



KERSTIN GIER

SAPPHIRE BLUE

Sapphire

Book Jacket

Series: Love goes through the ages [2]

Tags: Novel

Freshly fallen in the past, this is not a good idea. At least, Gwendolyn, 16 years old, fresh-baked tourists.

Finally, she and Gideon have quite different problems. For example, to save the world. Or to learn to dance the minuet. (Both are not really easy!) When Gideon then also begins to behave in a complete mystery, Gwendolyn realizes that she quickly its hormones in the Must get a grip. Otherwise it is nothing to the love of all times!

Kerstin Gier



Sapphire blue. Love goes through the ages

Novel

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Prologue

London, 14 May 1602

It was dark in the streets of Southwark, dark and lonely. Smells of seaweed, dead fish and sewer was in the air. He squeezed her Hand involuntarily fixed them and moved on. "We'd better go back along the river. In this maze you can

yes just run," he whispered.

"Yes, and in every corner lurks a thief and a murderer." Her voice sounded amused. "Wonderful, is not it? This is a thousand times better than in to make this sticky walls to sit around and homework!" She pulled her heavy gown and hurried on.

Instinctively he had to grin. Wrest Lucy's talent in every position and every time something positive thing was, unique. Even the so-called golden age of England, which punished his name at the moment lies and pretty dark was coming, and they could not frighten, rather the contrary.

"Too bad we never have more than three hours," she said, as he unlocked the door to her. "Hamlet would have liked me better when I it is not in installments would have to look at. "more skillfully they made a nasty mud puddle, at least he hoped fervently that it Mud. Then she took a few wild dance steps and turned once on its axis. "Sun makes sense fig

from all of us. . . was not that great? "

He nodded and had to pull herself together, to not have to grin again. In Lucy's presence, he did it too often. If he was not looking, He still looked like the last idiot!

They were on their way to London Bridge - Southwark Bridge, which actually would have been better situated, was stupid enough to this time has not yet been built. But they had to hurry if they did not want that her secret visit to the 17th

Century struck.

God, what would he give for it, if he could finally put this stiff white collars! It felt like one of those plastic parts The dogs had to wear after surgery.

Lucy turned the corner toward the river. She seemed to still be with Shakespeare in mind. "How much do you have the husband at all given that it allows us to Globe Theatre, Paul? "

"Four of these heavy coins, no idea what the value." He laughed. "I guess that was a yearly wage or something."

"In any case,'s helped. The seats were great. "

Ongoing they reached the London Bridge. As Lucy was standing on the way and wanted to comment on the houses with which the Bridge was built over. But he moved on. "You know what was said by Mr. George, if you stay too long under a window, Get a potty "emptied on his head, he reminded her. "Besides, you'll fall in!"

"You do not notice that you are standing on a bridge, it looks like a normal road. Oh, look, a Jam! It is gradually Time to build a few more bridges. "

The bridge was - in contrast to the side streets - still alive right, but the carts, sedan chairs and coaches, for the other Thames over wanted, moving forward no yard. Further on you could hear voices cursing and horses neigh, but the cause could not recognize one of stalemate. From the window of a coach next to them, a man bent over with a black hat. Be

stiff white lace collar turned all the way up to his ears.

"Is there not another way than this stinking river?" He shouted to his coachman in French.

The driver said no. "And even if we can not turn around, we're stuck! I'll go ahead and see what happens

is. Sure there's more soon, Sire. "

With a growl the man pulled back his head with the hat and collar into the coach, while the coachman dismounted and his way pioneered by the crowd.

"Did you hear that, Paul? These are French, " Lucy whispered enthusiastically. "Tourists!"

"Yes. Great. But we must go on, we do not have much time. "He vaguely remembered reading, to have that this bridge was eventually destroyed and later rebuilt further fifteen meters. Not a good place for a time jump so.

They followed the French coach, but a little further forward, people and vehicles were so dense that not getting through was.

"I've heard there was a wagon with barrels of oil fire" caught, the woman told them to nobody in particular. "If they do not

, watch it flares again from the entire bridge. "

"But not today, as far as I know," muttered Paul and Lucy grabbed her arm. "Let's go back and wait on the other side our jump. "

"Do you still remember the password? Just in case we do not make it in time. "

"Something with cowl and lava."

"Gutta cavat lapidem, you fool. "She looked up at him, giggling. Her blue eyes sparkled with delight, and suddenly shot him through the head, which his brother had said Falk, as he had asked him for the perfect moment. "I would not take long to talk

. stop I would just do it. Then they can give you a slap and you know. "

Falk wanted to know, of course, by whom the speech was, but Paul had no interest in discussions with "You know, the Connections between de Villiers and Montrose should be purely commercial in nature, "and began with" are also the Montrose girls bitches and all later times, such as Dragon Lady Arista "ended.

Because of bitch! Perhaps this met the other girls to Montrose - to Lucy but not with certainty.

Lucy - of which he was amazed every day that he had entrusted the things he had never told anyone. Lucy, with one

literally -

He took a deep breath.

"Why do you remain standing?" Asked Lucy, but since he had already bowed down to her and pressed his lips to her mouth.

Three seconds he was afraid they would shove away him, but then they seemed to have overcome their surprise and returned his Kiss, first slowly and completely, then more vigorously.

Actually that was here was anything but the perfect moment, and actually they had also terrible hurry as they could at any moment the jump time, and actually. .

.

Paul forgot what was actually the third. All that mattered now, she was.

But then he saw a figure with a dark hood and he jumped back, startled.

Lucy looked puzzled for a moment before she blushed and looked down at her feet. "I'm sorry," she muttered, embarrassed. "Larry Coleman also said that if I kiss, it feels as if one person press a handful of unripe gooseberries in the face. "

"Gooseberries?" He shook his head. "And who the hell is Larry Coleman at all?"

Now she seemed completely confused and he could not even blame her. Somehow he had to try the chaos in his

Mind was to bring in the right order. He pulled Lucy out of the light of torches, grabbed her shoulders and looked deeply into her Eye. "Okay, Lucy. First, you kiss pretty much as ... taste like strawberries. Second, if I find this Larry Coleman, I have him on the nose. Third Wish you much where we left off. But right now we have one little problem. "

Without a word he pointed to the tall man who herausschlenderte now casually from the shadow of a work vehicle and the Fixed the French coach bent down.

Lucy's eyes widened in horror.

"Good evening, Baron," the man said he also spoke French and the sound of his

voice, Lucy's hand clutched at Paul's arm.

"It's good to see you. A long way from Flanders here. "He took off his hood.

From inside the coach sounded a surprised exclamation. "The false marquis! What are you doing here? How does that work? "

"I knew too much," whispered Lucy.

»Welcomes you whilst pursuing its own offspring?" Replied the tall man in a good mood. "After all, I am the grandson of Grandson of your grandson, and even if I like to call the man with no name, I can assure you that I do.

Even more, to be exact. May I make in the coach company? It is not particularly comfortable here and this bridge

will still be blocked for a good while. "Without waiting for an answer, or to look again, he opened the door and got into the Coach.

Lucy had taken two steps to the side of Paul, even further from the circle of light the torches. "He really is! Only much younger. What should we because to do now? "

"" Nothing, Paul whispered back. "We may indeed go bad and say hello! We should not even be here. "

"But why is he here?"

"An unfortunate accident. He can see us in any way. Come on, we need to shore. "

But none of them moved from the spot. They both stared in awe at the dark window of the carriage, still fascinated than before on the stage of the Globe Theatre.

"I have you at our last meeting but clearly given to understand, what I think of you," came the voice of the now French baron from the coach.

"Oh yes, you did it!" The chuckles of visitors drove Paul goosebumps on her arms, without that he could say why.

"My decision is clear!" The voice of the Baron shook a little. "I'll pass this vicious instrument of the alliance, no matter what a perfidious methods also apply what you like, to dissuade me. I know that you stand with the devil. "

"What does he mean?" Whispered Lucy.

Paul just shook his head.

Again there was a chuckle. "My narrow-minded, deluded ancestor! How much easier would your life - and mine! - Be can, if you belong to me If you had, and not to your bishop or the pitiable fanatics of the alliance. If your your mind If you had used in place of your rosary. If you would have realized that you're part of something bigger than what your priest you preaches. "

The response of the Barons seemed to consist of one Our Father, Lucy and Paul heard him murmur softly.

"Amen!" Said the visitor with a sigh. "So this is your last word on this matter?"

"You're the devil himself!" Said the Baron. "Leave me my car and never comes back to her eyes."

"Just as you wish. There would be only a trifle. I told you so far not said to upset you unnecessarily, but on

Your grave stone that I have seen with my own eyes, is the 14th May 1602 listed as your date of death. "

"But it does not. . . "Said the Baron.

'. . . Today, right. And it will not be long until midnight. "

From the Baron a gasp was heard.

"What's he doing?" Whispered Lucy.

"He breaks his own laws." Paul had goose bumps up and walked to his neck. "He is talking about ..." He paused, as in his stomach spread from a familiar, sinking feeling.

"My driver will be right back," said the baron, and now his voice was clearly anxious.

"I Yes, because I sure," replied the visitor almost a bit bored. "So I hurry, too."

Lucy had put his hand on her stomach. "Paul!"

"I know I can feel it too. Cursed Mist ... We have to run if we do not want miserable deep plunge into the river. "He grabbed her arm and they moved forward, making sure not, do not turn his face to the window.

"You are really good you died in your homeland," the unpleasant consequences of influenza, they heard the voice of the visitor, as they crept past the coach. "But there have made my visits to you in the worst case scenario, that you here today in London and you're in good health, here's a little sensitive brought out of balance. Correctly as I now once

am, I feel obliged, therefore, the death of a little help on the jumps. "

Paul was more concerned with the feeling in his stomach, and thus calculate how many yards there were up to the shore, but leaked the meaning of the words in his mind and he stopped again.

Lucy poked him in the side. "Run!" She hissed as she began to run itself. "We have only a few seconds!"

With soft knees, he also sat on the move, and as he ran near the shore and began to blur before his eyes,

He heard from inside the carriage a gruesome, albeit muffled scream, which a geröcheltes "devil followed" - there was then!

deadly silence.

From the annals of the 18th Guard Dec. 1992

Lucy and Paul were crying by 15 clock to Elapsieren sent to 1948. When they returned to nineteen clock, they landed in Rosary in front of the window of the Dragon Hall, in waterlogged costume of the 17th Century. They made a very

distraught at me and talking gibberish, so I agreed to their will Lord Montrose and Falk de Villiers. The

History could be really rather simple. Lord Montrose remembered exactly at the costume party, the one in 1948 in

Garden and celebrated in the course of several guests, including Lucy and Paul, after drinking too much alcohol in the goldfish bowl landed. Lord Lucas took over the responsibility for this incident and promised that the two copies of the ruined Kosen "Ferdinand To replace Picard "and" Mrs. John Laing '.

Lucy and Paul were strictly warned to stay away in future, no matter what time of alcohol.

Report, J. Mountjoy, Adept second Degree

A

Gentlemen, this is a church! Here you do not kiss! "

Startled, I tore open my eyes and went back hurriedly, in expectation, an old-fashioned parish priest with his cassock and billowing outraged To see air rushing into me, ready to settle down thunder on us a lecture. But it was not the priest who disrupted our kiss had. It was not a man. It was a little gargoyle, perched right on the pew next to me and the confessional

just as amazed as I looked at him.

Where it was really difficult. Because my condition could be rewritten in the land not taken by surprise. At

to be honest, I was thinking more like huge technical interruptions.

It all started with that kiss.

Gideon de Villiers had me - Gwendolyn Shepherd - kissed.

Of course I'd have to ask myself why he had come so suddenly on the idea - somewhere in a confessional in a church in Belgravia in 1912 - shortly after we had put in an amazing escape with all the trimmings, when not only my

ankle-length, tight dress with sailor collar was ridiculously cumbersome.

I could do analytical comparisons to the kisses that I got from other guys, and what it was that Gideon

kiss was so much better.

I could have given to think that a wall was a confessional box between us, by Gideon and his head

had forced his arms, and that they were not ideal conditions for a kiss, never mind the fact that I do not

could do even more chaos in my life after I had learned just three days ago that I journey gene

my family had inherited.

The fact was, however, that I thought about anything, except perhaps Oh and Hmtnnmm and More!

So I got the drawing in the abdomen with properly, and only now, as this little gargoyle now folded his arms

and glared at me from his pew, only when my eyes fell on the shit-brown curtain of the confessional, the velvet green just yet have had dawned on me that we had jumped in the meantime, back to the present.

"Shit!" Gideon went back to his side of the confessional, and rubbed the back of the head.

Mist? I plopped unceremoniously on cloud nine and I forgot the gargoyles.

