanged himself from the hotel's inner courtyard railing. A note pinned to his coat said simply, "I am sorry."

Once Peter found out about the death and the note, he sent off a telegram to George Geoffrey Robinson, his editor at *The Times*, asking for time and support to gather information for a major two- or three-part article on Turkey's deportations and massacres of Armenians and other Christians. The editor, who was a devotee of ancient Greek history and suspected that the Greeks were also targeted, was enthusiastic in his answering telegram. He approved Peter's request, and said that 100 pounds for expenses would be waiting for him at the Turkish Bank.

Peter started his research the next day.

Chapter 10

11:30 a.m. April 10, 1912

Tommie

The special boat train from London arrived with many of the first class passengers, some paying \$150 for their cabins, and the rich wanting parlor suites paying as much as \$4,350. First class passengers boarded mid-ship on B-deck, where stewards met them with a bow and took them to their cabins, where they were provided with a guide book to the ship.

At noon, just after eight bells, the ship's enormous triple-tone whistles blew their warning of departure, and any visitors on the ship hurried to get off before the passenger gangways were removed. As passengers lined the rail to watch the ship being tugged away from the dock to start her voyage, they were astounded to see a file of about 350 greasers and firemen carrying their kitbags down the only remaining gangway at the stern. Without them, the ship could not sail.

Still on the port bridge wing, Tommie had been joined by two ship's officers. They were discussing the new Marconi wireless the ship had, when one pointed at the departing crew. "My God," one exclaimed, "what are they doing?"

Tommie turned and looked into the bridge and saw the commotion among the officers. He rushed inside to listen to what they had to say.

"It's a strike," someone said.

At that moment, Fourth Officer Joseph Boxhall entered the bridge and reported to Captain Smith in a voice made loud by anger, "The damn Seafarers' Union has pulled its goddamn men off the ship. They claim our lifeboats are unseaworthy, and that the shipyard's painter said he was ordered to paint over old lifeboats, even where some of the wood had rotted. I—"

Captain Smith held up his hand, then waited while Boxhall calmed himself.

Boxhall continued in a normal voice. "I met with Cannon, the union secretary, and offered to scrape a little paint randomly off each lifeboat to show them the wood underneath, and he said he would take it up

with his men. I gave him fifteen minutes, warning him that we had to sail and he was threatening an illegal strike—”

“That doesn’t mean bloody shit,” Smith interrupted. “Go on.”

“So a half-hour ago, Cannon met with his men in the stokehole and gave them an option: either leave the ship until the company proves that the lifeboats are seaworthy, or crew the ship regardless. The men voted to leave the ship.”

Smith looked at Chairman Ismay standing nearby listening, his eyebrows raised to his hairline, then turned to Chief Officer Wilde. “Cancel our departure until further notice. Inform the passengers that we will be delayed because of an illegal strike, and inform New York, Morgan, and Lord Pirrie. Bloody hell.”



That evening, T. Lewis, the President of the Seafarers’ Union, organized a meeting of the men on strike and sympathizers at a southern district school. Lewis gave a long speech praising the men who had taken a stand for safety. He concluded, “It is not only the passengers at risk, but also everyone at this meeting. We cannot sail on a ship that puts us all at risk. What we do now will mean progress in ship safety and our great Seafarers’ Union.”

He sat down to loud applause, and was followed by one crewman after another, condemning the White Star Line for its subterfuge and supporting the strike. After the meeting Lewis posted pickets at the dock gates to prevent nonunion crew from joining the ship.

Nonetheless, Ismay did immediately recruit nonunion labor and had fifty-one new crewmembers sent to the ship by tug. But they were not enough.

April 11–12

Breakfast was served to all the passengers aboard ship. The telegraph office on shore was overloaded with messages from passengers alerting relatives and associates in New York to their delay.

Buruk made his first trip to the boat deck, and by following the directions of a seaman he found the wireless room. Inside, amidst loops of wires, two men wearing headphones sat manipulating the dials on wired metal contraptions. A big sign on the wall near the door said *Telegram Forms* above an arrow pointing down to a pile of forms. A

little sign next to the pile said *12 shillings and sixpence (\$3.12) for the first 10 words; 9 pence for each additional word.*

Buruk filled out a form at a little nearby standing desk, struggling to keep the message under ten words. He finally ended up with *Ship delayed. Miss train. Will telegram new train from NY.* He handed the form along with the exorbitant fee—more than one-fifth the cost of the cheapest third class ticket—to assistant Marconi operator Harold Bride.

Bride asked to see Buruk's ticket, then told him, "I will have to put this at the bottom of the stack. I won't get to it for maybe two or three days."

Buruk felt insulted. "Forget it," he said, holding out his hand for the form and his money. He tore the form up and threw the pieces into a wastebasket. He strode out of the room and onto the boat deck, not quite slamming the door behind him. He would send a telegram from the train station in New York.



Meanwhile, Board of Trade officials led by Commodore Carpenter boarded the ship to deal with the strike. Captain Smith, deciding that their time at dock should not be wasted, ordered various shipboard drills, including a simulated fire in a coal bunker, the flooding of a compartment, and the lowering into the water of the lifeboats. He also ordered practice on the collapsible boats.

By afternoon, Carpenter thought he had met the demands of the union when, after consultation with Smith and Ismay, he offered to load a new complement of life boats from other White Star Lines ships in the Solent. Lewis agreed to that, but when he presented the agreement to the union members aboard ship, they refused to accept it. They wanted those firemen who had not joined the strike the previous day to be fired, and new union firemen hired.

Negotiations over this, including Carpenter's threat to arrest Lewis, carried on through the afternoon, well into the evening, and through the next day. Every offer had to be discussed with union members. It was back and forth between ship and district school, with many speeches in between. Every union offer had to go to Chairman Ismay, and in a few cases, up to J. Pierpont Morgan, then Carpenter had to meet with his Board of Trade, and then the acceptance, rejection, or compromise had to be sent back. Except for the substance, the negotiations differed little from what diplomats do to end a war.

Chapter 11

12:14 a.m. April 13, 1912

Tommie

Soon after midnight, three tugboats brought a new crew of non-union firemen and greasers to replace all those on strike. Well before dawn, Captain Smith ordered the ship prepared again for departure, and by eight bells the ship was ready. But before the tugs could push her away from the dock, fourteen deckhands refused to work, arguing that the White Star Line was engaging in union busting.

Commodore Carpenter had remained on board for just such an eventuality, and immediately ordered the crewmembers arrested. Southampton police entered the dock without interference from the Seafarers' Union—Lewis knew he had already tempted fate with his illegal strike—boarded the ship, and took the crewmen into custody. They were taken off the ship and would be forced to appear before the Southampton magistrates.

At noon, again, the ship blew its three-tone whistles and, after a check to make sure all officials and visitors had departed, the ship cast off the dock aided by tugs. Tommie watched it all. Disgusted by the delay, and realizing that they were useless during this forced stay at the dock, he and several members of his design team had tried to make a dent in the twenty thousand bottles of beer and stout aboard. He was not feeling his best for what he had looked forward to for four years. All he could think was that the gods tortured a ship before they sank it.

But what happened next caused him to throw up his hands and hide himself in his cabin for the rest of the day, where he buried himself in the designs for a new ship he was working on at his dark mahogany desk.

As the ship made its way down the River Test to the sea, the huge volume of water it displaced began to impact on the ships docked along the river, particularly the RMS *New York*. The water level around it rose and then suddenly dropped, snapping its six mooring lines and swinging its stern out into the river. A collision looked inevitable.

Tommie shouted at Captain Smith, “Captain! Hard aft. Hard aft!”

The captain did so at first. Then the captain of the tug *Vulcan* got a line aboard the *New York* to stop its movement. Seeing that, Captain Smith then ordered, "Full astern."

The two ships missed each other by four feet.

The ship continued the twenty-four miles downriver to the English Channel and on to Cherbourg, France. It arrived at 6:54 p.m. and anchored off Grande Rade near Fort de l'Ouest in the outer harbor, where twenty-two passengers disembarked. The ship picked up 250 third class passengers, luggage, and mail using the White Star's tenders, then raised anchor at 8:21 p.m. and headed back through the English Channel toward Queenstown, Ireland.

April 14

A little after noon, the ship anchored in Queenstown harbor. Two ferry tenders brought to the ship 113 third class and seven second class passengers and 1,385 bags of mail, taking on seven disembarking passengers before steaming away. Included among the new arrivals was Father Frank Browne, an amateur photographer whose pictures of this maiden voyage would be shown around the world.

At 2 p.m. Tommie and his design team, now a boisterous group on A-deck, watched as the anchor was raised and the maiden Atlantic crossing finally began.

Aboard was forty-six-year-old John Jacob Astor with his new eighteen-year-old bride, his second wife. He shrugged off the scandal. Maybe because his wealth was estimated at \$87 million. Also aboard was another millionaire, playboy Benjamin Guggenheim and his mistress. Then there was the son of the director of Morgan's International Mercantile Marine Company, which owned the White Star Lines and this ship. George had brought his wife and son.

Many other prominent people were also aboard, including Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Straus, owners of W. H. Macy's department store, Broadway producer Henry B. Harris and his wife, American painter Frank D. Millet, and President William Howard Taft's military aide, Major Archibald Butt, en route to Washington with a message from Pope Pius X.

Well-known British passengers included the Countess of Rothes, William T. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, metallurgist Henry Forbes Julian, and Sir Cosmo Duff Gordon and his wife Lucile, a successful ladies' fashion designer for London and New York society. One

important name was missing, surprising them all. J. Pierpont Morgan, whose ship this ultimately was, had booked the trip, but then cancelled due to illness.

April 15–16

Two days underway, Tommie's gloom had all but disappeared. Since leaving Southampton, he and his team had been working throughout the monster, checking, testing, observing. But these two days of the trip had been perfect. Not one major problem, which was unusual for the maiden voyage of a ship this huge. He was discussing these findings with Captain Smith.

"It's like a dream," the captain said, repeating what he had already said several times. "I've never commanded a better ship."

Tommie turned discussion to the rudder, which he thought too small for the size of the ship, and thus under great strain on a sudden full turn, but Smith saw no problem. He was explaining why when Chief Engineer Joseph Bell interrupted to inform the captain that there was a coal fire in Boiler Room 6, coal bunker 10, but it was under control.

Any coal fire was dangerous, especially to the integrity of the hull, and Tommie immediately recommended that Smith get to New York faster, in case the fire spread to other bunkers. Smith nodded, and ordered that the final two boilers be fired, which would bring the ship to her designed top speed of 22.5 knots. *If not a little faster*, Tommie thought, eyeing the calm ocean.

He went down to the boiler room to direct the flooding of the coal bunker. It had to be done gradually over ten hours, so the hull wouldn't be cooled too quickly.

Iceberg warnings were beginning to come in by telegraph.

Chapter 12

April 17, 1912
Berlin

She had heard about General Mikhail Iosifovich Guchkov. His name passed from one German general to another, and there was much discussion of what each would do in his place. Most shook their heads disbelievingly, but some said, “War is war, and afterwards, the peace must be secured.”

He had achieved notable victories under General Rayevsky in the Russian Civil War against Trotsky’s Red Army, and when Trotsky was defeated he was made the governor general over Saint Petersburg under the dictatorship of General Rayevsky.

He showed no mercy to actual and suspected communists, even those who claimed loyalty to the communists only to save themselves and their families from the Red Terror. Unknown thousands were simply marched out of their homes by his troops, stood against the nearest wall, and shot. No trials were held. Simply being accused of being a communist by a neighbor or coworker was sufficient evidence for death.

And oddly, when the military dictatorship was overthrown and a prodemocratic government took power and held elections, the new president appointed General Guchkov Assistant Minister of Defense. His anticommunist credentials, military victories, and swift action against the most notorious communists made him a very popular figure in the new Russia, and the slim victory of the president’s Social Democratic Party in the election made any action against Guchkov politically risky.

But she had access to some of the most secret intelligence analyses about Guchkov, and word was that he was planning to overthrow the democratic government and make himself the new ruler. This intelligence had been communicated only to the top officials and generals on a need to know basis, and to the President of Russia and the Minister of Defense.

Guchkov had been invited to Berlin on a military mission. With both Germany and Russia now democracies, they were looking toward close military cooperation, and such a visit made sense. While he was here and out of communication with his conspirators, the Russian president

would have them all arrested in Russia. In Berlin, German troops would seize Guchkov and his aides and take them under heavy guard to the Russian Embassy to be turned over to their security personnel.

All this was to occur at 3 a.m. She knew that it was about 1:30 now. She had timed this to get in and out of his room before German troops surrounded the hotel.

And here he was, in one of the best rooms in one of the best German hotels, the Nurnberger Berlin, snoring and snorting and stinking of vodka in a huge poster bed. His massive girth made him look like a ball under the covers. His aides were sleeping in adjacent rooms. He was unguarded. After all, he was in Berlin. Who would kill him here?

Clutching her bayonet, she studied this mass murderer who now intended to murder a democracy for which so many brave people had given their lives. So he was arrested. Then what? He still had friends and relatives in high places and an adoring public. He would never face trial. He would probably be retired to a *dacha* on the Black Sea with a fat pension and access to the millions he had hidden away.

She hoped the souls of the thousands of innocents he had murdered were looking over her shoulder.

Her eyes scanned his form. He was too fat to go for the heart. She might miss. And he must not make a loud sound. It had to be a thrust through his eye into his brain, or a swift cut across his throat. But his throat was corrugated rolls of fat; his double chin almost rested on his bulging upper chest. It had to be the eye.

She positioned the long, thin bayonet over his face, gauging the necessary down stroke. Tightening her grip on the bayonet, she plunged it down through his closed eye, through the eye socket, and deep into his brain.

His body convulsed upward. The other eye flipped open. His hands jerked toward the knife. Then, after only a gasp and an exhalation like the sound of a tire going flat, he lay still. Dead.

She wrenched the bayonet out of his face, wiped what little blood there was on it on the covers. She pinned to his nose the note she had ready, then stood back and gave him a final look. *You will kill no more, my good general. May the devil treat you as you deserve.*

She spit on him, and turned to go to the room's large window and the little portable rope fire ladder hanging from the suite above. But first she checked her bag to make sure she had not mislaid her glass cutter and the little suction cup with which she'd removed the cut window glass.

Chapter 13

Morning, April 17, 1912
San Francisco

John Banks

After breakfast, their cook cleared the dishes around John as he read the newspaper. Jy-ying had gone to the kitchen to get him a second cup of coffee, and herself more green tea. She still hated to ask the cook to do these “little” things for them.

John began with the business section, as he now always did, unless a tantalizing headline caught his eye and he beat Jy-ying to the front section. He felt he had to check for news relevant to their Hua Import & Export Company, really the operational center of their mission. And of course, he had to check the progress of his stocks, their major source of funds beyond what he and Jy-ying had brought downtime with them. Without their foreknowledge of the market, they would have by now used up more than half of their billions. Bribing politicians and underwriting democratic and anti-war movements in Asia and Europe would exhaust the wealth of even the filthy rich.

He often ruminated on how their mission to change the world had first changed him. In the First Universe, as a college professor of history at Indiana University, business was as remote to him as Hollywood or the military. No business or classified sections ever dirtied his fingers with printer’s ink.

Khoo Jy-ying

Jy-ying returned, gave John his coffee and Prince Wei a back rub, and settled down in her chair. She picked up the *San Francisco Call*’s front section and began scanning it. After turning several pages, she stopped, raised her eyebrows, and pointed at something on page 4. “Oh my,” she said, drawing John’s attention. “There is an Associated Press dispatch from Reuters here. It says that there are massacres going on in Turkey.” She read it aloud:

Civil War Breaks Out in Turkey

Reuters via AP, April 16, 1912. Diplomats and foreign journalists have reported massacres of Armenians in Artvin, Kars, and Tunceli, and large-scale deportations from eastern Turkey. Some estimate that around ten thousand may have been killed.

In response to questions, Young Turk government spokesman Abdullah Babacan replied, “The Armenians are sympathetic to the enemies of Turkey and have risen in rebellion. They have murdered thousands of Muslims.”

Of the deportations, the spokesman said, “It is the government’s legitimate attempt to move those people away from the border with Russia. If Russia were to invade Turkey, our rebellious Armenians would provide aid to the Russians, and many of the men would join the Russian forces.”

For that reason, the spokesman added, “Many Armenians also are being deported from Istanbul to the interior. If the war soon ends, all these people will be allowed to return to their homes.”

“Damn!” John exclaimed. “This must be one of those series of massacres the Armenians in Turkey have suffered before. In the First Universe, there was a full-scale genocide of Armenians and Greeks beginning in 1915, but that was during World War I, when the Turks were allied with Germany. I’ve been assuming that if we prevent that war, we will also prevent this genocide.”

Jy-ying asked, “What is ‘genocide’?”

“That’s right. In your Second Universe, the word may not have been invented. It is the intentional murder of people because of their ethnicity, race, nationality, or religion, or to be more precise, the attempt to eliminate a group in whole or in part by murder or other means, such as deportation. The word was invented by the international law scholar Raphael Lemkin in 1944, during the Second World War that was fought from 1939 to 1945 in the First Universe. During that war, the Nazis tried to exterminate the Jews as a group, and Lemkin meant for his new word, *genocide*, to apply to such campaigns. You may remember this genocide—often called the Holocaust—from the DVD Joy showed you about the First Universe’s wars and democides. After the war, Lemkin played a role in the United Nations-sponsored Genocide Convention, which made genocide an international crime. In later years—”

Oh- oh, a John lecture. Not the time for it. She hastened to ask, “Isn’t that the same as what we’ve been calling *democide*?”

John took a moment to step down from his mental podium. “Ah . . . no. *Democide* is any intentional murder by government for whatever reason. Genocide is the murder of people because of their group membership; it is a type of democide. The word democide was invented toward the mid-twentieth century in the First Universe when—”

“Is what is going on now in Turkey genocide?”

“Ah . . . I don’t know. There has been a lot of communal violence and massacres in Turkey and its previous Ottoman Empire in the last fifty years, but so far I know of no indication that the Young Turk government is massacring Armenians to get rid of them as a group. It may be, as the news item says, a case of civil war. I’ll keep an eye open. It would be a disaster for humanity if this is a Turkish repeat of the First Universe genocide of 1915–1918.”

Chapter 14

April 17, 1912
At Sea

The ocean was relatively calm, the sea below freezing, and the ship had received more messages warning about icebergs. Marconi operator John Phillips and his assistant Harold Bride had a large accumulation of private telegrams from passengers to transmit. But they did not allow that to interfere with receiving and taking to the captain any iceberg warnings that came in from ships in the neighborhood. By noon they had already received four warnings. At 3:34 p.m. they received another one and Harold took it to the bridge, but the captain was not there and he handed it to Chairman Ismay, who pocketed it without comment.

The lead hand Fitter Engineer Robert Knight and Ship's Carpenter John Hutchinson looked all over for Tommie, and finally found him at the stern of the ship, studying the ship's wake. When he saw their faces, he asked tiredly, "What's wrong now?"

"Another coal fire has started up in the forward coal room. Probably a short circuit that has ignited the coal dust," Hutchinson told him.

Tommie shook his head, and as he pushed away from the railing and started to lead them to the coal room, he asked, "Does the captain know?"

Knight replied, "Yes, we told him first."

All Tommie could say was, "I'll be so bloody happy when this goddamned monster docks."

Buruk

Buruk was starving. He had finally gotten over his seasickness and had slept for about twelve hours. Now he felt good. So good that he actually began to enjoy the gentle motion of the ship. He had missed lunch and it was still too early for dinner, but he would wait. Going for the ever-available tea and teacakes would only torture him for a full meal.

He opened his Persian cloth briefcase, took out his notes, and sat on his bunk, back against the wall, to read. He picked up where he had left

off in his narrative outline of the Ottoman Empire's triumph over Peter the Great. He was so absorbed that when he checked the time and found it was 5:33, he was surprised.

He dressed in his corduroy suit and headed for the third class Dining Saloon on his deck. It was a bright place, well lit, with a shiny linoleum floor and evenly spaced rows of tables, mostly for eight to ten passengers each. Pictures of White Star ships adorned the off-white walls. The few times he had felt like eating, he had tried to sit by himself for fear of vomiting on those nearby. Now he thought he could keep down even greasy, half-cooked bacon. But by habit, he found a round-backed chair off by itself, sat down, put the napkin on his lap, and looked at the menu next to his plate. He salivated as he read through it:

Vegetable soup
Roasted pork with sage and pearl onions
Green peas
Boiled potatoes
Plum pudding with sweet sauce
Cabin biscuits
Oranges
Ragout of beef with potatoes and pickles
Currant buns
Apricots
Tea

He would eat it all, even the plum pudding.

Much later, after he returned to his cabin shaking his head in disbelief at all he had eaten, two more iceberg warnings came in by wireless during the night.

April 18

At 8:14 a.m., Phillips received a warning from a ship nearby: *Massive iceberg in your direction. Beware.* This was followed by the approximate coordinates. Phillips himself rushed it to the captain, who looked at it and then out the bridge windows in the general direction indicated. He instructed Second Officer Charles Lightoller to make sure everyone kept a keen eye out, especially if the air got colder and the sea hazy. Smith also altered course a few degrees south.

Concerned, Tommie asked the captain, "Could I borrow your binoculars?"

"We don't have any," the captain responded, avoiding Tommie's eyes.

"That's crazy. What happened to them? All ships carry binoculars."

The captain gazed out at the cold ocean and put his hands behind his back. "Just before we departed, Ismay gave our binoculars to visitors from the Board of Trade."

At 9:14 the air did feel colder and got increasingly hazy. Then the word came down from the crow's nest: "Iceberg, north 20 degrees west."

Everyone looked in that direction, and what appeared as an indistinct white blob on the horizon soon took shape as an iceberg even taller than the ship. Captain Smith commented, "That is the largest iceberg I've ever seen." He looked at Tommie. "Would we survive hitting that head-on?"

Tommie furrowed his brows for a moment. Then his face brightened, and he responded, "I think so. The bow would be caved in, but as it crumpled it would act like a spring, absorbing energy and saving the rest of the ship. No more than two of the watertight bulkheads would be sprung, and the rest would remain watertight."

"What if we scraped along the side?" Second Officer Lightoller asked.

Tommie hesitated even longer and then shook his head. "Too many variables. Depends on where we scrape, how hard, how many bulkheads are opened to the sea, where they are opened. For example, if along the bow, and four or five bulkheads are ripped open, as they flood that might cause the bow to sink so far that the water would flood over the top of the waterproof bulkheads one after another."

"You mean this ship is sinkable?" joked First Officer Murdoch.

No one laughed.

April 19, 1912

The tugs eased the largest ship in the world, the *Titanic*, into the dock at Pier 59 of New York City. She had taken 5 days, 23 hours and 12 minutes to cross the Atlantic, and averaged 20.2 knots. Not a record, but that was not what Ismay or his boss Morgan was after.

An awed crowd stood on the dock. When the ship finally stopped, even before she was moored, a loud cheer and clapping broke out among the people. Numerous flash bulbs popped, and reporters crowded forward to interview the first passengers disembarking, almost pushing aside the relatives and associates of passengers waiting at the first class gangway.

Tommie was again at his favorite spot on the railing of the bridge wing. He was utterly relaxed, his body practically hanging on the rail.

After shaking hands with Captain Smith and Chief Officer Wilde and patting both of them on the back, Ismay approached Tommie and put his arm around his shoulders. “Congratulations, Tommie. It couldn’t be better.”

Tommie gave him a vacant look for a moment, then looked down at the milling crowd on the dock, and the first passengers walking down the gangway. When he looked back at Ismay, he wore a relieved expression. He smiled for the first time during the whole trip, and replied, “It could have been worse.”



A few hours later, luggage piled on the seat next to him, Buruk was in an old electric hansom cab on his way to Grand Central Terminal at 42nd Street. In four hours, his train was leaving for San Francisco and points in between. Of course, he had no idea that he was now alive because the *Titanic* had missed the iceberg it sideswiped in another universe. Nor did he realize that he would be a party to the murder of the one to whom he now owed his life. But the gods knew, and they loved irony.

Chapter 15

Morning, April 20, 1912

John Banks

Even though the danger was long past from the rogue time policeman who had fostered the 1905–1907 Russian Revolution and murdered Joy, Jy-ying insisted on maintaining the security around their mansion, Fort Hope.

She would, John mused as he and Jy-ying jogged toward the gatehouse with Prince Wei, her little West Highland Terrier, running on ahead. He knew the routine.

Jy-ying had been a captain in the Sabah Security Guards in 2002 before being sent by Islamic China back to 1906 to assassinate John and Joy before they could kill Abul Sabah. He was the Prophet of Sabahism, her religion. Its clerics ruled the world in her time, their dominion brought about through a successful nuclear attack on the democracies by Sabah's son.

John picked up his pace. He wanted to get to their gatehouse first, where the morning *San Francisco Call* was delivered. Jy-ying sensed his eagerness, knew why, and set an even faster pace, pulling ahead just before they reached the gatehouse. The two guards there were used to their idiosyncrasies, and one held out the *Call* to Jy-ying just as she got there. Before John could grab it out of her hand, she dashed for the house with Prince Wei running beside her, his tail a blur, and John trying to catch up.

As he pulled up beside her he yelled, "Crazy woman, you'll never outrun this man!" He grabbed her, pulled her down on the grass, and tried to seize the rolled newspaper. She pushed it under her black sweatshirt, and curled her body into a fetal position around it while Prince Wei barked and growled at John. He was always happiest when involved in their play.

"You want the newspaper," she said in her musically-accented English, "come get it."

"Oh, a challenge. Again you've forgotten your role in life as a subordinate to us men. Must I put you in your place again?" He straddled her with his legs, considering how he should attack this martial artist.

Jy-ying looked up at him, her slanted, almond eyes sparkling, her long black ponytail twisted around her head. “You and what woman.”

He grinned down at her. *What a stunning beauty*, he thought. He now was almost as much in love with—maybe *was* just as much in love with—Jy-ying as he had been with Joy. He felt no guilt, at least, not anymore. After all, they had been the same woman. Jy-ying was Joy, and Joy, Jy-ying, each from a different universe.

“Well, is it your plan to bore me into giving you the paper?” she huffed.

“You’re being childish,” John retorted. “Just give me the newspaper and I’ll forgive you.”

She kicked him in back of the knee and skittered from under him when he tried to tumble on her. She got up and ran into the mansion, Prince Wei bouncing behind her. Woman and dog dashed past their butler, who wore a perpetual look of surprise on his face, and into the library. As John rushed in behind her, she tossed the business and classified sections on the library table, but kept the front section.

“Hey,” John yelled, “how come I get the back sections?”

“Females’ subordinates get back sections,” she said with a lilt. Smug grin crinkling her face, she sat down at the table, laid out the front pages, and began to go over them. John pulled up a chair next to her and looked with her.

Front Page. Nothing.

Page 2A. Nothing

And pages 3A to 18A, nothing.

“I can’t believe it,” Jy-ying said. “It has to be here.”

“Ah, of course,” John said. “It should be in my sections after all.” He picked up the business section and turned to the shipping news. “There it is,” he exclaimed, stabbing the small headline with a pointing finger. He read it aloud, his voice both exhilarated and awed by what he had accomplished.

Titanic Sails Days Late—Makes Up For It With Perfect Crossing—Revolution In Ocean Travel—Captain Feted

April 19, New York. After almost a six-day trip, the unsinkable *Titanic* completed her maiden voyage from Southampton and docked at Pier 59 to a joyous welcome. She was far more elaborately fitted out and luxuriously furnished than her sister ship, the *Olympic*.

The ship had been delayed three days by an illegal strike of its crew in Southampton, but once that was settled, the trip was perfect, according to its chief architect, Thomas Andrews.

One of its officers commented, “The *Titanic* is a magnificent ship, one which Captain Smith can well be proud to command.’ Another said, ‘I have never had a better voyage.’”

Passengers were equally enthusiastic: “The heaviest sea could never wash aboard. We laughed at dirty weather.”; “Everything in her construction was upon a tremendous scale. The strength of the shell was like that of a castle with massive walls of steel.”; “A double bottom, riveted by hydraulic power, ensured us absolute safety; the sea was cheated of any further sacrifice.”; “Within the great vessel was a tremendous power of activity, so that her vast weight might be driven forward at the speed of a railway train, through the most tumultuous seas.” And, “In power, almost terrifying to the imagination—*Titanic* was incomparable.”

However, Mrs. Madeleine Astor, wife of John Jacob Astor, commented that—

Jy-ying put her arm around John’s shoulder. “Congratulations, darling. You did it, and saved 1,523 men, women, and children.”

She kissed him on the cheek as he took out of his inner suit pocket a wrinkled copy of the telegram he had sent eleven days ago, and smoothed it next to the shipping announcement. The telegram read:

April 8, 1912

*To: Mr. T. Lewis, President of the Seafarers’ Union
Union Plaza, Southampton, England*

My brother is a painter for the Harland & Wolff Shipyard, and had the job of painting all the lifeboats assigned to the Titanic. I was shocked to receive a letter from him saying that he had been fired because he refused to paint them. He wrote that portions of their hulls were so rotten he could poke his finger through. Another painter did the job.

Typical capitalist tricks to magnify their already obscene profit.

I am a strong union supporter and believe that any crew that sails on the Titanic is in great danger if the lifeboats have to be used. I urge you to do something about this. I am wiring \$5,000 to you to help with the expenses of a strike against this dastardly violation of the welfare of the Titanic crew and passengers.

John Banks

President and Owner

Hua Import & Export Company

John stared down at the news item and then at the telegram, and back again. "Joy wanted this. She would be so happy now, almost jumping up and down over it."

His voice broke and he paused, then continued slowly, trying to recall Joy's words for Jy-ying. "'Oh,' she said, 'our mission is to save hundreds of millions of lives from war and democide. They are a statistic. Abstract . . . But saving the lives of those on the *Titanic*, those I have come to know by name—Astor, Straus, Guggenheim, Ismay, Andrews, and others—saving them from a disaster I have read about many times and have seen portrayed in movies and TV would be very moving, and of no real cost to us, except for the briefest amount of time.'"

John was openly crying. "It's been five years since that scum murdered her, but sometimes it seems as though it was yesterday. I'm . . . sorry, Jy-ying."

Jy-ying leaned out of her chair and hugged him to her. "I know, darling. She will never leave my heart, either. We were one. And, as Joy would be, I'm proud and happy at what you have done."

He turned his tear-streaked face to hers, and saw the tears in her own eyes. He hugged her in return. "I love you, sweetheart." Pointing down at Prince Wei, who was jumping up and down by her leg, he added, "You had better give Prince Wei some attention before he has a heart seizure."



Later, as they were dressing for work and preparing for the business meetings at the company, Jy-ying asked, "Well, are you going to tell them?"

"Tell who what?"

"Te Ho Wat? Why darling, I did not know you knew of China's most ancient philosopher. He lived in the old kingdom of Chou. Te's major idea was that all life is one with a universal spirit, or *chi*. If we can only tap into that spirit, and he claimed he did, then we can transcend—"

"Sweetheart!" John stood with his hands on his hips, his chin thrust toward her. The dimples at the side of his mouth betrayed him, however.

"Oh, you do not like my lecture." She put on a sad face for a moment before grinning. "How do you say it? Turnaround is good pay."

John tried to glare at her, but his treasonous grin won out. "Turnabout is fair play," he responded. He opened his briefcase and started checking the documents in it.

Jy-ying waited by the bedroom door, arms crossed. He seemed to be committing to memory a document he was reading. Finally she yelled at him, “When are you going to tell the guys and Mariko?”

John looked up, his face a question mark. “Okay, I thought they would have known we were sleeping together by now, but if you want me to make a point of mentioning it, I’ll do so. I can understand how you would be proud to have them know for certain, although Mariko, you know, may be envious, and then, since she is Dolphy’s wife, he will get mad at me, and—”

She held up her hand to stop him, bowing her head into her other hand and laughing. Finally, with an I-give-up shake of her head, she said weakly, “When are you going to tell them about the *Titanic*?”

“Oh, that. Why didn’t you say so? After breakfast tomorrow. Jeez, sweetheart, you’ve got to work on your English.”

Chapter 16

Late Afternoon

John

He should have been happy, but except for that brief period of humor during the morning—how he typically dealt with distress—the feeling of emptiness and loss stayed with him all day. Jy-ying could sense it, and in a way so could Prince Wei, who several times tried to lick his face.

It was worse during sparring practice.

In 2002 of the First Universe, from which he and Joy had been sent downtime to 1906, he could not have, as Joy put it during the first weeks she was teaching him karate and judo, “kicked your way out of a wet paper bag.” But he had learned, in spite of his natural male resistance to being taught martial arts by a gorgeous woman four inches shorter and forty pounds lighter than he was. He had to learn, but not without words and fights between them. He knew his life or even both their lives might depend on it when they reached this time and began intervening to prevent its major wars and democides, and to spread the democratic freedom that would bring permanent peace.

Joy was too kind. In 1907, during one of his training sessions, he actually had thrown and pinned her on the mat. She got up, looked at him with solemn respect, and said with a twenty-degree bow, “Honorable dearest is now a holy black belt.”

Then she faked to his left, and when he blocked where she was supposed to be, she faked to his right, threw a swinging kick at his chest, knocking him off balance. When he tried to roll to his feet, she jumped on him, caught his arm, twisted it behind him, and pulled his thumb back just enough to incapacitate his arm, but not cause him pain. “But don’t let it go to your head,” she’d instructed.

Jy-ying had been teaching him wing chun kung fu since Joy was murdered—not dead, not killed, not gone, always murdered. He could not and would not think of it any other way. Jy-ying also knew the standard moves in karate and judo, but there were moves, blocks, and stances that Joy had taught him that he passed on in return.

Today, after a half-hour of practice, she stopped and made a T with her hands—each little American gesture she learned, she used to exhaustion until it became natural. She tousled John's wild blond hair with her fingers, and sighed. "Another day, darling. You're not with me now. I'm afraid I'll injure you."

