

## Chapter 10: Celebration

Lynne felt as if she had attended a meeting in the twilight zone. Such confusion, unexplained hostility, disorder! The same atmosphere prevailed on Thursday and Friday when the teachers helped register 500 students without a computer or a typewriter.

And, she still felt there was something unreal about the way everyone ignored her terrible bloody discovery at the University. The English staff worked jammed into the tiny office every day, never mentioning her lost body.

At last, the weekend came and on Saturday the Ambassador celebrated Columbus Day with a big party at the American Club, mainly for citizens of the US. But he also invited the Togolese staffs of American agencies and Togolese colleagues of Americans, and a few foreign diplomats.

Lynne had mixed feelings about attending. It would be unpleasant to see Everett now, especially since he might be with Adriana. But she was almost required to go. At least the food should be good. And maybe there she would meet someone who would tell her what was going on about the investigation of her ghastly introduction to the English department. And probably Lita would be there. She might explain that emergency call from the Peace Corps that interrupted them. And maybe she would tell Lynne why she was looking so happy these days.

The American Club was a modest cement block retreat surrounded by a high cement wall. A small Togolese guard was checking people in "Jacobou! What are you doing here?" The good-looking guard answered with pride, "Peace Corps recommended me for a state department job." She had never heard him speak English before. He had been one of the University of Togo students that worked as a French teacher for the volunteers when she had been in training. She had admired his exotic looks. His skin was dark, almost black and he had just one ornamental scar near each cheekbone.

Lynne was happy for him. Jobs with the embassy were coveted in this country where unemployment was virtually eighty per cent. He asked her to sign the book. She wrote the time, 1:00 PM and then he casually checked the next person's identification.

Toward the front of the lot, a few yards away, partly screened by many brightly blossoming bushes and trees was a large, rectangular swimming pool. The sun was baking and there was almost no shade for swimmers. When Lynne passed the pool, only two bored teenagers, the sons of the United States Aid in Development director were in it, paddling apathetically.

Further back was a modest club house, made of an ordinary four bedroom stucco house with a kitchen and large living room. It had a big straw-covered veranda. Lynne noticed some of her colleagues in the English Department were sitting at tables under the large tent-like roof structure that had been installed in the courtyard to provide shade from the blazing sun.

Red, white, and blue balloons were everywhere.

Bruce was with his pretty, petulant young wife, Zelda. He waved his ever present cigarette as he and Mr. Ekou talked loudly and laughed uproariously with Ned and Margaret Emerald. She looked for signs of a sinister character in Ekou. Perhaps his elaborately embroidered gold *boubou* topping off a matching *complet* hinted at greater prosperity than most professors had. But the Togolese attending were all gorgeously attired today, even the USIA janitor.

The other professors sat without speaking, presumably listening to the music of the group made up of three Africans, one French man and one rootless American which was playing and singing a medley of American patriotic songs to a Dixieland beat, four of them mangling the words with French accents. The smell of charcoal smoke was in the air.

A committee went around to taste and judge the chili and pies. Thomas from the Cultural Center presided majestically over a bean counting contest.

Toward the back of the large lot a doubles game was taking place on a tennis court with a cracked cement floor. A group of families riotously ran a three legged race, sweat pouring down their faces and some volunteers and young non governmental agency employees were playing softball on a baseball diamond. She stopped to say hello to a Peace Corps volunteer she knew from the north. He called himself Kata these days and wore his hair in Rastafari curls. "How odd the American racial system is to consider Kata black. His skin is pale brown like someone with a slight suntan. He probably had as many ancestors considered white as those considered white." Kata was glad to see her, but seemed enthralled with a volunteer he introduced to her as his girl friend Mary.

When she first arrived, she noticed Everett was busy with official duties, judging races, tasting pies, organizing activities. But from time to time, as she watched him, he sneaked glances at Adriana.

Adriana looked aloof as she sat alone at a small table under a palm tree near the flagpole that proudly flew a slightly tattered American flag. She made only desultory remarks to people passing who stopped to talk to her. She sprang up and was animated during one long lively talk with the Ambassador Rhoda Howe, who wore a pale yellow embroidered boubou and strolled over the grounds and shook hands with everyone she met.

When Lynne passed the two of them, the Ambassador a dignified, plump, middle-aged African American graciously greeted her and said she was pleased that Lynne had been appointed to serve in Togo. Adriana stared right through Lynne, as if she wasn't there.

Later, she noticed Mr. Gumpa talking to Adriana. He seemed earnest and emotional, as if pleading. Adriana appeared to be listening avidly, sometimes smiling, sometimes frowning, sometimes talking excitedly. What was their relationship? Was the scene at the faculty meeting a lover's quarrel? And now, were they talking about love or about a serious public problem?

Lynne saw her greet Kata and talk to him. It looked friendly. How did she know him? Did he have some sort of education project?

Lynne circulated, greeting USIA staff members and some Peace Corps Volunteers and staff that she knew from her Peace Corps service which had ended just six weeks ago. She surveyed the crowd. There must be at least two hundred people here. She saw Martin, in his unpressed African clothes, deep in an animated discussion with Mr. Gumpa. Probably Martin was pleased to find a local person who spoke English. Maybe he was even doing some of his research in animism. As she watched him fondly, he waved at her.

Probably she was looking intense. "Can I help you?" It was Gregory Attigon. Again she was struck by his good looks.

"Well, I wish someone would. You know, finding that blood and seeing the body was a strange, terrible thing that happened to me my first day as a Fulbright professor and no one seems to care. It's as if it didn't happen."

"Let's go where we can talk more privately." They walked to a bench behind a clump of tropical greenery. "Let's start from the beginning. We never even introduced ourselves properly. You are Lynne Lewis?" he said, playfully.

"Yes." She found herself smiling.

"And I am Gregory Attigan." With a warm smile he continued. "Let us shake hands."

This French African custom was followed countless times of day with people shaking hands both at the start of an encounter and then when saying goodbye even if the time in between was only a minute or two. But the custom suddenly took on a different importance now. His touch woke something in Lynne. He was really a gorgeous man!

"I'm happy to meet you, Gregory"

"Yes, I am happy to meet you, Lynne. Now, tell me all about your concern."

Even though he had heard most of it before, Lynne poured out her story of just exactly what happened on her arrival at the university and what she found at the English office.