"As bad as I thought it was again not now," I said, trying to keep most casual tone. Unfortunately, I was a little out of breath, which d e s overall impression lessened. I could not see Gideon's eyes, instead I was still staring at the brown

Polyester curtain of the confessional.

God! I was almost a hundred years gone by the time without noticing anything,

because that kiss me so completely and utterly. . .

was surprised. I mean, one minute complaining about the guy on one, the next you find yourself in the middle of a

Chase and have the right men with guns to safety, and suddenly - out of nowhere - he claims it was something

very special, and kisses you. And like Gideon kissed! I was immediately jealous of all the girls with whom he had learned.

"No one to see." Gideon peeked out of the confessional and then stepped out into the church. "Good. We take the bus back to Temple.

Come on, they are waiting for us already. "

I stared in disbelief through the curtain. Did that about now, that he again wanted to be business as usual? After a kiss (Best before actually, but it was too late now) but maybe you should clarify a few basic things, right? Was the kiss a kind of declaration of love was? Gideon and I were together maybe even now? Or we had rumgeknutscht a little bit, because we had had nothing better to do?

"In this dress I'm not going" with the bus, I said categorically, while I stood as dignified as possible. I'd rather have my Tongue bitten off than to put one of the questions that I have just been shot through the head.

My dress was white with sky blue satin bows at the waist and collar, probably all the rage in 1912, but not really

suitable for public transportation in the twenty-first century. "We take a taxi."

Gideon turned to me, but he did not contradict him. In his frock coat and trousers of creases, he seemed to be not well to feel absolutely busfein. He saw it out really well, especially since his hair done up not as brushed behind the ears fell as it was two hours, but in disheveled locks over his forehead.

I came to him out into the aisle and shivered. It was freezing cold in here. Or maybe that was because I was in the last three days was as good as would have been out to sleep? Or at what had just happened?

Probably my body had recently distributed more adrenaline than in the whole sixteen years before. There was so much happening and I had had so little time to think about it, that my head out of sheer information and feelings seemed to almost burst.

If I were a character in a comic book, a thought bubble would have floated with a huge question mark in it on me. And perhaps a few skulls.

I gave a little jerk. When Gideon wanted to be business as usual - please, I could too. "Okay, nothing out how

"Here, I said stropky. "I'm cold."

I wanted to push past him, but he held me by the arm. "Look, just because ..." He trailed off, probably in the hope that I gave him the word was.

Which of course I did not. I just wanted to know to enjoy what he had to say. I also found it hard to breathe, as close as he at me stood.

"This kiss. . . I have. . . "Again, only a half set. But I completed it in your mind immediately.

I did not mean it.

Oh, alright, but then he would not have done that, right? That was the way to light a curtain behind and wondering if The whole house is on fire. (Okay, stupid comparison.) I wanted to make a little bit easier and gave him a cool and cautious. That is, I tried to it cool and waiting to see, but in reality I was probably as a I'm that little Bambi, please shoot me-notView set up, I could not do anything about it. Only thing missing was that my lower lip started to tremble.

I did not mean it. Come on, say it!

But Gideon said nothing. He plucked a hairpin from my tangled hair (probably saw my complicated hair worm

Meanwhile, as if a bird had nested pair in it), took a lock in his hand and wrapped it around his finger. With the

other hand, he began to stroke my face, and then he leaned down to me and kissed me again, this time completely

careful. I closed my eyes - and the same thing happened as before: My brain was again this pleasant hiatus. (It sparked nothing but Oh, Hmmm and More.)

However, only about ten seconds, then said a voice that is annoyed right next to us: "Is it about starting all over again"

Startled, I gave Gideon a little push in the chest and stared straight into the visage of the little gargoyle, which now dangling upside down from the loft, under which we stood. More specifically, it was the spirit of a gargoyle.

Gideon had let go of my hair and put on a neutral expression. Oh God! What did he have to now think of me? In his

green-eyed astonishment nothing was seen, at best slight.

"I ... I thought I had heard, "I muttered.

"Okay," he said, slightly stretched, but very friendly.

"You have me heard, "said the gargoyle. "You've got me one! " He was about as big as a cat, his face resembled also that of a cat, but he had, in addition to its sharp, large ears and lynx have two rounded horns in between, also

Wings on his back and a long, scaly tail lizards, which culminated in a triangle and excitedly back and forth

whipped. "And you can see me!"

I did not answer.

"We better get going then," said Gideon.

"You can see and hear me!" The little gargoyles shouted enthusiastically, dropped from the balcony on one of the pews and hopped up and down there. He had a voice like a verschnupftes, husky kid. "I've got it just noticed!"

Now just make no mistake, otherwise I never get rid of him was. I let my eyes

glide over stressed no matter the benches, while I went to the church door. Gideon I held the door open.

"Thank you, very friendly," said the gargoyle and slipped out as well.

Outside on the sidewalk I squinted into the light. It was cloudy and the sun so as not to see, but according to my estimate had it used to be evening.

"Wait a minute," cried, the gargoyles and tugged at my skirt. "We should talk urgently! Hey, you trampelst on my feet

... Do not pretend as if you could not see me. I know you can do it. "From his mouth came a sip of water and shot formed a tiny puddle of my button booties. "Oops. Sorry. Only happens when I'm excited. "

I looked up the facade of the church. She was probably Victorian architectural style, with stained glass windows and two beautiful playful Towers. Bricks alternated with creamy white plaster and formed a cheerful stripe pattern. But as I looked up at the

entire building was not a single character or even to discover a gargoyle. Strange, that the spirit still lurking here.

"Here I am," said the gargoyle and clawed in front of my nose to the wall. He could climb like a lizard, which can all of them. I stared for a second on the brick at his head and turned away.

The gargoyle was now not so sure that I could see him really. "Oh, please, " he said. "It was so beautiful, sometimes with someone other than to talk with the spirit of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. "

Not unrefined, the little guy. But I did not fall out clean. He felt sorry for me, but I know how annoying are the little beasts could, and he had bothered me because of him and kept kissing me now Gideon probably for a moody cow.

"Please, please biiiiiiiitte,!" Said the gargoyle.

I ignored him continue to do. My goodness, I had God knows plenty of other problems in the neck.

Gideon had gone to the edge of the road and hailed a taxi. Of course it was also immediately free. Some people have something in always lucky. Or something like natural authority. My grandmother Lady Arista, for example. It must only be used at the roadside remain and strict watch, even the taxi drivers make an emergency stop. "Coming, Gwendolyn?"

"You can not run away now, but simply," The children's hoarse voice was tearful, heart-rending. "Where we just found have. "

Had we been alone, I probably would have let myself be persuaded to talk with him. Despite the sharp canine teeth and claws of the feet He was kinda cute and he probably did not have much company. (The spirit of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had certainly better to do. What was looking at all of London?) But if you communicate in the presence of other human beings with mind, keep they have a - if you're lucky - a liar and an actor, or - in most cases - is crazy. I did not want to risk having

Gideon thought I was crazy. Furthermore, had the last gargoyle demon, with whom I had spoken so much affection develops, I hardly go to the bathroom alone was able to go.

So I took a taxi with a stone face when starting place and looked straight ahead. Gideon looked out the window beside me. The Taxi driver looked in the rearview mirror our costumes with raised eyebrows, but said nothing. That had to be him credit for.

"It's almost half past seven," Gideon said to me, is clearly eager to neutral conversation. "No wonder I'm starving."

Now that he said it, I realized that I was quite similar. I had my breakfast toast because of the bad mood

Family breakfast table, not even half way down and choked the school food was inedible, as always. With a certain nostalgia I thought of the appetizing sandwiches and scones on Lady ADAPTED Tilneys Teetafel that we were sadly missed.

Lady Tilney! Only now it occurred to me that Gideon and I should deny us better when it came to our adventure in 1912. Finally the matter was passed over out of control and I had no idea what the guards, in terms of time travel mission so no

Fun understood, would make of it. Gideon and I were traveling with the order in time, Lady Tilney read the chronograph (the I had reasons, just as an aside, still not fully understood, but the whole thing seemed to be incredibly important, as far as I knew it was about saving the world, at least). Before we could do it though, my cousin Lucy and Paul came into play -

her character, the villains of the story. Of these, at least, was convinced Gideon's family and he with them. Lucy and Paul had allegedly stolen from the second chronographs and hid it in time. For years no one had heard of them - until they at Lady Tilney and our little tea party appeared fairly whirled.

However, exactly when the guns came into play that I had pushed out of sheer fright, but eventually had a Gideon

Lucy's gun to head held a gun he had not actually allowed to take. (How can I not my phone, but with a

Handy man could at least shoot anybody!) We then had fled to the church. But the whole time I was not feeling

got rid of that thing with Lucy and Paul is not quite as black and white, was as de Villiers claimed it to be.

"What we say for now because Lady Tilney?" I asked.

"Well." Gideon rubbed his tired forehead. "Not that we should lie, but maybe it would be wiser in this case, one or the other Matter to be omitted. At best, you are talking about makes me completely. "

There it was again, the old familiar tone of command. "Yeah, sure," I said. "I'll nod and shut up, how is this girl one. "

Involuntarily, I crossed my arms over her chest. Why did Gideon could not even behave normally? First he kissed me (and not once!) to be equal to another to make to the Grand Master of the Lodge Keeper?

We looked earnestly from our respective windows.

It was Gideon, who finally broke the silence, and filled me with a certain satisfaction. "What's going on, your cat has the Tongue stolen? "The way he said

it sounded almost embarrassed.

"What?"

"My mother has always wondered when I was little. When I looked to myself
Sun stubborn as you just did. "

"You've got a Mother? " Only after I'd said it, I realized how stupid that question was. My goodness!

Gideon raised an eyebrow. "What did you think?" He asked, amused. "That I am an android, and uncle of Mr. Falk and George was screwed together? "

"It's not that outlandish. Do you have baby photos of you? "In trying to imagine myself as a baby Gideon, with a round, soft Pausbackengesicht and a bald baby, I had to grin. "Where are your mom and your dad? They also live here in London? "

Gideon shook his head. "My father is dead and my mother lives in Antibes in southern France." For a brief moment, he pressed his Lips together and I thought he would fall back into his silence. But then he continued: "With my little brother and her new husband, Monsieur Call-me-but-dad Bertelin. He has a company that micro parts made of platinum and copper for electronic devices manufactures, and obviously the business is going great: His swanky yacht he has at least Croesus called. "

I was stunned honestly. So much personal information at once, it looked like Gideon did not. "Oh, but that's certainly cool, there To take a vacation, or not? "

"Yeah, sure," he said mockingly. "There's a pool the size of three tennis courts and the stupid yacht has gold taps."

"Here I am better in any case before an unheated cottage in Peebles." In my family we spent the summer holidays generally in Scotland.

"If I were you and had a family in southern France, I would visit them every weekend. Even if they do not pool

No yacht had. "

Gideon looked at me, shaking his head. "Oh yeah? And how do you do that if you are here every couple of hours in the past

'd have to jump? Not necessarily a thrilling experience, especially when driving along with one hundred and fifty things on the highway. "

"Oh." This time travel story was somehow still too new for me, as I have been wrestling with all its consequences. It only twelve were carriers of the gene - spread across the centuries - and I still could not quite grasp that I was one of them.

Actually provided my cousin was Charlotte, who had been preparing with great enthusiasm on their part. But my mother had made some reason I was born with the data tricked and now we had the salad. Like Gideon, I now had a choice, either

controlled using the chronograph to jump in time, or surprise at any time, anywhere from a journey in time to be jumping, which, as I knew from experience was not pleasant.

"You'd have to obviously take the chronograph, so you could always safe elapsieren between times," thought I loudly.

Gideon let out a mirthless snort. "Yes, in this way is obviously very relaxed travel is possible and can find the same or so many historical places along the route know. But except for the fact that they would never allow me, with the chronograph To go backpacking through the area - what would you because as long without making the thing? "He looked past me out the window. "Thanks Lucy and Paul, there is only one or did you forget? "His voice had become heated, as always, when Lucy and

Paul was mentioned.

I shrugged my shoulders and looked out the window too. The cab crept in walking speed in the direction of Piccadilly. Oh great.

Rush hour traffic in the city. We probably would have been faster to walk.

"To you is obviously still not quite clear that you will not have much opportunity to come down from that island, Gwendolyn," In Gideon's voice tinged with

bitterness. "Or out of this town. Instead of letting you go on holiday in Scotland, would your family you prefer the times shown great wide world. Now it's too late. Stand to one that you you all what you dream, only about Google Earth can watch. "

The taxi driver pulled out a tattered Paperback, leaned back in his seat and began to read unmoved. "But ... you're But in Belgium and was in Paris, "I said. "To go from there to travel into the past and the blood of the same and what was his name this thing. .. "

"Yeah, sure," he interrupted me. "Together with my uncle, three guards and a Costume designer. Quite amazing trip! Apart from the fact that Belgium is indeed an incredibly exotic country Sun Do not we all dream of it, sometimes for three days after Belgium to travel? "

Intimidated by his sudden vehemence, I quietly asked, "Where would you go for, if you could choose you"?