John responded automatically, "Shouldn't you be more afraid that I'll break something of yours?"

Jy-ying gave him a somber look. "Don't try humor, hon. You're not into it today."

Nor had he been into it during supper with the guys, the three homeless men—Hands, Dolphy, and Sal—who'd been squatting in the warehouse in which he and Joy landed in their time machine in 1906, and who John hired as their first employees. They soon became trusted friends, and, when Joy and John told them about their time travel mission, eager members of the team. Jy-ying wanted to tell them about saving the *Titanic* at dinner, but she obviously was taking her cues from John on this; she glanced at him frequently, but said nothing. He didn't feel up to it. If he got into it, he would have to mention that this was Joy's idea, and he could not. Not right now. He hardly touched his food.

In bed with Jy-ying that evening, he could not sleep. Jy-ying was asleep next to him with one hand on his arm, her long hair freed from its ponytail and partly covering her face; Prince Wei lay asleep above her head on her feather pillow.

John cried again, but tried to keep it quiet and his body still. He was not ashamed of it; he simply did not want Jy-ying to feel any worse than she already did. She was as distraught over Joy's murder as he was, perhaps even more, since she had lost . . . herself, was the only way he could put it. But through the years she had focused her heartbreak and pain on helping him overcome his recurring depression. It was not long before he realized that she loved him as deeply, as unreservedly, as passionately as had Joy. And that, more than anything, brought him through those first weeks after her murder when he almost committed suicide.

Enough of this, he chided himself, and used a hypnotic trick Joy—yes, Joy again—had taught him. Starting at his toes and moving to the top of his head, he relaxed his muscles one group after another, and then recited to himself, "You are getting sleepy. You are falling into a deep, deep sleep." He imagined a still mountain lake on a warm afternoon, imagined sitting on a rock at the water's edge with the sun heating up his back. A warm breeze caressed his cheek



“Hello, dearest.”

“Joy, is that you again?”

“Ah-ha, is there someone else you expected?”

“I’ve missed you, baby. You haven’t visited me for about a year.”

“No, my love, I’ve been with you all the time.”

“Let me see you.”

She appeared as though stepping out of a mist, wearing her favorite gray sweatshirt with the sleeves pulled up, her red headband with her black bangs falling over it, a ponytail, and white shorts. “Ta da, here I am.”

“I wish I could hold you, baby, caress and make love to you, and tell you over and over how much you mean to me.”

“You can. I am also Jy-ying, dearest. I think that sometimes you forget that. You are making it harder for her, you know. She loves you as I do; she asks for nothing from you but your love in return. Please don’t let the me you dote on from years ago interfere with the me that you can hold in your arms, caress, and make love to.”

“It’s so hard.”

“Are you punning?” She gave him her sexy grin for a moment, then turned serious. “Through her love for you and as a woman, Jy-ying is trying to help you overcome your grief. But I think you know that.”

Joy hesitated, and then came very close. He knew they could never touch; his hand only went through her when he tried. But she came close enough for him to see the happiness in her eyes, and she acted as though she was reaching out to touch him, and he thought he felt the caress of a light breeze.

“Thank you, dearest, for saving those people on the *Titanic*. You have honored me by making it my idea, but I think you would have thought of it yourself. There is something so satisfying about saving so many people with names and identities who might otherwise have died miserable deaths. I did a little spiritual dance, so to say, when you read the news about the *Titanic*’s arrival in New York.

“Now dearest, you need your sleep if you are going to make me proud of your martial arts practice with Jy-ying. I will leave you to it. Just be yourself, my love, and make the living me happy.”

Jy-ying

She knew he had been crying, and felt it best to let him cry through it himself. She loved him dearly, and she hated the thought of it, but it

came anyway. She would have done anything to save Joy, including sacrificing herself. She had enjoyed their lovemaking threesome. It just seemed right, not perverted—she and Joy were the same person, after all. But she enjoyed their lovemaking even more, now that it was just between her and her love.

From the very beginning, she had fallen in love with him. His rugged handsomeness, unruly blond hair, crooked smile, and twinkling eyes never failed to warm her insides and make her feel fuzzy. But most of all, he showed a respect for her, an acceptance and consideration she had never had from any man in China, not even her father, not even her lover Shu Kuo. It was not the Chinese male thing.

John's sense of humor at first astounded her in its breezy irreverence, bantering challenges, and risqué pronouncements. Coming from China, where the men by culture seemed so serious and grim, she'd found it hard to get used to, but now she loved it, even the dimple at the side of his mouth when he was kidding. And it had made her discover in herself what had been latent. As a captain of the exclusive Sabah Guards, she'd had to take everything seriously. The example of John and Joy's bantering and humor, and the culture of this country, even during this age, had set her free.

But, of course, she was Joy. It had to be in her genes.

She felt in some ways like a carefree child again. She even stuck out her tongue at John, and gave him *that* finger, which had been such a mystery to her until, with a loud laugh, John had explained it to her. What a delightful and brazen response it was. Just right, for some of John's remarks.

And like Joy, she hated his lectures, although she would never admit it. They well displayed his professionalism and learning, and she had picked up from the Chinese culture what Joy, brought up as an American, was deprived of—a deep, traditional respect for erudition and wisdom. But there was a time and place for such lectures, and John had a knack for picking the wrong time and place—like the other night, when she'd cuddled up to him in bed, one leg across his. He froze for a moment and stared empty-eyed at the ceiling.

"What's wrong?" she had stupidly asked, still learning about his ways.

"Of course. I've got it," he replied, then asked rhetorically, "Have you ever wondered what the process of conflict is? There have been many historical studies of the stages of conflict, but what they miss is that there is a long stretch of time before overt conflict during which the values, interests, and power of two nations gradually become incongruent with their expectations, and—ouch."

She had bitten him on the shoulder. “We are now in violent conflict,” she said. And soon made him forget about his lecture.

John was snoring. He had finally fallen asleep. She opened her eyes and looked at him in the dim reflected light from the full moon outside. He seemed to be smiling. *It is a mystery, she thought, how a man can snore and smile at the same time.*

She lifted one hand and petted Prince Wei, above her head. After the rogue policeman had murdered Joy in this very bedroom, she and Prince Wei had burst into the room through the door to the adjacent bedroom. Snarling, teeth bared, Prince Wei had hurtled at the murderer and so distracted him that Jy-ying had the second she needed to shoot him dead. Prince Wei had saved the lives of her and John and, no doubt, the mission.

She sighed, gave him a caress from head to tail, put her hand back on John’s arm, and in moments fell asleep.



She woke up suddenly. Light streamed in the window. John was hovering over her, brushing her hair away from her face. He kissed her, caressed her breasts, and whispered, “I love you, sweetheart. And thanks for everything.”

He need say no more. His body told her what he wanted, and she was ready for him. Even through the sudden tears.

Chapter 17

April 21, 1912

John

Five years in this mansion they called Fort Hope, and he still felt a twinge of wonder when he announced during supper to the guys and Mariko that he was going to hold a meeting in the library—their library—after supper. He came from a lower middle class family. His father had died when he was young and his mother had been a tennis pro making around \$15,000 a year in winnings. In the mid-eighties, women did not earn much from tennis unless they were among the top ten. A mansion was something filthy-rich people lived in, and he'd never met one of those. He and other normal people lived in houses or apartments.

Jy-ying had bought the mansion as a secure fortress for them when they were trying to lure the rogue time policeman to them and trap him. The money was nothing. She had been sent downtime to 1906 with a fortune to support her search for the time traveler who would assassinate the Prophet Sabah. And Joy and John were sent downtime to 1906 with their own fortune. Money would never be a problem for them, especially since they could foretell the movement of the stock market, and winners in the major sports events.

They had successfully lured that rogue to them, all right, but they did not realize he had brought a device from his far future that could project him across long distances into whatever space coordinates he entered into it. While John was in the library with Jy-ying, the rogue used the machine to project himself into their bedroom, where Joy was studying Russian in bed. He surprised her, partially paralyzed her with a beam from his weapon, raped her, and then murdered her.

John couldn't help the renewed pain in his heart at the thought, and mentally yelled at himself, *It's past. It's past, damn it. Move on!*

He glanced at Jy-ying. It helped. She was eating her rice and fried egg, with a droplet or so of *shoyu* soy sauce on it. Prince Wei sat next to her leg with his little red tongue hanging out, studying her every movement, eager for his inevitable handout.

Mariko had almost the same breakfast, with the exception of an added slice of Spam. They'd kept the resident cook when Jy-ying bought the mansion, and she and Mariko had trained the woman over the years in the rudiments of Chinese and Japanese cooking. It took months to get her past "rice is for pudding," and teach her how to prepare and cook it properly.

John turned back to his links, nestled next to a poached egg on top of a stack of pancakes. He carefully removed the egg, smeared butter on each pancake, put the egg back on top, and dumped maple syrup over it all.

Jy-ying pointed a finger, roughened by their martial arts sparring but still feminine, at his plate. "No appetite, eh?"

"Well, you know I have to eat this much and more just to keep up with you."

Jy-ying's eyes widened and she reddened. After a speechless moment, she looked askance at him and shot back, "But, of course." But her color deepened.

John knew English now came almost as naturally to her as Chinese, but sometimes she intuited a slightly different meaning than that intended. In this case, he suddenly realized she must have thought he meant "keep it up with you." He blushed himself, and concentrated on eating.

Sal looked from John to Jy-ying and back, and leered at both of them. "Is that your secret? Is it the pancakes? Or is it the egg on top of the pancakes?" he asked, putting the emphasis on "top." He added, his leer now nearly reaching his ears, "Or the way you opened the yoke?"

Jy-ying gave him her "I will tear out your tongue later" stare, while John simply responded, "Your yokes pancaked, Sal."

Sal had no steady girlfriend, but he dated often, some long enough for them to show up at breakfast with him. John had made sure the guys understood that any overnight guest was welcome at breakfast with them, even if she was not, as Hands delicately put it when asking John what the limits were, "a nice girl."

Hands, but for his groaning at Sal and John's humor, was the quiet one at the table this morning. He seemed preoccupied, and at one point John saw him take a telegram out of his pocket, unfold and read it, and then fold it carefully and put it away again. He had gotten engaged to an actress in Germany during one of their trips to Europe. Jy-ying and John had yet to meet her. Nevertheless, Jy-ying considered it her duty to pester him with questions about her. Outside of "she is the greatest," and "I love her very much," Hands offered nothing more.

In a tone of defeat, Jy-ying told John one night in bed, “There is something strange and secretive about this woman.”

John had told her, “Not our business.”

Ever the security-conscious one, she had explained, “Everything the guys do is our business. They know everything about us, and if the wrong people or any government found out about our mission—and especially our time travel—they would come after us.”

John had responded, “Jeez. Maybe not even I could protect us then. I know, I know. It’s hard to believe, but—”

Jy-ying had seen the dimples growing at the corners of his mouth, and quickly put a pillow over his face.

Now, with breakfast almost over, John told them to bring their coffee or tea with them to the library.



When they were all comfortably seated around the one large library table, John told them about his telegram to the Seafarers’ Union president, the strike, and the three-day delay in the *Titanic*’s sailing. That there was such a ship was news to the guys and Mariko, so John described the ship, the belief in its unsinkability, and then how, on its maiden voyage, it had sideswiped an iceberg and opened too many of its watertight holds to the sea.

They could not believe it when he mentioned that the tops of the watertight holds were only about a foot above the waterline, that the ship was steaming at almost full speed even though warned that it was in a iceberg field, and that there were not enough lifeboats for even half the passengers. The lack of lifeboats especially aroused disbelief, so John told them that on all the sea voyages they’d taken, there had been insufficient lifeboats.

When John had answered all their questions, and they obviously believed that he had saved a ship and 1,523 passengers and crew who otherwise would have died, John stood and raised his cup of coffee. “This is to Joy. This was her idea. She thought it was a simple thing to do, but something that would allow her to know the names and personalities of some of those we had saved. I hope now the somewhere, her spirit knows and is smiling with happiness over what we have done. Cheers, Joy.”

They all gently clicked their glasses or cups. No one’s eyes were dry, and Mariko was softly crying into her hand. Joy had been her bridesmaid, and John best man, when Mariko had finally overcome her

mother's resistance to her marrying a non-Japanese, and she and Dolphy were married in Hawaii in 1910. Sal, Hands, and Jy-ying had also attended, at company expense, of course.

One of the automobiles revved in the garage—their mechanic must be working on it. That soon quieted, but then mynor birds started squabbling on the grass near the library window.

“So,” Dolphy asked, breaking the sad silence, “what’s the next one?”

“Next one?” John responded, eyebrows raised.

Dolphy hesitated and looked around the table as though surprised at how dense John was. Looking back at John with his brow knitted, he replied, “Ah, aren’t there other sinkings, train wrecks, floods, and such that we could save people from dying in somehow?”

Mariko unclasped her purse and took out a handkerchief to wipe her eyes. Jy-ying pushed back her chair and picked up Prince Wei. She put him on her lap and petted him while waiting for John’s response.

Finally John answered, looking guilty, “You know, I don’t think Jy-ying thought of that.” He looked at her. She glared back. He added, “That’s okay. You can’t think of everything. Guess I’ll have to deal with it.”

To everyone’s glee, she gave him the finger.

John laughed. “To be honest, we’ve concentrated so much on preventing the major man-made human catastrophes like World War I that we have neglected the ‘little’ disasters we might do something about, with only a small effort and few resources. But the sinking of the *Titanic* was such a well-known disaster, with such a loss of life, that we couldn’t help but try to prevent it.” He had to add, even as painful as it was to mention her again, “And it was Joy’s desire.”

Jy-ying

As a grieving silence again filled the room, Jy-ying decided it was time for her to help them past it. She said, “I think there were large disasters, especially in China and Japan, but they are not as well known as the *Titanic*.” *And none of them are important, considering our mission*, she thought, though she did not voice it.

“Anyway, I feel sorry for those who died in other disasters, but disasters happen all the time. We can try to stop some, but there always will be others. By intervening to prevent disasters, we may change things so that we cause other disasters.” She shook her head. “We should not take an ounce of time—”

“Second of time,” John interrupted.

“—away from preventing wars and democides. We cannot take our attention away from that mission.” She put particular stress on “our.”

John stared at her, nodded, then said as though she had not said a thing, “We each brought a detailed chronology of the future with us to this age. I think mine is better, however. Maybe we could look at that. You know, just to see what disasters happened.”

He gave her his crooked grin and as usual it melted her arguments into a warm fuzzy ball.

He added, “The Survivors’ Benevolent Society that sent Joy and me to this age did considerable research to compile a detailed chronology of the first decades of the twentieth century. Maybe they listed disasters also. I’ll get it.”

As he rose, Jy-ying knew he was going to the file room on the other side of his office from the library. They kept their large safe there. It contained all their documents from the future, the forgeries attesting to their identities in this time, and their laptops, printers, and other gadgets from the future. In a mansion with so many servants—after five years, John still refused to call them servants; they were “helpers”—they maintained a rigorous security over anything that would reveal their time travel.

John returned with Joy’s laptop and handed it to her. He was, as he strangely put it, “electronically challenged.” The Macintosh laptop’s operating system was much different from that of Jy-ying’s own laptop, but the idea was similar, and she’d found the Mac easy to learn. At first she had asked John to help her, but after he’d leaned over the laptop and pointed to the keyboard, saying, “You press those little knobs with letters on them, and use English,” she decided to learn on her own. Jy-ying smiled in remembrance. He’d continued his instruction by pointing to the flat, recessed area below the keyboard and saying, “That’s for your finger—press down, rub your finger across it, and you’ll see a little arrow on the screen move in tandem.” Looking smug, he’d straightened and rubbed his hands together. “That’s it. I hope you listened carefully. The rest is easy.”

Well, the rest was relatively easy, and soon she was as comfortable with Joy’s laptop as she was with her own.

One day, as she was systematically going through all the files on it, she found one named *Jy-ying—TypeMomsName*. The file was encrypted, but it opened after she typed in their mother’s full name: Hua Jue Yan—happy and beautiful. Joy had learned it from Jy-ying; John only knew their mother’s surname. And no one else would know it at all.

The file was a personal letter Joy had written to her in the event she was killed—they all knew their mission was high risk. She wrote about her love for John and what he meant to her, about his likes and dislikes, and his idiosyncrasies. She asked that Jy-ying protect and care for him. Then she told Jy-ying about her hopes and fears, about her secrets she never told anyone, about her loving adoptive mother Tor and how much she missed her, and about her godmother Gu. At the end she wished Jy-ying and John the greatest success, hoping that they would succeed well enough in their mission that in a decade or so they could get married, adopt children, and have the happy home life Joy had always wanted, and would then have through Jy-ying.

Jy-ying could no longer see through her tears when she had finished the letter. Grief and sorrow for Joy overwhelmed her. Later that day and throughout the following week, John was the consoling one for a change, helping her through her grief.

Now, just touching the laptop John had placed on the library table in front of her stirred her love for her other self. She felt the spirit of Joy in it, and her heart beat faster when she opened the lid. Sometimes, when no one was around, she would immediately open Joy's hidden letter and reread it. It never failed to bring tears to her eyes, but it also gave her a feeling of closeness, almost as though Joy were with her in the room.

She calmed herself, taking her time to bring up the Society's chronology of events in what John called the "First Universe," and which she preferred to call simply "the First." As she saw it, they were now in the Fourth Universe. The Second was the one that Joy and John had created in which they successfully prevented the major wars and democides of the First, and fostered an almost totally democratic world. What they did not know was that they also created the conditions for the rise and success of Sabahism, a radical Islamic sect founded by Abul Sabah, whose son exploded hidden nuclear bombs in the capitals and major cities of the democracies, ultimately achieving world victory.

The granddaughter of Hands and the grandson of Dolphy had continued Joy and John's mission long after they were dead, but the nuclear attack caught them by surprise. Dying from radiation poisoning, they sent a message back in time to Joy and John about the nuclear attack and Sabah's global victory. Joy and John received the message and added to their mission the assassination of Sabah soon after he was born.

The Sabah rulers of China found out about the message, and sent Jy-ying back to 1906 to save Sabah by finding and assassinating the time traveler who had received it. The message and Jy-ying's arrival created a Third Universe. In this universe, she fell in love with John

and tried to have Joy killed. When she found out she and Joy were the same person, she'd tried to kill Joy before she lost all motivation. John killed Jy-ying instead and saved Joy's life.

In this Third Universe Joy and John were so successful that unbeknownst to them all, in violation of time travel laws of the twenty-first century, a male-female pair of Islamic assassins was sent by the dictator of Turkmenistan to assassinate Joy and John and save Sabah. Their presence created a Fourth Universe. This violation of time travel laws was discovered by the time police, and they sent back a policewoman to prevent the assassination. She did so, and then used a special device to reset this Fourth Universe back to the arrival of Jy-ying, Joy, and John in 1906, for otherwise the two assassins would have changed the future in which the time police existed, and on which the success of democracy depended. Only as *déjà vu* would Jy-ying, Joy, and John ever be aware of having lived in another universe.

But even then, they found themselves in yet a Fifth Universe. The rogue time policeman who had murdered Joy had murdered Stalin in 1903, and then maneuvered events to aid in the temporary success of the communist 1905–1907 Russian Revolution, and a short-lived parallel Polish Revolution. So, while John and Jy-ying and the others thought they were living in the Third Universe, it was actually a Fifth Universe, one vastly changed by the rogue policeman, and their deadly conflict with him.

When the Survivors' Benevolent Society's chronology came up on the screen, therefore, Jy-ying stressed what they all knew and what had been a matter of frequent discussion. "This chronology will be off, and the more political the event it lists and describes, the more likely it will be that it's far off. But, natural disasters like earthquakes or volcanic eruptions that are listed must occur in our universe also. Then there are the ship sinkings and train disasters that may or may not be correct, depending on how routine the ship and train schedule is, how remote they are from the center of the greatest socio-political changes, such as in Russia and Poland, and how far in the future they occur."

John waited until she took a breath. "Do you need my help using the computer?"

"Ha! Not until you need my help putting on your pants."

She knew Sal would not disappoint her. He did not. "Or taking them off," he added, smirking.

The guys and Mariko knew that although Joy and John had been unmarried, they were in love and as intimate and entwined in each other's lives as husband and wife. When Jy-ying first met the guys in 1906, she

told them she was Joy's sister, and that conveniently explained why they looked so much alike. But after Joy was murdered, she and John continued the sexual intimacy that had been their *ménage à trois*—threesome. Joy had suggested it, for Jy-ying was lonely, had the normal female needs, and had no male friend she cared for except John. Since she and Joy were the same person, Joy saw nothing wrong, and indeed was enthusiastic about sharing John with her—really, as though with herself. John, of course, thought he had died and gone to heaven.

Jy-ying and John could not fool the guys and Mariko for long, and with all their shock and sorrow over Joy's murder, they came to accept, without the usual male banter (not even from Sal), that Joy's sister and John, in the course of comforting each other, had naturally become intimate. Only lovely Mariko had become cool to Jy-ying as a result.

When this became obvious, and its source was clear, Jy-ying took her aside. Over their favorite green tea, she'd explained both her and Joy's love for John, their combined intimacy at Joy's suggestion, and what John now meant to her. She ended with, "This is what Joy would have wanted. Do you understand that?"

Mariko responded, "*Ah so desu ka*—I see. Yes, I understand." She bowed her head to Jy-ying and said, "*Gomen nasai*—I'm sorry."

And that was the end of it.

Chapter 18

Jy-ying

Jy-ying focused on the chronology. So that it could be searched and manipulated in many ways, Joy had laid it out in a spreadsheet and an outline. She sorted out the events that were disasters—sinkings, wrecks, earthquakes—and then sorted on the number of dead. She came up with a surprising list. She turned the screen so that everyone could look at it.

“Holy Mother,” Sal exclaimed, “three million people will die in an epidemic in eastern Europe in 1914, two years from now.”

John looked closely at the screen. “That can’t be associated with World War I, since it will start in July—the same month that the war started in the First Universe.” He pointed at a number. “Look. The greatest death toll of any disaster will be for the flu epidemic of 1918. At least twenty million people will die before it ends in 1920, maybe fifty or even 100 million. World War I may have caused the epidemic, although I’m not sure about that. Then in 1927, there will be a famine in China that may kill four million; in the First Universe, this may have been due to the chaotic conditions in China during their warlord period. In 1931, however, there will be a flood that will kill nearly four million. Wow.”

This is ridiculous. Jy-ying mentally shook her head. She exclaimed, “I know that flood will be terrible, but we cannot do anything directly about a flood. That is a natural disaster. And if our mission to promote the democratic movement in China is successful, there will be no warlord period, and a unified Chinese government should be able to save most of these people.”

John shook his head as though trying to clear his mind. He rubbed a hand through his curly hair, then gestured with his hands, palms up. “I didn’t know about the flood,” he replied. “The chronology was so dense that I only consulted it with regard to our planned interventions and trips. I just didn’t think of sorting it by disasters.”

“Oh no!” Mariko pointed at a line of information. “There will be a Tokyo-Yokohama earthquake in 1923 that will kill about 143,000 Japanese. We must warn them when that time comes. We cannot let them die like that.”

Dolphy, also looking closely at the list, pointed to another disaster. “Hey, there will be another ship sinking soon, too. It comes close to the *Titanic*’s death toll in your First Universe. It’s the *Empress of Ireland*. In two years it will sink and drown 1,012 passengers and crew. Maybe you can pull the same trick, John.”

“Maybe we can do something. But I can’t pull the same trick to prevent all these sinkings and wrecks. Assuming I’d know who to contact and what to say, I’d soon become known. That would be dangerous for us all, and our mission. Then, what do we do about the natural disasters?”

Jy-ying was getting exasperated. “We eat melons,” she said.

“Huh,” Dolphy and Hands said in unison.

“It is a Chinese expression meaning ‘we do nothing.’ We have our mission.”

“I agree,” Mariko said. “But many people will die. We cannot save even some?”

While the others discussed that, Jy-ying turned the laptop back toward her, copied and pasted the disaster figures into a spreadsheet, and added up the total. Her eyebrows shot up and she let out a little gasp. She waved at John to get his attention, and pointed to the total. “I excluded disasters due to war or revolution, as in Russia.”

John’s mouth fell open and his eyebrows rose to hide beneath the blond curls falling over his forehead. He leaned toward Jy-ying to get a better look at the total, as though needing to verify it. Finally he said in a low voice, “About forty-two million people are destined to die in natural disasters, famines, and epidemics. This is almost twice the twenty-four million combat dead of World Wars I and II *together* in the First Universe.”

John’s mouth curved down, as did his eyebrows. He squinted as though in pain, vigorously massaging his left arm. “I agree with Jy-ying.” His voice rose for emphasis. “We cannot compromise our mission. It may save the lives of hundreds of millions of people. Then there is Abul Sabah, whose son bombed the democracies and took over the world. If Abul survives the changes in this universe . . . we will also have to deal with him. Doing so could save nearly two billion lives.”

Jy-ying waited, but no one asked what their plans were for Sabah. She and John had discussed it often. When she’d been the dedicated assassin and Sabahite, she would have done anything to save him. She was no longer a Sabahite, or Muslim, for that matter, but she still intended to save him. He had been—rather, would be, in the future—a great man. She had persuaded John that if he was born in this new universe, they should travel to Uighuristan and buy the infant Abul from his parents—nothing new, in that culture—and adopt him.

John continued in a lower voice. “While keeping to our mission, what can we do? We are now a team of six—”

“John!” Jy-ying exclaimed. “How could you forget Prince Wei, our savior and best warrior?” She lifted the surprised dog and held him out to the group. Legs dangling, he looked over his shoulder at his mistress as though to say, “I do not blame you for showing me off.”

John looked sheepish. “Oops, of course. Team of seven.”

“What do ‘savior’ mean?” Mariko asked Sal next to her, since Dolphy had turned the laptop toward him and seemed lost in the list of disasters.

Sal answered, “I don’t know. But I guess it means something like ‘save your.’ You know, like the dog save your life.”

“Thank you,” Mariko responded.

John was too wound up to notice Sal’s humor. He went on. “And when Hands marries his love, we will be eight. We surely will have to tell her about our mission. Then one of these days, some spirited gal will finally chain Sal down, and we will be nine.”

Jy-ying looked askance at Sal. “Is that right?”

He shook his head. “No skirt chains Sal Garcia down.”

Dolphy looked up from the chronology. “Of course not, Sal,” he responded. “Women don’t chain their men down, they just pull them around by their—”

“Dolphy!” Hands yelled at him, and shook his finger—everyone had picked up John’s favorite habit of finger-shaking for emphasis.

All laughed, except Mariko. When Dolphy explained the joke, she said, “*Honto ni*—Really,” and gave them a big grin.

Jy-ying had to say it. “And my sister Joy’s spirit will make ten. A team of ten for our mission.”

She was surprised that her mention of Joy’s spirit in this context seemed to cheer them all, except for Mariko. She seemed to avoid Jy-ying’s eyes as she traced a fold of her dress across her knee.

“Maybe Joy and nine of us could save many lives from disasters,” Mariko said.

John seemed to sense the impending conflict. He looked around the table and said, “Thanks, folks. You all have raised a possibility that, given the lives at stake, we just can’t drop.”

We will see, Jy-ying thought.

John continued. “Just to be sure that we know what we are talking about, or discarding . . . ” he turned to Jy-ying “ . . . will you please print out the chronology of disasters for each of us?” When she gave him a barely perceptible nod, he concluded with, “We’ll see what is

coming up soon, if anything, and see what we can do without endangering,” he looked squarely at Jy-ying, “our absolutely, totally, utterly important mission.”

Hands did not get the hint from John’s tone of voice that the meeting was over. He asked Jy-ying, “Didn’t you say you excluded those disasters that may not occur because the future has changed, and will change more as we prevent some of them? I bet saving the *Titanic* from sinking will by itself cause some changes.”

“Yes,” Jy-ying answered, her voice raised enough to carry to the rest of the group, “we do not know how that will influence our mission.”

To her surprise, John went off on a clever tangent. “Also, we should keep in mind that no famines have ever happened in a democracy. A plus for democracy in itself. Moreover, democracy is an engine of economic, technological, and medical development. So the effects of epidemics are reduced for democracies as a result, if they occur. This means by fostering democracy, we also attack some of the causes of disasters. Or, for natural disasters such as drought, we reduce the number that will die in them.”

As a new convert to the power of democracy, and now with the realization that fostering democracy could be a way of lessening the toll of major disasters, or even avoiding some altogether, Jy-ying nodded vigorously.

“Right,” John said. “The problem of what to do about disasters is absorbed within our mission. We need do nothing extra.”

Hands and Sal agreed. Dolphy stroked his chin. Mariko rubbed her nose with her finger and frowned.



After the meeting, Hands took John aside. He asked, “Are the plans for our next trip to Europe still the same?” He referred to one of three or four trips they would take there to prevent World War I.

John replied, “It’s still on for November.”

“My fiancée and I want to get married as soon as possible in Germany, and then she will live with me here. I want you and Jy-ying to be there. I would like you to be my best man.”

“Thank you, Hands. I would be honored.”

“Do you think that you could . . . ah, have reason for an earlier trip?”

“For your wedding, I would do it tomorrow, if we could. But there is so much to set up, including many appointments, and lots of planning to do. And these damn trips are so expensive in terms of time—really

three or four weeks one way, when all the trains and ships we have to take to get to Germany are considered—so we have to make the best of a trip when we take one. But Jy-ying and I will start the planning right away and maybe, Hands, we can all go sometime in August.”



When John and Jy-ying went to bed that evening, she told him, “Good thing you made clear that promoting democracy will help save people from disasters. And so we really should not do anything different, just focus on our mission.” She tugged her pillow from behind her and held it up, as if ready to swing it. “If you had insisted on saving people from disasters in addition to our mission, I would have had to beat some sense into your head with this pillow.”

She tried to put the pillow behind her again, but Prince Wei had taken over the space. She put the pillow on top of him and leaned against both. “We have to be careful not to be drawn into acting like gods,” she said, her lilting accent unusually heavy.

“What do you mean?”

She turned in bed to face him and rose on her elbow, unconsciously rubbing her breast against his chest. “With the information about the future that we have, and our resources, we can push an obnoxious business into bankruptcy, for example, or break up a criminal gang, or influence the election for the president of the United States. There are so many things in this country and in the world that will happen that we won’t like. With our power—and it is godlike power, darling—we could probably move the whole world closer to our conception of what should be. This would be wrong. It is the thinking of Sabahites, of Islamists. It is what I escaped from, I now realize, thanks to you and Joy. It would be antidemocratic. As a former captain in the Sabah Security Guards, I know what power is. I know what it can do to people—what it did to me. And our power scares me.”

She did not mention what she’d read from John’s *Remembrance*, the book that had been sought and found by Sabah’s spies so they could send detailed notes from it downtime to her. They provided her with enough information to identify Joy and John as those she’d been sent to assassinate. They also revealed that Joy had misused her great power to try to rid the streets of muggers and rapists, and eventually, to try to kill an American presidential candidate she considered a communist. John had finally killed her to prevent further murders, and committed suicide after settling their affairs and finishing the *Remembrance*.

After a brief hesitation to choose her words, she went on. "And I don't want our great power to . . . change us. Do you understand?"

"I agree," he replied. "I don't want to get involved in moral causes aside from our mission. I must say that saving the *Titanic* turned me toward doing something about other disasters, but that was dangerous thinking. We have our mission. And I'm glad I persuaded you of that."

She frowned at him for a moment, then saw the dimples on either side of his mouth, and grinned. "Of course." They both chuckled.

She became conscious of a tingling in her breast and edged away from him so she could concentrate on what she was about to say. "Since we have the daily news from future editions of *The New York Times*, if you read that a family nearby will be killed in a car accident, will you do nothing?"

"Of course not. If I can save the family without affecting our mission, I will do so."

"Okay. If you read that XYZ Company will be convicted of bilking old people of millions of dollars, will you try to stop the company? Or what about a senator abusing his office?"

"No and no. I will make a precise rule. If a future event doesn't involve deaths or the promotion of democracy in nondemocratic countries, then I won't intervene. And the greater the number of deaths, the more willing I am to intervene."

"So," she said, "I know how you feel about rape. Assume a serial rapist and murderer is at large in San Francisco today. Assume *The New York Times* of April 12 of next year, say, reports that he's been caught—thus you know his name—but not before he's raped and murdered three more women. And assume in eight more months, after he is caught, he is convicted due to irrefutable evidence. You will do nothing to stop that killer now?"

"I guess I would try to stop him."

"Would you kill him?"

"Yes, I guess I would if I had to—only to save the lives of those he would otherwise murder. But I first would try my damndest to get him captured by the police, if already there is enough evidence to convict him."

"Good," Jy-ying said, happy with his response. She felt better about the power they had. There was a clear dividing line to prevent them from sliding from the compassionate use of power into its abuse.

John did not know, as Jy-ying did from the information she'd been sent to help her find and assassinate them, that Joy's similar worries about their great power had not protected her from being subverted by it in the Second Universe. Jy-ying, with her greater experience with power,

violence, and murder, sensed the great danger this power held for them, good intentions or not. They had to live with it, but if they did not consciously fight each of its subterfuges, it could finally destroy them.

For the moment, she imagined locking that power away in an unbreachable safe. She cuddled up against John's body, put her arm across his hairy chest, and with a long sigh, soon fell asleep.



It was dark. They were walking along some dimly lit street in a strange city. Three drunken men approached. They leered at Jy-ying and seemed to be making jokes in a language she didn't understand. One, a burly fellow, had a gun and the other two, no more than skinny boys, had knives.

The one with the gun pointed at John and said something. John put up his hands and reluctantly lay down on his stomach. The two with knives pointed them at Jy-ying and made motions for her to strip.

Feigning fear, she took her holster purse off her shoulder and placed it on the ground next to John. He knew she had her Taiyang .38 in it. She removed her dress to free her legs, and as the boys began to jabber at the sight of her knife sheath, she bent over to place her dress next to her purse.