"Thanks. I never heard all the details. Immediately after it happened, the director told me to look into it. We found the head of the English department and went with him to look things over. There were no signs of death, illness, or injury. No blood, no body. The floor was dirty, dusty and sandy and there were no blood stains. But, we know you have a reputation of being a sane and sensible person."

She warmed to this praise. At last someone was listening and caring. As they talked, he continued to hold her hand.

"We went to the police. No one had reported a missing person in the area. We went to the University administration office. The director sent a message to the university president, asking for a report about anyone that does not come to work this week or report for classes. But it is difficult, because the professors drift in the whole first month, so it's hard to tell."

She was so intent on their talk she scarcely heard the hum of the partying people, the international band, the shouts of the baseball players.

"At the teachers' meeting, I didn't understand, but they mentioned someone named Sylvia. Who is Sylvia?"

"I don't know. It isn't a Togolese or French name. And all the Fulbright people are accounted for.

Lynne, I will let you know as soon as I hear anything new about the situation."

"Thanks. You're so nice." She knew she was beaming. He was so attractive and so kind!

"And Lynne," He pressed her hand again. "Can I come to visit you some evening?"

"I'm afraid that would be a bad idea."

He gave her a meltingly warm smile.

"All bad ideas are not really bad ideas. Please, think it over."

"Gregory, I . . ." She meant to say, "I can't," but found herself saying, "Yes. All right." She wanted to say, "Yes, come tonight."

She sat under a tree near the middle of the grounds. She noticed that the chili judging was in progress, with a large team of tasters, eating small amounts from each pot. For a while, she could see Everett with them.

A little later, Lynne realized she didn't see either Everett or Adriana. She had a jealous vision. "Probably they're off involved in some amorous exchanges in the shrubbery."

She looked for someone to help her find the answers to her plaguing mysteries. She saw Eddy Kelly, a volunteer stationed up north earnestly talking to the Chinese Ambassador, no doubt in Chinese. Eddy, an amazing linguist, could go into a bar, start talking with someone that spoke an unfamiliar language, and within two hours, pick up some useful proficiency in that language. He used every opportunity to practice his many languages. And she knew he had studied Chinese at Carlton College.

She stood up, deciding to see who she could talk to about the events at the university.

Suddenly, there was a shout, a scream, a roar, a running crowd. She pushed her way through the milling people, trying to find out what was happening.

Everett was speaking, distraught, his clothes dripping wet. "After the chili judging I was looking for Adriana. I looked all over. I asked the guard at the gate. She hadn't checked out. Then I heard a shout from the pool area. I looked at it more carefully. Martin was splashing in the water, shouting 'Help, help.' Then I saw why. Adriana's beautiful blonde hair was flowing, her lovely white skinned body in her black bathing suit was floating on the clear, water that looked like blue green glass and she was motionless. I helped Martin pull her out."

Lynne followed the crowd to the swimming pool. A motionless woman with long yellow hair lay near the pool. Martin was wet. The Peace Corps nurse, Fiona, was applying mouth to mouth respiration.

While she worked, an anxious crowd gathered around. Martin, dazed, distraught, seemed compelled to tell his story. "I left the rest who were eating and went toward the

entrance. First I went to the W.C. to change into my bathing suit. I went past those bushes, to the pool. Then I saw her drowning or dead. I didn't know what to do. I was all alone. I love the water, but I can only dogpaddle, I can't swim strongly enough to hold up another person. I thought of going to the guard and telling him Adriana was drowning, but I knew the guard didn't speak English well. And I don't speak French. I tried to reach her from the side. I wanted to pull her over to the shallow side and get her out. It was a nightmare. My movements seemed like molasses. I cried 'Save her, save her.' I tried, but I couldn't reach her. I jumped in the water and got over to her. I was trying to pull her toward the shallow water. But, I'm skinny and don't float. I kept having to let go of her to keep my head out of the water. And she was completely limp. She didn't move at all. All the time I kept shouting. Then Everett came. He jumped right in and he can really swim. He had her out in a moment. He started artificial respiration. I ran out shouting for the nurse. Fiona, the nurse, came and took over.

"Oh, save her, Fiona," he said in anguish.

Fiona stopped her efforts. "There really is no use continuing. She's completely cold. I can't bring her back. She's dead."

## Chapter 11: Crocodile Tears

Lynne was in an uncomfortable position. She had disliked Adriana for her rudeness, her scorn, and her failure to cooperate. She had really wished her gone. Then she learned that Everett didn't notice her unpleasant personality and was in love with her. When she heard Fiona's tortured words, something inside of her had said "Good. She won't be causing trouble any more." But, at the same time, she was shocked at the death of someone so young, and appalled by yet another American death in Africa, and this one right in the American Club.

The Ambassador made an announcement: for the present, everyone must stay. No one was to go outside the gate. She probably got this idea from American crime TV stories where the police secure the scene after a violent death and immediately interview everyone. But here there was no fleet of well-trained police to manage the investigation. Tony Mariani, the new security officer reluctantly took charge. This was his first post. He seemed puzzled about what to do with the confused, milling crowd.

She saw Everett, solemnly attending to his official duties. He looked sad and pale, but didn't break down. Only a few people knew that he had loved Adriana. Lynne saw Martin in intense conversation with Everett. They were both almost dry already in the stifling heat. Martin looked as scruffy as ever. Obviously he was shaken by being so close to the death of this difficult woman. Then Everett was called to a huddled discussion with the Ambassador.

After considerable delay, it was decided that an ambulance was out of the question. There were only three ambulances in Lome and it would take a long time to contact any of them. They rounded up six strong young men, four Togolese waiters, a diplomat's son, and a Peace Corps volunteer, and had them carry Adriana's body into the Ambassador's limousine. Lynne heard someone say they would take her to the Peace Corps medical office and try to get in touch with Washington to learn what to do. Lynne knew the phone lines were often down and it was difficult to reach any government employees on a holiday. She had heard from Everett that sometimes it took several days to get an answer to a cable.

The crowd stayed at the party, shuffling feet, making embarrassed conversation. Now there were four Embassy guards at the gate and they were enforcing the order not to leave. So everyone stayed.

It seemed too dreadful to talk about what had just happened. At first there was a deep silence despite the large crowd. Then gradually, people started making small talk. Lynne looked for Lita and saw her deep in conversation with Mr. Gumpa. Her beauty almost glowed, she looked so good, healthy and happy, despite the traumatic event and the 90 plus temperature.

Lynne was tempted to find that nice Gregory Attigan again. But she saw him helping his boss, Doug Truman, about two steps from him, with pencil and paper in hand.

