

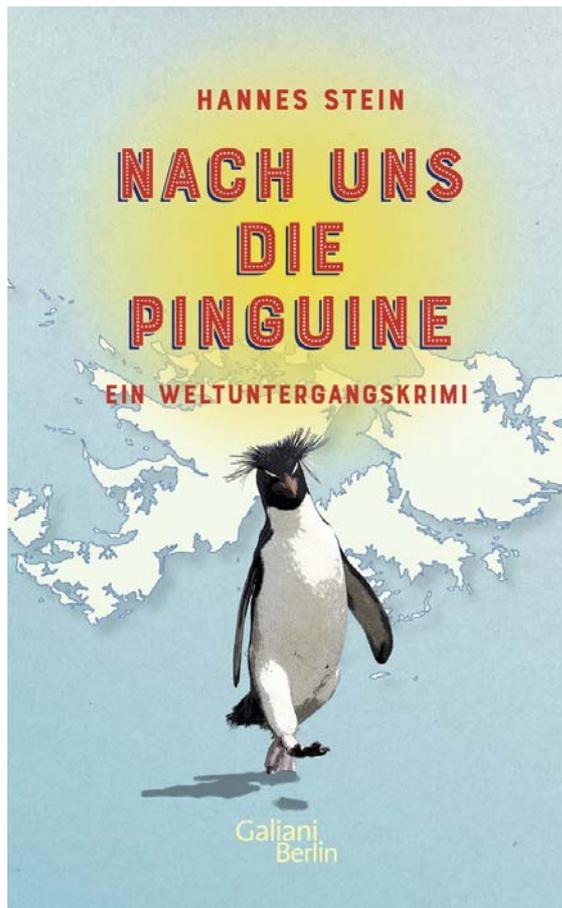
Sample Translation (pp. 41-61)

# **AFTER US THE PENGUINS**

by **Hannes Stein**

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### **Chapter three, in which we encounter the last American President**

The *unfortunate events we don't like to discuss* began, as everyone knows, in Port-au-Prince. Where else? The conflict between the Dominican Republic and Haiti had already been simmering for three hundred years: The Spanish had ruled the eastern side of the island of Hispaniola since the colonial era, the French the western side. Geography bound the two of them together like Siamese twins, yet they so would have liked to dwell on different planets. The inhabitants of the Dominican Republic were descendants of the Spanish, Indian natives and African slaves. The Haitians, on the other hand, were black Frenchmen. In the end, the thing boiled down to naked racism: People in the Dominican Republic saw themselves more as white – even if that was a joke – and were contemptuous of the black starvelings with whom they had to share the island.

Yet if you ask the kindergarten question, “Who started it?” unfortunately you’d have to say: the Haitians. In 1791, the black slaves rose up against their white masters. The uprising turned into a revolution and the revolution into a bloodbath. The town of Santiago with its five churches was set ablaze, nearly the entire white population – some one thousand people, including women and children – were kidnapped. Some were killed on the spot; others were forced to walk to Haiti. In the town of Moca, Haitian soldiers cut the throats of forty white children on the main altar of the church.

In 1821, the inhabitants of the Spanish-speaking part of the island threw off the yoke of colonial rule. And immediately fell under the yoke of the Haitians. After a good twenty years of oppression they had had enough and rose up in a national struggle for independence. Yet they only finally celebrated their orgy of revenge over a hundred years later, under their dictator Rafael Trujillo. On five days in October 1937, at his command, soldiers of the Dominican army killed some twenty thousand Haitians living in the border area between the two states, chopping them up with machetes and beating them to death with clubs. At the very latest since this genocide, Haiti and the

Dominican Republic have been bound together by hearty hatred. *Antihaitianismo* is part of the Dominican *raison d'état*. Then the famous earthquake happened, reducing much of Haiti to ruins. Yawning, humanity watched the catastrophe unfold on their devices of indifference: Black women with crying infants in their arms. Young black men who owned nothing but the battered jeans and sweaty t-shirts on their backs. Click, switch. Nobody knows anymore who had the glorious idea of setting off a dirty bomb in the heart of the destroyed Port-au-Prince. The government of the Dominican Republic? What's clear is that the bomb in the delivery truck was the work of professionals – and probably only a state had the power to get hold of the necessary amounts of cesium and radioactive cobalt. That said, this act of terror wasn't just a crime. It was also colossally stupid. After all, the only thing it could lead to was to even more Haitians fleeing to the Dominican Republic. Could the government of the Dominican Republic really be that moronic?