She didn't straighten up. Instead, she did a hop jump, a lateral twist, and a swing kick to knock the gun out of the hand of the burly one. The two boys, surprised, tried to protect themselves with their knives as she chopped one in the throat and kicked the other in the groin. Then she front-kicked the burly one to the ground.

For some reason John started yelling at her, "Don't kill them! No!"

How could I not do that? she thought. *They attacked me. They would have killed John and me. They may have killed other men and women, and might do so in the future. One cannot show such wild beasts mercy.*

She took her tactical knife out of its sheath. The two boys had dropped their knives and were now screaming for mercy. The burly one was trying to crawl away. With John shouting at her, "No, Jy-ying, noooo," she slit their throats one by one.

As their blood spurted over her legs, she held the knife up to look at the blood dripping down it and yelled at John, "I had to. They're animals. I had to—"



“I had to—”

John was shaking her. “Wake up, sweetheart. You had a nightmare. Wake up.”

Jy-ying opened her eyes and saw his worried expression. He continued shaking her by the shoulder.

“I’m sorry,” she shouted, “I had to do it. I saved other women from—”

She suddenly realized it had been a dream. Feeling drained and deflated, she rubbed her eyes.

“What did you dream?” John asked, leaning over her. “Are you alright?”

It took her a while to slow down her thudding heart. She felt clammy, and must have sweated into the sheet. She didn’t understand this physical reaction; she was the calm warrior in her dream. John must have had something to do with it.

Finally able to think rationally enough to tell him a half-truth, she muttered, “The dream is too hazy to recall now. But I think I played god.”

Chapter 19

May 14, 1912
Turkey

It had been almost two months since Peter Kahan interviewed Bayram Evren, Professor of Islamic Art at the University of Turkey. Bayram had insisted that it take place in his home. He did not want any prying ears to overhear his responses, which were hostile to the regime.

At supper, soon after Peter left, Bayram described the interview to his wife Ziya, and told her what the reporter was going to do with his responses and other information he had picked up. His westernized wife hated what was being done by the Young Turks even more than he did, and hoped that Peter could focus world opinion on the mass murders.

Their seventeen-year-old son Ali remained at the table, although he had finished his meal of lamb curry. He was preparing to enter the university with a major in Ottoman history. He'd received a draft deferment by virtue of an accident he had when he was a boy. His horse, panicked by an automobile, had thrown him onto a fence. His hip and leg had been broken and healed badly, leaving him with such a limp that he felt more comfortable using crutches.

His parents had often cautioned him to keep what he heard at home in the home. It was personal, and could be dangerous if it got to the wrong people. But Ali trusted his best friend Bardu. Bardu often bragged about his filthy-rich father and his successful shipping firm, so whenever he could, Ali bragged back about his father. As far as he knew, Bardu had no political views or interests, and he saw no danger in telling him about the English reporter who had talked to his dad—*his* dad, obviously a great man. As a result, Ali bragged, Peter Kahan was going to write an article about Turkey, especially about what his father had told him about the Young Turks and Armenians. “That Englishman is going to try to save the Armenians because of my dad,” he said proudly.

Bardu had seemed uninterested, and soon changed the subject to his upcoming commission as an army lieutenant.

A week later, Bardu told his cousin Aysun, who was visiting his family with her mother, that an English secret agent had talked to his friend's dad about the massacre of Armenians, and he elaborated on that.

Aysun knew her mother disliked Ali's dad, since she had gotten a poor grade from him in his class at the university. Her mother would be interested in what Aysun had heard. So she told her mother, and her mother told her husband, finishing with an outraged "What do you expect from him, that *eshek oglu eshek*—donkey's son!"

Her husband warned his brother, a high-ranking member of the Young Turks' Committee of Union and Progress. When it finally got to the Talaat Pasha, the Minister of the Interior, it was via a phone call from the Secretary of the Istanbul CUP. He told the minister that there had been a top British agent operating in the country—really a double agent, since he was also working for the Armenians. He was out to expose the annihilation of the Armenians, and was plotting to have Talaat and the other Young Turks assassinated by supporters of the deposed sultan.

Talaat flung the phone down, immediately warned Nazim, Fehmi, and Bey, and called the police and security chiefs. He confronted them with this dangerous intelligence and then, forgetting their collegial relationship, he hissed, "Track down this spy and assassin, person by person. Use whatever means necessary. No mercy. Now!"

None of the purveyors of the information thought it was very important. They had no compunction about sharing it with the security agents in the famous Hamid interrogation room of Imrali Prison, even before their torture began. But their interrogators had to be certain they had wrung every smallest fact from them.

It took three weeks to get to the professor and his wife. They started on the wife in front of him. She had lost her mind by the time they turned to the professor with their instruments. He was crying hysterically, insisting that he and Ziya had told them all they knew. But again, they had to be certain.

Immediately informed of the interrogators' conclusions, Talaat sent a coded telegram to the Turkish embassy in London, demanding that they verify that a Peter Kahan was a reporter for *The Times*, and had just returned to London from Turkey.

The coded verification was received in two hours.

Talaat's next telegram was encoded for the embassy's security chief, Abdi Ersen—for his eyes only. He described Peter physically, then revealed that his work as a reporter for *The Times* was dangerous to Turkey. He ended with "Kill him immediately."

Chapter 20

May 15, 1912

John

After their jog and breakfast, John asked Jy-ying to join him in the mansion office. He had become sensitive to calling it *his* office, since she was as much a part of their mission as he was, and no less a “boss” in their company.

As Jy-ying closed the office door behind her, he lifted several clippings from the desktop and held them out to her. “This is getting serious, and I’m worried. These clippings describe more massacres in Turkey. The Young Turks continue to insist that they are simply putting down a rebellion of the Armenians, or that some of the massacres are simply communal violence between Turks and Armenians in eastern Turkey, caused by the specter of a possible pro-Russo-Armenian invasion.”

He shrugged helplessly. “I don’t know. This may be so, since communal massacres have happened in the past. But this could also be an early launching of the mass murder of over a million Armenians that began in 1915 in the First Universe. If this is so, we will have to do something about it.”

“What can we do?” Jy-ying asked.

“That’s something we will have to think about. I hadn’t planned on this, since I thought that preventing World War I would also prevent this genocide. That’s why all our activity in Europe has focused on that. Anyway, I’m going to have our guys go through foreign English-language newspapers in the San Francisco Library for the last year, and note down any news about the killing or massacre of Armenians, Greeks, or other Christians.”

“Let’s just hope that there is nothing more to these killings than what the Young Turks say. Otherwise,” and he displayed a sour grin, “there ain’t enough of us.”

Chapter 21

Evening, April 17, 1912
Berlin

He would be here. Here in Berlin, where she could get him. July 8—she would have him then. Finally. She would do no more until then. She did not want to be caught and have him go free. Besides, she was busy enough to take her mind off of the long wait.

Except at night, when the day's work was done and the usual crowds around her had scattered, and she was alone in another of her countless hotel rooms. Then, when she lay alone in bed, it all would come out of hiding to assail her again and again—gunfire, screams, horses' hoofs And . . . and . . . the awful, swimming images of bodies and blood, and the sobbed words . . . and the stinking, slimy memory of the sweaty, half-naked bodies pumping into her, and the real pain . . . the knife—oh, that knife!

Summer, 1910

She was in Munich, visiting her brother Albert and his wife Christa for two weeks. The Kaiser was there as well, visiting the main city residence of the Wittlesbach Dynasty. People were upset at the power the Kaiser was wielding in foreign policy and over the elected Reichstag, and there were many disgusting scandals among the aristocracy.

Albert and Christa were very prodemocratic, and invited her to join them at a peaceful, prodemocracy demonstration of thousands of people near the Kaiser's residence at Max-Josef-Platz 3. To hide her identity from others at the demonstration, she wore her blonde hair pinned up inside a yellow bonnet, and a high-necked, black leather cape. She just didn't want to be bothered.

The demonstrators held up many prodemocracy signs, and those in the front ranks began to chant "Democracy now," and "Power to the people," and, loudest of all, "Abdicate, abdicate, abdicate."

Troops were called out, including armed cavalry. Three times the demonstrators were ordered to leave, but did not. Then a mustached

general on his white Arabian horse—General von Woysch—gave the order to Lieutenant Schmidt to fire into the demonstrators. There was no provocation. No demonstrator had weapons. Not even brass knuckles. No one fired at the troops.

Schmidt barked the order and the well-trained German troops, who would never disobey an order, got down on one knee, aimed their Mauser rifles at the crowd of demonstrators, and opened fire.

Screams, shouts, shrill cries; writhing bodies, falling bodies. The sounds of agony and terror were a hellish counterpoint to the roaring guns and billowing powder smoke.

Another smoky volley.

It seemed as if the buildings themselves were screeching. People fled wildly, blindly, tripping over those crawling or lying splayed out at grotesque angles.

Another volley.

Running for her life beside Albert, Christa was shot in the back of the head. When he saw her fall, Albert stopped in horror, and was almost immediately holed by bullets in the lung and stomach. As he fell, he pulled his sister down with him. A bullet grazed her hip that would have hit her in the stomach. Albert saved her life.

Spread-eagled on his back with a pool of blood forming underneath him, Albert screeched. He seemed to be trying to raise himself on his elbows and look around for Christa, but his body only jerked. He was dying.

She crawled to him. He was all that existed for her. She did not even feel the pain in her hip. Nor did she hear the bloody pandemonium around her when the cavalry was ordered into the demonstrators, hooves beating on the dead or wounded, swords slashing. Shaking uncontrollably, she forced back the sobs, knelt over Albert's pale face, and kissed his cheeks and forehead.

Blood foamed on his lips. "Chri . . . sta?" he moaned. He must have known her answer when she could no longer hold the sobs back. "Christa . . . to me."

Christa was only a couple of feet away. She crawled over to her and dragged the dead woman by her coat to Albert. She put his dead wife's head on his chest, and wrapped his arm around her. She saw him tighten it. Then he groaned and worked his mouth, trying to tell her something.

She controlled her body-wrenching sobs enough to lean over him again and put her ear near his mouth. He struggled, but finally the tortured words bubbled out. "Please . . . do not . . . let them get away with this." The last words came out as a moan: "I love you, sis."

"I promise, I promise," she told him.

His head twitched, perhaps in a nod. And his eyes slowly went dead, and his body relaxed, except for his arm around Christa. It was steel. She closed his eyes, kissed them, kissed his bloody mouth, kissed his cheeks, and wailed his death.

She hardly realized she was being dragged from his body. It was all a heaving, anguished fog as she was arrested, shoved into a canvas-covered truck, and taken along with other prisoners on a bumping, jerking ride to Landsberg Prison, where she was pushed into a cell with several other prisoners.

The interrogators had stood back when the prisoners were brought in, making their selections of those who would be interrogated first. No matter her wretched condition, the loss of her yellow bonnet fully displayed her blond beauty, and she was selected to be among the first.

The barred metal door of the cell clanked open. While two armed guards stood at the entrance, two more came in and lifted her by her underarms from the long concrete slab on which she had been lying. They stood her up. Her sobs had ended, as had the fog, but she still was in shock. With a guard to the front and another to the rear, those on each side of her gripped her arms and marched her out of the cell and down a flight of metal stairs toward a room with a half open, heavy-looking, gray metal door. The guard in front opened it fully, and the two on each side of her shoved her inside. The door closed behind her with a metal clang.

She stood, swaying slightly, not really interested in the room or the three masked men in dark clothes who stood at a long table with ropes and buckles around it. A smaller table nearby held instruments of some sort.

One of the men walked over to her, grabbed her by the arm, and pulled her to the long table. He motioned her to sit on it. She did so, then slumped over and stared down at the broken tiled floor.

“What is your name?” one asked. She was startled. They didn’t recognize her? Still almost senseless, her emotions a wreck, she gave her name without thinking.

“You lie. She is no revolutionary.” The man slapped her just enough to jerk her head to the side and redden her cheek. “Your name?”

That did it. She suddenly realized the danger she was in and what this could do to her father’s reputation and position. This time she did lie. Almost randomly drawing on one of the characters she had played, she said, “I am Helga Hagen.”

One of the men was taking notes, and he wrote this down.

“Why were you at the criminal riot?”

“There was no riot. It was a peaceful democratic demonstration.”

Slap. It was harder this time, and her head jerked back, her cheek on fire and her eyes watering.

The man who had been standing back watching stepped forward, and gently nudged aside the one who had been questioning her. He spoke kindly, his voice husky. "Forgive my assistant. We have many people to interview, and he is hurried. The Kaiser is very upset by the demonstration, which he feels is a personal insult. He is certain it is revolutionary, and wants to expose the revolutionary aims of the leaders. All you need to do is tell us who the leaders are, and you can go. That is all. Now, Fraulein Hagen, who are the leaders?"

She was now fully alert. "I do not know. I'm in favor of democracy. I think it is a good idea. I heard about the prodemocratic demonstration, and so I joined it."

"Fraulein," the man said in a patronizing tone, "I would like to become your friend, sit down and have beer with you, get to know you, and learn why you are a revolutionary. I do not want to cause you any pain. Anyway, it often is . . . counterproductive. But we must hurry. Again, the Kaiser, as I said. So we do what we must to get the information we seek. You can tell us now, or—" he waved to the other table with the frightful instruments on it "—you will tell us later."

His voice became harsh. "There is no one here to help you. No one will hear your screams. We can do anything to you we want. And time is running out.

"Your leaders?"

She lifted her chin and stiffened her back. She had played this role. It was a favorite of certain men. But this time, the pain would be real. They would not hear her scream, she vowed. She tried to disappear into herself. She focused on her dead brother and their life together, on when they were children, on their play, on their jokes, their arguments"

She felt herself being stood up and roughly stripped, but moved her mind deep inside. She was being asked something, but she did not hear. Her body was being shoved down and strapped, pummeled and jerked, and someone was inside her. She imagined she and her brother wrestling and chasing each other, laughing

The sharp, excruciating pain in her genitals blasted asunder her imaginings and shattered her resolve. She screamed. Then again. And again, until her throat turned raw.

She was tortured, raped, and sodomized for two days. Every couple of hours, the interrogators would take a break, clean away the blood, sweat, and fluids with towels soaked in a pail of salt water, salt her open wounds, and begin again with the same questions. When she

passed out, the interrogators poured ice cold water on her face and slapped her until she came to.

Her reputation as a most stubborn beauty grew in the prison with the speed of sound, and multiple interrogators passed through the room to try their skill, or take advantage. One in particular favored the knife. He did not rape her. He used no other device. Only a three-inch pen knife. He was an expert with it. He knew the most sensitive spots. It was the worst.



The interrogator who was keeping a record of what she said told his wife who this communist had claimed she was at first. The wife telephoned her good friend, the wife of a staff general, to share this hilarious lie. The joke soon reached the prisoner's father, Generalleutnant Kaufmann.

He rushed to the prison, demanded to see the woman, and recognizing the pitiful, bruised and bleeding creature as his daughter. Whipping out his Luger, he brandished it in the faces of the interrogators and demanded that they cover her with something and carry her to his military chauffeured Audi.

When they gently seated her in the back, her father got in beside her, ordered the driver to take them to the emergency ward of the Fort Wittlesbach Military Hospital, and held her tenderly while she moaned in his arms.

The involvement of his son and daughter in what was perceived as a riot of anti-Kaiser, procommunist revolutionaries could have been a scandal that destroyed General Kaufmann's military career, but he had enough influence with the insiders closest to the Kaiser for it to be hushed up, especially since he had already lost his son and daughter-in-law. Besides, he was a close friend of Generalfeldmarschall Von Falkenhayn, who'd known his daughter as she was growing up, and could not believe she was a revolutionary, in spite of her career.

All the interrogators and guards who had anything to do with his daughter were threatened with "the most serious consequences" if word were leaked about her imprisonment and torture, no matter who among them did it. Within a year, all were reassigned to the least desirable jobs in the prison system—except for the one who'd used the penknife. He committed suicide, so the army coroner claimed, with a shot in the back of the head.

But Albert and Christa were dead and his daughter in the hospital. That was undeniable. The story was that the two had been killed when

their horses went wild, frightened by a nearby lightning strike, and their carriage went off a bridge. His daughter had barely survived the same accident, it was said, and required surgery and hospitalization for five weeks. Not even General von Woyrsch, the one who ordered his troops to fire on the demonstrators, would ever know that General Kaufmann's daughter was tortured or that she and his son were even among the demonstrators upon whom he wreaked hell.

That ended it officially and forever, as far as all the relatives were concerned.

But not for the daughter.

Evening, Berlin, April 17

She thought of Albert and his loving Christa every day. And then at night, all the horror came back to assail her, as it had on this one. She thought of alcohol, of drinking herself into a night's oblivion, but it would ultimately ruin her career, as it had ruined one of her directors. She thought of opium, but there were already too many taking drugs in her profession. It destroyed their talent.

Besides, she needed a clear head and steady hand to do what she must. As she'd promised her brother. And for Christa, also. And for all the others.

So she suffered the awful memories and the pain. In hours she would fall into a fitful and exhausted sleep, and the next day she would steal a nap whenever possible. And then there would be the next night

Chapter 22

July 1, 1912
London

Peter

He had interviewed ambassadors and consuls for deep background information; he'd questioned other foreign journalists, European businessmen, Turks he knew, several governors, and Young Turks, including Talaat Pasha. He had traveled as far as Kars, and included along the way interviews with several foreign professors teaching at Turkey's major universities. They had secretly given him background and understanding of the information he collected.

Peter had almost used up the funds his editor had sent him, and had more than enough material for a three-part Sunday supplement article. He was satisfied with its authenticity, if not happy with what he now knew. Now he had to get this out to the world.

He had hidden his notes and documents among his smelly dirty clothes in one of his suitcases, and fled the country on the small German passenger ship *Friedrich Der Grosse* when she stopped over in Turkey on her Australia-Naples-Southampton-Bremen run. The Balkan War had shut down train travel from Turkey into Europe; travel out of Turkey north or east was now only by small boat or ship at exorbitant rates. Turkey forbade travel east over the border into Russia, and it still kept the Dardanelles closed to Black Sea travel.

The weather had been stormy most of the trip, and he seemed to have spent most of his time heaving over a rail, sitting on the small, narrow toilet in his second class cabin, tortured by Turkish Revenge—dysentery—or lying in bed wracked with fever and nausea. The German ship's doctor told him to drink a lot of water and gave him a powder to take called *Bayer Aspirin*: "Another great German invention for mankind," the doctor said with a snort.

Peter ate little and lost fifteen pounds.

In his rare sane moments, he tried to consolidate his voluminous notes and rewrite the mass of cryptic, three- or four-word notes, often of names and places, or statistics that were conceptually connected, into

single long notes. It took hardly any thought, and could be done in ten or fifteen minutes per batch of related notes. He simply was not up to the long bout of concentration his actual articles would require.

He was almost over the dysentery when he finally returned to his musty and dust-laden bachelor's apartment in London. He opened the windows for it to air, and removed the sheets from his Victorian furniture. He felt better, actually alive. The fever was gone, and he could eat. But he still felt queasy at the thought of German sausage and bratwurst.

He telephoned Robinson, his editor, and told him that he wanted to start work on his article immediately rather than report in to the office. He spent about five minutes on a rough overview that left an enthusiastic Robinson telling him to take as long as necessary. There had been Reuters dispatches on the massacres, Robinson said, but nothing about them being planned by the Young Turks, or their systematic implementation of those plans.

They talked about style. Finally Robinson said, "This will be a first. It will serve as a reference article for professionals and government officials. So follow Oxford style. This is *The Times* of London," he sniffed, "not that American tabloid, *The New York Times*."

"Footnotes, direct quotes, and all that stuff?" Peter asked.

"No," Robinson said. "Not a research article. A reference article. You are to be the one footnoted and quoted."

Peter now had his writing tablet before him on his secretarial desk, with the documents he planned to refer to and his pile of notes—with the ones he'd combined and organized on the ship on top—neatly arranged on a table he'd placed at a right angle to the desk. He took a #1 pencil out of the collection in his coffee cup bearing *The Times* icon, then hesitated. He looked up at the photograph of his wife Emma, on the desk's top shelf. She had died in childbirth; their son Charles had lived for only a week.

He studied her face, reached out to touch her lips. He thought, *I still find it all unbelievable, my love. This is the twentieth century. It is 1912. Yes, yes, you always did tell me that there was evil in all our hearts, if only tempted the right way. But this goes beyond that. There seems to be some unseen evil force at work in Turkey today.*

He put his head in his hands and rubbed his forehead and then his eyes with his palms. He looked back at her, and mumbled, "Horrible. It was horrible. So glad you weren't with me. You would've cried with me. Yes, maybe a million tears, one for each Armenian murdered for nothing more than being Armenian."

He gave a long sigh, waved at her, and then threw her a kiss. “Enough of that. I’m here. I’m alive. And I hope, love, that you’ll be proud of my writing.”

Peter took out a Turkish Fatima cigarette, lit it with a long match, and held it between two fingers, as his father and many Turks did when they smoked. He grinned wryly at the picture. “I’m sorry, love—I’ve got to smoke when I think. I’ll blow the smoke away from you.”

He stood and began to pace across his living room as he decided the final organization of his article in his head—really a final pulling-together of subtopics he had played with in his mind when he wasn’t dying on the ship. He never organized his writing on paper. A natural writer, he found that a rough mental sketch of his facts and ideas was the only framework he needed to write—give him a key topic or subtopic, and the words would flow. Besides, he had been living with this Turkish nightmare through all his waking hours, and even in his nightmares, for months. He soon had a mental picture of what he would say.

Peter sat back down, lit another Fatima, and looked through his notes, seeking one in particular. It would be his lead-in.

He looked up at Emma for the last time before he started writing. “Here I go, love,” he said, and threw her a kiss.

Then he wrote:



At the turn of the century, the sprawling Ottoman Empire was a multicultural, multiracial society, with a substantial population of Greeks, Bulgarians, Armenians, and Jews, and a much smaller population of Syrians, Maronites, and Chaldeans. Nonetheless, there was a special animosity between Moslem Turks and Christian Armenians. Culturally, religiously, linguistically, and historically, they were different nations. When there was a breakdown of law and order or a disaster of some sort, Moslem mobs often turned on the nearest Armenians.

In 1908, Abdul Hamid’s government was overthrown by the apparently liberal-oriented and reform-minded “Committee for Union and Progress,” the so-called Young Turks. They made the Sultan accept a universally representative parliament and full religious and civil liberties—in form, a liberal constitutional democracy. People were joyous; they hugged each other in the streets. But they soon found reason to regret their celebration.

The European powers viewed the Ottoman Empire as the “sick man of Europe.” For decades the empire had been breaking apart at the

fringes, and the Young Turk revolution only signaled its further internal weakening. More dismemberment followed: Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina, Crete proclaimed union with Greece, Bulgaria declared its independence, and Italy asserted control over Tripoli and much of Libya. These further political disasters provoked the Sultan's fanatical supporters to launch a counter coup in 1909 against the Young Turks, but they only succeeded in getting Abdul Hamid deposed and exiled. A sorry result of this turmoil was a large-scale massacre of Armenians in the Cilicia region, particularly in Adana and its environs. Moslem mobs and Turkish soldiers, possibly with the connivance of local officials, killed around 30,000 Armenians—no small number.

In spite of their liberal pretensions and initial reforms, the Young Turk Committee of Union and Progress soon became despotic when Enver Pasha seized full power in January, 1911. Using the counter coup as an excuse, it declared a state of siege and suspended constitutional rights. It then turned against domestic opponents, moved to centralize its control, and began suppressing minorities that were seeking more autonomy.

Abroad, it recklessly provoked the European powers who were seeking the further collapse of the Ottoman Empire, particularly Austria, Italy, and Bulgaria, and entered into the Italo-Turkish War over Libya.

The populace's discontent with the Young Turks grew, as did domestic chaos, and the government became more violent in its repression and terror. For example, in July of 1911 it assassinated three opposition writers, one of whom was killed openly on the street.

Already engaged in the 1911 Italo-Turkey War, Turkey also faced the probability of war in the Balkans. As a result of several territorial disputes there, in December of 1911 Turkey closed the Dardanelles to shipping, and on January 3, 1912, Russia warned Turkey to withdraw troops from Montenegro. The crises rapidly deteriorated. During January, in succession, Bulgarian and Serbian armies mobilized for war against Turkey, Montenegro declared war on Turkey, and Turkey declared war on Bulgaria and Serbia.

In spite of domestic political confusion and opposition, the Turks fought well, repulsing a Bulgarian attack on Constantinople and fighting the Bulgarian forces to a stalemate along the defensive Chatalja line. But Italy took Tripoli.

Dissatisfaction with Turkish war losses provoked revolution. In February, Colonel Enver Pasha—the hero of the 1909 Young Turk revolution—Talaat Pasha, and 200 other supporters seized the Sublime Porte, killed the liberal war minister, and grabbed power, supposedly for the Young Turk Committee. But when Enver became War Minister,

Talaat Minister of the Interior, and their close ally, Djemal Pasha, Minister of the Navy, they formed a triumvirate that autocratically and despotically now rules Turkey.

The Young Turks pressured their generals for significant military victories, but only succeeded in losing important battles and relinquishing all of Turkey's remaining European territory (except for the Gallipoli and small Chatalja peninsulas). As the Turks dug in to defend the Dardanelles and Istanbul, their disastrous military losses incited a new call for national unity and modernization.



Peter put down his pencil and leaned back. He had smoked his last Turkish cigarette, and searched for his pack of British Derby. It was under a tablet on the table. He opened it, took out a cigarette, and scratched his match under the table to light it. Lit cigarette dangling from his mouth, he held the flaming match before his eyes and glowered at it. "Fire and the Devil," he told himself. "With what is going on in Turkey, one has to wonder if it's his doing."

He blew the flame out before it burned his fingers, and tossed the spent match into the saucer next to his pad. He glanced up at Emma and, holding the cigarette so she couldn't see it, told her, "Fire and death, Emma. Fire and death. It's a holocaust in Turkey."

He looked back at what he had written. "So much for the introduction. Now for the . . . holocaust." He took out another #1 pencil, and returned to writing.



Many Turkish intellectuals and politicians saw the old Ottoman multicultural society and traditions as severe handicaps, and some believed it a blessing that they had lost their European territories, with their different national groups. Now the country could truly become Turk. This growing sentiment of isolationism and ethnic purity sat well with the Young Turk rulers. They are super-nationalists and racial purists who want to create a new and glorious Turkey, as in ancient times—a Turkey of heroic warriors, of proud Turks—a Turkey that is homogenous and wholly Turkish.

To a minority of Young Turks led by Talaat Pasha, the Balkan War has provided the golden opportunity to achieve these aims. Just before the war, Turkey signed a defensive alliance with Germany. With the

war's outbreak, Germany persuaded France and Great Britain to keep hands off Turkey's domestic affairs, while trying to negotiate an end to the Balkan War, which is dangerous to the European peace. With Russia's historic interest in the region and its animosity toward Turkey, the Balkan War could spread to the major powers.

As to the Young Turks' zeal to purify the country, by their census of 1911 there were almost two million Christian Armenians and three-quarters that number of Greeks to be somehow eliminated from a Muslim Turkish population of about seventeen million. The Greeks posed a special problem, for neighboring Greece, which is no little power, watches over Greeks in Turkey. For Turkey to treat her Greeks incautiously might well provoke neutral Greece to join in the war against Turkey. The Young Turks decided that the best they could do was relocate their Greeks from border and sea coast areas into the interior. Perhaps later, as events allowed, they could eliminate them altogether.

Unlike the Greeks, the Armenians have no independent, co-ethnic nation that guards their welfare, since Turkey, Russia, and Persia had earlier incorporated the historical territory of Armenia. The European powers had expressed concern over past massacres of the Armenians, and pressured the Ottoman Empire into agreeing to their special treatment. Now, with the Italo-Turkey and Balkan Wars underway and Germany aligned with Turkey, the Armenians are completely at the mercy of the Young Turks.

There was a convenient excuse for eliminating the Armenians. Most of them live near the eastern border with Russian Armenia, and if Russia were to invade the region, Turkey's eastern Armenians might revolt and join them, while those elsewhere in the country could be a subversive force. No matter that Armenian draftees were fighting valiantly in the Turkish army, and that Armenians showed their patriotism in other ways. The Young Turks were determined to eliminate their Armenians and all else was pretext.

At the highest level of government, the Young Turks made a clear decision to annihilate the Armenians under the cover of her wars, and they carefully planned how they would do this. They implemented this genocide through a special secret organization run by the highest government officials, supervised by select members of the Young Turk Committee, and manned mainly by convicts released from jail.

The Young Turks realized they faced considerable difficulty in having their orders carried out. Although concentrated in the northeast, Armenians lived throughout Turkey; in some places they dominated districts, such as Van, and inhabited their own towns and villages. They had

their own political party and vigorous political leadership. Moreover, many Armenians had survived previous massacres. Few held illusions about the hatred and brutality that the government could unleash against them. If forewarned, they could well mount a spirited defense. Therefore, the Young Turks prepared for this genocide for some time.

Throughout the empire, they selected new police chiefs and governors on the basis of their devotion to the Young Turk cause, briefed them in the capital, gave them secret instructions for liquidating the Armenians when ordered, and appointed them to villages, towns, and districts inhabited by Armenians. When the Young Turks finally decided to carry through the genocide, compliant or enthusiastic officials were in place, and procedures prepared. They telegraphed the order to "Take care of the Armenians."

It began with those Armenians conscripted into the army. Armenian soldiers were transferred to labor battalions, then worked to death, or killed by exposure, hunger, and disease; some were simply divided into groups, tied together, marched off to some secluded spot, and shot. Sometimes, Kurdish tribes were promised loot if they attacked the bound Armenian soldiers as the Turks force-marched them along isolated roads. In this way, the Turks murdered 200,000 or more Armenian men.

Exterminating Armenians in the army still left many civilian males who could fight and might have the weapons to do so. Moreover, the Armenian leadership still could organize a rebellion. So the Young Turks designed three additional stages in preparation for the final mass genocide.

First, under the guise of wartime necessity, and to protect against possible sabotage and rebellion by Armenians, the government demanded that Armenians in all towns and villages turn in their arms or face severe penalties. Turk soldiers and police ransacked Armenian homes, and many suspected of having weapons were shot or horribly tortured. This created such terror that Armenians bought weapons or begged them from Turkish friends so they could turn them in to authorities. These terroristic searches also softened up the Armenians in preparation for a series of civilian massacres that led to the final stage.

Next, during March, Turks arrested and jailed 235 of the most respected Armenian leaders in Istanbul—politicians, doctors, lawyers, educators, churchmen, writers—and relocated them to the interior, never to return. In the days that followed, the Turks picked up hundreds more who similarly disappeared, and eventually they forced about 5,000 Armenian laborers, doorkeepers, messengers, and the like into the same fate.

At the same time, the Turks could deal with the remaining able-bodied Armenian men and launch the ultimate genocide. They did this as a one-two punch, moving westward and southward from villages and towns closest to the eastern border with Russia.

The technique was generally the same from village to village and town to town, although in some places the police grew impatient and simply slaughtered any Armenian males they came across on the streets. First a bulletin would be posted, or a town crier would call for all Armenian males over age fifteen to appear by a certain time in the town square, or in front of the central government building. Once they had gathered, the authorities then imprisoned them all. After a day or so, soldiers and police roped the prisoners together in batches, marched them out to a secluded spot, and slaughtered them.

With a few more days' delay for preparation, the authorities then put the ultimate extermination into effect.



Peter put his pencil down. He was so tired. He yawned, stretched his arms, then rose and staggered into the bedroom. He now realized that he should have had a good sleep and taken several days to regain his energy after the hectic research in Turkey, the seasickness and dysentery, the crowded boat-train to London, and that Hansom cab, and traffic . . .

Chapter 23

Peter

Peter napped fitfully for an hour and was finally fully awakened when the late afternoon sun shone on his face through his west apartment window. He got up, closed the dusty drapes, and slouched into his small kitchen to make himself tea.

While the kettle was heating up, he stood by his desk, glancing through his notes and leafing through some of his supporting documents. He forgot about the time until the kettle started screaming at him. He rushed into the kitchen and poured the boiling water onto the orange pekoe tea leaves in his teapot, then went back to his notes while the tea steeped.

Forty-five minutes later, he remembered his tea. Back in the kitchen, he filled his mug with the aromatic tea, then returned to the desk. He took a big sip of his lukewarm tea, kissed two of his fingers and touched Emma's face in her picture, then, mug in hand, he sat back down at his desk. He read the last paragraph of what he had written, then picked a fresh #1 pencil from his collection and continued writing from that point.



The Young Turks' first goal was the total elimination of Armenians from Turkey by extermination. Their second goal was to generate funds from seized Armenian assets to provide homes for Moslem refugees flooding in from lost Turkish territory. And third, they wanted to give this war on their own people the appearance of legality.

With all Armenian men dead or drafted into the army to be killed later, those remaining can hardly offer much resistance. Armenian families have been reduced to women and children, the very old, and the enfeebled. Again the town crier goes to work as he did when marshalling the males together, ordering all remaining Armenians to prepare for relocation to some unknown district. The only women exempt are those who convert to Islam, find Turkish husbands to ratify the conversion by marriage, and turn their children over to a government orphanage that will bring them up as Moslems.

While the authorities sometimes carry out relocations with little warning, they usually allow a week or so for Armenian women and elderly people to settle their affairs. This is a farce. The Turks forbid these frantic Armenians from selling their real property or livestock, and as soon as the women are gone, officials usually give the property to Moslem immigrants. The Armenians are forced to sell most of their family property for virtually nothing, often to government officials. But the authorities are not without mercy; they often hire or requisition ox-carts and drivers to carry the Armenians' remaining belongings, one cart per family.

The Turks then gather Armenian families into convoys of as few as two hundred or as many as four thousand women, children, and old people and, guarding them with soldiers and police, set their relocation into motion. Within a few days or even hours of starting, however, the carters refuse to go farther and turn back, leaving the families to carry what they can.

The already pitiful deportees now face, by design, several enemies. One is nature itself. Poorly protected against the weather, the deportees often struggle over rough country whose wells and springs are far apart.