"You mean if I had not beaten this time travel curse? Oh God - I would not know where I would start. Chile, Brazil, Peru, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Canada, Alaska, Vietnam, Nepal, Australia, New Zealand, "... He smiled weakly. "Well, pretty much everywhere except for the moon. But it is not really fun to think about what you can do in life, never. We must therefore

, to accept that our life will be rather monotonous travel technology. "

"If one of the travel time except once." I blushed, because he was "our lives had said," and it somehow so ... intimate sound.

"That's at least something like poetic justice for these eternal control and confinement," said Gideon. "If it time travel does not exist, I would have died long ago from boredom. Paradoxical but true. "

"I would meet a thrill now and then an exciting film to watch, honestly."

I eagerly looked for a cyclist who meandered through the jam. I wanted to get home! The cars moved ahead

to an inch, what seemed to be our driver read quite right.

"If your family lives in southern France - where do you live then," I asked Gideon.

"Just recently I had a flat in Chelsea. But since I'm really just to shower and sleep. If at all. "He sighed.

At least in the last three days, he had obviously gotten as much sleep as I do. If not even less. Had "previously I lived with my uncle in Greenwich Falk, since my eleventh birthday. When my mother had met Monsieur slap face

and wanted to leave England, the Guardian of course, had something about it. Finally, there were only a few years until my Initiation step, and I had to learn so much. "

"And since your mother has abandoned you?" That would have my mom never had the heart, because I was sure.

Gideon shrugged his shoulders. "I like my uncle, he's fine, if he can not just hang out the boxes grandmaster. He me is definitely a thousand times better than my so-called step-father. "

"But ..." I almost did not dare to ask why and whispered. "But you missed it not?"

Another shrug. "Until I was fifteen and was allowed to travel more safely, I was on holiday there ever visit. And then my mother is indeed at least twice a year to London, officially to visit me, but in reality rather to Monsieur

Bertelins spend money. She has a weakness for clothes, shoes, and antique jewelry. And for macrobiotic star restaurants. "

The woman seemed really a storybook-mum to be. "And your brother?"

"Raphael? He is now a real Frenchman. He says Dad to slap his face and thought to take over the empire board.

Although at the moment it looks like he would not even create his secondary education, the old slacker. He is concerned rather with Girl instead of his books. "Gideon put his arm behind me on the back and promptly responded my breathing rate. "Why guckst you so shocked? I do about you now regret? "

"A little," I said honestly, thinking about the eleven year old boy who was all alone in England to stay behind. At secretive men who forced him to take fencing lessons and playing the violin. And Polo! "Falk is not yet time your real uncle. Only a distant relative. "

Behind us there honked angrily. The taxi driver looked up only briefly and then put the car in motion without greatly from his reading to be distracted. I just hoped that the chapter was not too exciting.

Gideon did not seem to pay attention to him. "Falk" was always like a father to me, he said. He smiled at me from the wrong side. "Really, you do not have to watch, as if I were David Copperfield. "

What? Why should I think he is David Copperfield?

Gideon sighed. "I figure the novel by Charles Dickens does not believe that the magician. Do you read a book and actually from? "

And there he was again, the old, arrogant Gideon. I already had the head geschwirrt sheer friendliness and confidences.

Strangely, I was almost relieved, the old bastard zurückzuhaben. I put on a haughty air as possible and moved a little from him. "Frankly, I prefer modern literature."

"Oh yeah?" Gideon's eyes sparkled with amusement. "What is happening, for example?"

He could not know that Charlotte is my cousin asked me that for years had also made regularly, and with exactly the

same arrogance. Actually, I did not read times and had little reason ever willingly given information, but since my reading Charlotte always disparaged as "dismissed had not demanding" and "silly girlish," I was eventually burst the collar and I had her spoiled the fun and for all. Sometimes you have people with their own weapons. The trick is that you speaking

not the slightest hesitation may reveal, and we should interpose at least a recognized best-selling author name, best one whose book you read really well. Also speaking, the exotic and foreign names, the better.

I lifted my chin and looked straight in Gideon's eyes. "Well, I read George Matussek like for example, Wally Lamb, Peter Selyjeniki, Liisa Tikaanenen, in general, I find great Finnish authors who have such a peculiar sense of humor, then all of Jack Merrywether August, although I was a little disappointed the last, Helen Marundi course, Tahuro Yashamoto, Lawrence Delaney, and of course Grimphook, Tscherkowsky, Maland, Pittsburgh. . . "

Gideon seemed clearly taken aback.

I rolled my eyes. "Rudolf Pitt, not Brad. "

His mouth twitched slightly.

"Although I must say that I Amethystschnee has not fallen at all, "I continued quickly. "Too many overblown metaphors fandest, Do not you? While reading I was thinking the whole time that someone else wrote for him. "

"Amethystschnee?" Gideon smiled and repeated it correctly now. "Ah, yes, I was also terribly pompous. Whereas I The Amber avalanche has fallen incredibly well. "

I could not help it, I had to smile back. "Yes, with The Amber avalanche he has the Austrian State Prize for literature really deserves. What do you think because of Takoshi Mahuro? "

"This early work is okay, but I find it a little tiring, that he" processed over and over again his childhood traumas, said Gideon. "From the Japanese writers I care more Kawasaki Yamamoto and Haruki Murakami."

I giggled now untenable. "Murakami is it really" "I know," said Gideon. "Charlotte has given me a book by him. When we Next time talk about books, I will be their Amethystschnee . recommend From - what was his name? "

"Rudolf Pitt." Charlotte had given him a book? Like - uh - nice of her. On such an idea had to come for now. And what they did well with each other yet, except to talk about books? My Kicherlaune was blown away. How could I ever just like that here sit and chat with Gideon, as if something ever happened between us? First of all, we had but there are a few basic things to

. clarify I stared at him and took a deep breath, without knowing exactly what I

wanted to ask him at all.

Why did you kiss me?

"We're almost there," said Gideon.

Brought out the concept, I looked out the window. In fact - at some point during our exchange of blows had the taxi driver apparently laid aside his book and continued the journey and now he was on the verge of turning into the Crown Office Row in the Temple area, where

the secret society of the guards had their headquarters. A little later he parked the car on one of the reserved parking spaces next to a shiny Bentley.

"And you are absolutely certain that we shall remain here?"

"That's okay," assured Gideon and got out. "No, Gwendolyn, you stay in the taxi, while I get the money," said He, after climbing as I wanted. "And do not forget: No matter what they will also ask ourselves: You can me . talk I'll be right back. "

"The clock is ticking," the taxi driver said sullenly.

He and I saw Gideon among the ancient houses disappear from Temple and I realized only now that I, as a pledge for

Fare had been left behind.

"Are you from the theater?" Asked the taxi driver.

"What?" What was that for a fluttering shadow over us?

"I was just saying, because of the funny costumes."

"No. Museum. "From the roof of the car were strange scratching noise. When a bird had landed on it. A large bird. "What is that? "

"What?" Asked the taxi driver.

"I think there is a crow or something" on the car, I said hopefully. But of course it was not a crow that her head on the roof stooped and looked in the window. It

was the little gargoyle of Belgravia. When he saw my horrified expression, wry his triumphant cat face into a smile and he spat a stream of water over the windshield.

The love hemmet nothing she does not even lock the door

And penetrates everything themselves.

She is sans beginning, ever beat their wings

And it beats ever.

Matthias Claudius (1740-1815)

2

Since you're surprised, but what? "Cried the little gargoyles. Since I got out of the taxi, he talked incessantly at me. "As simple You can not shake off the likes of us. "

"Yes, all right. Listen ... "I looked nervously back to the cab. The taxi driver had told me I needed to urgently fresh air, because I was bad, and now he stared suspiciously at us over and wondered why I was talking to the wall. Gideon was nothing

to see.

"Besides, I can fly." The proof of the gargoyles fanned its wings apart. "Like a bat. Faster than any Taxi. "

"Now hear it again: Just because I can see you, that does not have long. . . "

»View and hear! "gargoyles of me interrupted. "Do you know how rare that is? The last person who could see and hear me, was Madame Tussaud and unfortunately they do not put much importance to my company. Mostly she sprinkled me with holy water and prayed. The poor thing was a bit sensitive. "He rolled his eyes. "You know: too many severed heads. . . "Re spat He made a splash, right in front of my feet.

"Stop that!"

"Sorry! That's just the excitement. Little memory of my time as a rain gutter. "

I had little hope of getting rid of him again, but I wanted to try it at least. On the friendly tour. So I leaned over to him down, until our eyes were level. "You are definitely a nice guy, but you can not possibly stay with me! My life is already complicated enough and honest enough for me, the spirits, I know, totally. So please just disappear again. "

"I'm not a ghost," said the gargoyle offended. "I am a demon. Or rather what is left over from a demon. "

"Where is the difference?" I cried desperately. "I would not see ghosts, demons, but understand that! You need to re-your church back. "

"What's the difference there? Really! Ghosts are not the only reason any of this world images of deceased people want to leave. But I was a demon when I was still alive. You can add me but not with ordinary spirits lump. In the

Do not cry, moreover, the Church. I'll hang around just as much. "

The taxi driver stared at me with wide-gaping mouth. Through the open car window, he could probably hear every word - every I Words.

I rubbed my hand across his forehead. "I do not care. In any case you can not stay with me. "

"What are you afraid?" The gargoyles came closer to trusting and cocked his head. "Nowadays, no one is a witch burned, because he sees and knows something more than ordinary people. "

"But now is someone with ghosts - er, and demons - talks, admitted to the psychiatric ward," I said. "Do not you see, that. . . "I trailed off. It had no effect. On the friendly tour I would not go any further here. Therefore, I frowned and said so harshly as possible, "Just because I have the misfortune to be able to see you, you have no claim for a long time on my company."

The gargoyles appeared completely unfazed. "But you are my, you are lucky. . . "

"To say it once very clear: You're disturbing! So please, just go, "I hissed.

"No, I do not! You would regret it afterwards. Since coming back your way Knutschfreund. "He pursed his lips and made loud kissing noises.

"Oh, shut up." I saw Gideon turned striding around the corner. "And finally from hau." I hissed the latter without the lips to move, like a ventriloquist. Of course, the gargoyles of them was not impressed at all.

"No young lady in the clay," he said cheerfully. "Always remember: What goes into the forest, so it sounds out again."

Gideon was not alone, I saw him behind Mr Georges heranschnaufen rotund figure, he had to run to keep up with Gideon step can. But he beamed at me already from afar.

I sat up and rubbed my dress smooth.

"Gwendolyn, thank God," said Mr. George, as he dabbed with a handkerchief the sweat from his forehead. "Are you okay with you, my girl? "

"The Fatty is pretty" out of breath, said the gargoyle.

"All very well, Mr. George. We only had a few problems uh. "

Gideon, who was a taxi driver saw a few pound notes, warning me over the car roof.

"... "with the timing, I muttered, looking after the taxi driver who drove from the parking lot, shaking his head and drove away.

"Yes, Gideon said, that there have been complications. It's incredible, because somewhere there is a gap in the system, we have the thoroughly analyzed. And possibly rethink. But the main thing is you both nothing happened. "Mr. George offered me his arm, which looked a bit strange because it almost half a head shorter than me. "Come, my girl, we still have work to do."

'I was actually as fast as possible, go home, "I said. The gargoyle did gymnastics up a downpipe and pulled himself over to us along the gutter, where he loudly Friends will be friends sang.

"Oh, yes," sure, said Mr. George. "But you've now spent only three hours in the past. In order to tomorrow afternoon To play it safe, you must now elapsieren a few hours. Do not worry, nothing strenuous. In a cozy basement room,

where you can do your homework. "

"But - my mom will be waiting and worries" Also today was Wednesday and that was our barbecue chicken at home!

and-fries-day. Apart from the fact that there were waiting a bath and my bed!

Me in such a position even to bother with homework, was actually an outrage. Someone should simply an

Write apology. As Gwendolyn's daily travel time recently on important missions, it must in the future of the homework be exempt.

The gargoyle growled above the roof and it cost me a lot to overcome, not to improve it. Thanks SingStar and the

Karaoke afternoon with my friend Leslie at home, I was very self-determined text that is at Queen and knew that in

this song seemed no cucumber.

"Two hours" enough said Gideon, who again took a few steps that Mr. George and I were little behind. "Then they can go home and sleep it off. "

I hated it when he spoke of me in my presence in the third person. "Yes, and she is looking forward to," I said. "Because it is really very tired. "

"We will call your mother and explain that you will be taken at least ten clock home," said Mr George.