In any event, the dirty bomb exploded on August 2 around noon. It was hidden in a delivery truck with “Don't worry, be happy” written on it in curly letters and it contaminated everything within a one-kilometer radius. For a brief global second it was the most important news item on every flat screen: A madman had broken the nuclear taboo that, since 1945, had almost magically prevented even the very worst of mortal enemies from making use of the ultimate murder weapon. This news doubtless would have sunk back into oblivion again soon – after all, who cares about dead Haitians? – if it hadn't been for the fact that Blue Helmets were stationed in the immediate vicinity of the explosion.

They were Pakistanis, about two hundred of them; and now they rose to the stature of a historic vanguard. Bleeding from many holes, spewing from their mouths and noses, they died – as their hair fell out in clumps and finally their teeth too – the excruciating death from radiation that millions upon millions of others would suffer after them. At the time of the explosion, the President of the Dominican Republic was on a state visit abroad. (Maybe he just wanted to make sure he had an alibi?) Just as the evil world spirit willed it,

he happened to be guest of honor of the Indian prime minister, a fanatic Hindu who had once remarked in an interview that the life of a Muslim meant so much to him – which meant, of course: so little, as the life of a dog. The chance occurrences meshed like clockwork, the necessities tangled into multicolored bunches of wire. And all of a sudden it had become impossible to defuse that highly complex infernal machine commonly referred to as history.

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On the morning after the night of the murder, I went to the Globe Tavern for breakfast. The round plastic clock over the counter indicated that it was 9:30; except for me, there were no other customers there yet. I chose a spot in the nook next to the billiard table and waited patiently. A minute later, Nigel, the owner of the restaurant, who was busy bustling around in the kitchen, stuck his nose out through the semicircular hatch next to the bar. Seeing me, he gave me a quick nod and then disappeared again. Shortly afterwards he was standing next to me with a tray. He unloaded a mugful of steaming hot chamomile tea in front of me, which was then joined by a plate of crispy fried bacon, a grilled tomato, two eggs sunny side up and baked beans in tomato sauce, as well as a saucer with toasted, buttered muffins and a small cup of orange marmalade. Nigel hadn't wasted any time asking me what I wanted – after all, I ate breakfast here almost every day.

Nigel Tillyard is a remnant of a pre-historical age, the Seventies. He is thin as a rail, tight-lipped, over two meters tall. His long hair probably used to be blond, but has lost all color over the years. The deep grooves etched into his cheeks by drug use merge organically, as it were, with the fine lines and wrinkles of old age. On this particular day he was wearing – perhaps as an expression of his state of inner turmoil – a faded t-shirt with the British

national colors and a picture of the young Queen wearing her crown. Above her eyes it said *God save the Queen*, above her mouth *Sex Pistols*. In a dialectic way, this printed undershirt fit in brilliantly with the Globe Tavern, whose drapery one can only describe as sturdily patriotic: A dozen large swathes of fabric printed with the Union Jack are hung across the ceiling. Ever since moving here, I've known that the British national flag is composed of three superimposed crosses: the cross of Saint George, who slayed the dragon (England), the X-shaped cross of Saint Andrew, who came to his people's assistance in an important battle (Scotland), and finally the cross of Saint Patrick, who drove the snakes out of his homeland (Ireland). Over the counter, however, hangs the coat of arms of the Falkland Islands. A sheep on a green field, a three-master against a background of stylized blue-white waves and beneath it, in large letters, the motto: *Desire the Right*.