Then there are the Turk guards supposedly protecting the convoys, but instead prey upon them, sometimes even forbidding their charges to drink water when they come to wells or streams. Impatient to end their task, they first kill the stragglers and those who fall by the wayside, and then resort to the outright massacre of those who have not yet died of hunger, thirst, disease, or exposure.

Moslem villagers are another enemy. Forewarned about approaching convoys and sometimes commanded to appear with weapons, they plunder the convoys that straggle through their villages, raping and killing at will. After being repeatedly raped, some of the prettier Armenian girls survive only because they are forced into a Moslem harem.

Some convoys have to make their way across mountains. Invited by messengers to have fun, Kurdish tribes swooped down on these convoys to do their own style of looting, raping, and killing, carrying off whichever women please their eyes.

Finally, the Turks invite brigands, and former Moslem prisoners released for the purpose, to attack the convoys. With the connivance of the guards, they do so enthusiastically.

In some cases the authorities are impatient with this process and simply use their troops to slaughter a whole convoy. In one case, they deployed the army's 86th Cavalry Brigade, ostensibly to keep order among the Kurds. Instead, it attacked large convoys from Erzindjan

containing about half the Armenian population, stripped the deportees of their clothes, and led them naked to Kemakh Gorge, where they were either bayoneted first or thrown alive into the gorge.

Not all convoys are moved on foot. The Turks transport some Armenians, especially those from cities in the northwest, by rail in overcrowded cattle cars. These Armenians fare no better. Rail congestion during wartime makes for slow travel, and when the line is blocked, the guards force the deportees out into the open for days or weeks at a time, with little or no food or water. Where there were two breaks in the Baghdad railway, the Turks made the deportees trudge across the Taurus and Amanus mountain ranges on foot, after they'd languished for months in concentration camps. They died by the thousands from epidemics, exposure, and hunger. Turks and mountain Kurds murdered thousands more.

The techniques of extermination vary regionally. In some places the Turks simply annihilate all the Armenian inhabitants of nearby villages and towns. For instance, they killed 60,000 at Moush and surrounding villages and at least another 55,000 in attacks on Armenian villages in Van province. In Constantinople, Smyrna, and Aleppo, however, foreign consuls and ambassadors prevented the Turks from relocating and massacring Armenians, thus saving about 200,000 from immediate annihilation.

This extermination operates from the top down. Many local Turks do not support it. Indeed, some local officials refused to obey the orders and were deposed. And at least part of the Moslem population, according to the German court testimony of Dr. Johannes Lepsius, the German Red Cross official in Turkey, "manifestly disapproved of the mass measures."

In some areas, authorities have had to use terror and force to make the Moslem population participate in the extermination. The Third Army commander, for example, ordered his soldiers to execute any Turk who aided an Armenian, to perform the execution in front of the Turk's house, and then to burn down the house. Any official who helped an Armenian would be court martialed.

Whatever resistance there may have been among the local Turks and officials, however, the orders of the Young Turks have been sufficiently obeyed to achieve their purpose. Turks do massacre Armenians, they do dispatch convoys, and they do largely complete the process of killing them off.

I witnessed one such caravan of naked, skeletal deportees in Sambayat. One mother still carried what was left of her long-dead child. Another woman holding the hands of two children just dropped dead when the caravan stopped so the guards could eat and rest. And one girl

died on the grass there. I looked closely at her body after the guards prodded the caravan off. It was covered in bruises and she had obviously been raped many times.

An army deserter who subsequently hung himself told me about a massacre in which he had been involved. Of all those he had killed, he could not forget a beautiful young girl from his village and her brother. He'd tried to save her, but she knew her younger brother would be killed, and so she asked him to mercifully kill her brother with one blow of his axe. She kissed him farewell, and when he was dead she asked the soldier to do the same to her. She covered her eyes, and he did.

By foot or by rail, the Young Turks have relocated hundreds of thousands, and will relocate possibly 1,400,000 Armenians overall. After weeks or months of exposure, thirst, hunger, murder, and abduction, the number of those actually relocated has been reduced to only the very strong or the ugly. At the end even they are skeletons, without water, food, or possessions, often naked to the sky. Of the 18,000 Armenians the Turks deported from Malatia, the number that made it to Aleppo, a dispersal center along the route, was . . . 150. Out of 5,000 from Harpout, no more than 213 arrived.

On average, possibly only 10 percent survive, as the deputy director general of the Settlement of Refugees informed his superior. In telegram No. 57, dated April 10, he reported that "after investigation it has been confirmed that ten percent of the Armenian deportees have reached their place of exile. The rest have perished on the way by starvation and natural illness. You are informed that similar results will be accomplished by employing severe means against the survivors."

Maybe even 15 percent have survived to date. Reporting to the American embassy from the Turkish interior, consul Carl Owen wrote on April 15 that "at least 25,000 [deportees] have arrived afoot . . . many deprived of all their worldly possessions, without money, sparsely clad, some naked from the treatment by their escorts and the despoiling population en route So severe has been the treatment that careful estimates place the number of survivors at around 15 percent of those originally deported. Judging by this number, there seems to have been about 160,000 lost by this date."

The deportees' destination? A place where the Armenians can settle down and recreate their life, as the Turks officially informed the world? Not if the Young Turks can avoid it. At the convoy's end, the few survivors find themselves imprisoned in concentration camps located in the inhospitable northern and eastern boundaries of the Mesopotamian desert. These camps are their own hell. Already weakened, survivors readily die of starvation, exposure, and—"



There was a knock at the door and a yell: "Telegram." The voice sounded vaguely familiar.

Peter got up and opened the door. A swarthy young man, wearing a tilted seaman's cap over his thick black hair, stood in the doorway. The man held what was obviously a telegram in one hand.

"Abaza! What are you doing here?" Peter asked in surprise.

Two men who had been hiding against the hallway wall on either side of the door rushed into the room and grabbed Peter. One covered Peter's mouth with his hand. Abaza came in behind them and shut the door. As he approached, Peter noted that the telegram was gone; now Abaza carried a long knife in his right hand. Peter couldn't believe what was about to happen. He thought he might be assassinated in Turkey, but not in Mother England; here, he'd been sure that he was safe. And surely, not Abaza!

Abaza's first thrust of the knife into his stomach left no doubt. He gasped. As Abaza stabbed him again and again and again in his chest and stomach, he tried to turn his head, tried to get one last look at Emma's picture.

Chapter 24

July 8, 1912
Berlin

She had to do it this way. Any other way was too dangerous. With his wife dead, he lived and slept in military quarters, always with two orderlies nearby. While getting into the army base was no problem, she did not see how she could get past the soldiers and guards surrounding him to do what she must without raising suspicion or worse, being caught. And now there was the best of reasons to be careful—a man she loved deeply; perhaps a new life. Perhaps a new mission, one to add to her crusade. Perhaps others to join her.

She was certain the general was the one. The seemingly innocent questions she'd put to her father confirmed it. She had read her father's communications and orders, and gossiped among the officers' wives when she was in Berlin. And now, finally, she could get to him. He would be at the military reception for Count Vasili Vasilchikov, Military Chief of Saint Petersburg, who was in Berlin as part of the diplomatic embassy to negotiate a Russo-German resolution to the Balkan War with Turkey. It was a hopeless cause, her father had told her, but good for German leverage in their secret negotiations with Britain and France.

She had sought the perfect dress. She wanted attention to be on her face, her hair, and especially her cleavage—not on her hands. She found it in an ethereal pink chiffon dress with bias-cut ruffles, wispy pink cascades, and a handwoven rose accenting the V of the low-cut bosom. A ruffled sleeve effectively concealed the packet she had prepared. A golden tiara with a flare of pearls was a perfect adornment for her curly, golden hair, and a matching two-strand necklace of gold and pearls was short enough not to distract from her cleavage. She'd had the dress tailored to compensate for what the torturer's penknife had left.

When she glided into the ballroom with her glamorous clutch purse in one hand and the other through the arm of her bemedaled father, she knew she attracted the eye of every male at the reception, and the envy of the women.

She circulated among the generals, admirals, commanders, counts, dukes, diplomats, and other officials, all the while covertly scanning the

crowd, waiting for his appearance. Noting that there was little mixing between the Russians and the German officers, she chuckled to herself. *Want to know the state of military relations? Go to a military reception. Military men never will be diplomats.*

Then she saw him. He stood with a drink in one hand, talking to three other military men, all Germans. She walked over to her father, who was in conversation with another general.

“I’m surprised the Turks have beaten back the Bulgarian First Army at Lulé Burgas, in spite of heavy artillery barrages,” her father was saying as she approached him. “I was almost sure they would be overrun. But I’ve never been impressed by the Bulgarian soldiers. Sloppy peasants.”

She leaned up to his ear and whispered, “Would you introduce me to General Graf von Woysch?”

Her father nodded and said to the other general with a smile, “Please excuse me. I’m under the command of my beautiful daughter.”

The general nodded absently as he tried to eye her cleavage without seeming to do so.

When they reached the group around General Woysch, all four of the officers stopped talking and looked at her with huge, slightly embarrassed smiles. “Well, hello,” one said. “I didn’t think we would have the pleasure.”

Another turned to her father and said, “Thank you for bringing her to us. I hope you don’t mind if we monopolize her time.” He laughed.

Her father smiled back, nodded at her, and left to join another group.

Von Woysch took a sip from a tall glass of Jägermeister, and then noticed that she was without a drink. “Could I get you something to drink?” he offered.

“No, thank you,” she said.

As they began to ply her with the usual questions, she slowly worked her way around to stand beside von Woysch. She waited for the right moment, and when one of the generals cracked a risqué joke about Russians and goats, she laughed delicately, brought her hand up to modestly cover her mouth, and bumped von Woysch’s drink, spilling most of it. Anger flickered across his face, followed by embarrassment and then smiling acceptance as she apologized.

“So clumsy of me. I am sorry and terribly embarrassed. I will get you another drink right away. Give me your glass.” She did not need to ask what he was drinking. She could smell its odd aroma, which confirmed what she had found out about his habits.

“Absolutely not. I will wait for the drink orderly. No need.”

Putting her hands on her hips, she mimicked her father's commanding tone. "General von Woysch, I will get you another drink. You stay here, and don't you dare move." Then she grinned at the others. "Will you keep him here for me?"

One replied, "Yes; he will not move from that spot." The three others nodded, smiling.

She held out her hand for his glass. He took out a handkerchief, wiped the spilled liquid from the glass and his hand, then handed her the glass with a slight bow of his head and an amused grin. She turned, knowing they all were watching her. *Probably memorizing my every movement so they can describe what I am like with suitable exaggeration when describing our meeting*, she thought as she sashayed away.

At the bar, she gave the glass to the orderly and asked for Jägermeister. When it was placed before her, she told herself, "Now for the hardest part."

She knew many were watching her, so she left the drink sitting on the bar while she removed a chiffon handkerchief that matched her dress from her ruffled sleeve. The open drug packet was inside of it. In the guise of patting her face with the handkerchief, she released the ground galerinas mushroom powder into her left hand, then returned the handkerchief and hidden packet to her right sleeve. As she quickly placed her left hand over the glass to pick it up with her fingers, the powder fell from her palm into the liquid below.

Transferring the drink to her right hand, she glided back to von Woysch's group and delicately handed him his drink. "Am I forgiven?" she tried to ask sweetly, but there was a slight catch to her voice.

"Of course," Woysch replied with a little bow and a twitch of his voluminous mustache.

As the generals began again to question her about movie making and her movies and costars, she answered mechanically. The questions were always the same, varying only in their subtlety and the accent in which they were delivered. Her mind was on General Woysch. *He now will pay for what he did—for the deaths he ordered, for the death of her . . .*

She stopped and imagined drawing a big red X across those thoughts so she wouldn't tear up, or even worse, break down in sobs. Now was not the time. She would cry tonight, in her room. She would cry for what he did; she would cry over her final revenge delivered coldly, with a smile. He would die a lingering and painful death. The first symptoms would appear in three days, followed by several weeks of stomach cramps, bloody diarrhea, vomiting, headaches, joint and back pain, and finally, kidney failure.

She only wished she could be at his side, to pin her note on his dead body. But she had admirers at the military hospital he would die in; she might persuade an orderly or nurse to do the honor for her soon after he died, in maybe a month or so. The aristocracy, military, and supportive bureaucrats had no idea how many democracy sympathizers worked among them.

General von Woysch took a sip of his Jägermeister. And then another.

She mentally relaxed. With all the herbs, juices, spices, and bitter liquor in the drink, he would never taste the poisonous mushroom powder. He was done. He soon would kill no more.

The questions seemed never to end, but when a break in them occurred, she gave Woysch one last look, attempting a smile. She felt it turn into a jubilant grin she could not repress. She quickly excused herself, and sought out her father. She thanked him for allowing her to attend with him, and left.

Her Mercedes was waiting a short distance away. She drove to the nearest International Radiotelegraph Union office, where she telegraphed:

My Very Dearest,

I did it. I finally did it. Now that book is closed forever. I am now ready for the new one that will open with our lives together. I miss you terribly. Please come soon.

With All My Love

Chapter 25

July 8, 1912

John

Ever since he'd read that first news article on the Armenian massacres in Turkey, he had carefully looked at each international news item in the local paper, and in their eight-day-old editions of *The New York Times*. The news that the guys had copied from the international newspapers at the library had not added much. Reuters was the largest international news agency, and it dominated Europe. Not surprisingly, all the news—at least, all the news that they got in San Francisco—seemed sifted through its eyes.

Now, almost two months later, he wanted to see something else in the morning edition of the *San Francisco Call*: his first newspaper commentary ever, titled “Why Promote Democracy?” He had hoped it would appear on the Fourth of July, but the editor of the *Call*, though he'd liked it, had said there wasn't room. It would appear this morning.

He could not wait for one of the guards to bring the *Call* to the butler, who would then place it on the breakfast table for them. John rose early and told Jy-ying he was going to their library to look up something in the *Modern German History* he'd recently finished reading. Jy-ying responded that she was going to see the cook about preparing something for breakfast—he didn't catch what.

They dressed and left the bedroom, descending the staircase together before heading for opposite parts of the mansion. They left the mansion by separate side doors. As they came around to the front of the mansion, they spied each other walking rapidly across the lawn toward the gate.

They came together with a laugh. She put her arm through his, and they walked together. But just before they reached the little guard house, he tripped her. As she fell forward she twisted her upper body, pulling his arm to bring him down with her. They both landed on their backs, side by side.

John was closest to the two guards, who were no longer amazed by their antics. He yelled, “Toss me the *Call*.”

The guard reached into the guard house, lifted the rolled newspaper from a shelf, and tossed it to John. Jy-ying tried to block his catch, but he caught it, then tried to roll away from her and up. She quickly turned over, got just enough traction with her feet, and launched herself at his legs. She'd twisted him down before he even had his legs under him. By then they both were laughing.

"Okay, we'll share," he said, and rolled onto his back to lie next to her. He unrolled the paper, separated out the first section, folded it commuter-style, and slowly flipped to the editorial page. "Hey, hey," he exclaimed, pointing to his nine-inch, four-column commentary. "There it is, my first publication."

Jy-ying snatched the paper out of his hand and peered at it. "Ha! I'm not mentioned. How can you not mention me? Me, whose ideas you stole for this; me, who tutored you in history; me, who—"

John laughed. "Yes, me, who taught you Chinese."

Jy-ying gave the newspaper back to John with a grin, and they both got to their feet. Arm in arm, they returned to the mansion and their breakfast in the dining room, where he tossed the paper on an empty place at the table.

After breakfast, he picked up the *Call* to read the international news, and gasped. Then he yelled so loud that Jy-ying jerked her head up from her Chinatown newspaper, *Mei Ri Xin Wen Bao*, to stare at him. The cook and her scullery maid stuck their heads into the dining room from the kitchen.

"Shit! Shit! It's happening, goddamn it, just as I feared."

The cook and her girl ducked back into the kitchen, quickly closing the door after them.

John slammed the paper down and pointed to the headline beneath the fold: "Turks Planned Massacre—Turkey Awash In Blood."

He shouted, "This changes everything. Everything, Jy-ying. We've got to stop this!" He collected himself for a moment, and lowered his voice. "It's an AP dispatch based on Reuters. The editor of the *London Times*—Robinson—accuses the Turks of assassinating their reporter, who had investigated the massacres and found that they were planned at the highest levels. The reporter's apartment had been trashed and all his documents and notes stolen, including the article on Turkey he had been writing for the newspaper."

He lost his calm; his whole body began shaking with his anger. He clenched his fist so tight, his knuckles turned white. He pounded the paper with it, then continued. "But the editor had received progress reports from the reporter through the British Embassy, and when he

returned to London, he gave Robinson a brief summary of his findings. Based on all this, *The Times* is reporting that the Young Turks are trying to exterminate all Armenians. And this extermination campaign—genocide, Jy-ying—has been planned and prepared at the highest fucking level, including that bastard Talaat.”

Prince Wei had never seen John so angry; he fled the dining room as Jy-ying got up and came around the table. She leaned over John’s shoulder and read the news item herself. Then, without saying a word, she kneaded his shoulders and neck. He leaned back into her hands, and when he had relaxed, she nodded her head at the kitchen, warning him about the ears there, and took his hand to lead him into the solitude of the library.

“Wait,” she said when he was seated at the library table, and left the library.

Minutes later she returned with Prince Wei in her arms, and firmly closed the solid oak door to the hallway. The dog’s ears were still slightly down as she sat across from John with him on her lap. She folded her hands, tilted her head, and looked at him with the expression of one waiting to see what the ape at the zoo would do next.

John glared out the window, trying to get the thoughts flooding his mind aligned and sorted. It didn’t help that he felt nauseous and had a growing headache. In the Old Universe, this Armenian genocide was the most concerted, systematic attempt to murder a people because of their religion and ethnicity before Hitler murdered almost six million Jews. From 1915 to 1923, over two million Armenians were slaughtered. When Greeks and other Christians were also counted, the toll grew to about 2.8 million.

John put his head in his hand and confessed, “I failed. Hundreds of thousands, maybe a million or more human beings will die often painful and prolonged deaths, because of my failure. Damn, damn! I never thought this measly little war in the Balkans would also stimulate and cover the genocide.”

He took a deep breath and let it out in a long sigh. “In the Old Universe, World War I provided the excuse and cover for the genocide. And Germany being an ally then against France, Britain, and Russia meant that the Christian powers would not intervene. This is just the kind of big democide that Joy and I came here to prevent. I was almost positive that averting World War I would deny Turkey its excuse, cover, and ally.”

He shook his head, staring down through narrowed eyelids at his clenched hands. “If only I had known. If only I had suspected this aw-

ful genocide could happen in this universe also, I would have tried to prevent it, and maybe I'd have been successful. I didn't, and now people are dy—”

THWACK!

John jerked his head up, and Prince Wei jumped off Jy-ying's lap and frantically looked for someplace to hide.

Jy-ying had slapped the table hard with the flat of her hand. “Enough whipping yourself, John. If anyone is at fault, it is that rogue time policeman who intervened in Russia and Poland in 1905. He changed the universe even before we arrived. How could you know how this would have impacted on Turkey?”

“I should have suspected.”

Jy-ying leaned over the table and pointed her finger at him. “If I hear one more word like that I am going to . . . pin your lips together with mine.” Then she scowled at him until his face relaxed, and the hint of a grin appeared. She leaned out of her chair and called Prince Wei to her. He came slowly, hunched down, eyes on John's face. He allowed Jy-ying to pick him up and put him on her lap again.

John reached across the table, holding his hand out for hers. “Thanks, sweetie. I needed that.”

Her scowl disappeared into a relieved grin.

John removed his hand and sat back. “Okay, what to do? First, stopping World War I still has the highest priority. It killed nine million people, and then it probably caused that huge flu epidemic afterwards that may have killed two or three times that number. I'm now especially concerned that the changes in this universe may also trigger World War I earlier than its outbreak in July of 1914. But, at the same time, we've got to stop this Armenian genocide. What this means is that our next trip to Europe must somehow also be used to accomplish this.”

Jy-ying grinned. “Hello, darling. Where have you been? Some fake John was here a few minutes ago. Nothing like you, though. He scared Prince Wei and I kicked the imposter out.”

“Good,” John replied. “I hope he never returns. Now, we have plans to make.”

Chapter 26

July 9–August 8, 1912

John

John finished informing the others of the genocide taking place in Turkey with, “Jesus, we have so little time. Thousands are killed each day that we do nothing.” Then he moved into his plan. “I think we can shine the light of day on the genocide by publishing all the photographs we or our researchers can find, and massively funding writers and journalists to write about the massacres. It’s especially important to buy lobbyists to pressure the legislatures of Britain, France, Germany, and Russia; the foreign ministries must be persuaded to threaten Turkey into stopping the massacres. Germany is the key to this, and there a special effort must be made. We can’t do all this ourselves,” he admitted. “We must have a full-time, well-positioned manager to do the real work. We have in mind the editor of *The Times*.”

“But we need to take a crash course on Turkey and its language in the four weeks remaining.” He waved his hand at the guys and Mariko. “I want you all to ransack the San Francisco Public Library for books on Turkey. Not ancient history; only contemporary history, tourist books, whatever else describes Turkey today, and its rulers. Also buy any similar books available in the biggest book stores. Organize this among yourselves. We’ll have a trip to London of about ten days’ duration, and we will spend much of that time with our faces buried in those books.

“Jy-ying and I will be going to all the colleges and universities within fifty miles, seeking Turkish speakers who can tutor us in the language, and provide insights into the culture of Constantinople, the layout of the city, and tips on getting around, particularly the ins and outs of its government buildings.” He paused and looked around. “Questions?”

“Are you going to Turkey? And what about me?” Hands asked.

“You have an engagement in Europe, I seem to recall,” Jy-ying said with a smile, “and we don’t want you to miss that. As to Turkey, we just don’t know yet what, if anything, we can do in Turkey. That is one reason we need to consult some Turkish students or immigrants.”

“More questions?” John asked.

There were no more. They all just looked at him with large eyes and parted lips.

Jy-ying

John and Jy-ying hired two Turkish medical students as language tutors, and a Turkish immigrant professor of history specializing in the Near East for all else they needed to know. His name was Buruk Metin.

John had questioned Buruk about his personal background no further than finding out he became a naturalized American citizen in 1910. That was sufficient for John to hire him.

Jy-ying was not happy about that, and on his first visit she asked Buruk all sorts of questions about his relatives and children in Turkey, his wife Nuray, and his attitudes. Watching his small, slitted eyes carefully, she brought up the massacres of the Armenians.

He shrugged. “I read that some of that is happening,” he said, rubbing his nose and stroking his beard, “but there is a history of communal violence on all sides. Sometimes the Armenians have massacred Moslems. With the modernization of Turkey, I hope that will come to an end. But also, Turkey is involved in a war, and the government may simply be deporting Armenians out of security-sensitive areas, which is their right to do. The current news from Turkey is so hard to interpret, what with the war there.”

Jy-ying was satisfied with his answers and it never came up again.

He came every day in the Model T that Jy-ying loaned him, and spent two hours with both her and John so they could learn from each other’s questions and his answers. They were also tutored in Turkish together by the two students, who came on alternative days. Fort Hope’s automobile mechanic chauffeured the students back and forth from the University of San Francisco.

The first day, Buruk brought a roll-map of Turkey and a tourist map of Constantinople, and left both with them. John nailed the roll-map to a high bookshelf in the library and left it unrolled for their sessions.

Buruk had a habit of answering questions by focusing his black, deep-set eyes on the questioner, running his finger down his long, thin nose, and either leaving it there as he answered, or moving his hand down to stroke his gray beard. It was so idiosyncratic that John unconsciously started to mimic it—until Jy-ying told him, “Without the beard, your hand looks like a strange fixture sticking out of your chin.” That ended it.

They grew increasingly familiar and informal with Buruk, and began to talk back and forth while with him, and within his hearing, as he was given free rein of the downstairs of Fort Hope. Jy-ying was instinctively concerned about security, and had imposed rules as to where in Fort Hope people could talk, and where extreme caution concerning their secrets was called for, such as in the dining room, where the cook or her helpers might overhear them. But they were on the West Coast of the United States, almost as far from Turkey as one could get, and Buruk never raised political questions. While he gave them John-type mini-lectures on the Young Turks and how they seized power, he remained consistent in his neutrality—he gave no hint as to whether he favored the regime or not, or the social revolution they were leading in Turkey. No one appreciated that a “no comment” was itself a comment, and given the great significance of the revolution for Turkey and its minorities, such as the Armenians, it should have raised suspicion.

Buruk

When the Chinese-American woman had questioned him on his first day, Buruk did not know these people, and he had not known what they intended to do with the information about Turkey he would give them. If he told them about his support for the Young Turks, or his opposition to their intended massacre of all Armenians, he was in deep trouble if they mentioned that in Turkey—or in London or Europe, for that matter—and it got to the wrong people. So he'd chosen to appear neutral on everything political. John, the one whose voice grew angry whenever he mentioned the Young Turks, was the most worrisome. He asked too many questions about high government offices, especially those belonging to the top Young Turks, and about their windows and doors, and such. Not the ordinary questions of tourists.

He'd also caught snatches of conversation about stopping the Armenian massacres. He was not quite clear whether they meant intervention by the Christian powers, as had happened in the past with the Ottoman Empire, or by some other means. But what other means could there be? Surely, just John and Jy-ying could do nothing themselves about the grand policy and actions of a nation at war. Such would be absurd, and these people were not absurd. Of course, they had to be as rich as sultans; maybe they intended to do something with their funds.

Buruk sighed deeply. He felt confused over it all. He loved America, but he still was Moslem, a Turk, and he still loved Turkey. Maybe

he was just too concerned about Turkey's future, and he was worrying needlessly; maybe these people were only expressing hope for an end to the massacres, and a wish that the big powers do something about it.

Well, he would wait. He would watch. He did not want innocent Americans to be hurt. But if his suspicions were verified, he knew what to do. His wife was the second cousin of Erim Abdulla, the brother of Faiga Bahceli, who was the wife of Captain Ugur Evren. He would send a telegram to Erim to pass on through the family to the captain. He would know what to do, if anything.

Then there was that arrogant cousin at *The Times*. John and Jy-ying had told him when they were leaving for London, and he knew they would meet with the editor of *The Times* for some reason having to do with Turkey. He, of course, had read Robinson's editorial in *The Times*, which only confirmed what he had gathered while in Turkey.

He shrugged. He could still wait to find out more.

Chapter 27

August 9, 1912

Buruk

Buruk had joined Sal, Dolphy, and Mariko at the San Francisco Terminal to wish John, Jy-ying, and Hands a good trip across the country to New York, a safe voyage to Southampton, England, and a successful trip. He had made his farewells in Turkish, and John and Jy-ying had responded in Turkish. They had learned fast—both natural linguists, he'd discovered.

They were allowing him to use the Ford while they were gone, saying they might need his services when they returned. As he robotically drove back to his apartment in San Francisco's Castro district, his mind worked toward the decision he would have to make soon.

They were spending a week in London, then Hands would be going to Germany, while John and Jy-ying would be leaving on a long voyage to Turkey. He had helped them make the final arrangements for the disembarkation at the Port of Constantinople. After a week in Turkey, they would travel by ship to Italy and take a train first to Rome, then onward to Germany where, among other things, they would attend Hands' wedding. John would be best man.

Buruk was sure now what their intentions were, overall and in Turkey. They planned, in some way he did not know, to force the regime to end its massacres. In the snatches of conversations he had caught, they'd talked about weapons of some unique sort that would do the job. He did not know the details, although he was sure they weren't planning to export a ton of weapons to the Armenians. He knew what was most important, however—their intent.

Although he'd known about this for a week, he had dithered, seeking some words or evidence that would prove he was wrong, that he had misinterpreted a language whose complex idiom and nuances still sometimes escaped him—he still smiled at the thought that, in English, a nose could run and feet could smell. But all he'd gotten was more and more confirmation.

He liked these people. They were good-hearted. He appreciated that. And they were Americans, his new countrymen. He knew they were dedicated to helping other nations and preventing war and massacres. But they were naive and simplistic, and now dangerous to the Turkey he loved, a country that showed promise in entering the modern age.

What he'd read in the morning *Call* almost decided him. Turkey had lost a major battle, and although the defense of the Dardanelles and Constantinople was secure, Turkey would have to pull back from Bulgaria and Rumania, and might have to withdraw to the Enos-Media Line. It was a serious blow to Turkey, and might mean the loss of her foothold in Europe. And Britain was offering to mediate a diplomatic solution to the war, which would require Turkey's withdrawal from all the Arab land that bordered on the east shore of the Mediterranean Sea as a precondition.

At this juncture, the unstable Turkish regime could not stand to have more pressure applied to it, however well-meaning. John seemed confident they could eventually end the massacres through public pressure on the democracies to take action against Turkey, or something even more immediate than that which was not clear to Buruk. He only knew they must have a plan strong enough for them to believe they would succeed. He had to take their expectation of success seriously.

In the context of all the pressures now on the Young Turks, it could be the final push to bring down the regime, perhaps through a coup by the military, or a rebellion in the Young Turks' Committee of Union and Progress. But he doubted it. He could not see how these naive Americans could do anything to so affect the regime. Yet, again, they were confident. They were obviously dedicated. The words he'd overheard were bold.

One thing he knew. If he sent his telegram, they would be picked up on reaching Turkey and interrogated. And, he suspected, it would not be pleasant. And if their intent was as he suspected, they probably would disappear forever.

He drove into the common garage for the neighborhood, a converted stable, and parked. As he walked past three two-story houses to his apartment building, he felt as though this indecision was driving him mad. In his head, two emotion-riding armies of facts and assumptions clashed. One side would get the upper hand, and his thoughts would momentarily move in that direction; then the other side would push back and he would swing that way briefly. Back and forth. Send the telegram. Do not send the telegram. It all gave him a severe headache and a stomach boiling with acid.

He felt certain the smell of food would make him vomit, so when he reached his second floor apartment, he grunted, “*Selam*—hello,” to Nuray, mumbled, “Not hungry—not feeling well,” and went directly to the bedroom to lie down. He would have to say his evening prayers soon, and he would pray also for guidance.

They didn’t help. Finally he decided to confess his ambivalence to his wife, Nuray. She was nationalized as he was, but only to gain the advantages citizenship would bring. First and foremost, she was a Turkish patriot and ardent nationalist. They had many arguments over this, and more and more often, she had accused him of being a traitor to his Turkish ancestors, to Islam, and to their family still in Turkey. She was more like her nephew Abaza. But, he could talk to her, and she listened and often agreed. She had only attended primary school, and had a great deal of respect for his knowledge.

August 10, 1912

Nuray

She could not believe Buruk’s ambivalence. Oh, after he told her what he knew, she had hidden her shock, shrugged her shoulders, and said it was in God’s hands. But it was in hers, and she had no intention of letting him know what she would do after he left this morning. He was stupid about it, and she thought he was probably lusting for that filthy rich Chinese woman Khoo, who went around her mansion half naked.

She could not allow anything to stop the great Turkish Revolution now underway. Thanks to the Young Turks, the country would again be as great as the Ottoman Empire. Constantinople would be greater than Paris, Berlin, and London. The Turkish flag would again be kissed by infidel Europeans. But the bloodsucking Christian minorities had to be cleaned out first. Buruk was blind to this. No matter, now.

When she was sure that Buruk would not return to their apartment for some reason, she stepped out into a misty fog and gentle rain. She hardly noticed. Her mind was fully occupied with the wording of what she was going to send. She walked down to California Street, caught streetcar #17 downtown, and got off by the Merchants Exchange Building. She walked the short distance to the Western Union office.

Since Banks and that bitch Khoo would soon arrive in London for a week, she thought it best to telegram her nephew at the Ottoman Embassy in London. He would know what to do. She filled out the form, paid the \$7.23, and waited until she got confirmation that the telegram

was on its way. Buruk would never miss the money. He just turned over his checks or cash payments to her—she controlled their budget.

When she left, it was darkening outside as storm winds blew the fog away and heavy rain began to fall. She pulled her percale cape around her, leaned into the wind, and held her black silk turban on with one hand. She was exhilarated. She hadn't been this happy with herself since she she'd come to this stupid place. She had done a great thing. She had helped her country.

Chapter 28

August 13–23, 1912
New York

John

A freight train derailment in Pennsylvania delayed John and the others, and they barely made it aboard the *Olympic*, the sister ship to the *Titanic*, before she sailed. The crew of the *Olympic* were just about to pull up the gangway when John, Jy-ying, and Hands rushed into the loading area, trailed by four baggage men they'd hired on the spot at the New York train station to carry all their luggage.

John had hoped to catch the *Titanic*, but he would have had to wait two weeks for her arrival and departure from New York. As it was, no first class was available on the *Olympic* on such short notice. In their second-class stateroom, John opened the porthole to let some air into the hot room, plopped down on the foldaway bunk, and heaved a sigh of relief. “Jesus, sweetie, I’m not cut out for this rush, rush, travel, travel. I had planned my life so that once I got my Ph.D., I would have a comfortable teaching position, an office lined with books, an easy chair next to my bookcases at home, and both of us would age together.”

“You and the chair?” Jy-ying asked as she opened a suitcase and started hanging a few dresses in their mini-closet.

“Of course,” John replied half-heartedly. He had already made three voyages on these old ships, and was no longer interested in going on deck to see this one tugged away from the dock. He was ready for a nap. And his mind was already asleep. With a yawn, he added, “I had intended that my female companions would always be young, to match my ageless virility.”

Jy-ying instantly stopped what she was doing, turned to glare at him, and put one hand on her hip. “I see. Does that mean you intend to trade me in like a used car for a new, younger female companion when I reach thirty in two months? We might be abroad at that time. I hope you allow me to return to San Francisco so that I can retrieve my things from *your* mansion.”

Oops. His mind jerked awake, and frantically sought solid footing. “Ah . . . you’ll never be old in my eyes . . . you’re ageless. Your beauty and mind, that is.” He gave up. “Oh hell, sweetie, I love you.”