Ten Clock? Farewell, you chicken. I bet mine would fall long before my greedy little brother to the victim.

"When you're through with life and all hope is lost," sang the gargoyles and settled half flying, half-climbing on the brick wall

, to gracefully glide down to land next to me on the pavement.

"We will argue that you do not have classes," said Mr. George, more to himself than to me. "From your trip to the 1912

maybe you should tell her anything, she was of the opinion that you are to the 1956 Elapsieren wast sent. "

We had arrived at the headquarters of the guard. From here, for centuries, the time travel were controlled. The family de Villiers came directly from the alleged Count of Saint Germain, one of the most famous time traveler in the male line. We Montrose, however, the female line, which seemed to mean mainly for de Villiers, that we really were not.

The Count of Saint Germain had been to the controlled time travel using the chronograph was invented, and he also had the daft given orders that all twelve had time travelers are sure to read the chronograph.

Meanwhile, only missing Lucy, Paul, Lady Tilney and another chick, a lady whose name I could never remember. Which

nor should we abluchsen a few milliliters of blood.

The ultimate question was: What exactly happened when all twelve time travelers were actually loaded once and the circle is closed? This seemed not to know for sure. Anyway, the guards behaved like the purest lemmings when the conversation turns to the Earl came. Blind worship was nothing about it!

However, it literally made my heart at the thought of Saint Germain to the neck, because my only encounter with him in the Past was anything but agreeable.

In front of me sniffed Mr George, the entrance stairs. His character shone like small globular always something comforting. Anyway, he was pretty much the only all of the club, whom I trusted a little. Apart from Gideon - though, no one could trust the

not significant.

The building of the lodge was different outside does not look the other houses in the narrow streets around the Temple Church, where were mainly law firms and

offices of faculty of the Law Institute. But I knew that the

Quarters were much larger and much less modest than it looked from the outside, and that it is primarily under the earth through a vast Area covered.

Just before the door kept me Gideon and hissed at me softly, "I said, you were absolutely terrified, so peep a bit disturbed, if you want to go home early today. "

"I thought, I've been doing" all the time, I muttered.

"You wait in the hall dragon" on you, Mr. George panted up in the hallway. "You should go on ahead, I'm still Mrs Jenkins quick to cast their votes to bring you something to eat. You must be pretty hungry. Any special requests? "

Before I could utter my desires, Gideon had already made up my arm and I moved on. "As much of anything," I shouted Mr. George was still over my shoulder, before Gideon pulled me through a door into another gear. I had trouble with my long skirt advised not to stumble.

The gargoyle leapt nimbly along beside us. "I think your Knutschfreund has" not a very good manners, he said. "That drags is usually a goat to the market. "

"Now Hetz not so," I said to Gideon.

Bring "The sooner we behind us, the sooner you can go home." Was that caring in his voice and he wanted me Just get rid of?

"Yes, but. . . Perhaps I would have liked it, did you even think about thinking? I also have a lot of questions and I'm tired, that I nobody answers there. "

Gideon slowed his pace a little. "Today you would be more answers anyway no one - now they just want to know what it may be that Lucy and Paul were able to wait for us. And unfortunately, you are there still our prime suspect. "

The our gave me a pang to the heart of what I like to pretty peeved.

"I'm the only one who knows nothing of all this!"

Gideon sighed. "I told you, but ever tried to explain. Now you're probably completely ignorant and. . . innocent But nobody knows what you will do in the

future. Remember, even if you can travel back in time and so could you and Lucy Paul tell of our visit. "He broke off. "Uh -. You would be able to report"

I rolled her eyes. "You just yet! And anyway - why must there be just one of us? Margaret Tilney could not be

have left themselves an embassy in the past? Or the Guardian? You could give to one of the Voyagers a letter

from each time in each period. . . "

"Huh?" Made the gargoyles, who flew over us now. "I can explain a time, what are you talking about? I clear as mud. "

"Sure, there are a few possible explanations," said Gideon, and was even slower. "But today I had the impression that Lucy Paul and you somehow - let's say impressed have. "He stopped, let go of my arm and looked at me seriously. "You should have with them talked, you had listened to their lies, maybe you had them even volunteer your blood for the stolen chronographs

where, if I had not been there. "

"No, I would not," I protested. "But I would really like to hear what they wanted to tell us. They have no evil to me Made an impression. "

Gideon nodded. "See, that's exactly what I mean. Gwendolyn, these people are planning to destroy a secret that hundreds was kept of years. You want something for yourself, not attributable to them. And for this they need is our blood. I do not think they would shy away from anything to get it. "He stroked a brown curly strand of hair from his forehead and I was

involuntarily in the air.

God, he looked so good! These green eyes, beautiful curved lines of its lips, pale skin - everything on it was easy

perfect. In addition, he smelled so good that I played for a second with the idea of dropping just my head against his chest.

But of course I did not.

"Perhaps you forget that we also wanted their blood. And you've Lucy held a gun to his head, "not vice versa, I said. "She had no weapon."

Gideon between eyebrows appeared a frown. "Gwendolyn, now please do not be so naive. We are - as always - in a

Ambush had been lured. Lucy and Paul had armed reinforcements, which were at least four to one! "

"Two," I exclaimed. "I was still there!"

"Five, when Lady Tilney counts. Without my gun, we would now be dead, at least they would have to force blood

may decrease, because that's why they were there. And you were with them ? talk "

I bit my lip.

"Hello," said the gargoyle. "Think maybe someone up? I look here, namely, not at all! "

"I understand that you're confused," said Gideon now much softer, but with unmistakable arrogance in his voice. "You're in the last few days just too much experience and knowledge. You were totally unprepared. What you should also understand what this is about? You belong back home to bed. So, let's take this now behind us quickly. "He reached for my arm and pulled me forward.

"I'll talk and you will confirm my story, okay?"

"Yes, you've now told at least twenty times," I replied, irritated and pushed my legs in front of a brass plate with the Inscription Ladies into the soil. "You can start without me ever, I have that is already in June 1912 on the toilet."

Gideon let me go. "Do you think the only way up?"

"Sure," I said, even though I was not sure if I could rely on my sense of direction. This house had to

many corridors, stairways, doors and angle.

"Very good! The mumps are we ever go, "said the gargoyle. "Now you tell me in peace, what this actually go! "

I waited until Gideon was bent around the next corner, then I opened the bathroom door and snapped the gargoyles on los' Well, Come here! "

Offended "What?" The gargoyle looked. "To the bathroom? So, I think that now, somehow. . . "

"I do not care how you find it. There are not many places where you can talk in peace with the demons, and I will not risk that someone listens to us! Let's go. "

The gargoyle held his nose and followed me unwillingly into the toilet. It smelled only faintly of disinfectant and

Lemon. I glanced into the cab. Nobody there. »Sun Now you listen to me again: I know that I do probably not as quickly get rid of, but if you want to stay with me, then you have to keep a few rules, is that clear? "

Do not drill "in the nose, do not use obscene words, dogs do not scare ..." droned the gargoyles.

"What? No, what I want is that you accept my privacy. I want to be alone at night and in the bathroom and if I still someone kisses "- at this point I had to swallow -" then I would have no audience here, is that clear? "

"Tsk," made the gargoyles. "And from the mouth of someone who is in love with a Loo has pulled! "

"So we're agreed? You will accept my privacy? "

"Absolutely not, I want you in the shower or - ugh, save me! - "Watch kissing, the gargoyle said emphatically. "Prior to You really need not be afraid. And usually I find it rather boring to watch people when sleeping.

This snoring and Gesabbere, of the other stuff I'd rather not talk only. . . "

"Besides, you should not talk in between when I'm at school or talk with someone - and I ask: If you have been singing, then when I'm not there! "

"I also really good can imitate a trumpet," said the gargoyle. "Or a post horn. Do you have a dog? "

"No," I took a deep breath. For this guy I would need nerves of steel.

"Can not you buy one? A cat would need to also, but they are always so arrogant and do not be upset as well.

Some birds can see me. Do you have a bird? "

"My grandmother can not stand pets," I said, I bit back to add that they probably also something to

had invisible pets. "Okay, now let's start all over again from the beginning: My name is Gwendolyn Shepherd. Nice to meet you. "

"Xemerius," said the gargoyle and beamed over the whole visage. "Very pleased." He climbed on the sink and looked deep into my the eyes. "Really! Very, very pleased! Will you buy me a cat? "

"No. And now get out of here, I really need that is it! "

"Urgs." Xemerius stumbled hurriedly through the door without opening it, and I heard him in the hallway again Friends will be friends

. sing

I stayed much longer in the toilet, as would have been necessary. I washed my hands thoroughly and scooped me into plenty of cold water Face, hoping to get a clear head again. But so I brought the thoughts whirling carousel does not halt.

My hair looked in the mirror, as if crows nested in it, and I tried to comb it with your fingers to smooth and me

even a little cheer. So, how would my friend Leslie doing it if they had been there.

"Just a few hours, then you did it, Gwendolyn. Hey and that you are so very tired and hungry, do you see

not that bad off. "

My mirror face looked at me reproachfully from large, dark-ringed eyes.

"Well, that was a lie," I admitted. "You look terrible. But all in all, have you ever looked worse. For example, at that time, when you had the chickenpox. So, cheer up! You can do it "

Xemerius had hung out in the hallway like a bat with a chandelier. "Bit scary here," he said. "Just came a one-armed Templars over, you know that? "

"No," I said. "Thank goodness. Come, we must here long. "

"You explain to me with the time travel?"

"I understand you not."

"If you buy me a cat?"

"No."

"But I know where there are any free. Oh, hey, is in the suit of armor as a Person. "

I threw the armor a furtive glance. In fact, I had the feeling that glisten behind the closed visor a pair of eyes

to see. It was the same knight statue, which I had yesterday tapped on the shoulder cocky, of course, in the belief that it is only decoration.

Yesterday seemed somehow to be years ago.

Before the door of the hall hang on, I met Mrs. Jenkins, the secretary. She carried a tray before him, and was grateful to have her door could stop.

"First time only tea and biscuits, honey," she said with an apologetic smile.

"Mrs. Mallory has long since gone home and I must look in the kitchen, I make you hungry children at all still can. "

I nodded, well educated, but I was sure that my stomach, "but simply order what would have heard the Chinese growl" can when just a little strained.

The hall is waiting for us: Uncle Gideon Falk, me with his amber eyes and mane of gray hair always

a wolf, recalled the stiff, grim-looking Dr. White in his black suit and forever - to my surprise - even my

Teacher of English and history, Mr. Whitman called the squirrels. Immediately, I felt doubly uncomfortable and tugged uneasily at the pale blue ribbon of my dress. This morning, Mr. Whitman was still me and my girlfriend Leslie and tails caught us

Criminal sermon. He also had collected research Leslie confiscated. That he belonged to the inner circle of guards, was so far only been an assumption by us, but it was probably hereby officially confirmed.

"There you are, Gwendolyn," said Falk de Villiers friendly but unsmiling. He looked like he could do with a shave, but perhaps He also belonged to the men who shave in the morning and evening have been a three-day beard. Maybe it was because of the dark O'clock shadow around the mouth, in any case he was clearly tense and serious than yesterday or even at lunchtime. A nervous leader of the pack.

Mr. Whitman, I winked at least growled something unintelligible, and Dr. White, in which the words "women" and "punctuality"

. occurred

In addition, Dr. White was, as always, the little blonde boy spirit of Robert, who seemed to enjoy the only one to see me, because he smiled smiling broadly at me. Robert was Dr. White's son, who was drowned at the age of seven years in a swimming pool and since then he as spirit followed at every turn. Except me, of course, no one could see him, and indeed ever since Dr. White was there, I had no reasonable Can lead conversation with Robert, for example, to find out why he is still haunting the earth.

Gideon sat with folded arms on the one decorated with ornate carvings walls. His gaze fell on me and stayed only briefly then hang the cookies on Mrs. Jenkins tray. Hopefully, his stomach growled as loud as mine.

Xemerius was hatched against me in the room and looked around appreciatively.

"Damn," he said. "Not bad, the shop '. He walked around it once and admired the elaborate carvings here, where I could see enough of it either. Especially the Mermaid who swam across the sofa, it had done to me. Each scale was worked out in detail and their fins shone in

all blue and turquoise tones. His name was due to the dragon room, but the huge dragon, which is located between the chandeliers at the high ceiling and entlangschlängelte seemed so real, as if he could at any time simply unfold its wings and fly away.

In Xemerius' sight tore the little ghost boy in amazement at his eyes and hid behind Dr. White's legs.

I would have liked "The do nothing, but who wants to play only said" (in the hope that it was true), but with a mind of a demon talk when people are loud in the room who can not see the one nor the other is not recommended.