Strive to do the right thing. Not too bad, as mottos go.

For a second, Nigel looked at me as if he wanted to say something, then he changed his mind and stole away without saying a word. I tore into the bacon and baked beans – in commemoration of a speech that “our Ralpie” had given me right after my arrival on the Falkland Islands: “Breakfast has always been the secret of Anglo-Saxon success in the world,” he had pontificated at the time with a sardonic grin. “Seriously! Take the French in comparison – they could never amount to anything decent. A croissant, a café au lait, then maybe a cigarette: pff! That'll get you a Napoleon at best. And lose you the battle of Waterloo. We Brits have survived a morning of sizzling fatty pork sausages. And black pudding. And smoked kippers, possibly flambéed with whiskey. Well, that's why we've then managed to survive every cholesterol shock that that damn Clio has had in store for us.”

I raised a skeptical eyebrow, but Ralph MacNaughtan refused to be deterred: “Come on – after all, you're really American. Well then! Fat stacks of pancakes dripping with maple syrup early in the morning. That, my good man, is what global politics looks like. Breakfast and aircraft carriers! Am I right or am I right?” As I thought about this lesson in applied philosophy of history, I

remembered our dead Governor's kind eyes, his curly hair from better days – and my eyes almost turned into fountains.

At that moment, Bill O'Brien walked into the Globe Tavern. Spotting me, he made a beeline for my table, pulled up a chair and plopped down onto it with a sigh. Then he folded his big, fat freckled hands on the tabletop.

"Awful," he said after a pause. "I still can't believe it."

"Your Excellency..." I began.

"Please," said O'Brien, waving off the honorific. "Please. Not amongst friends. Besides, the swearing-in ceremony isn't until tomorrow."

Nigel glided towards us from the kitchen, silently taking up his position next to our table. "I'd like the same as our young friend here is having," said Bill O'Brien after briefly and disapprovingly sizing up Nigel's Sex Pistols t-shirt. "That said, I'd like real tea, not that chamomile swill." Nigel nodded and disappeared.

"How's Gloria doing?" I asked as I sopped up egg yolk with a muffin.

"She looks like a ghost that's done overtime," said O'Brien. "She managed to sleep for a few hours last night – thanks to the shot of sedative your Pakistani mate gave her. But this morning Hartman and Burns took her in to the police station. For *questioning*." O'Brien enunciated this last phrase with the unctuous tone our policemen occasionally lapse into – he had the odd talent of being able to imitate voices and dialects perfectly. O'Brien snorted.

"Morons! I mean, I understand that in homicide cases family members are always the first suspects, but still. By the way, I will vehemently deny that I described Hartman and Burns as morons if you should have the dumb idea of quoting me." I shook my head vigorously – to indicate that I wouldn't dream of it. "It really is true that our law enforcement officers waste their time!" said O'Brien. "First of all, Ralphie and his Gloria were – how do you say? – of one heart and one bank account. Second: How could she have floated to him through the locked door into the living room and then disappeared back into her kitchen unseen?" He stared off into space for a moment. "A mystery, this story."

I agreed that it was a damn mystery; then his breakfast arrived. The bacon was still sizzling. For the next five minutes, vigorous swallowing and chewing kept Bill O'Brien busy; it's possible that he breathed between the individual bites, but I didn't notice it. As soon as his plate was empty, he leaned back, sighed and took a sip of Assam tea with milk. "I want to tell you where the problem is," he then said. "I'm not Governor yet, so I can still speak openly. The problem is lying over there at anchor." He pointed out the window of the Globe Tavern – but of course even without this gesture everyone would have understood what he meant: The *Serendipity* rocked in the blue waves of Stanley Harbor, the Star-Spangled Banner flying high above the ship's deck, large and proud. "No hard feelings, Josh," said O'Brien. "I mean, I know that's where you're from."