With the hint of a smug grin, Jy-ying turned back to what she had been doing, murmuring something in Chinese.

“What did you say?”

“Woman must keep her man in his place.”

London

Six unexciting days later—more precisely, six days, twenty-three minutes later—after John and Jy-ying had read and skimmed half a suitcase of books on Turkey, and first a widow and then an Oxford-bound young lady had taken an interest in Hands (he finally told each that he preferred men), they landed in Southampton. They took the boat train to London, and a hackney cab took them to the Russell Hotel, where John had reserved by telegram a suite for himself, and separate rooms for Jy-ying and Hands.

When they entered Russell Square, they could see that the hotel occupied its entire east side. “It is ugly,” Jy-ying exclaimed over the noise of traffic. “I am going to miss Fort Hope.”

John nodded. Frowning, he stared at the terracotta-colored hotel’s ornate Victorian construction, complete with cherubs and colonnades.

The expensive Victorian decor of the lobby matched the exterior. But John was pleasantly surprised when the hotel made no complaint about Prince Wei joining them. “The English,” John told Jy-ying, “have no taste, but they are a most civilized people.”

Before leaving San Francisco, he had sent a telegram to Geoffrey Robinson, the editor of *The Times* of London, requesting an appointment to discuss his reporter’s murder and Robinson’s editorial on Turkey, and adding that he wanted to do something about it. Robinson had responded with the instruction that John should give him a call when he arrived in London. John did so as soon as they were settled into their luxurious rooms, and Robinson told him to come right over.

When they arrived at *The Times* Building on Pennington Street, they found the newsroom without difficulty. A secretary led them to the staff conference room. She brought them tea and cookies, lingered over Prince Wei, and held him briefly.

They had not long to wait for Robinson. A tall, well-built man with a receding hairline of fine, dark hair and the typically English face of round cheeks and long, thin nose hurried into the room and immediately put his hand out to John. "I'm Geoffrey Robinson. My pleasure."

John shook his hand firmly. "This lady is Miss Khoo, my partner." He felt a pang of guilt as he introduced Jy-ying. Even though Joy had been in fact his partner, he'd always introduced her as his assistant and translator, a much lesser role. He'd resolved not to do that to Jy-ying. He also introduced Hands as the vice-president of his company, and Prince Wei as "Our vicious guard dog. Beware."

Robinson bent his head to look more closely at Prince Wei, spared a second to grin, and then, obviously busy and clearly with little patience for small talk, he asked, "How can I help you?" He held up John's telegram.

"I would like to read all the messages on Turkey that Mr. Kahan sent you, and any notes you made of your conversations with him regarding Turkey."

"Why is that, Mr. Banks?"

"Please call me John. Because we," he waved to include Jy-ying and Hands, "intend to stop the Young Turk-directed massacres."

"I'm Geoffrey," Robinson returned, then said, "I do not wish to be rude, but who are you, to do this? Nobody here seems to care. Several rich businessmen I have approached about this fear compromising their business interests in Turkey. The British Foreign Ministry knows what is going on from our ambassador in Turkey, Sir Louis Mallet, and counselors around the Ottoman Empire. But the government refuses to take a stand, or even publicize the killing. There is a war in the Balkans, and British Foreign Minister Edward Grey fears being drawn in, if Germany and Russia become involved. In that case, he wants Turkey as an ally. But Turkey leans toward Germany, who opposes Russia's traditional anti-Turkey interests in the Balkans. So Grey does not want to exacerbate already strained relations with Turkey."

"Yes," John replied, "it's all high politics, I know. Armenians be damned. What we need are democratic revolutions in eastern Europe, Germany, and Turkey, and that would solve the war and massacre problem. Democracies don't make war on each other or kill their own people."

Geoffrey sat back in his wooden chair and raised an eyebrow. "I must say, John, such idealism has no place in practical international politics. Aside from that, stopping the massacres and preventing a possible Europe-wide war is practical enough for me." He paused and waved to include John and the others. "But I must ask again, who are you to stop these massacres?"

John and Jy-ying had long discussed this question, among others, during the long trip. He gave the answer as they had prepared it. "I am rich beyond your imagination, and have more power than you can imagine. My company has become very influential. I have company offices in Berlin, Saint Petersburg, Paris, Tokyo, and other places, including, as you may know, in London. I will use all my wealth and power to stop this killing. And I want to help prevent a European war that, as you mention, may soon break out."

Robinson leaned forward, slowly looked John over, and then glanced at Jy-ying and Hands. He frowned slightly, then held up his hand. "I don't understand. Why are you doing this?"

"We hate war and killing. We have seen both. Jy-ying is a survivor of one; she lost her whole family. I barely survived one, and a woman I loved deeply died in another. We have dedicated our lives and all our resources to doing this. If you want to put a label on us, call us crusaders for democracy."

Geoffrey nodded and leaned back. "I understand that. My grandfather likewise dedicated his life to ending the slave trade, and my father was deeply anticolonial. However, he wanted all the colonies to be made independent in domestic governance, but part of a British commonwealth, an aim to which I'm also dedicated. So I'm with you, as long as what you plan is legal and if—a big if, John—you don't endanger my newspaper or my principles."

He paused a moment. "Are you an American secret agent? Are you working for President Taft? I know he has this interest in dollar diplomacy—substituting dollars for bullets—but I didn't know he was also interested in fostering democracy."

"No, we are not American agents. But you must understand that, even were we secret agents, we could not divulge it. Here is how you can help us. First, we need photographs of the massacres, of dead and dying Armenians. Best if it's children. And even better if the Turks are photographed in the act. Do you have such photos?"

"Some, and I know where you might get more."

"Good. Second, do you know of any British or European groups that would lobby their politicians against the massacres if they had the funds to do so, including publishing petitions, photos, and anti-Turk advertisements?"

"We see this as much like an advertising campaign, similar to selling a new automobile. Our intention is to bring moral pressure to bear on the democratic parliaments or governing councils and monarchs of Christian

countries. We want them to see intervention in Turkey as not only the right thing to do, but also in their interest. This means that we must also bring an end to the Balkan War and prevent a broader European war.”

Geoffrey stared at John with wide eyes and puckered lips. He looked at Jy-ying, again raising an eyebrow, clearly one of his favorite expressions. “Is your partner crazy?”

She gave him a long look. “He is dead serious, as I am.”

Hands cleared his throat and gestured toward John. “And as I am, also. He speaks for both of us.”

Geoffrey turned to John. “Well, given such seriousness, how could I deny what you ask? I will assign one of my staff members full time to you—an apprentice I hired. His parents immigrated here from Turkey when he was three years old, and he is completely anglicized. He learned Turkish from his parents, however, and reads the major Turkish newspapers and maintains contact with Turkish immigrant groups here and in Europe. That’s one reason I hired him. I will pledge him to absolute secrecy.” He rose, then added, “Oh, yes. Before I bring him in, how much in total are you willing to spend?”

This had been a difficult question for John and Jy-ying. With the three guys and Mariko kibitzing, they’d decided on the 1912 equivalent of eighteen billion year 2001 dollars. John evenly responded, “Roughly one billion American dollars.”

Geoffrey suddenly sucked in his breath, started choking, and turned red as he covered his mouth and turned away. John and the other two immediately went to him, but he waved them away. When he got his breath, he looked at them with teary eyes. “Holy Jesus Christ, you will spend that bloody much? I don’t think the Bank of England has that much on hand at any one time. Do you own a gold mine or three? My God, John, you can buy Turkey with that much money.”

John leaned toward him, holding his eyes. “I will spend all of it, if necessary. You must believe that, for the next question depends on it. Will you be my secret European director of this effort? Take a leave of absence for some sensible reason, and I will pay all your expenses plus triple you current salary, although I don’t think that really matters.”

Geoffrey sat back down in his chair, let his arms hang down over the armrests, and just looked from one to the other of them. In a husky voice, he mused, “It’s impossible that my whole world could change this much in a half-hour.” His voice firmed. “My good man, what you are asking is that I change my life simply based on what you say and

offer. I don't know you. And given what you are offering, I must be frank. How can I trust you? I need proof of who you are and what you offer. Then I will seriously consider it."

"Of—"

"Of course," Jy-ying interrupted, making it clear to John that she was tired of being the potted plant here. She went on. "As John said, we have a company office in London, and you are invited to visit it. Look around. Ask questions." She took a card from her always present holster purse and handed it to him. "That gives the office manager's name and telephone number, and the address of our office. I'm sure you also have many ways of checking its legitimacy, just to wipe out any question of our scamming you. On the back of the card is the name of our hotel, John's room number, and the telephone number."

She reached into her purse again and pulled out a folded sheet of paper, which she also handed to him. "You mentioned the Bank of England. We have set up an account there in your name for the equivalent in pounds of one million dollars. That paper contains all the information you need to verify the account's existence. As the originators of the account, we have put a hold on it for one week, which you can also check. If we do not hear from you in that time, or if your answer is no, then we will cancel the account."

Hands added, "People are dying in the thousands every day. We cannot give you more time. Consider the funds our goodwill offer."

Jy-ying reached into her purse a third time and gave him another folded sheet of paper with a final flourish. "On that is an account number at the New York City Bank in the name of the Survivors' Benevolent Society, the organization we hope you will establish and lead for the purposes we mentioned. You also have the access code, though not the withdrawal code, to verify what is in the account. The Bank of England would not accept such a huge and very rare bank transfer from New York on such short notice without time consuming verifiers. We will satisfy them within the week, but at least by wire you can check that account at the City Bank."

She stopped for effect. "It has one billion dollars in the account."

Geoffrey held the card and papers in one shaking hand, staring at her. "I'll be bloody goddamned." Then he bowed his head. "I'm sorry. Please excuse my language."

He straightened himself with a visible effort, looked up at John, and said, "I'll check all this out and get back to you within the week. I'll go get your assistant."

He was obviously still flabbergasted as he went out, shaking his head and muttering, “My God!”

About ten minutes later he entered with a dark-skinned, thin man with thick black hair, a long face and nose, recessed black eyes, and a pointed chin. Geoffrey introduced him with a smile. “I would like you to meet Abaza Omur. He will provide you with whatever assistance you need here. I will be in touch.”

Chapter 29

August 23–24, 1912
London

Jy-ying

After another hour spent fruitlessly at *The Times*, they visited their company office on New Bond Street. John acted the big boss, meeting new employees hired by their office manager, and making sure he understood any marketing problems and the nature of local competition. Although the Hua Import & Export Company was their cover, to be successful in this, it also had to operate as a legitimate business. Jy-ying, John, and Hands knew their British manager well. Before taking up the position in one of their foreign offices, candidates spent a month in San Francisco at the company headquarters, and as a guest in Fort Hope.

As much as John hated to, as he put it, “Waste the time,” while Hands stayed on at the company office to further familiarize himself with its operations, John and Jy-ying played tourist the rest of the day. They had no choice. Until Robinson made his decision, they could not move on. Finally John admitted that he enjoyed the chance to renew his acquaintance with many of London’s historic buildings, such as the British Museum, National Gallery, and Buckingham Palace. Moreover, they had Prince Wei with them and the English loved dogs; his small size and handsomeness appealed especially to the women, and Prince Wei was welcome everywhere.

That evening, at a late supper with Hands at the hotel’s Fitzroy Doll, they discussed the problem they were having at *The Times*.

Feeding a tidbit of beef to Prince Wei on her lap, Jy-ying noted, “That Robinson has not yet made his decision is not what is bothering me. It’s the disappearance of the files containing Peter Kahan’s telegrams and Robinson’s notes. Something was not right there.”

Hands asked, “Didn’t Robinson tell you that they were probably misfiled?”

“Yeah,” John answered. “‘Drives him batty,’ he says. But he admits that this is in the nature of a large, paper-intensive company like a major newspaper.”

Jy-ying shook her head. “I don’t believe that is what happened. The files are too significant. I think they have been stolen or destroyed.”

John thought about it for a moment, and replied, “Could be. It would have to be an inside job. But sweetie, you have an ingrained paranoia that comes from all your years in security. It’s a wonder you trust poor Hands, here. Me, I can understand. But you know, Hands might be an alien agent spying on us.”

Hands put on a shifty-eyed look.

Jy-ying gave Hands a steely stare, then turned to John. “Nope. Unlike you, darling, he looks too angelic—nothing devilish in his eyes.”

“Wow,” Hands declared with a grin, “I’m happy about that.”

“Let’s get serious, John. My security feelers are quivering in the air. There is something else besides the missing files. It is that apprentice Abaza who is helping us. I learned in security that the portals to the truth about a person lie in their eyes. Only an exceptionally well-trained actor can keep his soul from showing in them. In Abaza’s there is a hint of lethal appraisal, as though he were a butcher selecting a pig for slaughter.”

“Come on, sweetie. Maybe he’s just ravishing you in his imagination. All men get a certain look around you. Except for angelic Hands here, that is.”

Jy-ying was deep in her thoughts and paid no attention to him for a moment. Then she continued. “It is also the questions he asks, which go beyond the ordinary. He tries to be subtle, but when the coating is rubbed off his words, he wants to know who is funding us, who our contacts are and do we have any in Turkey, and how we intend to stop the massacres.”

John waved her suspicion aside. “His parents are from Turkey. He speaks Turkish. He reads the Turkish newspapers.”

“All very true,” Jy-ying responded reflectively. “True, it all may be as innocent as Hands is.”

“You mean *angelic* Hands.”

“Precisely. But what you cannot deny is my intuition.” She added iron to the next words. “It is a trained intuition.”



It was hot in the bedroom, a typical humid London heat wave, and the open screened window helped not at all. Prince Wei slept on the floor next to the bed, where it was cooler. They slept naked, with only a sheet partly covering them. John’s body seemed to be producing its own heat wave, so Jy-ying kept a little distance between them, only

lightly touching his hip with her fingers—she always had to sleep touching him in some way. She suspected it was because of the insecurity of their lives, and the knowledge that a violent death might part them at any moment. Partly for that reason, partly as she was trained, she slept like a guard dog, instantly awake at the slightest unusual sound or movement of the air molecules.

She suddenly awakened now, and as her superbly trained body automatically transformed itself into a killing machine, she tried to locate the gentle resonance in the air. In a second or so, she heard Prince Wei rumbling deep in his throat. She immediately leaned over and cupped his muzzle, his signal to be absolutely quiet.

She located the sound that had awakened her. It was their doorknob being turned and the door being slowly pushed open to stop against the chain on the bolt John had thrown before going to bed. She moved swiftly to cover John's mouth with her hand; he bolted awake, but her hand told him all he needed to know.

The door closed. Then there was a gentle knock at the door, and a husky voice yelled, "Telegram."

Jy-ying whispered in John's ear, "Answer it." She took her hand away. He shouted back, "Wait a minute. I'll be there."

Jy-ying cupped her hand around his ear. "Hostiles. No lights." Because she automatically drew a mental map of any new room she entered, locating the best fighting spaces and defensive positions, she knew exactly where she wanted to be. The door opened into the suite's mini foyer. There was not enough room on each side of the door for both of them to stand hidden along the wall when the door was opened. But one could stand behind the door as it swung in. The problem was that the one who opened it would be vulnerable to being shot by whoever waited on the other side. But she knew how to work the reaction time of someone with a gun.

"Unbolt the door, jerk it open, and stand behind it," she whispered.

When it came to saving their lives, she was the expert, and he would no more argue with her than with a speeding train. John's H&K was hanging in his holster on a chair several feet from the bed, and he took it in hand, made sure the safety was off, and pointed it to the ceiling as he moved toward the door. With both their eyes adjusted to the dark, in the dim city light coming in the window they could just make out the door. John positioned himself alongside it.

Jy-ying placed Prince Wei a foot behind her. She leaned over and whispered in his ear, "Stay." She took up her offensive stance. She had

no intention of letting who was on the other side rush into the room ready to kill John—and he could not know that Jy-ying was here. She positioned herself to shock and momentarily paralyze him with her nakedness for the split second she needed.

Sinan Senturk

He stood with his back against the wall and his gun out, ready to rush into the room as soon as the door was opened for Abaza, who had his own gun out. Seref was on the other side of the door, his gun pointed up, and Hamza stood behind Abaza, ready as well. No simple knifing this time.

They knew that both of them were in the room, and the Turkish hotel maid had told them she'd seen evidence in the room of guns of some sort. They had no doubt they could get the American man first. He would be the one to open the door. They did not worry about the sound of the shots. In this part of town, backfiring automobiles were common.

With the man dead, they would rush into the room over his body and subdue the Chinese woman. They had watched her coming and going through the lobby. A real Chinese beauty—he had never screwed a Chinese before. They all looked forward to the fun they would have before killing her. He was getting hot just thinking of it.

Abaza knocked and yelled, "Telegram," and pointed his gun at the door.

No sound, except for the rumble of traffic coming through the window at the end of the hall.

Abaza looked about to yell again when the door was suddenly jerked open from inside. Abaza stood frozen in place for a second, and then in a blur a naked woman twirled in the doorway and Abaza's gun fired just before it went flying through the air. The bullet holed the wall next to Sinan's shoulder.

In the same motion, the naked blur swung around and punched Abaza in the throat, knocking him back into Hamza, who twisted out of the way and got a shot at her. She was moving too fast for him to aim and he missed. She stiff-armed her open palm into his chin, and his head jerked back with a sharp crack.

The white typhoon that was the woman swung on Seref. He shot at her just as she delivered a backhanded chop to his nose; he shrieked, and his gun went flying as he jerked his hands up to his face. He collapsed.

At the same moment, a little white blur with teeth bared leaped at Sinan's gun arm. He kicked at it with all his might, caught it in the

belly with the toe of his boot, and felt bone crunch from the impact. He brought his heel down on the body squirming on the floor just as the naked blur turned on him.

Seref had been on the other side of the door from him; the seven feet between them gave Sinan the time he needed as she came after him. He crouched and tried to aim at her as she pivoted, her long hair twisting about her head, and zigzagged in a rush toward him. The wall and the bodies on the floor hampered her sidewise movement; his wildly aimed shot caught her, and her movement turned awkward, then unbalanced. He quickly sidestepped to avoid her plunging body.

She landed in a naked heap, unmoving, just as the man appeared in the doorway with both hands wrapped around a gun, swinging it around on him. They both fired about the same time, and Seref felt a sledgehammer blow to his right shoulder. His right hand jerked open, dropping the gun, his knees buckled, and he fell backwards. As he lay on the floor groaning and shaking from the mind-numbing pain, he tried to grip his right shoulder. There was only a big, wet, stringy hole there.

Hands

Hands heard two muffled bangs close together, and then another one, and as he grabbed his Colt from his holster on the chest of drawers, he heard *Bang! Bang!* Dressed in only his underwear, he shot the bolt back on his door, flung it open, and rushed into the hallway. Gripping his gun with both hands, he swung it one way, then the other as he quickly scanned the hallway from one end to the other.

There was swirling smoke and a pile of bodies at the end of the hallway, in front of John's suite. He ran to the bodies, then stopped. "No!" he screamed. "Goddamn it, no. NO!"

The hole in Jy-ying's head no longer leaked blood. John, also naked, had been shot in the heart. *Fuck. He didn't wear his armored vest.*

There were four other bodies—three husky men and a thin one, all dark, all foreigners, Hands guessed. Two of them still held guns in their lifeless hands; one had a broken neck and the nose of the other had been completely crushed into his skull. The other two had dropped their guns. One still held his crushed throat as he choked to death, his eyes bulging unseeingly. *Jy-ying must have killed those three with her feet and hands.* The fourth man had been shot in the shoulder with a hollow point bullet, which left a huge, bloody hole. He was crying out something in a foreign language. Hands kicked his gun farther away from him.

Something white lay farther along the hallway. A scrunched pillow? Then he recognized the broken body of Prince Wei.

Hands, his emotions temporarily paralyzed by shock, went into automatic. He rushed into the suite and pulled one of the bedsheets and the folded bedspread from the bed and flung these over Jy-ying and John. Nobody was in the hallway yet. Maybe those who heard the shots thought they were automobile backfires.

He pulled the gun out of John's hand and shoved it into the waistband of his underpants, then glanced at Jy-ying. She'd been unarmed. His feet carried him back into the suite. Moving robotically, he picked up the two small suitcases that held John and Jy-ying's money and documents and flung them onto the sheet still on the bed. He added a suitcase containing two strange tubes, John's pocket .40 caliber S&W, and Joy's laptop computer. He flung Jy-ying's holster purse over his shoulder along with John's empty shoulder holster, gathered the corners of the sheet, and lumbered with the bundle down the hallway and into his room, where he shoved it all into his closet and jammed the sliding door closed.

Panting, sweating profusely, he rushed back into the hallway just as another man was lifting the sheet to look at Jy-ying. Hands charged over and ripped the sheet out of the man's hand with a strangled, "No!"

Hands fell to his knees between John and Jy-ying, gently took their cooling hands in his, and finally unlocked his pain and grief. He sobbed for the death of his dear friends, for his mission leaders, for those who had wanted to save humanity from itself.

More people gathered, horrified. Hotel security folk, police, and Scotland Yard came and began their investigation. With understanding and sympathy, they tried to question him, but at first he could only repeat that he loved them like the sister and brother he'd never had. Later, when he was halfway sentient, he tried to answer their questions without lying more than necessary to protect John and Jy-ying's real identity and their mission. Knowing their bodies would be part of an official inquest, he said that they'd wanted to be cremated, and asked for the ashes to take back to San Francisco with him.

He had one special request. He asked that he be given the little white body of Prince Wei for his cremation, as well.



Late in the day, released by Scotland Yard with the admonition to return to his hotel but not leave London, Hands rose briefly above his anguish to send off two telegrams. One was to his fiancée in Germany:

Jy-ying and John were killed. Join me permanently. I need you. The mission needs you. He knew she would read between the lines.

At first his hand shook so badly, he could not fill in the form for the second telegram, but finally, almost blinded by tears, he wrote to Dolphy, Mariko, and Sal:

Our heroic friends and leaders, John and Jy-ying, were attacked and murdered. It's all now up to us. You know what to do. Forgive me. I can't write more now. Tomorrow.

Chapter 30

September 5, 1912
San Francisco

Hands

They emerged from the platform gate for Track 4 with the their baggage handlers and their carts behind them. He dreaded this moment when he would return to the others, look into their grieving eyes, and have to explain face to face what happened to *them*.

Them, their, and they would forever refer to Jy-ying, John, and Prince Wei, as permanently as though the words were carved into the base of their granite statue. Only in the last few days could he say the pronouns without his lower lip quivering.

Kate, his former fiancée, walked beside him, gripping his hand supportively. She had helped him through the emotional devastation of their deaths and made many of the necessary arrangements on his behalf, communicating with their company's London office and canceling John's many appointments in Germany, handling the death certificates, the police clearance, the cremations, the joint urn, and especially the arrangements, the so very important arrangements, with Geoffrey Robinson.

Now the worst of it: telling the others the details he could never bring himself to telegram.

Kate was as tall as Hands and, unusual for women in this age, she wore no hat. Also unusual, if not considered rebellious, she let her unbound blonde hair curl over her forehead and down to her shoulders. She wore a tight beige blouse, buttoned at the neck, that well displayed her endowments, and a dark brown woolen skirt that, heaven forbid, revealed her lower legs. With her large, sparkling blue eyes, full lips, and unblemished complexion, she needed little makeup and knew it. This beauty flouted convention, and was able to do it without looking like a prostitute. She had an intelligence that rivaled Hands', a fact that often made him shake his head in disbelief at his good fortune. And she loved him, which was even more incredible.

Once he'd asked her, "Why?"

Her answer was simple, and sealed with a kiss. “Because you are you, sugar.”

But there was more about her than all that—much more. Because of their new life, he would have to reveal her secret to the others.

Head down, almost leaning into her, he scanned the crowd of people meeting those arriving on the train from under lowered brows. He saw them—they were almost knocking people over as they rushed through the crowd toward him.

Kate stepped aside as they stopped in front of him. Mariko was crying openly. Dolphy and Sal had tears in their eyes as they vigorously patted him on the back, both trying to shake his hand at the same time, both blurting greetings that jumbled together. Sal for once followed up with no smart remark, but gripped Hands’ shoulder tightly and nodded. His face said it all.

Mariko waited for Hands’ attention. When the guys finally let him look her way, she bowed her head. A tear dripped off her nose. She raised her head and tried to give him a smile. “Welcome home, Hands. I happy to see you.”

Kate

Kate had hung back, carefully observing these people with whom she would now trust her dangerous secrets and her life. She knew how important this welcome and the rest of the day was to Hands. It was the beginning of a new life, and these would be his partners—and hers, now—until death would part them also. She studied Mariko from Japan, whom Hands likened to a soft flower petal with a spine of steel. Kate would enjoy getting to know her as though she were a sister, as she must. Her husband Dolphy was imaginative, loyal, and honest, but lazy and straightlaced, Hands had told her with a chuckle. Then there was Sal—she looked at him with a mental grin—bold, brash, loudmouthed, oversexed, and a generous friend for life who would follow you into hell.

The others looked at her for the first time, as if suddenly realizing she was there. Hands took her arm with one hand and, gesturing toward her with the other, he said, “I’m so sorry. I was so glad to be home again and see you all that I neglected my love. She lets me get away with my poor manners. Meet Kathryn Kaufmann, my former fiancée . . . ah, I will explain later.”

“Call me Kate,” she said in a soft, feminine voice with an unmistakably German accent. “I love Hands more than ever, but now . . .

marriage is out of the question.” With what had happened, that appeared all the explanation the others needed.

Hands introduced each of the others to Kate, and mentioned that Dolphy’s parents had been German and he spoke the language. Dolphy then welcomed her in German, which she returned in kind.

Mariko greeted her in Japanese with a bow, and then translated her greeting into English.

Sal said his first words: “Nice to meetcha. Do you have an unmarried sister?”

“No,” she said, and gave him a big smile. “I heard about you, Sal. I have a cousin I am going to hide when you’re around.”

Sal pointed to the baggage handlers, who were shuffling their feet and giving Hands dirty looks. “We better go to our cars before your baggage gets lost.” Picking up two of the heavy suitcases, he started toward the Townside Street exit. Dolphy picked up two more, and Hands paid the baggage men fifty cents, which they accepted with big smiles, picked up the remaining suitcases, and followed the others with Kate and Mariko carrying their bags and cases beside him. They headed for the parking lot and horse hitches on the north side of the street, where their two Fords were parked. They put all the luggage in the back of one, and Kate insisted that Hands get into the front of Dolphy’s Ford, while she joined Mariko in the rear.

It took almost a half-hour to navigate traffic in town, and then the five miles to Fort Hope. They spent the time in small talk about the trip, comparing London and Berlin to San Francisco.

When Kate saw Fort Hope for the first time, she was amazed. She knew about the wealth Joy and John and then Jy-ying had brought with them, and the new wealth they had been creating every day, but to see it symbolized in this huge, well-guarded mansion on its many acres of grounds was another thing. *I robbed people with such wealth*, she thought, and then shoved the thought away as irrelevant.

Hands was greeted somberly by the whole staff, who expressed their regrets and sadness over the loss of Master John Banks and Miss Khoo Jy-ying, the woman they believed was the sister of his former mistress, Joy Phim. Kate had been apprised of these roles, and that Hands would now assume the master’s role, and she would be his mistress, with all the powers the positions entailed. After due attention to Hands, the staff all greeted her with civility and covert appraisal.

Hands showed Kate around with the others trailing behind and kibitzing, often with false high spirits—she could tell this even without knowing them well. When they got to the master bedroom, Hands visi-

bly slumped. Staring at the floor, he waved at the room and said in an unsteady voice, "This is the master bedroom." He waited, keeping his eyes down. The others remained in the hallway.

She said into the silence, "What a beautiful room."

Hands nodded and turned to lead her out. Every line in his face seemed to succumb to gravity as he declared in a leaden voice, "It will never again be occupied. It is sacred."

No one said a word as Hands led Kate to his bedroom on the third floor. Within the hearing of the others, he told her in a tone still reflecting his sadness, "This is our bedroom."

At that moment, Sal said just the right thing to dispel the dark depression that had set in. "Ah, Kate, my bedroom is bigger."

"Well now, Sal, is that all that's bigger?"

He flushed, speechless. Dolphy's jaw dropped. Mariko whispered in Dolphy's ear and when he explained the rejoinder sotto voce to her, she looked at Kate with wide eyes and covered her mouth with her hand. Hands just grinned.

From what Hands had said about Sal, she knew that, with her little rejoinder, she had won him over.

Hands

Hands ate little at supper that evening. Now it could no longer be delayed; the small talk was getting increasingly strained, and it was up to him, as so much now would be, to reveal the details of what had happened and tell all of them about its consequences, and get their mission reset on its path. And Kate must be properly introduced, if they were to understand her role in the mission. She'd suggested he start with her, to make it easier to slide into the details.

First, the lubricant. Mariko fetched a cup of green tea from the kitchen and the guys took bottles of Anchor Steam beer from the new white Puritan refrigerator. Kate selected a Budweiser, the closest she could get to her favorite Radeberger pilsner beer. Then Hands led them to the mansion's lower lounge, what Jy-ying always called their "talk-talk war room." He felt more comfortable there. The library, where John always held their discussions, made him uncomfortable.

While the others settled on the two sofas and the easy chairs, Hands went to the file room and got what he needed. He didn't think it maudlin. No, it was appropriate. He and Kate had spent hours preparing it, that afternoon. He could barely do it, but Kate provided him

with the strength when he needed it most. He came back to the lounge carrying each in one arm, and positioned them as he'd planned on a carved mahogany wall table.

When he was ready, he stood, drink in hand. He could barely speak the words; they came out broken, but he didn't think anyone noticed. "I want to toast our leaders . . . the best friends humanity—we—could ever have. Their ashes . . . their souls are now together for eternity . . ."

Kate took over, her voice none too steady itself. "The ashes of Joy, John, and Jy-ying are combined now in this gorgeous urn—they would have loved it. Of course, Prince Wei, the dog I heard so much about, is in the smaller urn, and forever now will be near his mistress."

Hands added, the words choked, "I wanted them at this first meeting of our . . . new team. We will set them up in the Banks crypt tomorrow. You each will have a key to visit it whenever you want." He raised his drink. "To our friends."

Everyone clicked their mugs and cups.

Mariko rose and rushed out. In minutes, she came back with two candles and holders, and placed one a little in front on each side of the urns. Dolphy struck a match and lit them for her. In a tremulous voice, Mariko asked, "Do someone have photos?"

Hands took out his wallet, glanced at Kate, then slipped out little photographs of John and Joy together and one of Jy-ying holding Prince Wei. He handed them to Mariko. She arranged them before the urn so that John was between Joy and Jy-ying.

She stood before the urns for a moment, hands clasped together in front of her heart. Then she bowed deeply and knelt before them, hands still clasped. Her lips moved silently. After a few minutes, she got up, bowed again, took two steps back, and turned to return to the sofa, her face soft and tranquil. Dolphy's eyes were red as he put his arm around her.

Sal also stood before the urns, shoulders slouched, arms hanging loosely at his sides, head tilted. He slowly crossed himself. Then he picked up the big urn and kissed the front of it twice. "There, you lucky women, I know you wanted that. Take care of them for me, John." He clapped the back of vase several times. He seemed to hold it uncertainly for a moment before setting it down. Then he left the room without a word.

Kate took two steps toward the urn, faced it squarely with her heels together, stiffened her back, and said, "You are humanity's heroes." She gave it a perfect German military salute. When she sat down, Hands could see that her eyes were bright and filled with pride.

With the tribute paid to their fallen leaders, Hands now had to move on to one more duty that he dreaded—informing them all that Kate was a burglar and a serial murderess.

Chapter 31

Hands

Sal returned to the meeting with eyes slightly swollen. “Toilet,” he said, his voice strained.

Hands had to start the business part of the meeting, but he couldn’t speak. He felt hot, and his heart was beating rapidly; he was afraid he would stammer. This was it. He was now mission leader. John’s will had designated him president of the Hua Import & Export Company, with Dolphy, Mariko, and Sal regional vice presidents and partners. Both their formal wills and their personal instructions in the event of their deaths that had been left in their safe gave him full power over the contents of their time capsules and all their funds. He was now in charge of the mission, but as it had been with John and Joy and then Jy-ying, it really was he and Kate.

Hands felt as though he was taking John’s place in front of him, Joy, and Jy-ying. Worse, he was scared by the responsibility he suddenly felt for millions and millions of lives, and those of his friends—his partners—and his love, Kate. A trickle of sweat crawled down his back.

Even at this distance from the kitchen, they heard the cook yell something at the scullery maid. One of their security company’s guard dogs barked.

They were all looking at Hands, waiting.

Sal, his face almost recovering its normal half-grin, cleared his throat and broke the silence with, “Okay, you lucky guy. Tell us about Kate, who has sucked up all the beauty in Germany.”

Kate was sitting next to Sal. She leaned over and gave him a peck on the cheek. He turned crimson, the second time in one day. They all clapped, and Dolphy whistled. Perhaps it was all somewhat forced, but it didn’t matter. It dissipated a gloom that had filled the room like a fog.

Now suddenly relaxed, Hands found it easy to begin with Kate. “I met her at the American Embassy during its July Fourth celebration Ah, it was on our first trip to Europe to set up the Paris and Berlin company offices. Her father is a general on the German General Staff. Her mother is English. Her father met and fell in love with her when he was a military something—

“Attaché,” Kate said.

—to the German Embassy in London. They had returned to Berlin together when her father was promoted to a . . .” He looked at Kate.

“Generalmajor—Brigadier General.”

Hands ended with, “And he was sent to the German Staff College.”

When Hands took a moment to sip his beer, Kate jumped in. “My mother insisted I learn English and tutored me at home. She was a wonderful woman and I loved her dearly. She died in 1909 from some disease the doctors could not diagnose.”

Before the others could express the sympathy that showed on their faces, she went on. “When I graduated from German secondary school in 1905, my father wanted me to attend a German university. My mom wouldn’t hear of it. She won him over and I was sent to Oxford.”