Lynne decided it was more important than ever to follow through with her plan to learn more about who her mysterious bloody body could be. She had learned one thing

that might help her untangle the mystery. Someone called Sylvia was assigned to teach at the university and she hadn't showed up. Maybe she was killed in the English office.

The heat was a torture. Bruce and the Emeralds and some people from the Embassy and Mr. Ekou were sitting together. They had a big bag of ice and were rubbing themselves with melting ice cubes as they gossiped and, as inappropriate as it seemed, laughed, near her. When she started to walk past them, Ned put a friendly hand on her arm. "Join us."

Margaret Emerald was in the midst of a story of cultural misunderstanding. "So I said to the cook, but this is the fifth time you have taken off work to go to a brother's wedding. How many brothers do you have? A look of bewilderment and concentration came over his face as if he were counting vast numbers. Then he said, 'I'm not sure, madame. Maybe one hundred.'"

Lynne joined in at the laughter. The story was a good example of why Americans got so confused here. For the Africans, there is little distinction between a brother and a cousin. For a real brother as an American uses the word, there is the explanation, *meme mere*, *meme pere*. The same mother and the same father.

She saw that Mr. Ekou laughed too. He spent a lot of time with Americans and Ned Emerald in his post as coordinator of the Student Exchange program. He also was a popular moonlighter, giving English lessons to Togolese employees of American and European English agencies. Perhaps he had learned to react when with them, like one of them, even when they were mocking his fellow Togolese.

She wondered why Margaret, a middle-aged woman who seemed not to be vain, wore so much makeup, mascara, eye shadow, one of those cover-all foundations. It was a mistake in this heat. Mixed with perspiration, her face was streaked and varicolored.

Ned said solicitously "Lynne, How are you doing. Are you all right?" Lynne instinctively liked Ned. He reminded her of those witty, civilized British men in the old Noel Coward movies. She knew that he was

Acting Consul for the British, since they had no consulate or embassy in Togo.

"I'm holding up okay. I . . . I don't know what to say."

Bruce Bradford took over the conversation. "Who should we talk about? Not present company, of course. And let's not talk about Adriana. We can't speak ill of the dead, so soon after her demise, so that leaves us speechless."

There was a shocked silence. Only a callous effete like Bruce would make such a remark even as a joke right now. But Lynne knew it expressed a real truth. She saw Mr. Ekou give an almost imperceptible nod of agreement. Few of the people who had met her in her short stay in Africa could say anything good to say about Adriana Gallant. Lynne wasn't the only one who could only weep crocodile tears over her death.

## Chapter 12: A Lady Killer

Bruce seemed to be enjoying the excitement. Instead of his ordinary nervous, impatient manner, he was buoyed up and energetic and was holding court. After his malicious remark about Adriana he started talking about interesting aspects of the university of Togo. "We Americans are notoriously impossible, but some Togolese can be difficult, too. I've talked to some of the professors and I know a lot of students. Madame de Souza is major odd. She always wears white. Everyday, year after year. She studied in Paris and belongs to one of the finest old families. Somehow, she isn't on speaking terms with most of the Togolese English professors, including the Chairman of the Department. And students say one year she failed an entire Translation class."

Ned Emerald protested, "Don't prejudice Lynne against her. She really needs a friend. Maybe she can help her get a new start."

"Good luck. Lynne. It's a colorful cast of characters. There's also Begemey. He always looks like an ad in Esquire Magazine. Students say that Professor Begemey has unusual course requirements for women. If they want to pass, sleeping with him is a good idea. He likes white women, too. Bigamy is a regular lady killer." Even as he spoke, they could see across the yard that the nattily dressed professor Begemey was talking to an unresponsive Lita, making an elaborate bow, kissing her hand. "And watch out for what you say in front of Gumpa. He's a police spy," Bruce continued, his eyes glittering, waving his cigarette.

"Now Bruce. You are just making things up," Margaret reproved.

Bruce continued. "You know that Gumpa is a Kabye, related to an old military family. He returned last year from studies in America. He hasn't finished the doctorate, and needs to get another grant. Why did they call him back to Togo? To have him act as a spy. If he does a good job as a spy, they'll let him finish his doctorate."

Lynne looked at him intently, trying to figure out how serious he was in these accusations. "I was a little apprehensive about being a University professor in such a different system. You certainly haven't reassured me." Lynne protested.

"You'll be happy to know that Desire Adolpho is a nice guy. Nothing interesting about him."

"That's a relief." Lynne said lightly. But she remembered the looks of pure hatred she had seen on Desire's face when Adriana was rude to him.

Lynne listened a while longer, hoping to learn something that would clear up some of the mysteries about her colleagues. Since Ekou was in the group, she didn't hear anything about him.

She finally interrupted the monologue to ask who Sylvia was. "Bruce, what do you know about . . . ?"

But Bruce's wife Zelda broke in petulantly. "When can we leave, Bruce? You've been telling these stories all day. I've already heard them too many times. Let's make the security man let us go home."



And the two of them abruptly left Lynne in mid sentence.

Ned Emerald said, "Bruce is cruelly amusing about all his colleagues. But everyone kindly ignores his alcohol and drug problems." He paused a moment. "And his rudeness."

Lynne was glad someone else had noticed how obnoxious he was.

Ned turned to his other side and became involved in a conversation with Ekou. "Yes, about those applications."

Lynne wanted to listen, but they lowered their voices to speak confidentially. Taking the hint, she murmured a goodbye and set off across the greenery, determined to get better acquainted with some of her Togolese colleagues. Blaise Begemey was now alone. He greeted her with fabled French gallantry, kissing her hand, praising her costume and her beauty. As soon as she could insert a word she said seriously "Thank you for your chivalrous praise. But, I need to know something. Who is Sylvia?"

"Ah. Sylvia. She is beautiful. All you American ladies are beautiful. She is young and brave. Do you know that British poem, 'Who is Sylvia that all her swains adore her?' Ah, they would only have to see this Sylvia once to know that. That long red hair, those flashing eyes."

"Have you seen her recently?"

"Why do you ask me?" Now he seemed nervous and suspicious.

"I'm worried. You heard I found a body? And I wonder where she is. But how can Sylvia be American? I know she's not with the Fulbright program."

"She is in the Peace Corps. She taught at the university last year. And then she was here in July and August to help us with examinations before she left for vacation. But I know nothing about her personally."