"But?" I said and peered over the edge of my mug into his slightly florid freckle-splashed Irish face.

"But," said O'Brien, leaning forward and continuing in a conspiratorial whisper, "I heard that the Republican Club has certain plans. Colossal plans, ambitious plans. If Burns and Hartman weren't such idiots, they'd ask around on the ship. My opinion. But I'm only the boss here, isn't that right?"

O'Brien insisted on treating me and pressed three fivers into Nigel's hand. We print our own money here on the Falkland Islands: The five-pound note is red and features the portrait of Her Majesty, a penguin couple with penguin baby and underneath, very small, our coat of arms. The other side shows the Government House and Christ Church Cathedral, the southernmost Anglican Church in the world. Since there is no Mormon temple here, I go there almost every Sunday morning to hear the good news of the New Testament proclaimed. The bishop of this diocese is a towering and mild-mannered white-haired gentleman called Steven Berryman. There is a monument in front of the Christ Church Cathedral: two pointed arches arranged crosswise, made out of the jawbones of blue whales. Maybe it's supposed to symbolize strength – or else it's a sign that we would do well to submit to God's will precisely at those times when we're feeling powerful.

In any event, the fact that we print our own version of the pound sterling on the Falkland Islands shows how self-sufficient we are. We not only have our own hospital, but our own school as well. Several dentists practice their art here; we grow our own vegetables, bake bread, engage in fishing activities on a large scale and slaughter sheep according to the latest standards. Before the *unfortunate events we don't like to discuss*, students who did especially well on their final exams were sent to the motherland to study. Since then we've founded our own small university – with faculties of English and Spanish literature, philosophy, theology, physics and biology. We even manufacture our own drugs. That said, sometimes our air force has to fly over to the South American mainland to requisition fuel so our lights don't go out and our cars can keep driving.

It had started to drizzle when we took leave of each other outside the Globe Tavern. And a stiff wind gusted in our faces (which isn't really remarkable since there's always a breeze blowing on the Falklands; here, we all walk with our shoulders braced against the fresh, salty sea air). Bill O'Brien was in a rush to get to his office – and I had yet again forgotten my smartphone on the kitchen table at home. So I went into the red phone booth outside the Globe Tavern, dialed and threw twenty pence into the slot when one of my colleagues at the station picked up. I revealed to him that he and the others would have to do without their beloved boss for the next few hours. But I kept something else to myself: This murder had awoken my inner bloodhound, who, until yesterday had – head resting on its paws – been dozing away at the bottom of my soul. Yes, I was fiercely determined to divulge the secret: The Falkland Islands Radio Service would reveal to the inhabitants of these islands who had killed their Governor. We also had a weekly paper, the *Penguin News*. As far as I was concerned, they were welcome to print the outcome of the case afterwards. But I would be the muckraking journalist who would be the first to present the solution on the tray of pure truth. And so I dialed a number that, even after all these years, was still lying around, ready to be used, in some drawer of my memory.

Then I went down to the pier.

Stanley is an anchor port. Large ships like the *Serendipity* can't dock here; you have to take a dinghy to get on board. Luckily I didn't even have to wait five minutes. Steering the outboard motor, Juan, a young Mexican in an anorak, whom I knew well of course, held out his hand to me as I swung myself into the inflatable boat. Then we made a roaring U-turn and headed out towards the ocean giant with the fluttering American flag. I looked over my shoulder to shore. Behind us lay the buildings of the capital: mostly single-family homes with blue, green, red aluminum roofs, colorfully nested one on top of another along a gentle slope. But directly down by the shore stood a row of gray-brown Victorian houses that looked like they had disappeared from London or Birmingham yesterday or three days ago and magically rematerialized this morning south of the equator.

Stanley now has a population of a little over three thousand. What rose up before my eyes was a rain-soaked picture of peace. Yet a murderer lived in one of these houses – if he wasn't hiding on board the ship I was about to step foot on.