Hands interjected proudly, “She graduated with a first in 1909, whatever that is.”

“In what did you graduate?” Mariko asked.

“In theater.”

Hands added, “She is now a famous actress in German films.” And he thought, *This explains for them her free spirit and dress. Finally.* He’d been worried what they might have thought.

She said, “My stage name is Nicole. I’m now so identified with the name that my billing omits my surname.”

Sal and Dolphy unconsciously leaned forward to get a good look at Kate, and then gaped at her. “That’s why you look familiar,” Dolphy got out. “We’ve seen you in some of the foreign films shown here.”

At first Mariko looked stunned, but then she covered it with a blank stare. Hands realized she did not think highly of actresses, but he was confident Kate would win her over, especially with what he would soon say.

Sal was now grinning. “Good for you Kate—for your success. So, you’re an actress . . .” He let that hang. It was vintage Sal, and it was clear what he had in mind.

Hands’ lips tightened and he glared at Sal, but Kate leaned toward him and matched Sal’s smile. “Thank you, Sal. And you are . . . a close friend of my dear Hands, and a very important member of our new team. Yes?”

Sal colored again and tried to cover with a grin that only made him look more embarrassed. He finally nodded and took a quick sip of his beer.

Hands couldn’t believe it. Sal put down three times in one day.

Dolphy lifted his beer. “A toast to Kate—to Nicole—and her joining us. Welcome, Kate.”

After all had clicked their glasses, Dolphy commented, “Hands, you know, has told us nothing about what you know about us, or Joy, John, and Jy-ying, God bless them.” He bowed his head toward the urns for a moment.

“Or Prince Wei,” Mariko added in a whisper.

Kate responded quickly. “Hands told me about them coming from the future. They and all of you are prodemocracy—you believe democracy will stop war and massacres.”

Dolphy looked at Hands as though he was crazy. “He told you that?”

Hands was quite comfortable under Dolphy’s, and now Mariko’s, accusing eyes. Almost smugly, he leaned back in his chair and drawled, “My friends, meet the White Knight.”

As he expected, Sal asked, “Where?”

Hands pointed to Kate. “She is the White Knight.”

The “So?” hung in the air.

Hands sighed deeply, shook his head, and repeated slowly, “White Knight! Don’t you people remember anything about Europe?” He tried to make it obvious with his exaggerated look and gestures that he was kidding, unconsciously aping the way John would have done it. “You know, the White Knight that Jy-ying and John talked about.”

Mariko pointed a finger at Kate. “That him?”

“I’ll be goddamned,” Dolphy said. “Now I remember. Even in San Francisco, we had heard something about this Robin Hood of democracy. Our Berlin office occasionally sent us a clipping detailing his—her—activities. At one time, John and Jy-ying talked about us joining forces with the White Knight, but we were afraid of letting him know about us.” He glanced at Mariko. “Ah, we had no doubt it was a male at the time. A woman couldn’t . . . wouldn’t be doing that . . . kind of thing.” His voice disappeared at the end, and he looked away from Mariko.

“That’s stupid,” Sal said. “I know better. Why, I had a girlfriend once who—”

Dolphy interrupted. “I think Jy-ying—you know how cautious she was—persuaded us against it. She said that we couldn’t let him—*him*—she was certain it was a man too,” he added, grinning, “know about us when we didn’t know anything about *him* first. Then we just dropped it.”

“Well, the White Knight’s here, and I can stand up for *her* . . . character,” Hands said with his first attempt at a smile.

“Me too,” Sal said, the leer consuming his face.

Hands felt his own face grow hot when he realized what he had said. Dolphy shook his head and waved his hand in a what-are-we-going-to-do-with-him manner.

“You should be so lucky,” Kate said, giving Sal a challenging look. She laughed.

Hands hurried on before Sal could react. “The White Knight, you know, became hated by the rich aristocrats. But among people like us, she became famous. Like our mission to promote democracy, she promoted what she calls People Power. She put ads in the newspapers exposing the attempts of the aristocrats to destroy democracy. She robbed the manors of rich aristocrats and gave the money to those promoting democracy and charities for the poor. She always included a note signed ‘the White Knight.’”

He now tried to keep his voice matter-of-fact. “She also assassinated several high officials who ordered massacres, especially of prodemocracy demonstrators.”

Mariko sat up sharply and gave Kate an intense look. Hands knew what went through her mind, as well as that of the others.

“Kate, you have killed?” exploded out of Mariko. She was no martial artist like Joy or Jy-ying, but they had regularly worked on her training, as they had with Dolphy, Sal, and Hands. They all could defend themselves by hand against those with little or no training, but not against someone with a black belt. Jy-ying had claimed Mariko embodied the spiritual side of martial arts. When Mariko heard that, she told Jy-ying, “Yes, I descendent of great Japanese samurai Saigo Takamori. He led samurai rebellion against Japanese government in 1876. It fail. So not to be captured he commit seppuku—honorable suicide. His spirit in my blood.”

Mariko now seemed to look at Kate quite differently, as though assessing her pose, her hands and muscles, the tilt of her head, how she held her beer mug. As they all realized, enemy or friend, they now had to know her capability.

Kate glanced at Hands, her eyebrows slightly raised, a hint of amusement in her eyes. Hands gave her a little nod and went on. Strangely, he felt much better. “She even killed someone who massacred people in the colonies. You may not remember Lieutenant . . . ah . . .”

“Generalleutnant—Lieutenant General Lothar von Trotha,” Kate supplied.

Hands continued. “John had a few angry words to say about him when he was giving us one of those lectures that Joy hated. I don’t remember the details of what he did. I’m sure Kate does.”

“Oh, yes.” Her face hardened and anger tinged her voice as she detailed his order to exterminate the Herero of Southwest Africa.

Hands added, “Last year she killed General Trotha in his bed by thrusting a knife through his heart. She pinned to his nostril a note that read ‘Remember the Herero. The White Knight.’”

He went on to describe many of her escapades, including the assassination of police Captain Thomas Bierhoff, otherwise known as The Butcher, and General von Woysch, who had hundreds of prodemocracy demonstrators murdered.

Hands was surprised when Mariko spoke out again. She usually said little during their discussions.

She asked Kate as though speaking Japanese, her intonation as level as a tabletop, "You assassinate this General Trotha?"

"Yes. The murderer deserved it. He had the blood of tens of thousands on his hands."

Mariko continued. "You assassinate this Captain Bierhoff?"

"Yes."

"You kill this General von Woysch?"

"Yes."

Even Sal was staring at Mariko in surprise as she continued to speak out.

"Who else you kill—assassinate?"

"A sadistic regional chief in the Congo who murdered tens of thousands and laughed over their bodies. I got to him when he returned to Belgium for a vacation, and I was there on a tour. And one more, the infamous General Mikhail Guchkov who, during the post-Trotsky dictatorship, rounded up anyone critical of the new regime and, by his own admission, administered summary justice to thousands of them. Because of his contacts and relatives, he was able to stay on in the new democratic government that followed. He was on a military mission to Berlin when I got him."

"Any more?" Mariko asked.

"No. There are many more I thought deserved it, but I am only one person and I have a career. It had to be done when opportunity knocked, as I think you Americans put it. But I got perhaps the worst four monsters, and that makes me happy."

As Mariko continued, Dolphy looked at her in fascination. "Why you do this? I mean, kill these people? I know they bad, but why you kill bad people? No trial. They cannot defend themselves. You judge. You jury. You executioner."

Dolphy turned in his seat to look directly at her, his eyebrows raised and his eyes large. He began to wave his finger, John-style. "Mariko, you—"

Kate held up her hand to stop him. Her face hardened to rock, and turned ashen as her lips compressed to a thin line. She stared down at

her hands. Mariko ignored Dolphy and stared at Kate, her eyebrows furled above her nose.

The room had turned cold and there seemed to be no movement of air; the men seemed to be holding their breath. So much depended on what happened next. This was between women. No mere man could interfere.

Kate slowly raised her blue eyes to look into Mariko's black ones. They locked eyes for several seconds, then her anger made her voice vibrate like a banged steel sheet as she said, "Yes, Mariko, I will tell you—all of you." She waved her hand to encompass Dolphy and Sal without taking her eyes from Mariko's. "Because you are all now my teammates and we'll depend on each other for our lives. But—" she waved her finger at Mariko "—I will never, ever tell this again."

Hands had only heard her speak this way once before, and that was when she told him the same story.

Chapter 32

Hands

Her voice so low as to almost disappear into the ether, the others leaning forward to hear every word, Kate began her story. “In the summer of 1910 I went to visit my brother Albert and his wife Christa in Munich for two weeks. During that time, the Kaiser was visiting the main city residence of the Wittlesbach dynasty. People were unhappy at how much power the Kaiser had over foreign policy and over the elected Reichstag. Besides, the aristocracy was hated—they did nothing but live off the taxes poor people had to pay. During a peaceful prodemocracy demonstration of thousands of people near his residence at Max-Josef-Platz 3”

As she continued, she unconsciously brought her left hand up to her cheek, where it remained through Christa’s murder and the death of her brother in her arms. Then her eyes turned soft and wet and inward-looking as she finished with Albert’s, “Don’t let them get away with it. I love you, sis.”

“These were his last words to me.” Tears were streaming down her face. She shook her head violently, then tried to swipe the remaining tears away with one hand.

Then she went into what she remembered about being arrested and trucked to prison, and what had scarred her mind and memory forever, her torture. She told them of her release due to the secret intervention of her father, and concluded in a whisper, “That ended it officially.”

Sal had his head in his hand and was mumbling something in Spanish. Dolphy and Mariko just stared at her, wide-eyed. Hands put his hand on Kate’s back and caressed it.

Kate took a deep, tremulous breath, and let it out slowly. Then her voice regained its steel. “That did not end it. Not for me. I think of my brother and his loving wife every day. Every night I relive him and Christa being shot, my promise, and my . . . torture and rape. Not until I avenged them and all the others so murdered by assassinating General Woysch could I have a solid night’s sleep.”

There was still the twang of steel in her voice as she said, “We are all adults here. Let me show you some of what the torturers did to me.” She removed her orange walking blouse and asked Hands to undo the

top laces of her undergarment. His face burned as he quietly did so. With the laces undone, Kate pulled it down to show her breasts. Her right one was striped with white scars and half the size of her left one, as though partly hollowed out. Its nipple had been sliced off.

Dolphy looked away. Mariko stared, jaw set, chin outthrust. Sal hissed, “Mother-fuckers,” and hit his leg with his fist several times.

“When I act I have a partial prosthesis for what is missing so that my breasts match each other. I need not show you the rest of my body. You get the idea.”

Sal, never one to miss such openings before, again mumbled something in Spanish.

“I can still function as a woman, but only with tenderness and understanding. Hands gives me that.”

Hands’ face was still hot, but he strove to keep it expressionless. He knew she had to do this. The effort made his face feel as hard as an anvil.

Kate reached over and pulled his head to hers and kissed him. “The doctors tell me I can still have children.”

Kate pulled her undergarment back up and put on her blouse. Now clear-eyed, she looked at the rest of them with an almost defiant expression. “Now you know.”

Hands could see that Mariko’s eyes were wet as she stood, approached Kate, and bowed. She said something in Japanese, which she then translated: “You have my big sympathy. I am so sorry to hear what happen to brother and wife. *Wakarimasu*—I understand.”

When Mariko was done, Sal took Kate’s hand, kissed it, and held it in both of his. He shocked Dolphy and Hands by giving a little speech, the first they’d ever heard from him. “I don’t speak good English like my friends. If you want anything, any help—you know, anything . . . please let me know. I—we—want to help. What you did as the White Knight . . . your mission is our mission. Millions and millions and millions have . . .” he visibly searched for the word “. . . suffered your pain.” Sal waved at the big urn. “They brought us together to do something about it. And so we are here.” He put his hand over his heart. “Kate, we will do something about it. All of us together. Holy God and Virgin Mary be with us.” He kissed her hand again, crossed himself, and stiffly sat down.

“Thank you, Sal.”

After a decent interval, Mariko asked Kate, “Why you so strongly favor democracy?”

“I want the people to have a voice in what government does to them.”

“And so you are the White Knight?”

“Yes. Also, I want to do with all my power what my brother asked of me—‘Don’t let them get away with it.’”

Dolphy had recovered enough to ask, “Tell us, Hands, how you discovered who she is and why you told her about us.”

Deeply affected, even though he’d heard and seen what Kate had revealed before, Hands didn’t answer right away. Then he put his hand on Kate’s head, pulled her to him, and buried his face in her curly blonde hair. After some moments, he pulled back and told them, “I can’t stand what those fu . . . bastards did to her. You haven’t seen the worst.”

Kate took his head tenderly between her hands, kissed him on the lips, and soothed, “Hush now. I’ve told my story. It’s over. I’m fine. We can move on. Okay?”

Dolphy put his arm around Hands and suggested, “Let’s go for a walk. Come on. It’ll do us both good.”

“Me too,” Sal said. They both almost lifted Hands from his seat. With their arms on his shoulders, they led him out of the lounge and quietly shut the door.

Mariko

Kate looked at Mariko and said softly, “I think what happened to me and my family is harder on Hands than it is on me. I’m sure if he got a hold of the interrogators who tortured me, he would tear them apart, little piece by little piece, with his bare hands.”

“That always true,” Mariko said. “It always harder on loved ones than on victim.”

“Anyway, the worst of them was killed while I was in the hospital.” She hastened to add, “Not by Hands. That happened before I met him.”

A flash of pain crossed Kate’s face and she gingerly resettled herself in the easy chair, which she had been doing frequently. She changed the subject. “When things began to get serious between Hands and me, I asked him about his mysterious activities in Europe. I told him that he couldn’t be acting just on behalf of the Hua Import & Export Company. Those he had meetings with, and the contacts he set up—some with my help—could have no business relationship to his company. I had a sense for this. Being a general, my father moved easily in high aristocratic circles. At first I thought Hands must be a secret agent for the United States, working under cover of his business. He laughed at the idea and persuaded me that, aside from his ordinary business, he also was acting to promote democracy. This, he told me, would be good for company business in the long run.

“So then I told him about my desire to promote democracy. I have to tell you, that alone became a strong bond between us. He fell in love with me and proposed. I love him. He’s not like other men I’ve met. He is considerate, sweet, and tender, but still a man, if you know what I mean.”

“Like my Dolphy,” Mariko responded, as particular images came to mind and lingered for a moment.

Kate nodded. “I turned him down. I had my acting, but more important, I had my crusade. How could I do what I had to do and lie to my husband about it all the time? He proposed a second time. I turned him down, but hinted that I had other interests that made it difficult to get married. We made love for the first time. You may not believe it, but aside from the rapes, he was the first man with whom I had intercourse. He was tender. He was kind. He was understanding. And I fell so deeply in love with him that I felt I couldn’t live without him. I wanted him as my husband, but I also had this mad desire to work for democracy, and my brother’s words were always in my ears. You understand?”

Mariko thought of Joy’s choice to give up her universe and her mother to pursue the mission. Then she thought of her own promising future in the Japanese foreign service—she would surely have achieved a high rank no Japanese woman had yet reached, but she married Dolphy instead and joined his mission. She answered, “Very much.”

“I couldn’t just marry and forget about it,” Kate said. “Nor could I keep my activities secret from my husband. If Hands was the man I thought he was, the man I loved, then I could trust him with my secret. So I told him I was the White Knight. You know what he did when I told him this secret that police forces throughout Europe would kill to know? He simply smiled and said, as though telling me the time of day, ‘That’s nice. Welcome to our team. You are the ninth member, if you include one little dog, and Joy’s soul.’”

Kate chuckled. “I didn’t know what he was talking about, and he was so happy just to dribble out the information in answer to the millions of questions I asked, that I finally had to beat him with a pillow. But before the day was finished, I knew all about you and the others, what you all had done, and your mission. I told him how happy I would be to join all of you.”

She smiled a little wistfully. “Yes, and we also planned our wedding that night. But the wedding is now off. With the death of your—our—leaders, we are a smaller team and will have to be tighter. And for the same reasons that Joy and John, and then John and Jy-ying never married, we decided not to, either. No matter. We live and feel as husband and wife.”

Mariko knew Joy and John had not married so they could avoid a situation their future enemies might exploit. They wanted to appear to have nothing but a boss-employee relationship, although they fooled no one close to them. It was only a matter of an official certificate, they said. No real matter. In their minds they were husband and wife. So they claimed.

Kate stopped. She had a faraway look in her eyes and Mariko suspected that, as she had done, Kate was reliving those happy moments with Hands. Finally she said, "Oh yes—I have quit acting. Hands has hired me to be his—"

"Assistant and translator," Mariko interjected, and they both laughed.

Hands

When Hands returned with the others, he felt much better. He felt as though he had—using a word he had picked up from Jy-ying—"rebalanced" himself.

"Okay," Hands said, "so much for small talk. We now have to consider what to do about World War I and about the Armenian massacres in Turkey. As I telegraphed, the bodies of the three men who assassinated John and Jy-ying—"

"Do not forget Prince Wei," Mariko said softly.

"Yes, and Prince Wei. Going by the bodies, and the survivor who was questioned . . . well, one of the Scotland Yard investigators told me it was a secret and not to blab it, but they know the Young Turks ordered the killing. They had an inside man at *The Times*. His name was Abaza Omur. He was one of the three killed by Jy-ying."

"It must have been a big battle," Sal said. "I still can't believe Jy-ying didn't get them all. Must have been bad luck."

"Yes, it was," Hands added. "Scotland Yard was amazed by what she did. They pressed the survivor to describe the battle, and from what he said, they think he hit her with a lucky shot. 'Bloody shit happens,' I was told. Anyway, the British are hushing it all up for 'reasons of state,' I think they said, whatever that is.

"Oh, yeah—Geoffrey Robinson is frightened by the murders. He says he will do what he can through his paper to get around the government's secrecy act. He offers us whatever secret help he can give. But he will not leave the paper. He will not take the job John offered him."

Hands changed the subject. "Now. Our mission. Kate and I will need all your help on this, among other things—we are changing John's

scheduled meetings in Germany, Austro-Hungary, and Serbia for our trip to Europe, which we have set for October. On Turkey . . . ” He gave a long sigh. “Fucking Turkey—I’m sorry, Kate and Mariko.”

Kate jumped in. “We will publicize the massacres through photographs, commissioned newspaper articles, and so on. This will be a full lobbying campaign of the kind that John hoped Robinson would have carried out. But we will have his secret help, and he has provided the names of several people who might manage the effort for us. We will pour into this project and the prevention of World War I at least the billion that John and Jy-ying proposed.”

Hands had recovered. “We will go to Turkey before we go to Europe. As tourists, of course. We would like to marvel at Turkish architecture. There are a few government buildings in Constantinople I want to see.”

“I’m going with you,” Sal said, sounding as though not even a tank would stop him.

Mariko’s eyes blazed. “Dolphy and I also.”

Hands held up his hand to them. “As John would have said, ‘The mission, people, the mission.’ Somebody has to stay here to continue the mission if something happens to me and Kate.”

From her large, black leather shoulder bag, Kate pulled a steel-studded black leather scabbard. She slid a bayonet from the scabbard and held it up so that the light shone off the highly polished steel blade. She touched the sharp point with her finger, and let it linger there. “This is a German S84/98n bayonet for the Mauser Carbine. As you can see, it has no muzzle ring to get in the way, which makes it a powerful combat knife. You can also see that the blade is single-edged, with a saw on the back side to cut through bone.”

“Wow,” Sal exclaimed, his eyes wide.

She was too intent even to hear him. “I intend it to make the acquaintance of the Young Turk rulers. As the daughter of a high German general and a woman, maybe I can get access to them. Then,” she thrust the bayonet into an imaginary body, and declared in a voice that reverberated with hatred, “I will avenge the deaths of John and Jy-ying . . . and Prince Wei. And the tens of thousands of poor people now being slaughtered under their command.”

Hands felt suddenly chilled. He had never heard her speak that way. Nor had he ever seen such fire in her eyes as she thrust the knife through the air in front of her. He took a quick glance at the others, and could see in their wide eyes and open mouths that they felt the same way.

Something had happened at the unconscious level during this meeting. It happens to all groups facing combat and life or death situations: the leadership devolves upon the one that raw animal intuition says has the most combat courage and smarts to lead—the alpha of the pack.

Dolphy, Mariko, and Sal did not know it, but all felt it—the leadership of the team had just passed to Kate. No word of this would ever be uttered. But when decisions were to be made about the next move in their mission, or in a fight, they all would tend to defer to Kate.

Hands felt relieved.

Chapter 33

August 18 and after

Kate

Kate had the knowledge of Germany, especially the top military and government figures, to take the lead in continuing John and Jy-ying's preparations to intervene in Europe to avoid World War I. John had changed the November date for their trip to late August and early September when they discovered the Young Turks' planned massacres of the Armenians. Now, Kate had to change the date back to late November to allow time for their appointments to again be rescheduled, the groundwork prepared, and to add a "little side trip," as Kate called it, to Turkey.

Except for this "side trip," their plan was what John and Jy-ying had been working toward. Shine the light of day on the massacres, publish all the photographs they could find, and massively fund writers and journalists to write about the massacres. Especially important was buying lobbyists to pressure the legislatures of Britain, France, Germany, and Russia; the foreign ministries had to threaten Turkey into stopping the massacres, as they had in the previous century. Germany was the key to this, and there a special effort would be made.

Of course, a new Young Turk regime created by Kate's "little side trip" might be far more willing to bow toward a Christian European threat.

Hands constantly complained about the Armenians who were being massacred while they got paper cuts from the daily dozen or so telegrams they sent and received. They were all busy with the preparations, which included again getting books from the San Francisco Public Library, and reading those that they had bought for John and Jy-ying's preparations. What books they had carried with them to London, Hands and Kate had brought back with them, studying them during the nearly two week journey home.

Hands also tried to rehire the Turkish immigrant, Buruk, but the secretary in the history department of the University of San Francisco told them he and his wife had died in a fire in their apartment. They did hire the two Turkish medical students as tutors again. Fortunately, one

was from Constantinople. They still had the roll map of Turkey, and a tourist map of Constantinople, and as John had done, Hands nailed the roll map to a high bookshelf in the library for their sessions (in spite of the way he felt about it, the library was the best place to meet).

Without Jy-ying, security when the tutors were around was even more lax, in spite of the murder of John and Jy-ying in London. That was London. This was San Francisco. Surely the two tutors—who never uttered a political word—could not have had anything to do with it.

They hadn't.

Chapter 34

September 14–October 8, 1912

Mariko

Like the others, Mariko had a printout of the chronology of disasters. She recognized the overwhelming importance of their trip to Europe, and their little side trip to Turkey. No doubt that should take precedence. But there was this one disaster . . . She was becoming obsessed with it.

She first discussed it with Dolphy, who was supportive, and then brought it up with Hands and Kate after breakfast. She had the chronology with her and held it against her chest as she asked, “*Gomen kudasai*—Excuse me, Hands. I want show you something.”

“Sure,” he said, and she set the chronology on the clean tablecloth in front of him. She’d circled a date and event several times with red pencil. Kate leaned over and looked at what was circled.

With pleading eyes, Mariko said, “I have favor to ask.” He nodded for her to continue, and she pointed to the circled disaster. “Please to do this myself. *Daijobe*—all right? I know time important. We have much to do. But Dolphy and I return in time, before you leave, so we go with you to Europe. We take stuff on Turkey with us. Study on way. Okay?”

Hands glanced at Kate, who nodded. He put one arm around Mariko’s slender waist and told her, “I’m not your boss, Mariko. We are all partners in our company and the mission. If you deem this or anything else important, you are free to act, although you might want to discuss it with us. If it impacts on the mission, you should of course warn us.”

Dolphy came up to stand next to Mariko. “We know that, Hands. It’s just Mariko’s way of asking for your and the others’ support of something that is very important to her—to us.”

“And she’s got it,” Kate interjected. “We understand why this is so important to her. So be sure to ask us if you need any help.”

Hands

In two days, Mariko and Dolphy left for Japan. A little more than three weeks later, Hands received a telegram:

Dear Hands, Kate, and Sal,

Corrosion found in the Kichemaru's Number One boiler. Repairs required. Then safety inspection by government required. Kichemaru sails after one week delay. Completes trip. Winds of love blow paths among black clouds.

Mariko and Dolphy

When Mariko and Dolphy returned to San Francisco, Kate arranged a small party among the six of them in honor of Mariko's victory.

Mariko told everyone how she'd done it. Secretly working through her father's friends and utilizing his knowledge of the Japanese bureaucracy, she'd managed to delay the sailing of the Japanese steamer *Kichemaru*, which had sunk off the Japanese coast on September 28, 1912 in the First Universe, and thus saved one thousand lives.

After she was finished, Kate asked her, "How did you explain to your father what you were doing?"

"I explain it had to do with your company business, but it was a secret. Businesses do secret stuff all time in Japan, so father not surprised. Anyway, no one hurt; everybody get something. Those delayed on ship get free tickets and twenty dollars. So, father happy to do favor for daughter."

"Great," Kate answered. Then, looking at Hands, she demanded, "Accountant, front and center."

Hands smiled; he had John's worn ledger waiting on a side table for this moment. He picked it up and intoned, "Ship tickets for our team members, plus an average dollar a day living expenses in Japan, plus bri . . . gifts to certain officials, and two geisha house parties—"

"I'm shocked at you, Dolphy!" Sal had to say.

"Not for him," a moist-eyed Mariko rushed to say.

Hands continued. "The total cost of the trip comes to roughly \$1,823.72, about \$1.82 per Japanese life saved."

They heard the weeping almost immediately. Dolphy had his arms around Mariko while she cried with happiness on his shoulder. Through her tears she tried to tell them, "I do nothing, really . . . to save so many lives. I do it . . . I cannot believe . . . one thousand people."

Mariko then bent and reached into a fancy Japanese bag she had with her. She took out a carefully wrapped box and, bowing, handed it

to Hands. "For you and Kate," she said. He in turn handed it to Kate to unwrap. He knew she would want to save the beautiful and delicate gold-hued wrapping with its painting of a misty bamboo forest. He would only tear it.

Using her fingernail and the care genetic to her sex, Kate got the wrapping off without a tear to display a heavily brocaded gold box. She lifted the lid; within, resting on a bed of white satin, was a skillfully carved, four inch-high Buddha statue in ruby veined amethyst. Engraved in red in the base was a Japanese haiku:

*Winter is delayed
Love's aura parts the black clouds
Sparrow's song is heard.*

After Kate and Hands thanked her profusely, Kate asked, "Did you compose this beautiful haiku?"

"*Hai*. I am sorry it not better." Then she bowed and said softly, "Thank you, Hands and Kate."

Mariko then looked at Sal. "I also have something for you," she said. Wiping her last tears away, she reached into her bag again and withdrew a long, narrow box. The wrapping was decorated with paintings of samurai warriors in various battle stances.

Sal unwrapped the gift and held up before the light a gleaming Samurai short sword, studying it in admiration.

"And thank you, Sal, for allowing me to save Japanese lives," Mariko said. She looked at them all. "*Arigato gozaimas*." That "thank you" in Japanese had a far greater depth of thankfulness to Mariko than did the simple English.

Chapter 35

October 23, 1912

Kate

She was driven. She had slept little in three days; she would sleep on the ship, she told herself, when they left in two days for Turkey, via Lisbon. *Maybe for the whole first leg of the voyage to Lisbon*, she amended.

There was so much to do. Through Hands, she had driven the others as hard as she had herself. The pretense that Hands was the leader had gradually fallen away. Their preparations were a matter of life and death, of the success of their mission, and such pretense got in the way. And Hands seemed only relieved to have someone else take on the burden. He had supported her all the way.

Again she'd asked Hands to call a meeting in the library, and they were all there. She started the meeting. "Well, team, another day closer. Another day gone." She called on the others one by one for progress reports. And for each she ended with the question, "And if we all don't return?"

Kate had made sure this had been the context of all preparations. The mission was beyond their individual importance. The mission somehow must continue. Kate had tried to insist that two of them—preferably Mariko and Dolphy—remain behind to continue the mission if the rest of them were killed. Mariko and Dolphy had exchanged a look and then Mariko turned to Kate and said, her delivery uncharacteristically blunt, her tone uncharacteristically hard, "No. We must see who order Jy-ying and John dead. We must avenge them."

Sal had been equally unwilling to stay. "Not if I have to sneak aboard the ship and sleep in a lifeboat." He then barked something in Spanish, whipped out the throwing knife Joy had given him many years before, and threw it into the wall next to a bookcase.

"Is that a no?" Hands asked, his expression bland.

From then on, there was no doubt that the five of them were going together.

A major problem was their Hua Import & Export Company. Kate had given Dolphy and Mariko the task of preparing for its shutdown. Just in case. She asked Dolphy, “The company?”

“My God, it’s gotten too big,” he replied, shaking his head. “I just didn’t realize how big until I prepared all the documents to shut it down. Jesus, we have offices in twelve countries and sixteen cities. We now employ fifteen hundred people, including salesmen. Anyway, after this meeting, my fellow business partners, I have many documents for you to sign.” He pointed to a stack next to his elbow.

He continued with, “Fortunately, we have a good overall company manager, and he will receive a damn good salary to manage the shut down of the company as I have instructed . . . if none of us return.”

“Hands?” Kate asked. She had been involved with him in his preparations, but the others needed updating.

“We’ve already spent \$800 million in lobbying, subsidizing forums, commentary, and articles, creating anti-war organizations, and subsidizing their peace demonstrations. We’ve bought hundreds of photos of war dead and destruction, and distributed them. That’s to prevent World War I. Our trip to Europe will deal with those military and high government officials inclined to war. We have also spent \$250 million for a similar campaign to stop the Armenian massacres. We of course will deal with the high officials responsible for this in person. As to the remaining billions, if we all are killed—” he was the first to use that term “—the money will go to setting up various institutes, foundations, and scholarships in John, Joy, and Jy-ying’s names.”

Kate nodded, and waited to see if anyone had questions. Then she asked, “Sal?”

His chin was set and he seemed to be thrusting it at Kate. *Oh-oh*, she thought.

“Look, I’m doing my part. I just don’t like all this stuff about dying. Sounds like we are going to kill ourselves.” He started slapping his fist into his other hand. “We will all live. We will kill those goddamn bastards who had John and Jy-ying murdered—”

“And Prince Wei,” Mariko said.

“—and we will return. And we will be unhappy at wasting all this goddamned time. And unhappy at all the sh . . . stuff we have to undo.” He looked at Hands and Dolphy as though for support.

“Sal,” Kate said, waving her hand to encompass them all, “what if the chance of our not returning is one in a hundred? Don’t you think these preparations are still necessary? If we didn’t prepare, what, then, would happen to the company? The mission? All the money we have?”

Fort Hope? And all those crazy weapons John, Joy, and Jy-ying brought from the future?” Kate stared at Sal for a moment. Her voice hardened. “I asked you to remain here, Sal. Then a lot of these preparations would be unnecessary. But you insisted on going with us. Now you’re complaining?”

Sal fidgeted and stared down at the tabletop for several seconds. He looked up at Kate and replied gruffly, “You also soaked up all the brains in Europe.” Then he nodded, threw up both hands, and said, “Okay, okay. Ah, the Banks crypt will have all the shelves in place. The photographs, which I kept asking you all for, will be in place.”

That seemed to be it, but the others knew there was supposed to be more.

“Fort Hope, Sal?” Kate asked.

“Damn it, I don’t like this.” When Kate blistered him with a look, he sighed. “Okay, okay, Fort Hope. I will send one telegram a week to our butler—ah, our Fort Hope manager—saying, ‘All okay.’ I will telegram him even from our ships. If he doesn’t receive one, he is to wait for a week and then alert the law firm Kate will talk about. The law firm will try to find out if we are dead. If so, whether we died from overwork on these preparations or not, they will sell off Fort Hope as we say in our wills, and take care of the staff. Done. Your turn, Kate.” With a grin, he used the expression he had recently learned from her. “I know I’m a hard act to follow.”

Kate grinned in return. “Sal, you are unique.”

She looked at each of them in turn. “I have turned over all our wills to the Swartz and Brothers Law Firm. They have my instructions about opening them, keys to our safety deposit boxes, Hands’ instructions about the institutions we are setting up, and all that. They have our itinerary, with the dates of appointments and with whom. And they have all the necessary information about our company offices in Europe. They should have no difficulty trying to find out what happened to us if we disappear. Finally, the big question. What do we have them do with Joy and John’s time machine and equipment capsules, and those of Jy-ying? We can’t reveal them, for the good reason that the bad people of this world would exploit this power to go back and change history—”

“Without the code to the capsules, no one nowadays could get into them,” Hands interjected, “and even if they did, by randomly punching numbers, they wouldn’t know about the self-destruct mechanism. But in the future . . . we know just how far and how fast science and technology will advance, and someone may discover a way into them.” He smiled wryly. “What they contain will certainly be a surprise.”

“But the time machines have no such code,” Kate resumed. “So my instructions call them movie props and express my hatred for them. They and the capsules are to be encapsulated in concrete and dropped into the ocean, miles out to sea. Absolutely no record is to be kept of where.” She looked around. “That’s it, team, for these preparations. Now for the highlight of the meeting. Hands, please bring them out.”

Hands

Hands went to the file and storage room next to what they still called “John’s study.” No one had used it since his death. He twirled the correct numbers into the combination lock on the door latch and used his key to unlock the door itself. Within lay an oblong box covered by a blanket. Pushing aside the blanket, he lifted two objects from the box. They weighed about twenty pounds each, and were easy to carry back to the library, after he double locked the door behind him.

He laid the objects on the library table. Mariko showed intense interest; Dolphy and Sal’s expressions revealed similar interest. Kate knew already everything there was to know about them. Hands had read Joy’s written instructions for using them—apparently she had run a test duplicates to ascertain what they could do before traveling back in time—and Kate had tested him on their use. Twice. By their nature, there could be no actual test run.

Each of the others in turn hefted one, tried sighting with its 2.5X telescopic sight, and then turned it around in their hands. As they did, they noticed the lens-like glass inserted inside the barrel.