Something in the way he said this made Lynne doubt him. Was the opposite true? Certainly his description of her beauty was enthusiastic. And Bruce had said . . . but she didn't know how much she should trust Bruce's gossip.

They were interrupted by the crackling sound of the microphone being turned on. Maybe Mariani and the Ambassador finally decided on what to do next.

Mariani made a disorganized announcement, almost as if he was talking to himself. "Please gather near me. We have decided to let everyone go. You all signed in with the guard. But we want to be sure we have all of your addresses. And telephone numbers, if you have telephones. The guards are signing everyone out carefully to make sure everyone is accounted for. They have started the process. It's slow. You probably can't give a real street address. And we don't have time to ask for a map. Well, they will ask you where you work too. We have to be able to get in touch with you." He sounded unsure of himself. The Public Address system screeched and wheezed.

"But first. Did anyone see what happened? Was anyone with her when she started swimming? If you know anything please tell us right now." He waited a few seconds, then almost pleading, said, "Did anyone see her swimming?" He waited longer, then sounding discouraged said, "Please come forward and tell me. Does anyone know anything at all about this?"

Lynne didn't see anyone moving toward the lonely officer.

Then Doug Truman took the mike and said politely, "Please let me talk a bit, Tony. I don't understand why she drowned. She was an excellent swimmer in good health."

Now people murmured to their near neighbors. But still no one volunteered to respond to the questions. Then Zelda, unable to convince the gate guard to let her out, asked, "Why are you checking so carefully? It's terrible and sad. But what does it have to do with us?"

Tony Mariani took the mike again. "Did you see her? Even if you did, probably you didn't notice. She's got a big bruise on her shoulder."

"A bruise?" Lita, standing with the other Peace Corps officials asked. "You mean, like where she fell?"

"It's long and narrow. It's just about the shape of the cross bar on the bottom of that pole we keep handy for rescues. Someone pushed her very hard."

Lynne finally understood. Someone had pushed Adriana down into the water with great force. Murder. Was someone making a practice of killing American women? Some one who had killed Sylvia too?

Was there a real lady killer, a serial murderer? Who would be next? She remembered the voodoo curse left at her house. And Martin's warning. Was she herself on the psycho's list?

### Chapter 13: Love And Corruption

Soon after this startling revelation everyone crowded around the suddenly important guards at the entrance and checked out as soon as possible. In another twenty minutes, Lynne was free from her attendance at this hideous Columbus Day celebration. She walked two blocks to the main road and found a taxi immediately. It was almost dark. Even after three years here, it was hard to get used to the darkness that fell early every day, even on the hottest summer day. And after night came it was still relentlessly hot.

Once at home, she restlessly wrote letters, did some lesson preparation, tried to get BBC on the radio. The dark yard, the shadows from the tropical vegetation, the skulking presence of the guard who made sounds, but spoke no language she knew, were unpleasant. She was determined not to brood about the murder or the threatening sign she had found in her house. She went to bed early without writing in her journal. Adriana's fate was all too vivid to want to recall again, so soon. She almost forced herself to sleep, glad to have this day over.

Just before she woke on Sunday morning, dreamed of huge headlines in a tabloid paper, "Two bodies in less than a week!" She wasn't really afraid, but was frustrated. Ever since she saw the body on Monday, she had tried to find out more about it. Wherever she turned, people told her to forget about it. And now that she was convinced that a young supposed-to-be-colleague, someone in the Peace Corps, was the victim, she felt even more strongly that something should be done to find the body and also the killer. Probably that killer was the person who had pushed Adriana under the water at the patriotic party. Yesterday's sense of danger came back.

But then her mind leaped to the gorgeous man, Gregory. She should know better than get involved. She had never met an African over twenty that didn't have at least one wife and one or more children. Yet they were always looking, and they continued to be appealing. Maybe a sort of casual temporary relationship? "When can I visit you?" he had said. Her heart started beating fast with excitement at the thought.

"Lynne, you need a keeper," she told herself. But ideas of Gregory did dim her disappointment over Everett's change of heart. She cherished of the way Gregory had looked at her when he asked her to reconsider her negative answer.

Morning had brought the numbing heat again. Gratefully she jumped the shower and as the water cascaded down her skin, caroled. "I feel pretty."

She would find a way to see Gregory again, soon. She had just dressed and was still in this mood, when she heard the doorbell ring. Someone was at the gate! Her gardien only worked at night so she would have to deal with this. She looked out the window. It was an African man. Even seen at that distance, he looked familiar.

She went onto the veranda.

"*Qui est t'il?* Who is it?"

"It is I, Gregory. May I enter, Lynne?"

What a beautiful deep voice he had, with just enough of a French intonation to make it exotic!

"Gregory, of course. It's not locked. Enter. Welcome!"

When he came to the veranda, they shook hands. And once more, his touch was electric. She looked at him again, closely, thinking, "How beautiful he is! Like a living ebony statue."

He was tall compared to most of the West Africans, about 5 ft 11, and had broad shoulders and a manly stance. His hair was in the neat, attractive Togolese fashion, a short Afro about two inches long, like black moss. His features were regular with high cheekbones and he had black pouty lips. His skin was really black, instead of the dark cocoa brown of most of the Togolese.

"Is something wrong? Do you have a message from the director?"

"No, nothing new is wrong. That was a tragic event at the Columbus celebration. I want to know if you are all right. And also, if they found you a comfortable house. Do you feel safe here?"

"Oh, how nice of you!" Lynne felt a little shy and self conscious. His intonations were intimate and flirtatious. Was she too obviously under his spell?

"I really admire you Lynne. I envy you the opportunity to have a Master's degree and teach at the University. I was an English teacher here, but the pay was low. I was glad to get work with the Americans. My people in Ghana, the Ashanti, hold women in high esteem. The queen mother is revered as much as our King."

As he talked, he looked deeply into her eyes and continued the pressure on her hand.

"Lynne, it is more than admiration. You know, I noticed you every time I went to a Peace Corps meeting these last two years. There was always something special about you. Now, I know why. I was watching the woman I would someday love."

She loved his romantic talk, but some sense of caution forced her to change the subject. "Gregory, please, you're rushing me. Give me have a chance to know you better."

"I will wait. You will be here a whole year more, maybe two."

"I feel I can't think of personal things until I get some answers to the terrible things that are happening. The body and now Adriana. And also . . . Gregory, is there a problem in the camp counselor program?"

For the first time, Gregory looked annoyed and angry. The black Ashanti mask looked cold and frightening.