"I watch it sometimes, if I can find something to eat in the kitchen," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"You would still have long working day, Mrs. Jenkins," said Falk de Villiers. "You make a lot of overtime lately."

"Yeah, you go home," Dr. White pointed at them harshly. "This will have no one to starve."

But, I! And I was sure that Gideon was thinking just the same. When our eyes met, he smiled.

Not "But cookies are just what you healthy dinners for children under one understands," said Mrs. Jenkins, but she said it quite quietly. Of course, Gideon and I was no longer children, but a decent meal for us so well anyway. Too bad that Mrs.

Jenkins was the only one here who shared my opinion, because, unfortunately, they did not have much to say. At the door she collided with Mr George, who was still out of breath and also two heavy, leather-bound tomes dragged with it.

"Ah, Mrs. Jenkins," he said. "Thank you for the tea. Please make it closing time

and then close up the office. "

Mrs. Jenkins withdrew while frowning face, but she only replied politely. "See you tomorrow morning"

Mr. George closed the door with a loud snort behind her and put his thick books on the table. "So, here I am. It could begin.

With four members of the Inner Circle, we are not a quorum, but tomorrow we will be almost complete. Sinclair and Hawkins are As expected, indispensable, both transferred their right to vote for me. Today it's just about to lay down a rough line of approach. "

"The best way to contact you." Falk pointed to the chairs that were around the table just below the carved dragons, and all sought a place.

Gideon hung his coat on the chair right across from my seat and rolled up his sleeves. "I say it

again, Gwendolyn was at that meeting not to be there. She is scared and tired completely. You should then elapsieren it has to bring someone home. "

And before that you should ask someone else to order a pizza with extra cheese.

"Do not

worry, Gwendolyn will have the opportunity to brief us" to describe their impressions, said Mr George. "Then I'm going to own bring down the chronograph. "

"A particularly fearful impression it makes me really not," murmured the black Dr. White. Robert, the little ghost boy behind the back of his chair and looked curiously over to the sofa on which to herumfläzte Xemerius.

"What is this Lately? " he asked.

I of course said nothing.

"I am not a thing. I am "a good friend of Gwendolyn, Xemerius replied to my place and stuck out his tongue. "If not even her best. She buys me a dog. "

I threw the sofa a stern look.

"That is impossible," arrived, said Falk. "When Gideon and Lady Gwendolyn Tilney have visited, they were already expected. All here present can testify that we have chosen the date and time of your visit completely arbitrary. And yet

Lucy and Paul, they already expected. That can not possibly be a coincidence. "

Have "That means someone has told them of this meeting," said Mr. George, who was leafing through one of the folios. "The question Only those who. "

"Rather," when, said Dr. White, and he looked at me.

"" And for what purpose, I said.

Gideon promptly furrowed his brow. "The purpose is obvious. They need our blood, to read it in their stolen chronographs to. Therefore, they had also brought reinforcements. "

"" In the annals is not a word about your visits recorded, said Mr George. "Here you had at least three guards Contact of the guards who are stationed at the entrances, never mind. Can you remember the name? "

"The first secretary has welcomed us personally." Gideon brushed a curl from her forehead. "Burghes or something like that. He said that the Brothers Timothy and Jonathan de Villiers in the early evening would be expected to Elapsieren, while Lady Tilney early in the morning elapsiert have. And a man called Winsley has put us in a cab after Belgravia. He should be waiting at the door on us, But when we came out of the house, the cab was gone. We had to flee on foot and in hiding in our time jump

wait. "

I could feel myself blushing as I called our stay in the hide-out in memory. Hurriedly, I took a biscuit and let my

Hair off the face.

"The report on that day was written by a guard from the Inner Circle, a certain Frank mine. It consists only of a few lines, a bit about the weather, then a protest march of the suffragists in the city and the fact that Lady Tilney in time for Elapsieren had appeared. Nothing special to report. The de Villiers twins are not mentioned, but they were in those years also members of the Inner Circle. "Mr. George sighed and closed the tome. "Very strange. All of this speaks well for a plot within their own ranks. "

"And the main question remains: How could Lucy and Paul know that you both appear on that day, this time with Lady Tilney would you? "said Mr. Whitman.

"Phew," said Xemerius from the sofa. "Bit many names - as a buzzing head yes."

"The explanation is quite obvious," said Dr. White, with his gaze rested on me again.

Everyone was staring pensively into space, and dark, myself included. I had not done anything, but obviously went here all assume that I would eventually feel the need in the future, Lucy and Paul to tell when we would visit Lady Tilney - and why

always. It was all very confusing, and the more I thought about it, the more it seemed illogical to me. And suddenly I felt very alone.

"What are you doing here all for Freaks? " Xemerius said and jumped off the sofa to head over to one of the giant chandelier to

. hang "Time travel - what? Our unity has indeed experienced a lot, but this is new territory for myself. "

"One thing I do not understand," I said. "Why did you expect that something is about our visit in these annals, Mr. George? I mean, if there would be something you would have seen it before and know that we travel on this day there and what we are there would experience. Or is it like in this movie with Ashton Kutcher? Every time one of us returns from the past, has

the whole future changed? "

"This is a very interesting and philosophical question, Gwendolyn," said Mr. Whitman, as we were in his classes. "I Although the film does not know from

whom you speak, but in fact the laws of logic, can even the tiniest change in the Past influence the future of extreme. Since there is a short story by Ray Bradbury, in the. . . "

"Maybe we move," the philosophical discussion for another time, he broke in Falk. "I would now like to Details of the ambush in Lady Tilneys house and hear how they could be successful you escape. "

I looked over to Gideon. If he please give his gun to the best free version. I took another biscuit.

"We were lucky," said Gideon, and he said just as quietly as before. "I immediately knew that something was wrong. Lady Tilney seemed so surprised not to see us. The table was set, and appeared as Paul and Lucy and the butler at the door built, Gwendolyn and I have cut down through the next room and the servants' staircase. The cab was gone, so we are

gone. "The lies did not seem particularly hard fall. No telltale redness, no eyelids flutter, no strenuous up-

Look, not the slightest uncertainty in his voice. Nevertheless, I found out that his version of history was missing that certain something that they would have made credible.

"Strange," said Dr. White. "If the ambush had been planned properly, they were armed and had been taken to ensure that you could not escape. "

"My head starts to spin," said Xemerius from the sofa. "I twisted these verbs, the past and future with hate a conditional mix. "

I looked expectantly over to Gideon. Now he had to think of something, but can, if he stay with his gun-free version wanted.

"I think we have simply" taken by surprise, said Gideon.

"Hm," Falk made. The faces of the other really did not look convinced. No wonder! Gideon had botched it! If you already log, then you had to come up with confusing details that no human being interested.

"We were" really fast, I said quickly. "The back stairs were apparently freshly

waxed, I almost slipped, actually I slid down the stairs I went over. If I had not held the railing, I would be lying with a broken neck

in 1912. What happens if you die in a time warp? If the dead body of its own to jump back again? Well,

In any case, we were fortunate that the door was down, just because a maid came in with a basket. Thus, a thick

Blonde. I thought Gideon would they even knock down, there were eggs in the basket that would have been a terrible mess. But We ran past her, and as fast as we could down the road. I have a blister on the toe. "

Gideon had been leaning back in his chair and his arms crossed. I could not interpret his view, but appreciative, or even grateful he did not look.

"Next time I put sneakers on," I said into the silence inside. Then I took another biscuit. Except I wanted to which apparently does not eat.

"I," a theory, Mr. Whitman said, slowly, he played with the signet ring on his right hand. "And the longer I think about it think the more certain I am that I am lying to the right. When. . . "

"I feel really stupid slow as I've said it many times before. But they During this conversation should not be here, "

said Gideon.

I could feel the sting out of something worse was in my heart. Now I was no longer hurt - I was pissed.

"He's right," agreed Dr. White. "It is sheer folly to let them participate in our deliberations."

"But we are also on Gwendolyn's memories," advised Mr George said. "Every little memory of clothes, words and Could look to address the essential reference to Lucy's and Paul's supply base period. "

"All they will tomorrow and even know yet," said Falk de Villiers. "I think it's really the best that you go with it down to Elapsieren, Thomas. "

Mr George folded his arms across his belly and said nothing.

"I going into with Gwendolyn ... "go to the chronograph and the travel time monitor, said Mr. Whitman, pushing his chair after rear.

"Good." Falk nodded. "Two hours more than suffice. One of the adepts can wait for their return, we need you here up. "

I saw Mr. George questioningly. He shrugged his shoulders resignedly only.

"Come on, Gwendolyn." Mr. Whitman had already jumped. "The sooner you get it behind you, the sooner you're in bed, you can tomorrow at school at least once again really involved. Anyway, I'm really looking forward to your Shakespeare essay. "

My goodness. He had some nerve! Now to start from Shakespeare was really the last one!

I thought for a moment whether I should protest, but then I decided against it. Basically, I wanted this

idiotic chatter did not watch any longer. I wanted to go home and just forget this whole Zeitreisekram including Gideon.

Let them in your nutty hall secrets toss and turn until it overturned before fatigue. Especially I wish Gideon das.

Includes a nightmare after that had washed up!

Xemerius was right: they were all freaks.

Stupid was that I still had to look over to Gideon and thought such a thing as brain Burnt If he smiles only once,

I forgive him everything.

He did not, of course. Instead, he looked at me blankly, impossible to say what was in his head before him. For a moment long had the idea that we had kissed us, very far away and for some reason I suddenly had this silly rhymes to

who think Cynthia Dale, our class love oracle, was always for the better, "Green eyes, frog nature of love is no trace. . . "" Good Night, "I said with dignity.

"Good night," muttered all. That is, all except for Gideon. He said:. "Do not forget to blindfold her, Mr. Whitman"

Mr George angrily snorted through the nose. While Mr. Whitman opened the door and pushed me out into the hallway, I heard Mr George say, Have "you ever thought that just this exclusionary behavior of the reason may be that the things that

be done, ever happen? "If someone gave an answer to, I could not hear. The heavy door slid into the lock

and cut off all the votes.

Xemerius scratched his head at the tip of the tail. "This is really the most blatant association that I have ever had!"

"Take this to heart, not merely, Gwendolyn," said Mr. Whitman. He took a black scarf from his jacket and held it under my the nose. "You're just the new in this game. The big unknown in the equation. "

What should I tell first? For me it was all new! Three days ago I did not know about the existence of the guards. Three Days, my life was still normal. Well, at least by and large. "Mr. Whitman before my eyes

. connect .. could we please Madame Rossini pass studio and get my things? I now have two sets of

School uniforms are left here and I need something to wear for tomorrow. Also, my school bag is there. "

"Of course. Swirled" Mr. Whitman When walking the scarf in a good mood in the air. "You can also move quietly on, you will encounter in your journey like no one. In what year we will send you back then? "

"It does not matter anyway but if I'm locked in a basement," I said.

"Well, there must be a year where you are in difficulty ... uh, land in said

basement can, at best, without someone to

. meet As of 1945 should not be a problem - before the premises were used as air raid shelters. How about 1974? This is the year in which I was born, a good year. "He laughed. "Or we take 30 July 1966. As was the World Cup final against England Germany won. But football is not really interested in you, right? "

"Especially not when I'm in a windowless cellar sitting twenty meters below the ground," I said wearily.

"It's all just for your protection." Mr. Whitman sighed.

"Wait, wait," said Xemerius, the herflatterte next to me. "I've come back not quite. Does that mean you're now in a Rise time machine and travel back in time? "" Yes, exactly, "I replied.

"Then we take it to 1948," said Mr. Whitman enjoyed. »Summer Olympic Games in London."

Because he went ahead, he could not see that I rolled my eyes.

"Time travel! Tssss. Since I've laughed at a fine friend indeed! "Said Xemerius and for the first time I said something like respect in its voice heard.

The room in which stood the chronograph was located deep under the earth, and though I was only ever blindfolded

had brought and taken away again, I imagined myself in knowing about, where he lay. For that reason, because I have the space in both years 1912 as in 1782, fortunately without the blindfold had been allowed to leave. As Mr. Whitman me of Madame Rossini's sewing room pointed out along the corridors and stairways, the way I did before really familiar with only the last part I had the feeling that Mr. Whitman would me an extra loop to confuse me.

"He makes it, but" exciting Xemerius said. "Why do they have hidden this time machine, because in the darkest dungeon?"

I heard Mr. Whitman to speak to someone, then a heavy door open and fell back into the castle and took me to Mr. Whitman Switched off.

I squinted into the light. In addition to Mr. Whitman, a young red-haired man stood in a black suit that looked a little nervous and a three-front Excitement was sweating. I looked around for Xemerius who put the fun his head through the locked door, while the rest of him remained in the room.