Juan helped me up the first rungs of the ladder that curved along the belly of the ship to the railing. A few Germans with umbrellas were standing around up there, talking to each other in their clunky, jarring language. They were part of a group of hardy retirees who spent almost all their time below deck: My dirty imagination shuddered at the thought of what they got up to with each other down there in their cabins. They haughtily ignored me and I cheerfully ignored them back. With quick steps, Juan led me into the bowels of the ship, past dark stores and empty halls and closed movie theaters. I would have found my way on my own, too, but apparently Juan enjoyed playing master of ceremonies for me.

Like all ships of its kind, the *Serendipity* is a floating hotel. So you can live there very comfortably. Even so, I think that those of us who left the ship because we had found a job incurred the envy of all those who stayed behind. The first to leave was the entire crew, whose members belonged to the ancient

seafaring people of the Philippines. They had the advantage of having practical skills and of not shying away from physical exertion. They were engineers, electrical engineers and welders; and those who hadn't learned a profession hired themselves out as cleaners, fishers, painters or carpenters. Those who had worked in food service opened restaurants in Stanley (which is why you can finally eat not only fish 'n' chips here, but adobo and bopis as well). Next went the intellectuals – they founded the Royal University of the Falklands, which I've already mentioned in passing. A dozen passengers gave it a go as sheep farmers.

My case was different, unusual. When, under tragic circumstances, the post of director of the Falkland Islands Radio Service opened up, the Governor called me. “Josh, didn't you study something to do with media?” he asked. I had. I was enrolled at Columbia University in a field with the highfalutin name of Communication Sciences – though I majored in New Social Media. “Doesn't matter,” said Ralph MacNaughtan, “I'm sure you'll pick up that little bit of radio making.” Then the government of the Falkland Islands issued me – as it did everyone who had left the ship – a work visa valid for seven years. After it expired, I decided to naturalize.

It was really easy. I just had to fill out a few forms, get Dr. Abdul ur-Rachman to put me through my paces and take a festive oath: “I swear by Almighty God that, on becoming a British overseas territories citizen, I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second, Her Heirs and Successors according to law. I will give my loyalty to the Falkland Islands and respect its rights and freedoms. I will uphold its democratic values. I will observe its laws faithfully and fulfill my duties and obligations as a British overseas territories citizen.” The Governor had shaken my hand and slapped me on the back; my colleagues had baked me a cake. And, ever since, I was a subject of Her Majesty and never looked back at my life as an American.

Juan escorted me to a luxury suite in first class, pushed down on the door handle and stepped discreetly aside. I strode over the threshold and no sooner

found myself enveloped in a heartfelt, maternal embrace. “Josh,” said Shanice Jefferson. (She smelled like lavender and fresh soap.) “The prodigal son returns. But under what circumstances, oh my dear, sweet Jesus. Under what circumstances.”

Shanice’s suite offers virtually the alternative program to the Globe Tavern: all of the walls are decorated with Americana. There are cut-out and framed pictures of the White House and Capitol Building; the enormous stone presidents’ heads of Mount Rushmore in North Dakota; the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C.; the Grand Canyon and Niagara Falls; the golden bridge of San Francisco and gothic arches of the Brooklyn Bridge; the neoclassical temple of justice, where the nine judges of the Supreme Court once sat, the famous inscription EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER LAW. And in the middle of it all: fifty white stars in a blue sky and thirteen red-white-red stripes. I’ve always found the patriotism of black Americans very moving – albeit also a bit illogical. Why did the descendants of slaves of all people believe in the great promise engraved on the supreme court of law in Washington? Why did they remain loyal to the United States even after its downfall?

Shanice Jefferson gestured to me to take a seat and settled down into a wide plush armchair across from me. The president of the Republican Club is an impressive figure: tall and broad, with darkly dyed curly hair artfully spread out into a trapezoid of sorts on the back of her head. The pale violet pantsuit she wore accentuated her regal curves marvelously. Since her arrival on the Falkland Islands, she was now perpetually sixty years old.