"That is unfounded!" With a heavy scowl he said, urgently, "Lynne, forget about that. You will only cause trouble."

Another moody male. Was he involved in a scandal that brought Adriana to her death? Was she perilously interested in a guilty man?

## Chapter 14: The Night Watchman

After that unpleasant exchange, Gregory made an effort to be charming. But it didn't work and he soon left.

Lynne did some housework, hung some pictures, put up the rest of the draperies. She even did a little gardening, but soon gave up on that as the sweat poured down her face almost blinding her. When everything was neat and all her things unpacked she straightened and arranged everything, then when the sun was less fierce, even picked some blossoms from the hedge and put them into an old salad dressing jar for a bouquet on the coffee table. She was basically all settled in.

She had lived in this house for six days now. She had never stopped feeling uneasy in it. Having Gregory turn from a sunny charmer to a dark mystery man added to her feeling of being at risk. Wasn't there any safety anywhere? Having a *gardien* that you can't talk to wasn't helpful. At night, when he was on duty, she wished she could say, "I heard a noise, what was it?" He didn't seem to know any French at all. She tried the few words of Mina she had picked up and got no response. She suspected he didn't want to understand, and felt his life was simpler following his own undemanding commands.

So far he had come on time every night. That at least she could count on. He swept the leaves that fell each day and piled them in the big basket. One night she tried to get him to clip some bushes that were too big, brought out the clippers and made gestures, even showed him how. When she came back ten minutes later, she found he had abandoned the clippers and with his big *coupe coupe*, machete knife, had almost cut down the entire, beautiful bush, "No. No!" she said in dismay. "Don't do it. Never." She grabbed the clippers and shook her head violently. He smiled. Perhaps he understood. At least he didn't destroy any more bushes. That was the last time she tried to direct his sporadic gardening. He watered things occasionally.

As for guarding her, one evening a stranger came into the yard trying to sell something some masks. She called, "Guard, guard." No answer, when she persisted, the neighbor's guard said, in understandable French, "He went to buy some food. He is not here."

She noticed that tonight, soon after it got dark, after he had swept the big yard and made several creeping tours of the property he curled up on the broken old chair that some previous renter had provided for him and was soon asleep. She knew he slept soundly. Once she went near him and called his name, "Henri" five times and he didn't wake up. People passing on the street laughed to see her so defeated by the sleeping guard. And yet she knew if she tried to fire him, champions would arise from every quarter. There were so few jobs in Togo that anyone who fired an employee, no matter for what reason, was a monster. She knew that if she tried to get ride of him she would hear plenty of controversy about it at the Cultural Center.

And his eerie habit of making the rounds, frankly staring at her when he could see her through her windows unnerved her. After her day's efforts, her makeshift curtains in every window gave some privacy. That should end one problem, at least.

To make up for skipping yesterday, she wrote a long entry in her journal, telling in detail about the fatal picnic and also about her more quiet day today. The night was hot and humid. The breeze that came in the window was warm. After a long period of forcing herself to relax, she fell into a painful half awake, half sleeping state. Her dreams were distressing and realistic of people creeping up on her and the guard continuing to sleep as they passed him.

Suddenly she started awake. She heard an unusual noise. It sounded like a door opening and then footsteps. "I must still be dreaming. I locked the outside door carefully." Everything was dark. She reached for the light. She was fumbling for the switch, terrified as the steps came closer. She could see a shape in the dark and then deeper darkness as the someone threw a blanket over her head.

A voice said, in a sort of ungrammatical pidgin French, "If you want to live, tell me where your money is."

She answered in French. "I don't have any money."

"I have a knife. I will kill you."

"There are a few coins in my purse. It is in this room on the desk." She saw through the cloth a faint light. He must have found the light switch.

The hoarse ungrammatical sounds continued. "That is not enough. I need more. And where is the document?"

"That's all the money I have. Do you want me to write you a check? And what document?"

"Le document." He used the English pronunciation. Paired with the le, it sounded strange, as if it had a special significance.

"I don't know what you mean. I have a few documents. Take whatever you want. There in the desk, and also on that table." She realized there must be two of them, because hands held her down with the blanket continuing to cover her eyes. Somehow, she felt a little less fear, but extreme physical discomfort. She was almost unbearable hot and the blanket smelled foul, as if it had held unwashed, sweaty people for years. She could hear one of them rummaging and pulling out drawers from the desk. She wondered how he could possibly want anything she had. She had a few announcements from the Cultural center and some lesson plans and things from the university.

"There's nothing important here," He snarled. The intruders seemed furious now. One of them grasped her tightly and pressed the tip of his knife to her throat through the blanket. "You know what document. It is in English. Give it to me or I will cut you."

"No, I don't know. Please, go away." She was really afraid now. She decided to scream. Maybe the guard would hear her. But nothing came out of her frightened mouth. Then she managed one high pitched piercing sound. She repeated it over and over. This got a reaction from the intruder. She heard the knife clatter to the floor. He hit her hard, but because of the blanket did not seem to be able to aim the blow well. Then, suddenly he burst out in an African language. He sounded furious and threatening.

Then there were blessed sounds. Loud voices and running steps, people shouting and entering her house. After she finally struggled out of the blanket, she saw a swirl of

fighting humanity and soon saw a group of her neighbors and their servants holding two strange men.

One neighbor, a Togolese civil servant, said in French. "Are you all right?"

"Yes. Do you know how they got in?"

"The front window was smashed in. We heard glass breaking. Someone saw the men enter."

"Where was the gardien?"

"Ah, he is an old man and needs his sleep. Perhaps he had a little too much to drink too."

"Does someone have a telephone? Can you call the director of the American Cultural Center?" Lynne gave them the director's home telephone number. She knew the Embassy should be informed, but didn't know how to reach anyone there.

Someone found some rope and tied the men securely. Then, they started beating them savagely.

"Oh please, don't hurt them."

They protested. "*Il sont voleurs*. They are thieves."

Blood was pouring down their faces from the blows. Another neighbor appeared. It seemed he lived next door, was a German diplomat and spoke excellent English. He tried to stop the beating, but his French was poor and he could not convince the others.

Someone must have called the Director, because he came in about 15 minute. He heard the story from Lynne and the five neighbors. After some debating, it was decided that they would get a taxi to take them to the police station since they knew the police didn't have any transportation.

One of the men hailed a taxi from a nearby street. Then there was another clamorous argument. This one was in French and Lynne could understand it.