"That's the thickest walls I've ever seen," are, he said, when he reappeared. "They're as thick as they could have a Elephants have been substantiated, and that cross, if you know what I mean. "

"Gwendolyn, that's Mr Marley, Adept of the first degree," said Mr. Whitman. "He will be here waiting for you when you come back, and you escort back to the top. Mr. Marley is Gwendolyn Shepherd, Ruby. "

"It is an honor for me, miss." The redhead made a little bow.

I smiled in embarrassment. "Um, yes, I am also glad."

Mr. Whitman went on to a safe state of the art of creating a blinking display, to me at the last two visits to this

Room had escaped. He was hidden behind a wall hanging, were embroidered on the medieval-like fairy tale scenes. Knight with Horses and tufts on the helmets and damsels with pointy hats and veils, admired obviously a half-naked young man,

a dragon had shot. While Mr. Whitman typed the numbers, looked at the red-haired Mr. Marley discreetly on the ground, but you could not see anything anyway, since Mr. Whitman, the display was hidden by his broad back before our eyes. The door of the safe slipped with on a gentle swing and Mr. Whitman could take out the chronograph, wrapped in red velvet cloth, and put on the table.

Mr. Marley was surprised at the air.

"Mr. Marley sees today for the first time how the chronograph is used," said Mr. Whitman, and winked at me. With the chin pointing to a flashlight that was on the table. "Take it, just in case that the electric light causes problems. So you do not Have to fear the dark. "

. "Thanks," I wondered if I should perhaps also ask for an insect spray, such an

old cellar was certainly full of spiders - and rats? It was not fair for me to send all alone there. "Could I please also get a stick?"

"A stick? Gwendolyn, you'll meet anyone there. "

"But perhaps there are rats. . . "

"Rats are more afraid of you than vice versa, believe me." Mr. Whitman had peeled the chronographs from his velvet cloth.

"Impressive, is not it, Mr. Marley?"

"Yes, sir, very impressive, sir." Mr. Marley marveled at the awesome machine.

"Slimer!" Said Xemerius. "The redheads are always slimy, do not you too?"

"I had imagined him to be bigger," I said. "And I did not think that a time machine so much like a mantel clock has. "

Xemerius whistled through his teeth. "But these are pretty thick Klunkerchen - if they're real, I would be the thing in a safe

. include "In fact, the chronograph with added impressively large stones had been occupied, and between the painted described areas of the strange apparatus glittered like jewels.

"Gwendolyn has the year" chosen in 1948, Mr. Whitman said as he opened doors and tiny cogs in motion

continued. "What was there in London, Mr. Marley, you know?"

"The Summer Olympic Games, sir," said Mr Marley.

"Geek," said Xemerius. "The redheads are always nerds."

"Very good." Mr. Whitman sat up. "Gwendolyn is on 12 August clock at twelve noon and end up exactly one hundred and twenty minutes there

. stay Are you ready to Gwendolyn? "

I swallowed. "I would like to know more ... are you sure I'll meet anybody there?

"Of rats and spiders times apart. "Mr. George has given me his ring to me what anyone does. . . "

"The last time you're jumping into the document space that was at all times, a frequently used room. This room here is but empty. If you behave yourself calm and not leave the room - he will have already completed - you will certainly meet no one.

In the postwar years, this part of the vault was entered only rarely, they were all busy in London with above-ground construction. "

Mr. Whitman sighed. "An exciting time. . . "

"But if it happened to someone right at that moment entering the room and sees me there? I should at least be the watchword for the day

. know "

Mr. Whitman raised his eyebrows slightly annoyed. "No one will come in, Gwendolyn. Again, you're in a

locked room to land, endure a hundred and twenty minutes in there and jump back, without anyone in 1948, slightly

of them will notice. If you do, something about your visit would be recorded in the annals. In addition, we have not the time to see how the word was for that day. "

"Being there is everything," Mr. Marley said shyly.

"What?"

"The slogan was during the Olympics: Taking part is everything," Mr. Marley looked embarrassed on the floor.. "I had noticed me, or namely, they are always in Latin. "

Xemerius rolled his eyes and Mr. Whitman looked as if he would like to do the same. "Ah? Well, Gwendolyn, as you hear it. Not that you would need it, but if you do so feel better. . . Will you now please? "

I went to the chronograph and Mr. Whitman gave my hand. Xemerius fluttered to the floor beside me.

"And now?" He asked excitedly.

Now came the awkward part. Mr. Whitman had opened a door at the chronograph, and put my index finger into the opening.

"I guess I just consider myself to you," firmly said Xemerius and clung like a monkey from the back of my neck. I would not may feel it, but it actually felt like someone put me as a wet scarf.

Mr. Marley's eyes were wide with excitement.

"Thanks for the slogan," I said to him, and grimaced as a sharp needle buried itself deep in my fingers and the space with red light filled. I clutched firmly the handle of the torch, the colors and people swirling before my eyes, was a jerk through my body.

From the Inquisition records of the Dominican Father Gian Petro Baribi archives of the University of Padua library (deciphered, translated and edited by Dr. M. Giordano)

23rd Juni 1542nd Florence.

Appointed by the head of the Congregation with a case that requires the utmost discretion and tact and curiosity not to is on offer. Elisabetta, the youngest daughter of M., who strictly lived for ten years, shielded behind monastery walls carries an apparently Succubus in itself, the evidence of a courtship with the devil. In fact, I could during my visit of a possible

Pregnancy convince the girl, as well as a slightly confused state of mind. While the abbess who my full

Confidence and enjoys a woman of common sense seems to be not a natural explanation for the phenomenon,

rule out the suspicion of witchcraft is calculated by the father of the girl .. With my own eyes, he claims to have seen how the Has devil in the guise of a young man hugged the girl in the garden and then in a cloud of smoke 'and a

dematerialized slight sulfur odor left behind. Two other students monastery to testify that she the devil several times in the company of Elisabetta and have seen that he had given her gifts of precious stones. As improbable as the story

may sound: Given the strong binding of M. to RM, and various friends in the Vatican, it is difficult for me, its officially Mind to doubt, and his daughter, only to accuse of fornication. Starting tomorrow I will therefore interrogations with all stakeholders

. lead

3

Xemerius? "The wet feeling around my neck was gone. I quickly turned on the flashlight. But the room in which I had landed, was already enlightened, weak from a light bulb that dangled from the ceiling. "Hello," someone said.

I spun around. The room was filled with all sorts of boxes and furniture and leaned against the wall beside the door, a pale young man

"Ddd. . . being there is everything, "I stammered.

"Gwendolyn Shepherd?" He stammered back.

I nodded. "How do you know?"

The young man took a crumpled sheet of paper from his pocket and offered it to me. He looked as excited as I am

felt. He wore suspenders and a little round glasses, his blond hair was combed with a side parting and a lot of pomade to the rear. He could well play in an old gangster movie, as the precocious but innocent assistant to the chain-smoking hard-boiled

Commissioner, who is in love with the gangster sweetheart with the feather boas, and many end up getting shot.

I calmed down a bit and looked around briefly. No one else was in the room, and no trace of Xemerius was discovered.

Apparently he was able to walk through walls, but not travel in time.

Hesitantly, I took the sheet. It was yellow, a checkered ring binder leaf, which was torn out of the slovenly perforation. Thereon standing, rather spidery, in a surprisingly familiar script:

For Lord Montrose - important!

12th August 1948, 12 noon clock. Alchemy Lab. Please come alone.

Gwendolyn Shepherd

Immediately began my heart beating faster again. Lord Lucas Montrose was my grandfather! He had died when I was ten years old had been. Concerned, I looked at was the curved line of L. Unfortunately, there is no doubt that the scrawl saw my own Handwriting confusingly similar. But how could that be?

I looked up at the young man. "Where did you get that? And who are you? "

"Did you write this?"

"Could be," I said, my mind began feverishly to spin in circles. If I had written it, why I could

I will not remember it? "Where did you get it?"

"I have the sheet for five years. Someone has put it together with a letter in my coat pocket. The day on which the Ceremony was held for the second degree. The letter said: He who keeps secrets, should the secret behind the

Secret know. Prove that you can not just keep silent, but also think. No signature. It was a different handwriting than on the list, a - uh -. more elegant, slightly old-fashioned "

I chewed on my lower lip. "I do not understand."

"I do not know. I believed all these years, it was a kind of test, "said the young man," Another test, so to speak. I told anyone about it, I've always maintained that someone asks me for it, or that arrive more information. But it is never happened. And today I sneaked down here and wait. Actually I have not

expected that

something happens. But then you've materialized out of nowhere in front of me. At twelve clock. Why you gave me this letter written? Why do we meet in this remote cellar? And what year did you come from? "

»2011," I said. "I'm sorry, on the other questions I know, unfortunately, no answer." I cleared my throat. "Who are you?"

"Oh, excuse me, please. My name is Lucas Montrose. Without Lord. I am adept second degree. "

My mouth was suddenly dry. "Lucas Montrose. 81st Bourdonplace number "

The young man nodded. "Since my parents live, yes."

"Then ..." I stared at him and took a deep breath. "Then you are my grandfather"

"Oh, do not already "again said the young man, and sighed deeply. Then he pulled himself together, broke away from the wall, one of the dusty Chairs from, who were in a corner of the room stacked upside down, and placed it before me. "Shall we not rather

? set My legs feel like rubber. "

"Mine too," I gave up and let me fall on the pad. Lucas took another chair and sat down across from me.

"So you're my granddaughter?" He smiled weakly. "You know, that's a funny idea to me. I'm not even married. Exactly taken not even engaged. "

"How old are you? Oh, sorry, I should know you're born in 1924, so you're in 1948, twenty-four. "

"Yes," he said. "In three months I will be twenty-four. And how old are you? "

"Sixteen."

"Just like Lucy."

Lucy. I had to think about what she called after me as we fled with Lady Tilney.

I still could not believe I was sitting in front of my grandfather. I was looking for similarities with the man on whose lap I exciting stories had listened. He had taken me in front of Charlotte protection when they claimed that I was going with my Ghost stories make important. But the smooth face of the man before me seemed to bear little resemblance to that of folds and Furrows traversed the face of the old man have I had known. But I found, however, that he looked like my mum, the

blue eyes, vigorously curved line of the chin, the way he was smiling now. I closed my eyes for a moment overwhelmed - that here was just too - too much.

"So here we are," Lucas said quietly. "I Am. .. uh. . . a nice grandpa? "

Tears tickled me in the nose, which I could only with difficulty restrained. So I just nodded.

"The other time travelers always land officially and comfortable" at the top of the dragon hall chronographs or in the document space, Lucas said. "Why did you chose this gloomy old lab?"

"I have not chosen me." I wiped my hands with the back of the nose. "I did not even know that it is a laboratory. To my Time there is a normal basement room with a safe, into which the chronograph is kept. "

"Really? Well, a laboratory is now also long gone, "said Lucas. "But this room was originally a

secret alchemy laboratory use. It is one of the oldest rooms in these walls. Already hundreds of years before the founding of the lodge Count of Saint Germain have famous alchemist and magician London experiments in search of the Philosopher's Stone

employed. On the walls you can still see some creepy drawings and mysterious formulas, and they say, the walls were

why so fat, bones and skulls because it is walled up ... "He paused, biting his hand now on his lower lip. "You're So, my granddaughter - I may ask, of what ... uh ... my children? "

"My mum is Grace," I said. "You just like you."

Lucas nodded. "Lucy told me about Grace. She says she was the cutest of my children, the others would be philistine. "He twisted his Mouth. "I can not imagine that I get sometimes narrow-minded children ... or any at all ... "

"There may be not that you on, but to your wife," I muttered.

Lucas sighed. "For two months ago, Lucy is the first time showed up here Pull me in all this because she has red hair, just like a Girl that I ... Now ... interested. But Lucy did not tell me who I am going to marry me, she says, or else I would I might think differently. And then you would not all be born. "

"Decisive is the hair color as well the time-traveling gene that is inherited to your Future," I said. "By this you were allowed but they have recognized. "

"That's the funny thing." Luke slid the chair a little forward. "I think two girls from the Jadelinie really ...

uh ... attractive ... Observation number four and number eight observation. "

"Oh," I said.

"You know, it's so that I can not decide at the moment so well. Maybe a little hint from your side, my

Eliminate indecision. "

I shrugged my shoulders. "I'm concerned. My grandmother, so is your wife, La-'

"No," she called Lucas. He had lifted his arms defensively. "I've changed my mind, tell me would rather not." Lay scratched He is the head. "That's the school uniform of Saint Lennox is, right? I recognize the crest on the buttons. "

"Right," I said and looked down at my dark blue jacket. Madame Rossini had washed the things and obviously pressed, they looked at least as good as new, and smelled slightly of lavender. In addition, they had done something wrong with the jacket, she was now much

better.