Before the *unfortunate events we don’t like to discuss*, Shanice had worked for the government in Washington and so, technically speaking, she may be – since there was no one else left – the successor of the last American President. The fact that she is also president of the Republican Club is something that can only be described as a sad, posthumous joke of world history. I’ll eat an elephant with ketchup and mayonnaise if this black American lady wasn’t once a registered member of the Democratic Party.

“Sweetie,” she asked, “what brings you to me? Would you like some

banana pudding?”

“No, no,” I said. “No banana pudding, thanks.” I had forgotten just how much this ship rocked – my English breakfast sloshed up in my stomach, then sank back down again in synch with the waves. Up, down. Up, down. I swallowed. “Do you maybe have a glass of water for me?”

After I had downed the water, I felt significantly better. Shanice scrutinized me with her dark eyes. I once again became uncomfortably aware of how different the worlds we had grown up in were: me in upscale Park Slope, she in the South Bronx – in the poorest congressional district of the entire bygone United States.

“I’m not into bull and beating around the bush,” said Shanice Jefferson. “You’re not here because of my banana pudding.” That was true – even though her banana pudding was incredible, as was her cornbread, collard greens with smoked bacon and homemade breaded chicken fried in corn oil. “You want to know what I think about the murder of your Governor.” Of *your* Governor! Apparently I really did not belong here on this ship anymore.

“Yes,” I said. “Can you imagine that someone from the Republican Club might have had something to do with it?”

“Oh sweetie, we’re harmless,” said Shanice, sounding almost amused. As far as I could judge, that was true though: The Republican Club contented itself with hoisting up the flag every morning on the *Serendipity* while reciting the Pledge of Allegiance to the American republic (“one nation under God, blah blah blah, with liberty and justice for all”). Once a year, on the last Thursday in November, the Republican Club organized a Thanksgiving dinner, to which everyone on the island was cordially invited. At irregular intervals, Shanice gave long interviews to the Falkland Islands Radio Service. But could it be ruled out that some extremist or other might be stirring among the members of the Republican Club?

“I can remember some statements you made that could be misconstrued as a call to revolution.”

Shanice sighed in a way that sounded almost annoyed. “I’ve never made a

secret of the fact that I don't enjoy living next to a British crown colony. But a revolution? No."

"The Falkland Islands are not a crown colony," I said automatically. "The Falkland Islands aren't a colony at all. We are a British Overseas Territory by choice. If we wanted to, we could join Argentina tomorrow – I mean, if Argentina still existed. In 2013, there was a national referendum here. At the time, almost the entire population of the island, except for a few nutters, said they'd rather stay with Great Britain. Ninety-nine point eight percent!"

Shanice looked at me for a long time, lost in thought. We were like an old married couple that keeps having the same boring fight over and over again.

"A lot has changed since 2013," she said. "Why is the picture of that Queen still hanging everywhere? What's the point of that now? Why do we even need a Queen?" (You say that because you wish you yourself were the Queen, I thought to myself.) "Besides," Shanice added, "there are certain people who are excluded from public affairs, who don't have the right to vote. Us."

"That's easy to fix. You just have to work on the Falkland Islands for seven years and then naturalize. There have even been some Argentinians who've managed to do it."

"Bull, sweetheart," Shanice said. "Someone like me can't find work here and so is never ever going to get a work permit either. And that's true of everyone who has stayed onboard the ship. We don't have a choice. We're a minority. And I'm old enough to remember what it means to be in the minority and not to have voting rights. My father lived in Alabama during the Jim Crow years."

"Now that's really unfair, Shanice," I said. "The experience of black Americans in the South who were deprived of basic civil rights, who were persecuted and killed by white racists, has nothing to do with your status on the Falkland Islands."

"Is that right?"