“What that?” Mariko asked Hands, pointing. “It protect against dirt?”

“No,” Dolphy said. “I used a glass cutter and just the right size of bottle bottom. Remember when I was all over Fort Hope, looking at one bottle after another? Well, that is the bottom I cut off a half-gallon milk bottle, edged to fit. It looks like a lens, doesn’t it.”

Mariko looked at it again, and nodded.

Hands then opened an Old Virginia Cheroots cigar box he’d also brought with him, and dumped its contents—several dozen labels of various kinds—on the table. He told the others, “Take a label or two and paste it on your luggage. I’ll also attach some to those tubes and their special cases.”

“Where did you get all these?” Sal asked.

“At Caltech, in a department that teaches this sort of thing. I just told the department secretary that I was an amateur and president of a

club. I said that many of us would be traveling with our own instruments. She just went to her files and pulled out those labels and put them in the cigar box for me.”

Kate watched him with bright eyes and a little smile. She sat back, almost out of the way, so she wouldn't distract the others from him and what was on the table. They all had their specific preparations to do, but this got to the essence of their trip.

Finally, Hands opened the folder that he had brought with him when the meeting started. “Mariko typed this out on Joy's laptop. I don't know how she knows what to do. The thing is still magic to me. I think it's made for women's minds.”

Sal nodded vigorously and quipped, “Yes, it is what Joy called a *laptop*, isn't it?”

Dolphy groaned, and Mariko leaned toward him for an explanation. After he'd provided it with shake of his head, Mariko narrowed her eyes and frowned, shaking her finger at Sal. “I no laptop. I decent woman.”

Sal blushed and exploded into words. “No, no, Mariko. I don't mean to say—” He stopped dead when he saw the grin creeping across her face.

Hands whooped, and Kate clapped.

When they quieted down, Dolphy handed the printouts to each of them, and Hands said, “You must memorize what is written there so you can repeat it when we get to Turkey. The last pages define all the strange words. I don't want you to get bored during the trip. So, I'll be asking you questions about what is on those sheets.” He looked at Kate. “You too,” he commanded, and gave her a stern look.

She smiled and nodded.

Sal scanned a few paragraphs, then looked up with raised eyebrows and round eyes. “How did you learn all this stuff?” he asked. “I don't know half these words. I can't even pronounce them.”

“I didn't know them either at first, and I still don't know most of them,” Hands answered. “I asked the secretary what's new, and she showed me a newsletter. I guess it gets passed around to these people, and mailed from one university to another. I asked if I could keep one, and she gave it to me. I looked in the dictionary and encyclopedia—and asked Kate—to find out what these words meant, and I wrote it down. Mariko typed it and added it to the stuff from the newsletter.”

“Used your charm, did you,” Sal said.

“No. Mariko volunteered.” With a glance at Kate, Hands grinned and added, “Anyway, she is married to my good friend Dolphy.”

Kate finally said something. “Sal, he would charm a female snake out of her skin. He charmed me, didn't he?” She tilted her head and batted her eyelashes at him.

Sal couldn't hide the envy that crept into his eyes. He lifted his head and looked at her, his expression as serious as it ever got, and told her, "Kate, Hands is a lucky man. I still want to meet your unmarried female relatives and make them as lucky as Hands. Now that I will be in Germany with you—"

Hands broke in, waving at the two instruments on the table. "Everyone, please read the instructions on these things. Mariko is typing them up. I will give them to you tomorrow. Consider them something more to break the boredom of the train trips and voyages. On the ships, every day, we will practice with the devices. You know, just like I used to practice hitting a baseball. After a while, you get good at it. And we will have to be damn good with these things." Hands looked at Kate and gave a slight nod—her signal to follow up.

She said in a voice that revealed her fatigue, "Okay folks, again, take out your notes and follow along with me. This is what we plan to do . . ."

Chapter 36

November 15–16, 1912
Turkey

Kate

Sal roused the others from their cabins and told them they were going through a strait of some sort, and Kate and the others joined him at the bow of the two-stack, five-deck *Caronia*.

Kate brought her map of the eastern Mediterranean, Ionian Sea, and Aegean with her. She had been tracing their ship's passage through this region so rich in ancient history, and after studying the map with her back to the wind, she told them, "We are passing through the Gulf of Corinth. It divides the Greek Peloponnesus to the south, on the starboard side," she swept her hand in that direction, "from the Greek mainland to the north, on the port side." Another sweep of her hand. "The Gulf is now narrowing, and you can just see off in the distance, to starboard, the famous city of Corinth. We will soon pass through the Corinth Canal, which is little more than six kilometers long."

"How many miles is that?" Sal asked.

"Oh, about four miles. Sorry. I forgot you Americans have a queer way of measuring things—"

"You just don't want to be caught with our foot in your mouth," Hands deadpanned.

Kate stared at him for a moment, then raised her eyes to the sky. Dolphy started to snicker. She shook her head, and then consulted her notes and continued. "We pass into the Saronic Gulf, then steam past the island of Salamis, and about . . . ah, five miles—" she looked askance at Hands "—off on the port side sits Athens and its port of Piraeus. We will stop there for several hours to let off passengers and pick up some more, bound for Turkey. Too bad we don't have the time to be tourists. What an opportunity missed! I'd love to see the ancient Greek ruins, such as the Acropolis. Maybe on another trip."

They all stayed on the bow as the *Caronia* passed through the Corinth Canal and in little more than an hour rounded the southern shore of Salamis. Soon the ship approached the southeast side of Piraeus, where

it dropped anchor. Two Greek tenders came out of the port, bringing sixteen passengers bound for Turkey. They took aboard 273 of the ship's 731 passengers.

Kate and the others had gone to Hands' cabin to go through their simulation with the tubes, and to test themselves with what they should know. When they heard the warning whistle announcing the ship's departure, they again headed for the bow. Kate showed them on the map she brought with her where they would be going next. As the ship pulled out of the port, she pointed out, "In about forty kil—twenty-five miles, we'll round the point of the Greek peninsula at Cape Sounion, take a couple of hours to steam through the Cyclades Islands, and soon be into the Aegean Sea. Come a little after dawn, at this ship's eighteen knots, we will pass by the point on the Turkish coast where, a few miles inland, the famous city of Troy once stood. Then we'll enter the Dardanelles—what the ancients called the Hellespont. I've really been looking forward to this."

"Why?" Sal asked. "I saw it all in a nickelodeon movie. For five cents. A lot cheaper than this boat trip."

Kate stared at him aghast, then she saw the little grin he couldn't quite hide, and bopped him on the head with her map.

They all stayed on the bow, even though the easterly wind turned from chilly to cold as the ship steamed into it. Their coats flapped about them. Sal tried to light his Abajo cigar five times; even with his back to the wind and huddled into his coat, he was unsuccessful, and finally gave up. No one wore a hat, having learned that lesson soon after they steamed out of New York on the *Campania*, when Mariko lost her beautiful French sailor-style hat overboard.

As the western clouds turned fiery, mottled red and orange with white and yellow streaking their bottoms and blue-black running across their tops, the sun disappeared below the Greek mainland, now southwest of them. Soon it was too dark to see anything but the lights of one island after another, ships' navigation lights, and the lights of the few fishing boats making for port. They headed to the ship's lounge for a late dinner.

When morning came, they skipped breakfast and hastened to what had become their territory on the bow. They watched as the *Caronia* slowly approached the Dardanelles Strait. Kate again became their tour director.

"When I took a course on modern history at Oxford, my professor constantly referred to the great importance of the Dardanelles Straits controlled by Turkey. It's about forty-three miles long and separates Europe from Asia. As we pass through, you will see that the land is very close on

both sides in places. He told us that the Persians built boat bridges to cross the Strait and invade Europe in ancient times, and Alexander the Great led the Macedonians across the Strait to invade Asia. It will take us several hours to get through the Strait, and then we will enter the Sea of Marmara, which is about 171 miles long—it probably will take us around nine hours to reach Constantinople, which is near the northeastern end.”

She took out her map of Constantinople, already folded to show where they would be docking, and laid it down on the raised lid to the forward compartment so that they all could see it. Using her finger to trace the direction, she said, “Here is where we will enter the Bosphorus from the Sea of Marmara, steam past Seraglio Point and the Golden Horn, and dock at Galata, the northern European part of Constantinople.”

Hands cleared his throat. “If our beautiful tour director will allow me,” he said, and pointed to the first of the bridges crossing the Golden Horn on the map. “After we dock, our hotel bus will be waiting for us. It will take us across the Galata Bridge, here. We will end up at our hotel in this section.” He leaned forward and peered at the map. “The Sultanahmet.”

Dolphy asked rhetorically, “Why do the Turks make the names so difficult? It’s almost as bad as Japan.”

“You joke, yes?” Mariko asked solemnly.

Dolphy tweaked her nose. “Of course.”

Hands ignored them. Still pointing, he said, “The Young Turks have their offices there. We can walk to them from our hotel.”

The wind had changed direction and warmed up. It was now coming from the west, almost directly behind the *Caronia*, and its force was almost completely cancelled out for the passengers by the ship’s speed of twelve to fifteen knots through the Strait. Sal was finally able to light his cigar, and took a deep puff.

Dolphy exclaimed to Hands, “I’m impressed. Where did you two learn all this?”

“From our Turkish tutor, who was from Constantinople. He was really very helpful on all the geography around here.”

Mariko said, “I hope you give him good tip.”

“Oh yes,” Kate responded. “Fifty dollars.”

Kate

Just before their ship docked in Constantinople, Kate and Hands gathered the others in their small cabin. It was crowded, but this just made it more intimate and appropriate for what had to be said.

Once all were settled and looking at her expectedly, Kate warned, “Soon it is all going to be real. No more preparation, no more play-acting, but real danger. I don’t know what’s in store for us, personally or as a team. We may succeed. Some or all of us may be killed. We could be captured.” Then the steel entered her voice that the others had not heard since she told them of her brother’s death and her torture. She separated the words as though each were on a plate of its own. “I will not be captured. I will not suffer torture again. I will die or shoot myself first. End of script.”

Then she softened her tone. “Hands and I have an agreement. If it looks like we are about to be captured, if we are running out of ammunition in a gun battle, say, we have agreed to shoot each other with our last bullets.” She put her hand on Hands’ arm and looked at the others. Her voice softened further. “As our best friends and partners, I want you, Mariko, Dolphy, and Sal, to promise to kill us if we are wounded and cannot kill ourselves.”

Mariko said, “Hai. Of course. And same for Dolphy and me. Yes?”

Hands and Kate nodded, and then she and Mariko looked at Sal. His slightly olive complexion had paled. He tightly gripped one arm with his hand, and the muscles of his face seemed strained between obstinacy and heartbreak. He tried to say something, but could not at first. Then it came out in a flood. “Hands and Dolphy—they saved me. I was a bum. I would have gone to jail forever. I would have—I was miserable. I met them—they are my best friends. Yes. For what they did for me . . . I would . . . kill them so that they would not be captured.” He turned away.

None of them had seen this side of Sal before. Dolphy and Hands went to him, put their hands on his back, and Dolphy said, “Thank you, Sal. We all will do the same for you.”

Hands

Finally they arrived at the Port of Constantinople, along the shore at Karaköy. Hands would have skipped down the gangplank had he not been carrying two suitcases. He had been seasick during the first days of their voyage across the Atlantic on the old, wave-bouncing *Campania*, and even at its average twenty knots an hour from New York to Liverpool to Lisbon, it didn’t get there fast enough for him. He’d hardly had a chance to enjoy solid ground under his feet before they left for Turkey on the *Caronia*, the day after their arrival in Lisbon. The

Caronia never met a wave on which it didn't enjoy teetering. Even in the calmer Mediterranean he sometimes felt nauseous.

He had never been at sea until he was hired by John in 1906 and took his first voyage to Europe with John and Joy to set up their company offices. Then he met Kate, and so he had no regrets. Still, he hated these ships. He hated deep water. He hated the confinement. But now they were here, and he closed his mind to the return ocean voyages they would have to take.

As they waited in line under the sign *English Speakers Here* to go through Turkish customs, Kate looked around, then leaned toward Hands and whispered, "I wonder if there are any security agents watching us."

"Jy-ying would have known," Hands whispered back. "But they could be everywhere and I wouldn't know what subtle signs to watch for."

Kate shook her head, looking frustrated. "I wish we had some training in such things."

Finally their turn came. A smiling customs man looked through the suitcases and trunks they had put on the customs table, all bearing such labels as *HARVARD*, *CALTECH OBSERVATORY*, *STAR GAZERS*, *ASTRONOMICAL EQUIPMENT INSIDE*, and *FRAGILE—LENSES*. His search was cursory, and the false bottoms in their suitcases and trunks remained undiscovered. He made no comment on the cheap 3x and 4x hand telescopes and binoculars, the star and astronomy books, and the box labeled *LENSES*. He opened the long cases that had several labels pasted on them: *FRAGILE ASTRONOMICAL EQUIPMENT* and another warning *DO NOT SHAKE* and yet a third that read *TELESCOPE—DO NOT DROP*. He saw only two tubes lying on a spongy base, each with the labels *FRAGILE*, *HANDLE WITH CARE* and *TELESCOPE* affixed to them.

Picking one up and looking at it from one end to another, he asked, "What is this for?"

Hands suppressed his laughter and tried to look bored. As his facial muscles struggled with the contradiction, he managed to say, "Oh, it's our telescope. You see this?" He pointed to the telescopic sight. "We find the star we are looking for through that. Then we use the bigger tube to sight on it. You can see the lens at the end of the tube."

"Why this?" He pointed to the trigger.

"It triggers a camera. We sight on the stars we want. We pull the trigger. A camera inside takes a picture of the stars we see. It's a special camera. Does x-rays and gamma-rays, and all that."

The customs official's smile disappeared. "Why Turkey? Why come from America to do this?"

Hands pursed his lips and waved his hand as if to say, “Don’t you know anything?” In a tone of dismissal, he answered, “For astronomers, Turkey has the clearest skies in Europe. Astronomers love it. We hope to travel to the top of Bakiritepe or Nemrut Mountain to look at the stars.” Hands raised his head to jut his chin out at the customs man. “Bakiritepe is 8,356 feet high. Nemrut is 7,237 feet high. Both are perfect for our observations, you know.”

The official tilted his head to the side, his dark brow creased into furrows. He asked, “You have no mountains in America?”

Kate and the others put on amused expressions. Hands shook his head and again waved at the tubes. “We are amateur astronomers. We want to test the theory of Henrietta Leavitt.” He sighed. “I guess you don’t know about her. She works at Harvard Observatory.” He put the emphasis on “Harvard,” as though that should turn on a lightbulb above the man’s head. It only elicited deeper furrows.

Hands went on. “She works on the light from certain kinds of stars. Light has different brightnesses. Like a dim bulb.” Hands held his hands up a small distance apart. “Or a bright bulb.” He quickly thrust his hands as wide apart as he could. “She found that certain stars take longer for their light to vary in brightness.” Hands accompanied that with a wavy hand. “They are called Cepheid variable stars.” That called for a desultory flick of his hand.

He waited again, as though that should be enough explanation. The official tilted his head further. Hands tried to look exasperated. “Well now, her work is very, very important. If it’s true, we can measure the distance to the stars.” He stopped and looked at the official. “Do you know the distance from the United States of America to Turkey?”

The man looked blank.

Hands had it memorized. “It’s 4,980 miles . . . oh, yes—many more kilometers . . . from New York to Constantinople. Well now, since the distance between the United States of America and Turkey is so great, it gives us a new angle—the distance in miles is the base of a triangle, as in land surveying—a new angle on these stars from which to check her findings about the distance to the stars.”

Dolphy, who was standing next to Hands, asked incredulously, “Don’t you want to know the distance to the stars?”

The official continued to look blankly at them for a moment, then, seeming to come to a decision, he stamped their entry permits and waved them by.

After leaving the customs table with all their luggage and passing through a gate, they were immediately surrounded by shouting baggage

men, two of whom picked up their luggage and shoved it all on a cart without asking. Hands shrugged, and followed them through the high-roofed passenger terminal to exit on Rihtim Street, where their Ambassador Hotel bus waited.

The baggage men gestured for Hands and the others to get on first. Once they had taken their seats, the baggage men piled all the luggage on seats around them. The bus itself was a 1906 flatbed Mack truck on which twelve straw seats had been bolted, poles tied to the sides of the bed, and canvas laid over the top. The bus driver, nowhere to be seen, had left the motor running, no doubt to avoid having to use the crank. The whole bus shook with the motor's clanking.

Hands gave each porter twenty-five cents, and thought they were going to kiss his boots. Hands had asked their tutor about the use of American money in Turkey before leaving, and he'd explained, "It is good everywhere there. But find out the exchange rate so you are not robbed." With the current exchange rate of nine Turkish Lira to one dollar, the twenty-five cent tip was the equivalent of two dollars and twenty-five cents in Turkish money.

Once they'd rearranged their luggage on, around, and under them so they wouldn't lose or forget any, Mariko asked loud enough to be heard above the rattling of the bus, "How baggage men know what hotel we stay in?"

The yelling of those in the swirling crowd outside—street vendors and passengers trying to get a taxi or find their limousines or buses—seemed to increase, as did the scraping and banging as more passengers clambered onto the bus, dragging their luggage and trunks along with them.

Kate's face tightened and she rubbed her arm. She stood up in the aisle to make sure she faced the others. Trying to keep her voice low, she said, "First, let's be sure. Did anyone say a word about our hotel?"

In one way or another, they all said, "No."

"Is there anything on our documentation to indicate our hotel?"

Each checked what documentation they had shown or received, and repeated, "No."

The bus was almost half full, and she was blocking the aisle. Kate squeezed close to the seats and motioned for them to put their heads together. "Somebody knows we're here, or the hotel has some way of communicating with the baggage men," she whispered.

Sal interjected softly, "Or they have some other way of knowing."

"We have to assume the worst," Kate continued. "No talking in our hotel rooms, other than small talk. There may be a peephole in the wall with something to enhance our voice on the other side. Eyes and ears open, people. Paranoia is the rule." She sat down next to Hands.

In the seat in front of them, Mariko turned to Dolphy. “What paranoia?”

Dolphy leaned over and asked Sal in front of him, but he shook his head. He then half stood to turn and look back at Hands, and asked him. Hands shrugged and looked at Kate.

“Oh,” she said. She leaned forward so that they all could hear her, and raised her voice above the noise. “It comes from a German admirer of my acting, Sigmund Freud, who has been developing a theory about why some people are crazy, and how to cure them. The word is his, which he uses all the time. To Freud, people who have paranoia believe people are after them, trying to hurt them or do them in.”

Sal turned in his seat to look back at her, and shouted, “What if someone really *is* trying to do them in?”

“Then it’s realism. Anyway,” she hunched forward so that only they could hear, “what I’m trying to say is, we have to think that everyone we meet in Turkey, even the little boy in knickers hawking newspapers, might be—cancel that—*is* a Young Turk security agent, including those sitting around us.” She swiveled her eyes toward two passengers across the aisle.

As Kate sat back, Sal grinned and said loudly enough for the other passengers to hear, “I can’t wait to get you all in bed.” Mariko leaned over the back of his seat and tried to hit him in the shoulder, but he dodged and laughed.

“Oh boy,” Hands said, “I can’t wait either.” And he tried to deflect Kate’s elbow thrust into his side, without success. “Ouch,” he exclaimed. “Now, I won’t be able to function. Sorry, Sal.” He doubled over laughing.

Laughing as well, Dolphy tried to shout, “I’m first,” but it bubbled out as, “I kurst.”

Mariko turned around to Kate and yelled, “Men so stupid.”

“Yes,” Kate said, “they’ve got more ear wax than brains.”

Chapter 37

November 16, 1912

Kate

They were not going to waste time. They were not going to wait, or be tourists. They had a job to do, and if they succeeded, they would play tourists for the rest of the week and leave for Italy on the *Barbarosa* on the 21st as scheduled, and from there head to Germany by train. They each knew what came next. They had reviewed and reviewed their plans during the voyages on the *Campania* and *Caronia*. They only made small talk in their hotel rooms and in the Ambassador's Lobby Bar or Grill Restaurant. Only when they were outside, in a European-style restaurant or cafe they picked almost at random, did they review again what they were going to do, to be sure they were all coordinated.

They remembered the advice Buruk gave to John and Jy-ying about what to wear so they wouldn't be too conspicuous, although that they were visitors would be obvious from their faces and behavior. As women, Kate and Mariko had a special problem. Turkish Muslim women had to hide their bodies, Muslim clerics claimed, so they would not inflame the men. They customarily wore the *hajib*—a loose, foot-length garment, and a veil. To blend in as much as possible with the Turks, Kate and Mariko bought from the Ambassador's small clothes shop black, *hajib*-like clothing that covered their bodies, and gray scarves to wear around their heads and tie under their chins.

When Sal first saw them in these clothes, he whistled. He warned Dolphy and Hands, "You'd better stay close to your women—they're red-hot meat to the men here. And I don't know how I'm going to sleep tonight, if you know what I mean."

Many of the professional men and officials wore western-type suits, although looser in cut than what Americans preferred. They were often worn with a red fez. So Dolphy and Sal bought wool worsted single-breasted suits, and Hands got a gray sack suit. In place of a hat, they each bought a distinctive wool felt fez, burgundy with a detachable black tassel.

Kate whistled at Sal when she saw him in his new clothes. “Wow,” she exclaimed, “the Turkish women are going to fight to get you under their hajabs. I might have to keep Hands under mine to preserve his virtue.”

She looked at a grinning Mariko, and commented with a sigh, “I’m going to have a hard time sleeping tonight, if you know what I mean.”

Dressed in their new clothes, they headed for the streets they had thoroughly studied on an official Turkish government map of Constantinople that Buruk had left with them. Although uncomfortable in her sacklike clothes, Kate was pleased by how well the Turkish clothing could hide their weapons. They left the hotel at the Divanyolu Sokagi entrance and headed east toward the huge, multibuilding Topkapi Palace, where the Young Turks centered their regime. It had been the palace of the sultans who had ruled the Ottoman Empire, and was where they had kept their harems.

Leading the others, Kate passed along the confusing welter of streets, avenues, and alleys in this ancient center of the city, almost breathless upon seeing the Byzantine and Ottoman Monuments, such as St. Sophia, the Blue Mosque, and the Basilica Cistern, but determined not even to slow down to absorb their beauty. They didn’t think to watch out for anyone who might be following them.

They came to the north-south Alemdar Caddesi, the avenue that fronted Gülhane Parki—the park area of the Topkapi Palace. They turned left onto it and the avenue soon turned into Taya Hatun Sokagi, perfect for what they intended to do. They had no difficulty finding Nöbethane Caddesi, which led off it to the west at a right angle. They stopped in amazement.

“I’ll be damned,” Hands exclaimed.

They had hoped they would find an accessible window on Taya Hatun overlooking the corner intersection with Nöbethane. Fortunately, in this part of the old city, there were few private homes, small stores, or vendors about. Most buildings were owned by large businesses or the government. Moreover, Constantinople could become stifling hot in the summer, so most windows could be opened.

What they now found was ideal: a sandy gray brick building that was three stories high. Its entrance was wide and high and at sidewalk level, and at the top of the building’s flagpole flew the Ottoman Empire’s—Turkey’s—1844 flag, a white crescent and star on a red background.

It was then that Kate realized that this building was attached to a golden-domed mosque. They knew from their map that the mosque was there, but not that it included this building. No matter. The building apparently was a school, since young boys were going in and out of two

doors with books in their hands. With its back to the Gülhane Parki and its second and third floor windows not only overlooking the intersection of Taya Hatun and Nöbethane, but down Nöbethane as well, Hands followed his exclamation with, "It couldn't be better."

Kate told the others, "Take out your notebooks or pads and pencils, and look observant, as though you're taking down notes. Walk smartly, as if you know where you are going. Men, lead."

Sal chuckled. "Of course. I like Turkey."

They walked into the school and found themselves in a high foyer with halls leading off right and left, and stairs to the front. There were just boys around, a few sitting on the steps. No guards, no adults. They took the stairs to the second floor. As they reached it, two adults going down the long hall in opposite directions passed by them without a glance. One of them had on a turban and wore wire spectacles and a long, flowing white robe. His beard was even whiter.

The stairs also went to the third floor, which they took without hesitation. On the third floor, the stairs narrowed and rose to a door giving entrance to the roof. There was a sign in Turkish adjacent to the stairs, which probably forbade the students from going up.

With Hands leading, they turned to the right and walked down the hallway until they came to the end and found a fire escape. Then they walked back to the other end and another fire escape, each time looking into the rooms on the side overlooking the street from which they'd entered the school. Two rooms appeared to be school offices, and three were classrooms, each with their doors open, two of them being used.

They entered the third classroom and looked around. No blackboard, just a low table down the center of the room, with cushions scattered around it. The walls held two photographs: one an enlargement of Minister of the Interior Talaat, and the second of Enver Pasha, the Minister of War.

They went to the chest-high window and tried to open it. With a little tugging, it came up two feet. No problem. It looked down Nöbethane Caddesi at a slight angle. No problem there, either.

"Jeez," Hands exclaimed. "Joy, John, and Jy-ying must be helping us. This is too easy."

Hands

They could do this any day of the week but Friday, a special day when, for appearances, the leading Young Turks attended the prayer session at the Süleymaniye Mosque. They would do it today, Sunday. No waiting.

At 7:00 p.m. they entered the school. The front doors were not locked, and the hallways were nearly empty, except for two robed adults chatting at the end of the first floor hallway. They climbed to the third floor and the room they had picked, entered, and closed the door behind them. No one would guard the stairs or the door to the room. They saw no need to deny themselves participation in the revenge they sought. It was a school. It was after nightfall. It was nearly deserted. And they all were heavily armed.

Hands opened the central window. They took their tubes out of their "astronomical cases." Hands pulled out the instructions and Joy's notes, and each of them ensured they had their adjustable flashlights with special shades. They would use the lights only if absolutely necessary, and only under a blanket they'd brought. Otherwise, they would do this in the dark.

They had the details, gleaned from articles and newspaper items on the Young Turks. As rulers of a nation, especially one at war, there was a special interest in them and their activities. Numerous stories had been written on each of them, in English, and in the German and French that Kate knew. Buruk had translated some articles from Turkish for John and Jy-ying, once they'd expressed an interest in the lives of the Young Turk rulers, and their tutors had translated others. They'd gathered much useful information about the activities and routines of Talaat and Enver, especially. All they needed to do was organize the information into a plan of action, study a good map of Constantinople, and ask their tutors what they believed were innocent questions.

They now knew that anywhere between 7:30 and 8:15 p.m., two armored cars would travel from the Topkapi Palace offices to the famous Pierre Loti Cafe. There, in a special room with the best view of the Golden Horn and the Constantinople skyline, they would drink, smoke hashish with their friends and colleagues, and discuss the day's events and their policies or problems. A special meeting room was reserved for them, and they sometimes invited favored Turkish journalists, writers, and artists to join them. Their resulting praise of the Young Turks provided many of the clues that ultimately brought Hands and the others to this window.

Now, they would not have long to wait.

Chapter 38

7:45 p.m.

Kate

Hands opened one case and took out the weapon they had practiced with so much. Mariko retrieved the other one. She had absolutely insisted she be the second “shooter.” Eyes ablaze, in a husky tone at odds with her usual smooth, feminine voice, she told Kate, “I do it. They kill my dear friends; they kill those who only want to save lives—millions. I kill them for this.”

Dolphy had nodded and patted Mariko on the back. “She has samurai blood in her.”

So, Mariko hefted the other tube. At twenty pounds and thirty-five inches in length, it was not too heavy or clumsy for her.

Only briefly did they hold the weapons, sighting through their telescopes on carts, horses, and the occasional automobile going up Nöbethane Caddesi. They had done this sighting practice on such a variety of objects so frequently, including flying fish and porpoises during their voyages, that they were as comfortable with the tubes as a deer hunter with his favorite rifle. These were one-shot weapons. They would be useless, and could only be thrown away, once used. The instructions assured them that they could be fired in an enclosed space.

Kate again shook her head over the weapon’s unbelievably long name—Multipurpose Individual Munition/Short-Range Assault Weapon. She’d had no idea it was the actual designation of a 2002 American weapon. It was impossible to remember. So she just called it the tube, which caught on with the others.

Hands removed the fake lenses from the tubes, and put them down near the window. He sat down near Mariko on the low table in the middle of the room, patted her knee, and gave her a little nod. She returned it.

Sal and Dolphy kept watch at the window, while Kate stood back watching them all, ready to jump in at the slightest problem. She knew what their active participation in this meant to them. She herself had never met John and Jy-ying.

They would use the one window. There were two more a distance away, but the angle was not as good. They wanted to make sure they got the first limousine, so they would do it one at a time. Their weapons had a range of about two thousand feet, which gave them a lot of discretion as to when to fire. They all looked out the window and tried to locate a landmark that would set the two thousand foot limit. They thought it was a leaning telephone pole up the street. They would try to fire when the first vehicle was almost halfway there, which would be adjacent to the shop with a bright red awning in front of it. Hands would go first. If he were successful, this would allow reasonable time for Mariko to hit the second limousine.

They heard the sirens, honking, and engine noise of all the vehicles coming down Taya Hatun Sokagi before they saw them. Hands took up his position at the window with the tube in hand. The others stood off to the side.

Hands

Hands stood a little back from the window so the tube would not jut outside. Mariko picked up hers and stood against the wall next to the window. When the convoy came into view, Hands saw that it was led by two red-helmeted motorcycle policemen, followed by a German Borgward truck with security personnel, rifles in hand, in the back. Then came the two heavily armored, six-wheeled limousines, each made in France by Charron, Girardot & Voight off a Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost body. The sides had an inch of battleship steel and the floors, two inches, to protect against mines. Only the tops were thinner. The French had guaranteed that no weapon in existence, not even the new tank shells, would penetrate their armor.

The first car would contain Talaat and probably Enver, who often rode with him. The second armored limousine would carry Nazim and Bey, if the stories were correct. In these two limousines were the top Young Turks.

Behind them was another truck of troops, with two motorcycle policemen following on their noisy German bikes. Four more motorcycle policemen rode alongside the limousines, to head off any bomb throwers. The police never cleared the streets beforehand, confident that they were completely safe, and that their sirens and horns would open the way for them.

The convoy was making the slow left turn up Nöbethane Caddesi. Hands yelled above the noise, “Ready,” to be certain everyone was out of the way behind him. He raised the tube to his shoulder, sighted through the telescopic sight as the convoy accelerated up the street, and held his breath.

NOW.

As Joy had taught him in firing his Colt on their firing range, he applied firm and steady pressure to the trigger, and the two-stage, 5.5 inch, 14.1 pound missile blasted from the tube.

The missile traveled slowly at first, the reason it could be fired from the classroom, but it quickly accelerated to its full 560 miles per hour. Its internal sensors knew where Hands had aimed it, and its guidance and control unit directed the missile’s flight, correcting it as necessary. As the missile flew over the first limousine, its control unit launched its warhead down toward the automobile’s roof.

When it hit the roof, a dual laser and magnetic fuse exploded the penetrating part of the warhead, blasting open the roof for the rest of the warhead—a fragmentation grenade—to shoot inside the limo and explode itself, surely killing all inside. The explosion was surprisingly small—more a pop than a bang. The armor and the bulletproof windows contained the killing explosion at first, making it even deadlier, and damping the sound. Then the bulletproof windows blew out.

The second limousine was still moving as Mariko sighted on it and pulled the trigger. In less than a second, its windows popped out as well.

Mariko still held the weapon to her shoulder as the others converged on her and Hands to pat them on the back and quietly congratulate them. Dolphy had to take the weapon from her and toss it aside. She started crying into her hands.

Kate yelled at them all, “Quick, we have to get out of here while there is confusion on the street.”

They turned to hurry out.

The door to the classroom burst open and banged against its stop with a loud *thunk*. Soldiers with rifles and bayonets rushed in. Behind them were more helmets, more rifles and bayonets.

Chapter 39

7:45 p.m. November 16, 1912
London

Mari Demirchyan

Room 209 of the Russell Hotel had remained vacant since the murders of John and Jy-ying. First, Scotland Yard had declared it a crime scene, and denied the hotel its use. After Scotland Yard's investigation was complete and they turned the room back over to the hotel, the room had such a reputation in the tabloid press as a scene of mass murder and rape that hotel guests refused to stay in it, although they made sure to walk down the hallway where the room was located and gawk at its closed door.

Something stirred the dusty air in the middle of the stuffy, dark room. The faint disturbance rapidly accelerated; the wisps of a shape formed and solidified into a young woman wearing a tight and revealing uniform. Lenses that enabled her to see in the dark covered her eyes. Mari immediately looked around, wrinkling her nose at the smell in the room. She looked down at her side to make sure the machine was with her, and pressed something on its top to light up its instrument panel and initiate its communication with her.

The machine mentally informed her of its status, and she double-checked this against the instruments. She had prepared its coordinates before coming here and it was ready. She unlocked the switch.

Mari took a deep breath and asked herself for the thousandth time, "Do I want to do this? Am I sure? I can still back out."

And as she did each time, she thought of the piles of bodies, the rivers of blood, the tortured and enslaved, the loss of freedom everywhere, and she shuddered. "Yes, it's worth it. Funny, in my wildest dreams I never thought I would be a criminal. Now I'm the worst kind—a traitor to my profession. A traitor to my cause."

A tear rolled down her cheek as she reached for the switch. "I'm so sorry, Mom and Dad. I love you, my dearest Henry. But this, I must do."

She hit the switch, and with a vibrant hum the machine immediately began to build up the immense force necessary. Now, it was all automatic. Now, she could only wait.

Chapter 40

8:14 p.m.

Squeezing between the soldiers piling into the room, a man, obviously an officer, pointed a handgun at them and yelled in English, “You are under arrest. Hands up.”

Kate shouted, “I love you, Hands. To the death!” She threw herself forward to sprawl behind the low center table and whipped her Luger out of her purse.