"My sister Madeleine visited the Saint Lennox. Because of the war makes them

just this year graduated. "

"Aunt Maddy? I did not know. "

»All Montrose girls going to Saint Lennox. Lucy also. It has the same school uniform as you Maddy is dark green with white. And the skirt is plaid. . . "Luke cleared his throat. "Um, only if you're interested. . . but we should now concentrate better and more to think why we are meeting here today. So, assuming that you wrote this note. . . "

'. . . going to write! "

'. . . and he'll send me one of your future in time travel ... - Why do you think you've done that "?

"You mean, why would I do that?" I sighed. "It makes sense somehow. I suppose you can tell me a lot. But I do not know. . . "Perplexed, I looked at my young grandfather. "Do you know Lucy and Paul well?"

"Paul de Villiers coming forth to Elapsieren since January. He has grown older by two years at the time little scary. And Lucy was in the June, the first time here. I take care of the two most often during their visit. It is usually ... funny. I can help them to Homework help. And I must say, Paul is the first de Villiers, who is sympathetic to me. "He cleared his throat again. "If you are from the 2011 come from, but you have to know both. Strange idea that they become so gradually approach the forty ... you

they have to greet me. "

"No, I can not do." Oh dear, that was all that complicated. And I should probably be careful with what I told, as long as I myself did not understand what was really going on here. My mother's words still rang in my ears: "Trust no one.

Not even your own feelings. " But I had to confide in anyone and who was simply better suited than my

own grandfather? I decided to put everything on one card: "I'm Lucy and Paul can not greet you by. You have the chronograph stolen and jumped with him into the past. "

"What?" Behind his glasses were Lucas' eyes wide open. "Why would they do that? That I can not believe. They would never ... When should this have been? "

"1994", I said. "In a year where I was born."

»1994 Paul is twenty and eighteen years old Lucy, 'said Lucas, more to himself than to me. "So in two years. For now it is sixteen and he was eighteen. "He smiled apologetically. "I do not mean now, but now only if they are to Elapsieren in this year

. come "

"I did not sleep last night really much, so I have a feeling that my brain is currently only of cotton candy," said I. "And I'm gonna be in arithmetic a dud."

"Lucy and Paul are ... - What are you telling me that makes no sense. They would something like this - Maddened never do. "

"Did they, however. I thought you could maybe tell me why. In my time, try to tell me all that they do. . . evil. Or crazy. Or both. Dangerous in any case. When I met Lucy, she told me to ask you about the green tab. So:

What is the green rider? "

Lucas looked at me perplexed. "You've met Lucy? Just you said, she and Paul had disappeared a year of your birth. "

Then he seemed to occur more thing: "If they have taken the chronograph, how can you ever travel in time?"

"I met her in 1912. When Lady Tilney. And there is a second chronograph, used by the guard for us. "

"Lady Tilney? The last four years is dead And the second chronograph does not work. "

I sighed. "Now he is there. Look, Grandpa, "- this word winced Lucas -" For me it's all even more confused than you, for had until a few days, I do not have the slightest idea of this whole mess. I can tell you nothing. I am the Elapsieren been sent here, my goodness, I do not even know how this stupid word is written, I

did it yesterday for the first time heard. It is only the third time that I travel at all with the chronograph in time. Prior to that I'm three times jumped uncontrollably. What was not particularly funny. But actually all thought that my cousin Charlotte was the mutation carrier, namely because they on the right day was born and my mom has lied when it comes to my birthday. Charlotte has therefore got to my place dancing lessons,

knows everything about the plague and fight King George, can ride side-saddle and playing the piano - and heaven knows what they are in their Mysteries lessons learned anything. "The more I talked, the faster the words gushed out of me. "I certainly do not know anything, except for the bit that you have betrayed me so far, and that was really not very much or very enlightening - and what a lot Worse, I had not even been time to make me a rhyme to the events. Leslie - this is my friend - has everything

googled, but Mr. Whitman has taken us to the folder, and I also have only half understood anyway. All seem anything

Expected of me to have special and are now disappointed. "

"Ruby, gifted with the magic of the Raven, closes the circle in G major, have formed the twelve," Lucas muttered.

"Yes, you see, magic the raven, blah blah blah. Unfortunately for me None. The Count of Saint Germain was choking me, though a few Meters away from me was, and I could hear his voice in my head and then there were these men with guns in Hyde Park and Sword, and I had to stab one of them, because otherwise he would have murdered Gideon, the one. . . he is such. . . "I took a deep breath, only to weiterzusprudeln same: "Gideon is actually a real disgust, he acts as if I were only a block to his leg, and this morning he has Charlotte a kiss given only on the cheek, but maybe it has to mean something, I should not have to kiss him under any circumstances, without first to ask, I know him at all but only a day or two, but suddenly he was. . . nice and then ... It all happened so fast ... and all think I Lucy and Paul could tell when we see Lady Tilney, yes because we need their blood and the need of Lucy and Paul We, too, but they also need the Gideon and me, because in their chronographs still missing. And no one tells me what happens if the Blood has been read by everyone in the chronograph, and sometimes I think they just do not know it themselves. And I want you for the green Riders ask, has said Lucy. "

Lucas had narrowed his eyes behind his glasses and apparently tried desperately to make any sense to my rant

. found "I have no idea what" could be meant by the green rider had, he said. "I'm sorry, but I listen to today Maybe it's the first time a movie title? Why do not you ask for ... you love me but that could just ask in 2011. "

I looked at him startled.

"Oh, all right," Lucas said quickly. "You can not ask me because I am long since dead or old, deaf and blind in a nursing home me towards dawning ... - No, no, please, I know it will not. "

This time I could not hold back my tears. At least half a minute, I was sobbing in front of me, because I - as strange as it sounds - my grandfather suddenly terribly missed. "I was very fond of you," I said finally.

Lucas handed me a handkerchief and looked at me pityingly. "Are you sure? I do not even like children. Bullies, somehow ... But Perhaps you were indeed a very nice copy. Determined even. "

"Yes, I was. But you were nice to all children. "I blew my nose loudly. "Even to Charlotte."

We were silent for a while, then took Lucas a clock out of his pocket and said: "As long as we do not have"

"You have me sent here for exactly two hours."

"It's not very much. We have already wasted too much time. "He stood up. "I'll get pencils and paper, and we try to get a to bring some system into this mess. You stay here and the best you do not stir from the spot. "

I just nodded. When Lucas was gone, I stared in front of me, buried his face in his hands. He was right, it was important right now to keep a clear head.

Who knew when I would meet my grandfather again? What kind of things that would only happen yet, I should

notify him and what not? Conversely, I wondered desperately what information

he could give me, that I may be useful

would. Basically he was my only ally. But just at the wrong time. And in which of the many dark mystery he could from here bring light out at all?

Lucas was long gone and with each minute that passed, I began to feel my doubts. Maybe he had lied and

would occur simultaneously with Lucy and Paul, and a large knife back to me of blood. I finally stood up and restless was looking for something that I could use as a weapon. In one corner lay a plank with a rusty nail in it, but when I picked it up, it crumbled under my fingers. Just then the door opened again, and my young grandfather came with a block

Paper under his arm and a banana in his hand.

I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Here, against hunger." Lucas gave me a banana, a third chair, took off the stack, put it between us, and laid the Pad on it. "I'm sorry it took so long. This stupid Kenneth de Villiers top rumgestanden in the way. I

Villiers not stand it, they stuck their long noses simply prying into everything, everything they want to control and determine and they always know everything better! "

"However," I muttered.

Lucas shook his wrist. "Then let's - granddaughter. You are the ruby, the twelfth in a circle. The diamond in the family de Villiers was born two years before you. He must be about nineteen years old so in your time. And he called again how? "

"Gideon," I said, and only by the utterance of his name, I was warm. "Gideon de Villiers."

Lucas' pen glided over the paper. "And he's a creep, like all de Villiers, but you have kissed him still, if I correctly before I understood. Are not you a bit young for that? "

"" Hardly, I said. "On the contrary - I'm totally late. Taken out of me all Girls in

the class of the pill. "Well, all except Aishani, Peggy Clarke, and Cassie, but Aishani's parents were conservative and would kill Aishani when a boy only would look at, Peggy was probably more to girls, and as for Cassie - certainly the pimples went away by itself eventually, and then was they also re-nicer to their fellow man and listened to, "guckst to scold you so stupid," if anyone even in their direction looked. "Oh, Charlotte, and has sex with the course, no hat. Gordon Gelderman they are referred to only the ice queen. But now I'm not so sure if it really fits ... "I gritted my teeth, because I thought of how Charlotte Gideon considered had and vice versa. If you wondered how fast Gideon came up with the idea of kissing me, that is exactly on the second day our acquaintance, I could not imagine me what happened between him and Charlotte in the many years they knew each other, all happens to be liked.

"What kind of a pill?" Said Lucas.

? "I'm sorry," Oh God, the verhüteten in 1948, probably even with condoms from Kuhdarm or so - if at all. But I would rather do not know. "I would not talk about sex with you, Grandpa, not really."

Lucas looked at me, shaking his head. "And I would not even hear the word from your mouth. And so I do not mean the word Grandpa. "

"Okay." I peeled the banana, while Lucas took notes. "What do you say to this?"

"What for?"

"Instead of Sex? "

"We do not talk about it," said Lucas, bent over his pad. "At least not with sixteen year old girl. So further: Chronograph has been stolen by Lucy and Paul, before the blood of the last two time travelers could be read. Therefore the second chronograph put into operation, but the lack of course now the blood of all the other time travelers. "

"No, not anymore. Gideon has to visit almost all the time travelers and their blood can decrease. It just needs Lady Tilney and Opal, Elise anything. "

"Elaine Burghley," said Lucas. "A lady Elizabeth L, who died at eighteen years of childbed fever."

"Right. And the blood of Lucy and Paul, of course. So we are behind her and her blood behind ours. At least, I have the understood. "

"Now there are two chronographs, with which the circuit can be made complete? That really is - unbelievable! "

"What happens if the circle is complete?"

"Then, "the secret revealed, Lucas said solemnly.

"Oh my goodness! Not you too. "I shook his head angrily. "Is it perhaps once something more specific? "

"The prophecies speak of the rise of the eagle, the victory of humanity over disease and death, from the dawn of a new Age. "

"Ah," I said, just as smart as before. "It is so good, right?"

"Something very good actually. Something that all of humanity decisively move forward. Therefore, the Count of Saint Germain Company founded the Guardian, so in our ranks are the smartest and most powerful men of the world. We all want the

Keep secret so that it can develop at any given time and save the world. "

Okay. That was once a clear statement. At least the clearest I had got into things secret until now. "But why will Lucy and Paul is not that the circle is complete? "

Lucas sighed. "I have no idea. When you said you have to hit them? "

"In 1912," I said. »June. 22nd June. Or 24, I did not realize just me. "The more I tried to remember, the more I was insecure. "Maybe it was the 12th? An even number it was, because I'm sure. 18th? In any case, at some point Afternoon. Lady Tilney had everything available for a high tea on the table. "Then it dawned on me what I had just said, and I suggested I hand over her mouth. "Oh," "What?"

"Now I have told you and you will betray Lucy and Paul, and therefore they can lie in wait for us there. So are you basically the Traitor, not me. Though - that

probably comes to the same thing. "

"What? Oh no, "Lucas shook his head vigorously. "I will not do. I'll tell them anything about you - that would be just crazy! When I tell them tomorrow that they steal some time chronographs and so are traveling in the past,

they fall down dead on the spot. You have to think very carefully about what you telling someone about the future, do you hear? "

"Well, you'd better tell them it is not tomorrow, you've still got many years." I chewed thoughtfully on my banana.

"On the other hand ... at which time they are probably bound to the chronograph? Why do not they? Here they had been at least one Friend, namely you. Maybe you're lying to me and they wait long before the door to siphon off my blood. "

"I do not have the slightest idea where they might have jumped." Lucas sighed. "I can not imagine even know it as something Crazy will do. ! Or why, "Despondent, he added:" I have absolutely no clue about anything. "

"Obviously we are all so both" totally clueless at this point, as I said despondently.

Lucas wrote green tab, second chronograph and Lady Tilney on the block and everything placed a large question mark. "What we need is another meeting - later! Until then, I could bring in a lot of experience. . . "

That made sense to me. "Originally, I should be sent to Elapsieren in 1956. Perhaps we could then tomorrow evening already seen. "

"Haha!" Made Lucas. "For you, maybe 1956 is tomorrow night - for me it is ... But okay, let us consider once. If you go to Elapsieren sent to a time after this will then also in this room? "

I nodded. "I think so. But you can not exactly night and day down here waiting for me. In addition, Gideon could at any time here

, he must show up elapsieren eventually. "

"I know how to" make it, Lucas said, with increasing enthusiasm. "If you land the next time in this room, you come just me! I have an office on the second floor. You have to pass on only two guards, but that's no problem if you say that you have you run. You are my cousin. Hazel. From the land. I'll start right now, all of you to tell. "

"But Mr. Whitman said, is always complete, and besides, I do not know exactly where we are at all."