"The virtual presence of Her Majesty on the Falkland Islands" – I was

talking myself into a rage – “is the guarantee of basic rights. The British motherland requires us to abide by the European catalogue of human rights. For example, we couldn’t establish a Stalinist single-party state or introduce fascism to the Falkland Islands. What’s bad about that?”

“Sweetie, you already sound almost British. I mean, your accent. I can barely still make out the Brooklyn in it. Listen: The virtual presence of Her Majesty on the Falkland Islands guarantees above all that we here on the *Serendipity* will never belong. That we’re tolerated here, at best, but will never be allowed to join in. That will only change when the Falkland Islands have become a real democracy.”

“A real democracy.”

“That’s right! Without a Governor and without a virtual Queen who lives in a motherland located eight thousand miles away.”

“So you do want a revolution,” I observed.

“Sweetie, all we want is to peacefully speak our minds. And to stand up for our beliefs. And to make it clear to you that a monarchy doesn’t make sense anymore in this day and age. That’s all we want. Do you maybe want some banana pudding now after all?”

Up and down, up and down the ship rocked; but my stomach had settled again. “Yes, I’d love some,” I said. Shanice stood up from her chair, lurched over to a refrigerator in the corner of her living room-cabin, bent over groaning, pulled a plastic container out of the depths of her fridge, stretched for a plate, spooned some banana pudding onto it and then put the container back where it belonged. Then she served me the banana pudding with a large plastic fork. She had dished me up a helping that could have fed four men – but her banana pudding was a sweet, creamy dream that seemed to find its way into my innards all by itself.

“Shanice, I have to admit, your arguments are convincing,” I said when I was done.

She smiled. “Is there anything else I can do for you, sweetheart?”

“I’ve heard that the Republican Club has something big planned,” I said.

“Can you tell me about it?”

“Don’t be childish, Josh,” Shanice replied. “The members of the Republican Club don’t have superpowers. There was no way any of us could have gone ashore in a split second, snuck into the Governor’s locked room and beaten him to death with a bust of Churchill. Even if one of us had wanted to. Believe me: We’re subject to the laws of nature, too.”

I had been a journalist long enough to recognize an evasive answer when I saw one. “I understand. So you have really do have colossal plans.”

“Who gave you that idea?” Shanice asked.

“I can’t tell you that. As you know.”

For a moment my interlocutor was lost in a land inside of her to which no outsider was permitted access, then she looked up. “You have to promise me that what I tell you now stays between us.” Her eyes were two dark, enormous suns.

I raised my right hand in oath.

“There are people here among us who want to go home. Back to America. And this fraction keeps getting stronger. And, since last night, I’ve even started to wonder if maybe they’re right.”

“Shanice!” I was shocked. “What’re you going to do there?” In my mind’s eye, I saw the deserted, empty states of North America. The broken bridge to Brooklyn. Rats scurrying through subway tunnels. Skeletons in the streets of Las Vegas.

“In the end, every animal crawls back to where it came from,” Shanice Jefferson said simply. “The good old U.S. of A. is our home. And since the Governor died...” She paused for a long time. “You have to understand – your Ralphie often sat right there where you’re sitting.”

I must have looked pretty askance.

“No, we didn’t have a relationship. We just liked each other. I was also often a guest at Ralph and Gloria’s over on the island. That reminds me...”

Shanice Jefferson rose from her throne again. Walking over to a large desk on the side of her luxury suite, she sat down, pulled open a drawer and

took something out. Then she swayed back over to me.

“Here.” A large gray folder landed on my lap. “Ralph forgot this during one of his last visits here. Just this morning I was thinking about whether I should go to the police with it. But now that you’re here... Do something with it, sweetie. I promise you, you’ll find it interesting.”

The president of the Republican Club stood up to give me another hug, then my audience was over. Juan brought me back to Stanley in the dinghy. Even before we were back on land, I started reading the folder Shanice had entrusted me with – and that’s how I discovered who had had good reason to wish the Governor dead on the night of the murder.

[END OF SAMPLE]