Just as the officer took aim at her, Hands shot him with his Colt and jumped toward the table to be by Kate’s side.

The soldiers froze, momentarily stunned by the shooting of their officer. Before they could recover, Sal yelled, “Fuckers!” and whipped out his throwing knife. With the knife in his right hand and his Colt in the other, he attacked the nearest soldiers, gun blazing. Sal stabbed two and shot two more before they could move.

As the soldiers screamed and fell, those behind them crushed back against the others, pushing and being pushed into the room, jamming their rifles against their bodies. Sal got inside the rifles of those in front, where they could not level them on him, but he got too close. One soldier slid around those in front, got his rifle free, and swung its bayonet around as though throwing a shovel full of dirt. The bayonet caught Sal in the side.

The soldier jerked the bayonet out and was about to do it again when Sal twisted around and shot him in the face.

Another soldier got his rifle free. His shot slammed into Sal’s lower chest. Sal dropped to his knees, swinging his knife back and forth before him, fanning the empty air. More shots rang out, and more. Sal collapsed to the floor.

Mariko had been on the opposite side of the door from Sal, and when he attacked from his side, she rushed to be against the opposite wall by the door. She kept shooting into the swarm of soldiers until her Colt only clicked. She threw the Colt at the nearest soldier as though it were a knife, hitting him in the face with it. She reached under her hajib and grabbed the personal knife every samurai’s woman carried. Swinging it two-handed like a samurai sword, she sliced, cut, and thrust into the soldiers at the door.

Dolphy stood against a far wall, firing his Colt at any soldier threatening Mariko. When his Colt only clicked, he ran for a rifle lying near a soldier's body. A bullet caught him in the leg, tripping him, sending him sprawling on his stomach. Another bullet bit into his side. He reached for the rifle, grabbed it, and pointed it toward the soldiers. Another bullet dug into his right shoulder. His right hand convulsed; he dropped the rifle.

The chaos in and around the door got worse as officers in the hallway, unable to see inside the room but hearing the incredible noise of battle, ordered their men to shove against those in the doorway. As they did so, those in front, trying to get out of the line of fire, tripped and fell over the bodies piling up in front of them. As they slipped and slid on the blood, their long rifles with bayonets affixed proved an awkward hindrance in this close-fought battle. The smarter of them who stayed where they were tripped, or soon dropped onto their stomachs and tried to use the fallen soldiers' bodies as shields.

A bayonet sliced Mariko's arm to the bone; a bullet slammed into her hip. She went to one knee, still swinging the knife with her good hand. She caught one soldier in the leg just as another bullet went through her neck, shattering vertebra and almost severing her head from her body.

Dolphy tried to crawl toward Mariko's body, but two soldiers rushed over to him and stabbed him in the back with their bayonets before they were shot down.

The room was now a maelstrom of screams, yells, thuds, billowing gun smoke, and falling, jerking, crawling men. Bullets whizzed every which way, like angry wasps whose nest had been invaded.

On her stomach behind the low table, Kate coolly aimed her Luger over it and shot the soldiers one after another, until she ran out of ammunition. She ducked down and loaded a second clip from her purse, then aimed and fired that until a soldier slithered along the wall where Sal had been, got down on one knee, aimed, and shot her through the eye.

Hands screamed when he saw her slumped body—a scream that turned into an enraged howl. He fired rapidly into the soldiers until he ran out of ammunition. He grabbed Kate's Luger and fired the few remaining rounds. As he crawled around the table to a rifle that a dead soldier had dropped, a shot found his shoulder. He shuddered. The arm was useless. Pushing himself with his legs toward the rifle, he reached toward it with his good arm. Another bullet went through the top of his shoulder and drilled deep into his body, holing one organ after another. More bullets smashed into him, their impact making him twitch.



In three minutes, it was all over.

Once the firing stopped and there were only the cries and groans of the wounded, a captain carrying a lantern climbed over the bodies of the dead and dying soldiers who lay around the door and halfway into the room that stank of blood, fear, and human waste. Barely able to see through the clouds of gun powder smoke, he commanded the soldiers still standing to open all the windows. He then checked the bodies of the foreigners with his light. The large male was still twitching. The captain passed his lantern over the man's body. Clearly, with all the bullet wounds, the man would not survive. The captain took out his pistol and shot him in the back of the head.

All the others were dead.

His soldiers were already separating their dead and wounded, readying those who would survive to be carried out on stretchers to the trucks waiting at the entrance to the school. Before they did this, the captain made a quick count. Twenty-one of his own were dead, and fifteen wounded.

One last time, he looked at the foreigners' scattered bodies. He could not believe how bravely and fiercely they'd fought. He respected that, and gave them the greatest honor he could bestow as a soldier. "Animals. You fought fearlessly, like wild animals," he quietly told them.

Chapter 41

9:46 p.m. November 16, 1912

General Logoglu

General Habib Logoglu smoked his pipe and waited. From the loud sirens coming from different directions and the ringing of many phones in his headquarters, he knew the hour had come. He waited—for death, or for the ultimate power over Turkey. He had gambled and flipped the two-sided coin. The stakes were worth it.

There was a heavy knock at the door. There it was. One or the other. He picked up his .32 caliber Browning M-1910 and pointed it near his head. He would shoot himself if soldiers were at the door with bayonets fixed to their rifles.

“Come in,” he yelled.

Captain Ugur Evren opened the door.

The General let out a long sigh, put his Browning back in his holster, and asked, “They did it?”

“Yes, all the top *it oglu it*—sons of a dog are dead. Six out of six. They were all riding in the limousines, and the Americans killed them all.”

The general held up his hand. “Is this absolutely certain?”

“Yes, I made sure. I saw what was left of the bodies. Only three were recognizable, but the others had their identification.”

The general went to the door and called for his adjutant. When he appeared, looking crazed with delight at what they were now all hearing over their phones, the general told him, “The *domuz*—pigs are dead. All of them. Put Plan A into effect immediately.”

They had been ready for this, and their soldiers were well placed to take over important government buildings, the armory, the two cruisers anchored in the harbor, and the newspapers and telegraph offices. Word would go out immediately to his loyal divisions throughout the country and on the war front. Young Turk followers who did not give up their weapons and pledge allegiance to General Logoglu would be shot.

He closed the door and turned to Captain Evren. “Now we must wait for two hours, until we are in absolute control of the city. Then I

will issue my proclamation.” He walked back to his metal desk and tapped the document on its neatly arranged surface.

He sank heavily into his uncushioned swivel chair, almost sagging with relief. He waved to the hard wooden chair nearby, inviting the captain to sit down. “Amazing, is it not? This coup now underway. We would never have had a chance like this to take over the country, were it not for the ‘amateur astronomers.’” He laughed, blowing out a cloud of pipe smoke. He now felt utterly relaxed; all the tension had blown away with the captain’s first words to him. Now he felt as though he had marched for five miles and had a Swedish massage afterwards, followed by the masseuse herself.

He lounged back in his swivel chair and put one foot on the desk. “Hard to believe. A coup carried out at the top by foreigners, and all I need to do is step in and clean up.” He waved toward the window as though encompassing the world. “This has never happened in history. With the exception of the overthrow of monarchs by their relatives, all other coups were carried out by a country’s military forces, with their leaders usually close to the existing regime in some way.” He had studied the history of coups—for obvious reasons. The formula was straightforward: gain a high position and the confidence of the leadership, make sure the important divisional commanders are with you, walk into the president or prime minister’s office, and bang-bang—you’re the new boss.

The captain joined him in chuckling over their luck. “We owe them our thanks. But they fought our soldiers so vehemently, I could not save even one of them.”

“Well, too bad. After we thanked them, we would have had to quietly execute them anyway.”

The general tapped the ash out of his pipe and started refilling it with hookah tobacco. Once he had it refilled and lit, he puffed on it a few times, enjoying its fruity, molasses and fresh tobacco leaves smell. Then he looked at the captain. “I should thank you again for showing me those telegrams from that Turk in America. The ones sent to—what was it, her brother?”

“No, her nephew—one of our agents. The nephew showed them to our ambassador, who sent copies to me. She was worried that when the two Americans, Banks and Khoo, were removed in London, her husband Buruk Metin might actually help the others if they tried the same thing. She thought he had become too American. We arranged for him to be removed, but somehow, his wife got killed as well. I think our agents may have tried to rape her and she fought them. If

she were alive, I would have given her an award for patriotism, even though she thought she was aiding the Young Turks.”

General Logoglu puffed on his pipe. “Well, good thing you showed the telegrams to me, and no one else.” He’d been able to place his own agents in shipping, and it was so obvious—five Americans from San Francisco booking passage for Turkey, via Southampton and Lisbon. They might as well have shone a spotlight on themselves. He’d placed his agents in customs and had the Americans followed upon their arrival in Turkey. Once he knew they had looked in the classroom overlooking Talaat’s regular route, it was clear that was where they would carry out their assassination attempt. That’s when he brought in Captain Evren.

Captain Evren scratched his head. “I cannot believe how wrong I was about the weapon they used. I was sure they would try to toss a bomb down on the roof of Talaat’s limousine as it passed. They would have had to be very good to hit it, and then if they did, the roof was strong enough to cushion the explosion. Maybe Talaat would have been injured. I could not believe they would try to shoot into those armored automobiles.”

“That is what I thought also,” the general admitted. “They would have failed. Then we would have captured them and tortured them about their plan to assassinate the leadership.” *And I would have been a hero, and even closer to the Young Turks. Then I would have launched my own coup in a month or so.* He blew a puff of smoke toward the ceiling, then pointed the stem of his pipe at the captain. “How did the Americans do it? The *mall*—stupid Young Turks thought their armored limousines were absolutely invulnerable.”

The captain, an acknowledged expert in the more advanced weapons developed in Germany and Britain, shook his head, then looked down at his hands and began rubbing them together. When he looked up, he was frowning, “I don’t know how they did it. They had those tubes they called telescopes—which they were not, as we now know. They fired some kind of shell which hit the limousines, and exploded inside them. How it got through the armor plate, how they were able to aim it perfectly. . . we can’t even get near that accuracy with a cannon.”

Leaning toward the captain, the general emphasized his question with the pipe stem. “Were the weapons destroyed?”

“No, they are only hollow tubes, now partially destroyed by the exploding powder that fired the shell, I guess.” He returned to his analysis of the weapons themselves. “They were fired from the shoulder—magic! No cannon, large or small, nor even the smallest mortar, can be fired from the shoulder. All require very heavy containment of the shell

powder's explosion. We did find instructions on the tubes' use. I read English, but this seemed a different language to me." He shrugged.

Sitting back, the general put the pipe back in his mouth, puffed for a moment, and then said around the stem, "Well, we will deal with all that when we're settled in power and can put all our technical people to work on it. We must have such a weapon."

The sound of a boisterous celebration in the outer offices came through the door. The general glanced that way, then turned back to the captain. "Oh yes; I intend to speed up getting rid of those bloodsucking Armenians, and start on the Greeks, as well. We cannot allow them to own our economy and corrupt our Moslem youth. In too many towns and villages, the Armenians and Greeks monopolize business and the shoemaking, horse breeding, and banking trades, among others. We are in a war, and they are allied with our enemies."

The captain nodded. "I was always in favor of it. One of the few things the Young Turks did—"

The captain would never complete his sentence. He and the general would never know that they had engineered—rather, participated in—a successful coup that made them rulers of Turkey for two years before they, in turn, were shot and killed in another coup.

Chapter 42

August 24, 1912
London

Jy-ying

It was hot in the bedroom, a typical humid London heat wave, and the open window helped not at all. Prince Wei slept on the floor next to the bed, where it was cooler. They slept naked, with only a sheet partly covering them. John's body seemed to be producing its own heat wave, so Jy-ying kept a little distance between them, only lightly touching his hip with her fingers. She always had to sleep touching him in some way. She suspected it was because of the insecurity of their lives, the knowledge that a violent death might part them at any moment.

Partly for that reason, partly as she'd been trained, she slept like a guard dog, waking instantly at any unusual sound or the slightest movement of the air molecules.

She suddenly woke now, with a funny buzzing in her head. It soon disappeared, but she felt in its place a gentle resonance in the air. Her superbly trained body automatically transformed itself into a killing machine even as she tried to locate the source; in a second or so, she heard Prince Wei rumbling deep in his throat. She immediately leaned over and cupped his muzzle, her signal that he be absolutely quiet.

She located the sound that had awakened her—their door knob turning, and then the door being slowly pushed open to stop against the chain on the bolt John had thrown before coming to bed.

She moved swiftly to cover John's mouth with her hand. He bolted awake, but her hand told him all he needed to know.

The door closed. There was a gentle knock at the door, and a husky voice yelled, "Telegram."

Jy-ying whispered in John's ear, "Answer it." She took her hand away. He shouted back, "Wait a moment. I'll be there."

Jy-ying cupped her hand around his ear and murmured, "Hostiles. No lights."

She automatically drew a mental map of any new room she entered, locating the best fighting spaces and defensive positions, so she knew

exactly where she wanted to be. The door opened into the suite's mini foyer. There was not enough room on each side of the door for both of them to stand hidden along the wall when it was opened, but one could stand behind the door as it swung in. The problem was, that left the one who opened the door vulnerable to being shot by whoever was on the other side. But she knew how to work the reaction time of a shooter.

"Unbolt the door, jerk it open, and stand behind it," she whispered.

When it came to saving their lives, she was the expert, and he would no more argue with her than with a speeding train. He retrieved the H&K from the holster hanging on a chair several feet from the bed, made sure the safety was off, and pointed it toward the ceiling as he went to the door, barely visible in the dim city light coming in the window.

John positioned himself alongside the door and Jy-ying placed Prince Wei a foot behind her. She leaned over and whispered in his ear, "Stay."

She suddenly had the strange feeling that she had gone through this before. She remembered John's expression for this. "It's déjà vu all over again," he would say with a chuckle. She shook her head. No time for this nonsense.

She took up her offensive stance. She had no intention of letting the man outside the door rush into the room, ready to kill John—and he could not know that Jy-ying was here. She positioned herself to shock and momentarily paralyze him with her nakedness for the split second she needed.

Then her intuition screamed at her: *Wrong. Stupid.*

She could not deny with reason what came out of her body's years of training—from her *self-two*. But she did not understand why it objected now. That intuition should have been embodied in the first action she took. *But I'm not going to question it.*

She quickly whispered to John, "Wait."

She got her Taiyang .38 caliber semi-automatic and made sure it was fully loaded. Then she moved to his suit, draped over the back of a chair, and pulled his .40 caliber S&W from the pocket. She handed it to him so he would have two guns.

She hid around the corner of the foyer, gun at the ready, body tensed to whip around the corner. She whispered, "Open it!"

Hands

Hands heard *Bang! . . . Bangbangbang!*

As he grabbed his Colt from his holster on the chest of drawers, he heard again *Bang! Bang!*

Dressed in only his underwear, he unbolted his door, flung it open, and rushed into the hallway with his gun in both hands as Joy had taught him so many years ago. He quickly scanned the hallway with the gun, swinging it from one end to the other.

In the gun smoke flowing out of John's room, he made out a body sprawled in front of the door. He ran forward, put his back against the wall next to the door, and yelled inside, "Hands here. Are you okay?"

John yelled back, "Yes. We've been doing some target shooting. Come on in."

Hands frowned at that. Holding the gun in front of him again, he jumped around the door jamb and looked inside. A light was on, illuminating one thin and three husky bodies on the floor. Prince Wei was sniffing them, his tail held out from his body and his ears slightly back. Jy-ying leaned over one, checking for signs of life, while John held his gun on one whose arm and leg still moved.

Hands was immediately relieved and embarrassed. Jy-ying and John were naked. He lowered his gun and focused on the moving man.

John chuckled as though nothing had happened, but Hands caught the release of tension in his voice. "I don't think they wanted us to meet your fiancée, Hands."

Epilogue

March 21, 2357

Court #12 of the United Democracies
Brussels, Belgium

Judge Abdellah Boukhalafa, Presiding

Dressed in a traditional two-cornered white hat and white robe, Judge Boukhalafa gazed down on the woman standing rigidly erect in front of the defense table, along with her lawyers. The angry buzz in the courtroom at his announcement of the three judges' decision was loud, and it triggered the court's automatic gong until the noise decreased to an acceptable level.

The judge waited a minute after the gong stopped and then, leaning forward and looking down into the eyes of Time Policewoman Mari Demirchyan, he asked in a solemn voice, "Do you have anything to say before the court passes sentence on you?"

"Yes, your honor." She stood even straighter, hands at her sides with the fingers on the blue stripes of her tight officer's trousers, her head high, chin out, and eyes focused on those of the judge. Her voice was level and firm. "I am sorry I had to deceive my superiors and the court. I am sorry I betrayed my oath and my profession. But I do not regret my action. I do not ask for sympathy. I believe I have had a fair trial, and I accept whatever punishment the court deems appropriate.

"I wish one last time to explain my actions. That universe, one that we in the Time Police deemed the *killing universe*, was created by one of our own, Time Policeman Michael Livingston. Everyone now knows that he intervened first in 1903 with his killing of the future Russian megamurderer, Joseph Stalin, and then in 1905, to create a successful communist revolution under Trotsky. He subsequently killed Joy Phim and was killed in turn by Khoo Jy-ying. But Livingston's intervention produced a huge wave of changes and instabilities that first resulted in the death of John Banks and Khoo Jy-ying, and then, a short time later, in the deaths of his whole team, including the new addition, Kathryn Kaufmann.

“Our chronologists tracked what happened over the next two centuries as a result of their deaths and General Logoglu’s coup in Turkey against the Young Turk government. There were many world wars, billions of deaths in nuclear warfare, a global tyranny of one world dictator after another, more billions murdered, and all enslaved at the whims of these dictators.”

There was a profound hush in the courtroom.

Unconsciously, Mari raised her voice slightly. “There was no United Democracies. All democracies were squashed by defeat in war and a global dictatorship.” She started to gesture with her hand, but brought it down to again lie along her uniform’s stripe. “Every Time Police officer was horrified by this future in that universe, but we were all bound by the first principle of our corps: no intervention in the past. No intervention, that is, except to stop and arrest the time traveler who is intervening.

“We have the means to reset a universe to some past time, if the duration is not too great. It has been used three times in the past. Once, after we arrested time travelers Hadad al Jaber and Carla Akwal, who had introduced unacceptable changes in one of John and Joy’s universes, we reset it. Now the current legislature of the United Democracies has outlawed any more such intervention to reset a universe. They were persuaded by scientists who claim we do not have the power to predict what would have happened in the future of the universe we reset, that our intervention might only make things worse. Our reset machinery was put under lock and key.

“I wrote the petitions to reset that killing universe that were exhibited in my defense. I petitioned the legislature to amend the law to allow resetting a universe when it proves too bloody and horrible. I petitioned my country’s senators, those representing Armenia in the United Democracy’s parliament. I petitioned the President of the United Democracies to submit an amended bill before the legislature. My crusade, as it become known, got good press in the interplanetary media. But the legislature was unmoving.

“Yet” She hesitated and looked down at the floor for a moment. Just as Judge Boukhalafa was about to speak, she continued, her voice almost breaking. “Yet the blood still flowed in that obscene universe.”

Her voice strengthened. She threw her head back as she admitted, “So I stole the reset machine, traveled back to 1912, and reset the universe. I believe I saved billions and billions of people from death, and even more people from enslavement by the thugs that ruled that universe.”

The courtroom broke into applause, and a number of people rose, clapping. The gong again was triggered by the noise. The courtroom quieted slowly.

Mari had not changed her stance; perhaps her chin was raised slightly higher. “Thank you, Your Honor, for letting me speak.”

The judge picked up his holo pad, looked at it, put it down, and leaned toward Mari, his hands clasped together on the polished koa wood bench before him. “Time Policewoman Mari Demirchyan, you have committed a grave crime. If we were to give you a light sentence, we would seem to approve of your crime, and others might be encouraged to not only intervene in the past, but reset those universes that they disapproved of for religious or political reasons. Therefore, we must not only punish you, but make an example of you to deter others.”

Many in the front row of the courtroom gasped, and excited whispers spread rapidly throughout the room.

The judge could not let that stop him. “The court hereby sentences you to expulsion from the Time Police, and a partial mind wipe. All memories related to your profession and your illegal activities will be removed, and memories of your youth, your family, and your police-related education and training also will be removed, but your skills, special talents, values, and personality will otherwise be retained. Your family, friends, and current associates are, as of this moment, forbidden ever to contact you. Your identity will be changed, a new identity implanted in your memory, and you will be taken from Earth to Mars to lead a new life there.”

“No, no!” erupted from the banks of spectators, the first of many angry outcries, including boos and hisses. The gong went off again, and the judge waited patiently. This was the last trial of the day, and it was finishing earlier than expected.

Finally, when the gong stopped and the courtroom was reasonably quiet, the judge loudly announced, dropping the honored title of Time Policewoman, “Mari Demirchyan, you have a ninety day right of appeal.”

The judge stood, bowed to Mari, bowed to the spectators, and bowed to the two other judges sitting on each side of him, and intoned, “Case closed.”

June 14, 2357

The spaceplane landed at Yerevan Spaceport on time. She had been given a first class seat by the pilot, although she'd only had paid for visitor class, and people stood aside and clapped as the stewardess made way for her to exit the plane. She rushed down the

connecting incline and past the ticket booth and the people waiting to greet the other passengers. When they saw her and recognized her, many of them clapped as well.

She didn't see them. She didn't hear them. She only saw Henry, her love, rushing toward her. They fell into each other's arms, and he picked her up and twirled her around, then kissed her. For the first time since she had made her decision to reset that awful, bloody universe, Mari cried. Unashamedly.

She had been pardoned by the President of the United Democracies with the stipulation that she resign from the Time Police. Throughout the planetary system, the public outcry of billions of demonstrators and the major media had shaken the government. Public opinion polls predicted that the President and his party were headed for defeat in the next election if he took no action on her sentence. Moreover, there was such an incredible volume of protest to the Senate over its rigid law against intervention in bloody universes such as the one Mari had reset that they could hardly conduct their normal business. The President of the Senate had now promised to review the law and make changes.

Mari left the spaceport with Henry, their arms about each other. People continued to make way for them, some still clapping, some cheering, some teary-eyed. Just for a moment, a whiff of regret at her resignation from the Time Police rose above Mari's elation, for she would now never know the outcome of that universe she had reset.

She couldn't resist one thought before it was overwhelmed by her happiness: *Okay, John and Jy-ying, Hands and Kate, Mariko and Dolphy, Sal, and of course, Prince Wei—and oh, yes, Joy's spirit—it's up to you now. And to all those who believe in freedom.*

Afterword

First a note that, although I called the country Turkey throughout this book, this name did not officially come into use until nationalist leader Kemal Ataturk abolished the three hundred-year-old Muslim caliphate in 1923 and founded the Republic of Turkey. Before then, the country and the extensive territory it controlled in Europe and the Middle East was known formally and legally as the *Ottoman Empire*. Ordinarily, however, it was simply referred to as Turkey. As a result of its war with Italy and its two Balkan Wars, of siding with Germany during the First World War, and the resulting defeat and collapse of the Young Turk regime, Turkey lost most of its territory and was reduced in size to nearly its geographic boundaries of today.

For simplicity here, I used the then-common “Turkey” in place of the “Ottoman Empire.”

Now, as to the Armenians, throughout the nineteenth century they were commonly massacred by Moslem Turks, often with the connivance of the Ottoman government. The largest of these massacres was under Sultan Abdul Humid during the years 1894 to 1896, when the Turks massacred anywhere from 100,000 to over 300,000 Armenians. This shocked the Christian powers, especially England, and they intervened to safeguard the Armenians. They forced the sultan to agree to reforms giving Armenians greater self-government in areas they dominated, and more equality with Moslems elsewhere. Turkey’s rulers never forgot this and subsequent foreign interventions on behalf of this Christian minority.

Hamid’s massacres, as terrible as they were in deaths and misery, were probably mostly spontaneous, riotous instances of community violence by Moslems against Armenians. The infamy of executing this century’s first full-scale ethnic cleansing—*genocide*—belongs to Turkey’s Young Turk government during World War I. In their highest councils, Turkish leaders decided to exterminate every Armenian in the country, whether a front-line soldier or a pregnant woman, a famous professor or a high bishop, an important businessman or an ardent Turkish patriot. All two million of them.

Thus, the Young Turk massacre of Armenians described here actually happened. It was launched in 1915 and continued until this bloody

regime ended in humiliating military defeat. By October of 1918, Turkey's situation on the war front had become militarily hopeless. Her army was disintegrating, military desertions were widespread, morale at home was abysmal, and the Allies had virtually defeated Germany in the west. One last defeat, this time by the Bulgarian army at Nablus, did it. The Young Turks could hold no more illusions; their regime collapsed. But this did not end the Turkish killing of Armenians and Greeks.

After the war, France, Great Britain, and Greece occupied portions of Turkey. This outraged the Turkish people, and the pro-Allies policies of the postwar Turkish government further fueled the anger. Sharing this feeling, the army inspector for the eastern provinces, Mustapha Kemal Pasha (otherwise known as Kemal Ataturk), left Constantinople in May of 1919, ostensibly for an inspection trip. Upon reaching the eastern provinces, however, he resigned his position and established a rebel nationalist government.

Under Ataturk's presidency, a national congress met in Erzerum to organize resistance to foreign occupation—in effect, resistance to the sultan's government. It proved successful. The sultan forcibly tried to suppress the rebellion, but to no avail. In October of 1919 he gave in, appointed a new cabinet, and held new parliamentary elections. The nationalists then won a big victory and prepared to exercise power in Constantinople. During their seizure of power and its certification by elections, the Nationalists also began their own genocide of Armenians, particularly in their invasion of newly independent Armenia, at the same time adding the Greeks to their genocide.

In Turkey's Adana alone during 1919, the nationalists killed fifty thousand Armenians. Another twenty thousand were massacred in Marash during February of 1920, according to the report of a British admiral (Reuters estimated the dead as seventy thousand). About the same time, the nationalists killed still another seventy-six hundred to nine thousand Armenians in Hadjun.

Then there was Smyrna (now Izmir) on the east coast of Turkey. In September 1922, after the nationalists recaptured it from the Greek army, Turkish soldiers and Moslem mobs shot and hacked to death Armenians, Greeks, and other Christians in the streets and systematically set fire to their quarters. Fleeing before the soldiers, Moslems, and fire, hundreds of thousands of Christians ended up in a huddled, screaming mass on the city's wide waterfront.

At first, the Turks forbade foreign ships in the harbor to pick up these terrorized survivors, but then, under pressure especially from Britain, France, and the United States, they finally allowed the ships to

rescue all except males seventeen to forty-five years old, whom they aimed to deport into the interior, along with all those not rescued within several days. This was in effect a sentence of death.

One cannot imagine the sheer emotional pain of those families the Turks forcibly separated on the piers, the women and children sent to board a ship to safety, the husbands and sons marched off to their eventual death.

In total, the nationalists massacred over 100,000 Christians in Smyrna. Adding those they deported into the interior to disappear forever, the nationalists likely killed 190,000 people altogether, the vast majority of them Greeks.

For fictional purposes, I just focused on the Young Turks and squeezed as much of the Armenian genocide into 1912 as was realistic, and moved up the date of the (First) Balkan War that began in October 1912 so that I could give it the role that World War I played in the actual genocide. (What power we fiction writers have, to move the dates of wars around like that!)

And note that the Young Turk documents revealing their intent, carried by Sami Gunda, actually were discovered by subsequent investigations and court trials; and the process of genocide, such as the deportation seen by Peter Kahan, really happened.

Ever the professor, John Banks' memory of the Armenian genocide and its toll is what actually happened. For the estimates, sources, and calculations, including those under Ataturk, see my chapter on this at www.hawaii.edu/powerkills/SOD.CHAP5.HTM.

To this day, Turkey absolutely denies that her past governments committed any genocide or mass murder. She explains the Armenian deaths as incidental to the deportations, or the result of a civil war between Moslem Turks and Christian Armenians. In this, Turkey is aided by the silence of those nations whose archives amply document the genocide. Among them is the United States, which, despite the official reports of its Ambassador Henry Morgenthau and consular officials Leslie A. Davis in Harput, Oscar S. Heizer in Trebizond, and Jesse B. Jackson in Aleppo, adamantly refuses to recognize this clear genocide.

For example, Morgenthau has this to say about Minister of War Talaat in his book, *Ambassador Morgenthau's Story*:

In all my talks on the Armenians the Minister of War treated the whole matter more or less casually; he could discuss the fate of a race in a parenthesis, and refer to the massacre of children as nonchalantly as we would speak of the weather. . . .

“I wish [Talaat said] that you would get the American life insurance companies to send us a complete list of their Armenian policy holders. They are practically all dead now and have left no heirs to collect the money. It of course all escheats to the State. The Government is the beneficiary now. Will you do so?”

Morgenthau walked out on Talaat at that—probably one of the few times an American ambassador has walked out on the leader of a foreign nation to which he was posted.

Turkey is a member of NATO, deemed by that organization as essential for defense of the southern tier against Soviet aggression during the Cold War. Since that time, the United States has considered Turkey an important Western friend in a hostile and volatile region, especially regarding the American coalition’s wars in Afghanistan and Iraq.

Moreover, with the independence of Armenia, Georgia, and Azerbaijan in the Caucasus after the 1991 collapse of the Soviet Union, Europe and the United States see Turkey as essential to the resolution of ethnic conflicts in the region. That such interests take precedence over historical truth and the recognition of Turkey’s past mass murder is *realpolitik*; such is the moral bankruptcy of this diplomacy. Long-run democratic interests in a stable and secure democratic world are better served by clarity of moral principles and resolve than by short-run expediency. Simply consider the moral message communicated to the world by purposely ignoring the Young Turk genocide of nearly 1.5 million Armenians.

What happened to the Young Turks? Germany helped Talaat and Enver and others to escape and a new government under Sultan Muhammad VI took power. It appointed an Extraordinary Military Tribunal to investigate and document the Armenian massacres and found the Young Turks guilty of carrying out a policy of annihilation, among other things (Raphael Lemkin had yet to invent the term “genocide”). It sentenced the leaders, Talaat, Enver, Jemal, and Nazim to death in absentia.

In revenge for the genocide, an Armenian assassin murdered Talaat in Berlin in March 1921. Enver left Germany for Turkestan, where he joined the 1921 revolt by the Basmachi against the Bolsheviks. He was killed in battle against the Red Army in August 1922. Ahmed Djemal Pasha left Germany for Afghanistan as a military advisor, and Armenian assassins killed him at Tbilisi in July of 1922.



As to genocide itself, it is generally considered one of the worst moral crimes a government (meaning any ruling authority, including that of a guerrilla group, a quasi state, a soviet, a terrorist organization, or an occupation authority) can commit against its citizens or those it controls. The major reason for this is what the world learned about the Holocaust, the systematic attempt of German authorities during World War II to kill all Jews, no matter where they were found—to destroy Jews as a group. This murder of between five and six million Jews became the paradigm case of genocide and underlies the word's origin.

As the world learned about other genocides, there was an international attempt through the United Nations to make genocide an international crime and to bring its perpetrators to justice. Thus in 1948 it approved and proposed the *Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide* (UHCG) and, most recently, it signed into being the *International Criminal Court* (ICC). As a crime, the UHCG defined genocide as the intention to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial or religious group, as such. The ICC accepts this definition, further elaborates on it, provides broader jurisdiction, and can subject individuals regardless of status or rank to prosecution. Noteworthy is the fact that the ICC now covers not only genocide, but crimes against humanity including government murder, extermination campaigns, enslavement, deportation, torture, rape, sexual slavery, enforced disappearance, and apartheid.

Genocide is also a subject of social science and scholarly study, but its legal definition does not easily allow for empirical and historical research. For this reason the definition of genocide for research purposes has, in essence, been of two types. One is the definition of genocide as the intention to murder people because of their group membership, even if political or economic. A second is any intentional government murder of unarmed and helpless people for whatever reason. In other words, genocide equals democide, a concept with which by now readers of this series are well acquainted. Note that not only genocide, but the broader democide is also, according to the ICC (which, however, does not use that term), a crime.

If I may repeat what John has never let Joy, Jy-ying, and the others forget, taking both social definitions into account, governments have probably murdered around 174 million people during the twentieth century (the figure of 170 million that John sometimes mention is only for the years 1900 to 1987). Most of this killing, perhaps around 110 million people, is due to communist governments, especially the USSR under Lenin and Stalin and their successors (62 million murdered), and

China under Mao Tse-tung (35 million). Some other totalitarian or authoritarian governments are also largely responsible for this toll, particularly Hitler's Germany (21 million murdered) and Chiang Kai-chek's Nationalist government of China (about 10 million). Other governments that have murdered lesser millions include Khmer Rouge Cambodia, Japan, North Korea, Mexico, Pakistan, Poland, Czarist Russia, Turkey, Vietnam, and Tito's Yugoslavia.

As is clear from the empirical research on this that convinced the fictional Survivors' Benevolent Society to send Joy and John back in time to 1906 to apply this new knowledge, democide, including genocide, is a product of the type of government a country has. There is a high correlation between the degree of democratic freedom a people enjoy and the likelihood that the government will commit democide. Modern (liberal) democratic governments have committed virtually no domestic democide. Those governments that commit the most have been totalitarian governments, while those that committed lesser genocide have been partially or wholly authoritarian and dictatorial.

Regardless of type of government, the likelihood of democide increases during their involvement in war, or when undergoing internal disruptions, as by revolution, rebellion, or foreign incursions. Such disruption provides the cover and excuse for genocide, as it did for the Young Turks. Regardless of war or peace, the motive for genocide may be to deal with a perceived threat to the government or its policies, to destroy those one hates or envies, to pursue the ideological transformation of society, to purify society, or to achieve economic or material again.

In any case, the solution to both war and democide, and thus such specific democide as genocide, is democratic freedom—liberal democracy. John, Joy, and Jy-ying, and the others of their team, knew this and acted on it. I hope that more lucky citizens of the democracies will join them. It is to that end that these novels have been written.