"I'm not going to let those men in my taxi. They are covered with blood. It will ruin the upholstery." Finally they decided to tie them to the baggage rack on the roof, just like a load of chickens going to the market. The director continued with his calm demeanor. He did prevent them from hitting the thieves any more. But Lynne noticed he didn't volunteer to use his car to take the men to the station.

Lynne thought, "Ah, Africa. Sometimes you don't know whether to laugh or cry or just shiver."

Finally they all left.

The guard, awake at last, swept up the broken glass and fastened some old boards over the window. He placed his broken chair immediately in front of the broken window and immediately went back to sleep. Lynne was too keyed up to sleep. It was three o'clock. She sat in a chair with her eyes on the broken window and went over and over the possibilities. What document? What was he looking for? She didn't know them. They must have been hired by someone. But why would they send a barely literate French speaking man to steal a document written in English? And, she had nothing that could interest anyone. Her passport was safely locked up at the Cultural Center. She was glad they hadn't found her journal, which she had placed under the mattress.

She reached one firm conclusion. This was too much. This was the last night that guard would work for her!



## Chapter 15: An African Queen

The director sent one of the Embassy guards to protect her for the rest of the night since the window left the house vulnerable to intruders. She was glad to see him in his neat khaki uniform with the American insignia. He told her Tom at the center had a cousin named Koffi who needed a job as a gardien and spoke both English and French. He would send him to see her tomorrow evening. He also had a cousin that was a glass specialist and he would come and repair the broken window tomorrow morning early.

Feeling safe now, she went to sleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow.

When she woke a few hours later, it was Monday morning and the sun was yellow bright. As usual, it was blastingly hot. Somehow, she felt reasonably rested and especially invigorated. Despite all that had happened, she usually woke fresh and confident with each new day.

The glass repairman was there at dawn, and busied himself with his work while she got ready to leave the house.

In the light of day, she was mainly pleased at Gregory's hints at a romance between them. She wasn't really suspicious of him. His surprising reactions were just part of the heart of darkness, the hidden facts of Africa that always eluded her and other interlopers.

She looked at the clock. She had plenty of time. Classes were finally going to start today. She had helped make the long student lists and schedules by hand. Her teaching assignment was light; she only had classes three days a week, and only one class on those days. Her first class would be today at eleven.

The throng of patient students who came every day for information would finally learn what was planned for them. When they arrived today, they would see the lists tacked on the tree and learn their classrooms.

She was glad the university year was starting at last. Maybe the regularity of a routine would take away the bad dream her recent life had been. She was still keyed up about teaching her classes. What seemed to be long ago in another life she had taught in a college in Michigan. But everything was different here. She had only learned what subjects she would teach last week. And she didn't know if the students would understand her English. She had to figure out how she could teach literature classes without books. Maybe the whole idea of teaching American Literature in Africa didn't make sense. But, she knew that, like students everywhere, these needed instructors and credits to get degrees to help them find work and a place in society.

Four Americans were sent by the U.S. government to teach in the English Department. One was horrid Adriana who was dead now. Another was bright, eccentric, difficult, Bruce Bradford, and the other was the tragically missing Sylvia Van Horn. She was the students' last best hope.

She had brought some handouts from America to get started with. She hoped later she could convince either the University or the Cultural Center to let her photocopy materials for the students to read.

She ate some French bread and a banana and drank some Nescafe. She took a long cold shower and dressed, feeling for a little while, clean and cool.

By then, the repairman had the new window in.

She locked her door carefully and took the hot, dusty walk to the English office again. All in all, in an upbeat, Back to School mood.

At least two hundred students were standing near the door of the English office. The patient students waited for their turn at the information. For almost a week now they had come every morning and waited all day standing around and chatting, or just standing. This morning, many crowded around the single sheet tacked onto a tree which told where some classes were held and when. A few classes were listed without room assignments. They would meet wherever they could, maybe under another tree.

Bruce drove up in his little Renault. "What a mess!"

Lynne was longing for an American to talk to. "Bruce, some men broke into my house last night. It was so strange."

"Strange?"

"They kept asking for a document. What could they want? I don't have anything. I gave them all the money I had, but they kept threatening me."

"Lynne, this is a bizarre country. Did they hurt you?"

"No, luckily some neighbors noticed the breaking of a window and came in and wrapped them up like some goats and took them to the police station."

Bruce laughed. "I think we should all write comic novels about this place when we get home. But, really Lynne, this is a dangerous place. You should . . ." He stopped, as if he had something important on his mind. But when he continued, he only said, "Well, that's it for me today. This looks too messy to me. They won't be holding classes for at least another day. I'll come back tomorrow when things are more organized.""

And with that he was gone.

She could certainly be a better Fulbright professor than that unreliable man!

A majestically attractive Togolese woman dressed all in white approached with brisk, stiff strides. Lynne recognized the mysterious Madame de Souza.

Lynne remembered of Bruce's thumbnail sketch. She seemed angry and upset. When she saw Lynne, she said "Good morning madame," and seemed about to say more, but hesitated. Lynne tried to project friendliness and acceptance. She still hoped to have good relations with this colleague.

"Good morning." She thrust out her hand for the customary polite gesture. Madame de Souza shook it warmly. She had beautiful fine features, dark skin and her hair done in elaborate braids close to a beautifully shaped head. She wore a shirred and tucked dress of eyelet cotton and several pieces of tasteful, artistically wrought gold jewelry.

She smelled deliciously of lilac cologne. In Togo antiperspirants weren't available. Instead, fastidious people depended on frequent showers and sponge baths, and lots of perfume. But most wore the inexpensive scents that could be bought locally. Madame de Souza smelled of Paris. Lynne had heard she belonged to a family that had been

respected and powerful for two hundred years tracing ancestry from a Portuguese trader and the daughter of a Mina chief.

She spoke politely in fine English with only a slight French accent. "You are welcome here. I like Americans. I visited my cousin in New York once and saw the university she taught in. But we use the French system here."

Eagerly, Lynne listened. She wanted to discuss teaching philosophy with her. But Madame de Souza didn't continue.

"Yes. Thank you. I saw you at the faculty meeting Wednesday, and during the registration, but didn't get a chance to talk to you. And you were at the American picnic Saturday."

"Yes, a *picnique tragique*. Madame Adriana was the kind to do things that were not wise."

"What do you mean?"

"Why was she swimming all alone? I do not speak ill of the dead, but that was not wise."

"But, aside from that, what did she do? She hasn't been here long."

"You must ask others about that. But her *histoire* at the faculty meeting, that is not the way we do things here." Madame De Souza looked at her intently. "But there was truth in what she said. I know that corruption is not part of the American Dream that we teach in our American Civilization Course. Please help us. There is evil there. Look into the Camp Counselor Program."

Again! Just then some of their African colleagues appeared. They said politely, "Good Morning Mesdames."

Madame de Souza stiffened and put on a cold queenly look.

"Lynne said, "Good morning, gentlemen," and then tried to continue the dramatic conversation with Madame de Souza. "What do you mean? We must talk about this."

"Yes, we must talk about it. But not now," she said firmly and rushed away.

The two African professors continued on their way into the English office.

Suddenly, Lynne was surrounded by students.

"Please sir," a young man in a shocking pink *complet* that looked like an ornate pajama suit said, struggling with his English. "Can you tell us what takes place? Does there encore inscription?"

"If he's a good sample, I think we've got some work ahead of us, trying to teach literature to this group." Lynne decided. She told the students, "I'm sorry. But I haven't any information. Just read the notices that are tacked to that tree."

Another brave student tried out his English skills to ask what was no doubt on everyone's mind.

"Please. Saw you a body here? A student? A personne young?"

"Oh, how did you learn about it?"

He switched to French. "It is hard to keep a secret at the university. An uncle is a *gardien* here. He told me your story."

It seemed much easier to continue the conversation in French. Lynne gave some details. "Then he must have told you there was no body here when we got the door open."

"Yes. But what did you see? Was the person young or old? We have a particular reason for asking."

"What is it?"

"We can't tell you."

Frustrated she said, "Please help me. I am trying to find out myself."

"Who do you think it was?"

"I don't know. It was too dark. I saw it and an hour later it was gone. The authorities are saying that there was there."

"Yes, it is happening again."

"What? What is happening again?"

"We are not supposed to talk."

"Someone was there. Someone either badly wounded or dead. I won't rest until I know who and why."

"Can we trust you, madame?"

"Yes, you can trust me."

"Then find out and when you do, tell . . . tell the world. Too much evil is done here secretly." He attempted a finish in English. "Mrs. I wish you succeed."

It seemed their discussion was over. The group started a heated conversation in several African languages, with an occasional word of French thrown in. She could make out French words meaning *lagoon* and *bodies*.

Again. What were all these hideous secrets that everyone but her seemed to know? She shuddered and walked briskly toward the door of the large auditorium. Teaching, like show business and Peace Corps, required that the show must go on.

## Chapter 16: The French System?

She walked across a long hot path across a weedy field and entered the amphitheatre building, surrounded by huge, gnarled tropical trees. She arranged her books and notes on the desk that faced 160 students in a tiered horseshoe of seats. The room grew quiet. She had heard about the French system used by many of the teachers in which the students took careful notes on everything the teacher said, memorized them and wrote them in the exams. She hoped to do more idea centered teaching.

She brightly said, "Good morning everyone. I'm Lynne Lewis, your professor. We're going to study the British short story."

To her shock, the students laughed aloud.

She realized they didn't mean to be rude. It was just that they didn't understand her accent and didn't know what she said. She tried it again, saying each word carefully, loudly and slowly.

This time, a pleased, warm smile appeared on most faces and they said in one voice, "Good morning, teacha"

After that, things went well. She was relieved to learn that the spoken English of this class of second year students was better than that of the general crowd she had met outside. She explained everything as clearly and simply as she could. The students frantically wrote in their notebooks. But sometimes they stopped the scribbling and just listened to her. She went on with her lesson with confidence. She worked hard to include discussion and student input in the class, despite its large size and was careful to consider their remarks politely and gravely, even though at times she wanted to laugh.

"Are short stories true, Madame professor?"

"No, They are not true. They are fiction."

"Are they lies then?" A solemn, studious looking young man in a spotless white *boubou* asked.

"Not really. Just fiction."

As she wound up the class, feeling pleased they seemed to understand some basic literary concepts, she asked, almost rhetorically, "Are there any questions? Do you understand now what fiction is?"

To her surprise, a brave student in that big class raised her hand.

"Yes, what is your question?"

"Madame teacher, if a government says things that are not true is that fiction?"

The 159 other students gasped in unison. Was there a police spy in the room?

Lynne wondered how to answer that question in a totalitarian state where the questioner might go to jail if the answer was subversive to the authorities. She remembered a suggestion in her first teaching guide. She said, "That is a good question. I will think about it and tell you another day. Now, the class is dismissed."

The room erupted in private conversations in four different languages. One brash student said loudly, "Yes, professor. It is wise to think before you talk in our country."

## Chapter 17: The Class Captain Speaks

When she left the room, Lynne found herself once more surrounded by students. Many of them had been in her class. But others had been in the group that had confronted her before class. A young man, thin and serious, in neat European style clothing politely addressed her. He obviously was a spokesman for the group.

"Dear Madame professor. I am Minou, the responsible, the class captain for the senior class. Professor, there is spoilage in the camp counselor program."

"What do you mean? Will someone please tell me what the camp counselor program is?"

Several students tried to explain to her. But, each time she began to understand, someone would interrupt and start all over. Words and ideas swirled, "American Cultural Center, English majors, exams, counselors, corruption," These words at least, were in English. But they were not tied together in any understandable way.

The class captain tried to explain, but kept reaching the end of his powers in English, then switching to French. The combination made Lynne more confused.

"I can't understand you. Please, Just one of you at a time and in one language."

"You, Kossiwa. You speak the English good," someone said, and others said, yes, and oui. A beautiful young woman with shining black skin and hair done in the medusa style with fifty tufts like spikes said carefully in English. "Please investigate the camp counselor program. It is serious for us. And it is not fair. It is necessary that those positions are for English majors."

Lynne was still puzzled. This obviously was important to them as well as to Madame de Souza. She still didn't understand the urgency.

"Why is this so important? Are you more worried about this than about a body and blood in the English office?"

The young woman took a deep breath, looked around at her fellow students, who now were quiet and waiting to hear what she would say. "Maybe they are connected. Maybe they are part of the same thing!"

Minou, the class captain stepped up to assert his authority. "Yes, Madame, the same thing!"

## Chapter 18: Who Is Sylvia?

Lynne desperately wanted answers to a number of mysteries, but that evening and the next morning concentrated on preparing for her class. Being well prepared might help her avoid the latent chaos in the situation. Koffi, the new gardien came to work on time that evening and was quiet, tactful, and efficient. When she called his name, he answered immediately, and he followed her simple instructions about the work.

The next day's class went even better. These were third year students. When she spoke clearly and said each word separately, the students understood her. As she wound up her remarks on American literature, one part of her mind was planning how to investigate.

It seemed that Sylvia with the flowing red hair was at the center of the mysteries swirling around Lynne. If she was killed in the office how did she get in? Who would kill her? A government spy? Or someone involved somehow in the democracy movement? Or was it a lover? Or were Kossiwa and the class captain right? Did it have something to do with the camp counselor program? She had to know more about Sylvia.

She noticed in this class that Kossiwa Baddou who had talked to her about the camp counselor program, was especially bright and eager to recite. After she dismissed the class she quickly made her way to Kossiwa who was gathering her books.

"Kossiwa, I need some information. Will you talk to me again?"

"Yes Professor, but I can not talk about politics," Kossiwa, said quickly.

"Oh, I wouldn't ask you about that. This is about a professor. Did Sylvia Van Horn, an American, teach you last year?"

"Oh yes."

"Please. I need some information. Speak in French if that will be easier for you. This is a strange question, but it is important. Did she have any enemies?"

And the whole story poured out. Kossiwa was eloquent, and intent on telling the story. She said that the previous year Sylvia's students disliked her intensely even though they admired her beautiful pink and white fresh complexion, surprising in this sun drenched climate and red hair that she wore long with wispy tendrils continually blowing into her face. She prepared her lessons well and knew a lot about her subject. But her harsh, dogmatic method of teaching made her students resist her. It was ironical. The Togolese teachers were even more dogmatic and unyielding. But from Peace Corps Volunteers, student expected warmth and compassion. And also, she often included discussion of democracy in the English lesson. This frightened the students because they knew it was not allowed. But Sylvia was strong headed.

One time when she taught a difficult lesson she gave them a spot quiz. They were used to having only one exam a year, knowing far in advance what on it was and then studying in groups, often taking the notes of the best student and memorizing them. The entire class had protested against that quiz.

"Do you think anyone hated or feared her enough to kill her?"

Kossiwa hesitated. "I do not want to get in trouble. But, I heard that she is writing a book about Togo. A friend of mine does housework for her. She knows English. She read some of it. The book is dangerous. She tells about people that everyone can recognize. There are spies everywhere. People could go to jail over it."

"Have you any idea where she is?"

"No. But my sister is in her class. It is scheduled to meet tomorrow. Maybe she will appear."

"Okay. But, please tell me, was she having an affair with someone, one of the professors"

"Professor Begemey likes young white girls. Suddenly Kossiwa seemed to think about the trouble she might make for herself. "Madame, I must go. I cannot carry tales." She hurried away, but soon stopped and said solemnly, "That is not an uncommon thing even though our president made a new law to put men in jail for making a schoolgirl pregnant. And when there is a man, and love, there can always be trouble, even, in these dangerous days, death"



## Chapter 19: A Mirror Darkly

She went straight home after that dramatic meeting with the Kossiwa. She had heard from her many reasons for someone to dislike Sylvia, maybe even to kill her. Lynne wrote some notes in her journal. Maybe she was getting somewhere. Maybe Sylvia's murder was also tied in some way she didn't understand to the murder of Adriana, and also to the break in at her house. She scribbled frantically. While the sun was still hot and bright, at five o'clock, Koffi, Tom's cousin, arrived for his second day of work as gardien. He was enthusiastic and grateful to have a job. He cleaned the leaf-littered yard neatly and quickly. In Michigan, leaves fell once a year. Here, they fell every day. By tomorrow more would dot the large yard. Smiling brightly, he tried practicing his English with her, but when he got stuck, slipped into fluent French. When the early dark came again she felt at ease in her home.

The light was burned out in the bathroom. She looked in the mirror and saw only the vague outline of her face. She must buy a bulb. She continued to stare at herself. Who was she and what did she want? Even if Everett turned to her again now that Adrian was dead, their relationship had a permanent stain. But should she get involved in a romance with gorgeous Gregory? Who knew what complications of life lay behind his beautiful Ashanti mask of a face?

Then the doorbell rang. She jumped, startled. Someone was at the gate. Soon Koffi tapped at the house door. Someone wanted to see her on American Cultural Center business. She told him to send him in.

"Gregory!" She tried to keep the joy out of her voice.

"It really is private business. But with Tom's cousin here I must make a shred of excuse. I'm glad you got the draperies up. We can have a little privacy."

"Do you feel we will need some?"

Lynne realized she was flirting with him.

"It is my fervent wish."

She was tantalized by his appeal. But some grain of caution kept her from furthering their intimacy immediately. "Gregory, I'm glad you're here, because I want to ask you some things. For one thing--what did they learn about those two men that broke into my home. They asked me for some documents. Who hired them?"

"We got a report from the police. They beat them nearly to death and they would only say that they were after money. They said no one hired them."

"How hideous. It makes you hate to turn anyone over to the police here. And is there anything new about my body? Now we have another death and no one seems to care about the first one. You said you don't know a Sylvia. I know who she is now, a Peace Corps Volunteer. And there are rumors that she might have been involved with the ex chairman."

Gregory looked embarrassed. "I did not make the connection. Now I remember. The Peace Corps Director told me a volunteer went home on holiday and has not reported back."

"What else did he tell you?"

"Just that she is stationed here in Lome and has been teaching at the University."

Gregory and Lynne were quiet for a moment. Lynne struggled to put the information into a pattern. "Where is Sylvia? Did she have an early meeting in the English office? Is she dying or dead? Was that her arm in the dark room? Her blood under the door?"

Lynne's speculations made a giant leap.

"She was supposed to report for work. Could she have had a key because she was having an affair with the old chairman, the handsome ladies' man? Did he kill her, then remove the body? I'm tired of this situation. I'm going to the Cultural Center tomorrow and I'll insist on talking to the director. Someone has to do something."

Gregory put his arm around her. "That is a good idea. We will get the boss working on this. Now that we know another American is lost and maybe was murdered they will pay more attention. And now, I must go. But one day soon I have a plan for us." He looked at her intently. "Lynne. Someday soon I will tell you my feelings about you. They are deep and intense."

Lynne didn't even dare imagine what pleasure she might experience with this godlike man. She started to protest. "But . . ." and then was silent. He kissed her sweetly on the cheek only once, American style.