"You need of course a key. And the slogan of the day. "Lucas looked around. "I'm going to convert into a key and deposit it somewhere here for you. The same applies to the slogan. I will write on a piece of paper and place in our hiding place. At the best anywhere in the masonry. Here are the bricks back a bit loose, do you see? Maybe we can behind a cavity

create. "He got up and made his way through the junk and knelt in front of the wall. "Look here. I will be using tools and come back to build a perfect hiding place. If you hierherspringst the next time you have to do is pull out the stone, then You can find the key and the password. "

"These are but damn many stones," I said.

"Remember just this one, fifth row from the bottom, approximately in the middle of the room. Crap! That was my fingernail! Regardless, this is certainly the

Plan and I think he's good. "

"But you had now come down here every day to" renew the slogan, 'I said. "How do you do that? Not studying you in Oxford? "

"The slogan is not" renewed every day, said Lucas. "We sometimes have the same for weeks. Moreover, this is the only Possibility to arrange another meeting. Remember this stone. I'm going to put a plan so that you can find the top. From this go through a secret passage, half of London. "He looked at his clock. "And now we sit down again and do notes. All systematically. You'll see at the end we are both wiser. "

"Or there are still two unsuspecting in a moldy basement."

Lucas cocked his head and grinned at me. "Maybe you could also told me quite

casually that the name of your grandmother starts with an A. Or perhaps with a C? "

I had to smile. "What would you prefer?"

The circle of the Twelve

Name Edelstein Alchemical equivalent animal tree

Lancelot de Villiers 1560-1607 Bernstein calcinatio frog book

Elaine Burghley 1562-1580 Opal et putrefactio mortificio owl Walnut

William de Villiers 1636-1689 agate Sublimatio bear jaw

Cecilia Woodville 1628-1684 aquamarine Solutio horse Maple

Robert Leopold, Count of St. Germain 1703-1784 Smaragd Distiliatio eagle oak

Jeanne de

Madame Pontcarree

d'Urfe

1705-1775 citrine Coagulatio snake Ginkgo

Jonathan and Timothy de Villiers 1875-1944 1875-1930 cornelians extractio
falcon apple tree

Margaret Tilney 1877-1944 Jade Fox Digestio Linde

Paul de Villiers 1974 Black Tourmaline Ceratio Rowan Wolf

Lucy Montrose * 1976 Sapphire Lynx fermentations pasture

Gideon de Villiers * 1992 Leo Diamond Multiplicatio yew

Gwendolyn

Shepherd

M994 Ruby Raven Projectio birch

From the chronicles of the guard, band 4, the circle of the Twelve

4

Gweny! Gweny, you have to wake up! "

I dived clumsily up from the depths of my dream - a dream I had been an old, hunchbacked woman, a blinding

looking across from Gideon, claiming her name was Gwendolyn Shepherd and she was from the year 2080 - and looked into the familiar, snub-nosed face of my little sister Caroline.

"Finally!" She said. "I thought I never catch you awake. I've been asleep when you got home last night are, though I've really tried to stay awake. Have you been such a crazy dress with you? "

"No, not this time." I sat up. "This time I was able to move me there."

"Will this always be so now? Will you ever come home only when I sleep already? Mum is so strange, since this matter is going on with you. And Nick and I miss you - without you the dinners are weird. "

"They were previously already," I assured her, and let me fall back on the pillow.

I was last night, a limousine was driven home, the driver I did not know, but the red-haired Mr. Marley had

accompanied me, exactly up to the front door.

Gideon, I did not get to see again and that was me was quite right, too. It was enough that I work all night

would dream of it.

At the door I had Mr. Bernard, the butler of my grandmother, being received, as always, polite and otherwise absolutely motionless. My mom had come to meet me on the stairs and had embraced me like I was just back from a South Pole

expedition returned. I was also pleased to see them, but I was still a little sour on them. It was so strange to find

need to have been lied to by her own mother. And the reasons they wanted me not tell. Except for a few cryptic sentences -

"Trust no-dangerous - secret - blah blah blah" - I had heard nothing of it, which would explain their behavior. Therefore, and because I nearly died from exhaustion, I had eaten quite a small piece of cold chicken taciturn and had then gone to bed without Mom put on the events of the day accordingly. What exactly they should also start with the information? She made a lot anyway too many worries. I found that they looked almost as tired as I am.

Caroline shook my arm again. "Hey, asleep, not again!"

"It's okay." I pushed with my feet swing over the bed and noticed that despite the long telephone conversation I had with Leslie have done before going to sleep, had been reasonably well rested. But where was Xemerius? It was gone when I last night had gone to the bathroom, and since then no longer be seen again.

In the shower, I was finally awake. I washed my hair with illegally Mums expensive shampoo and rinse their hair, too At the risk that I would tell the wonderful aroma of roses and grapefruit. As I dry my head nibbelte,

I involuntarily asked whether Gideon Rosen and well liked grapefruit to me immediately afterwards again strictly to call to order.

I had a little, slept for two hours, I have thought back to this nutty guy! What, pray tell, was that even large

happened? Well, we had a bit of smooching in the confessional, but shortly afterwards he was again taken over the role of Ekelpakets and my descent from cloud nine was not what I wanted to remind me happy, rested or not. What can I say, moreover, Leslie had had the last night so did not want to stop by the theme.

I föhnte my hair, got dressed and then trotted down the many stairs, toward the dining room. Caroline, Nick, me and my Mum occupied the third floor of our house. There it was, unlike the rest of the box, since the beginning of time

(At least!) In my family was, at least somewhat comfortable.

The rest of the house, however, was crammed with antiques and paintings from different ancestors, of which the least of all a feast for the eyes were. And we had a ballroom, where Nick had learned to ride a bike with my help, of course, secretly, but today was the traffic in the city terribly dangerous, as everyone knew.

Like so many times I wished that my mom and we could not eat with us up, but my grandmother, Lady Arista, insisted

that we are in the dark dining room einfanden had the paneling the color of milk chocolate, at least that was the only nice Comparison, which I had ever occurred. The other was ... uh ... rather unappetizing.

At least today, the mood was significantly better than the day before, as I noticed the same when I came into the room.

Arista lady who always had something of a ballet teacher, the one knock on the same finger, said pleasantly, "Good morning, my Child, "and Charlotte and her mother smiled at me as if they knew something I had no idea again.

Since my aunt Glenda otherwise never smiled (even many people who are of a sour lifting her lips apart)

Charlotte had thrown me yesterday and only a few ghastly things to his head, I was immediately suspicious.

"Has something happened?" I asked.

My twelve year old brother Nick grinned at me, as I sat in my seat next to Caroline, and my mom pushed me a huge

Plate of toast and scrambled out. I was almost fainting with hunger, when I got the smell in the nose.

"Oh dear goodness," said Aunt Glenda. "I suppose you want your daughter to their need for fat and cholesterol for that month equal today does not it, Grace? "

"Yes," said exactly, Mom calmly.

"Later they will hate you for it, that you have not paid attention more to her

character," said Aunt Glenda and smiled again.

"Gwendolyn's character is" impeccable, my mum said. "Not yet - maybe," said Aunt Glenda. She was still smiling.

"Did you Aunt Glenda tilted things in the tea?" I whispered to Caroline.

"Someone has just called and have since Aunt Glenda and Charlotte all in high spirits," whispered back Caroline. "What changed?"

At this moment Xemerius landed outside on the window sill, folded its wings and pushed through the glass.

"Good morning," I said, delighted.

"Good morning," replied Xemerius and hopped on the window sill on an empty chair.

While the others looked at me a little surprised, Xemerius scratched on the belly. "A fairly large family you have there - I I still can not give an overview so completely, but it did occur to me that there are many remarkable women in this household. To many, I'd say. And half of them look like most of the time, as if they would be tickled much. "He shook the

Wings. "Where are the fathers of all the children? And where are the pets? So a huge house and not even a canary - I'm disappointed. "

I grinned. "Where's Great Aunt Maddy?" I asked as I began to eat salvation.

"I'm afraid, my dear sister in law the need for sleep is greater than their curiosity," said Lady Arista dignified. Bolt upright, she sat on Breakfast table and eat with fingers splayed half buttered toast. (Incidentally, I had my grandmother never different from candle just experienced.) "By getting up early yesterday she was in a bad mood all day unbearable. I do not think that we still be ten times clock in the morning see. "

"That to me is just right," said Aunt Glenda with her voice shrill. "You talk of sapphire eggs and tower clocks can really takes rob last nerve. And - how you feel, Gwendolyn? I can imagine that this is all very confusing for you. "

"Hmm," I was doing.

"It must be terrible to have to suddenly realize that you are born for higher things, without having to meet expectations." Aunt Glenda impaled on a piece of tomato from her plate.

"Mr. George says that Gwendolyn has been hit very well," said Lady Arista, and before I know about their

Forward Solidaritätsbezeugung could she added: "Anyway, considering the circumstances. Gwendolyn, you are now returning from school be picked up and taken to Temple. Charlotte will accompany you this time. "She took a sip of tea.

I could not open my mouth, without stirring would also fallen, so I just stared horrified, while Nick and Caroline at my office asking, "Why is that?"

"Because," said Aunt Glenda and shook his head while strange, "because all Charlotte can do what you Gwendolyn would have to their task somewhat to meet. And now, because of - as we all can vividly imagine - the chaotic events

last two days, we wish in Temple, that helps her cousin Charlotte, in preparation for its next leaps in time. "She looked as if her daughter had just won the Olympics. At least.

On the next time jumps? What?

"Who is this skinny redhead wicked broom?" Inquired Xemerius. "I hope for you that it is only a remote Relationship is. "

"Not that this request came as a surprise to us, but we have nevertheless considered whether we should meet her. Finally, there are for Charlotte actually no more obligations. But, "sighed at this point in the arid, red-haired, mischievous Be. . . uh. . . Aunt Glenda theatrically, "Charlotte is aware of the importance of this mission very well aware and selfless willingness to contribute their share towards the success."

My mother sighed and also gave me a pitying look. Charlotte brushed a strand of her bright red hair

behind the ear and batted her eyelashes at me.

"Huh?" Did, Nick. "What do you teach Gwenny for Charlotte?"

"Oh," said Aunt Glenda and her cheeks stained pink sheer zeal. "There are probably a lot, but it would be absurd to think that Gwendolyn can catch up in such a short time, what Charlotte has acquired over many years, not to mention the - now - but rather inequitable distribution of natural talents in this case. One can only try to convey the basic necessities. Above all else it lacks Gwendolyn well on almost tragically common sense and the manners of their era custom -. As I heard "

Impudence! Because of who they should have heard?

"Yes and manners you need urgently when you sit around alone in a locked basement room," I said. "It could be a yes a woodlouse watch as you popelt in the nose. "

Caroline giggled.

"Oh, no, Gwenny, I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but the next time it will be a some tricky for you. "Charlotte gave me a look that was meant to be compassionate, but rather gleefully and maliciously acted.

"Your cousin is right." I've always had a bit afraid of Lady Arista piercing look, but I shrugged

literally under them. "At the highest order will" spend you much time in the eighteenth century, she said.

"And," taking people added Charlotte. "People who would find it very strange if you do not even knew how the King means of governing the country. Or what's a reticule. "

Please rate it?

"What's a reticule?" Asked Caroline.

Charlotte smiled gently. "Let it tell you about your sister."

I stared at her angrily. Why is it always gave her such a pleasure just to make me look stupid and ignorant? Aunt

Glenda chuckled.

"Isn't a sort of handbag, 'stupid bag, usually with superfluous Stickkram" filled Xemerius said. "And handkerchiefs. And Smelling salts bottle. "

Ah!

"A reticule is an outdated term for handbag, Caroline," I said without taking his eyes from Charlotte. She flinched with surprise the eyelids, but retained in the fine smile.

"At the highest order? What could that mean? "My mother had turned to Lady Arista. "I thought we would all agree been that Gwendolyn is kept out of the whole thing, as much as possible. That they merely harmless in the Elapsieren times is sent. How can they decide now to expose them to such danger? "

"This is not your thing, Grace," my grandmother said coolly. "You really have donated enough evil." My mother bit her their lips. Her angry gaze once between me and Lady Arista back and forth, then they unceremoniously shoved back her chair and stood on. "I need" to work, she said. She pressed a kiss on her hair and Nick looked over at me and Caroline. "Have fun at school.

Caroline, think of the scarf for the handwork. We'll see you tonight. "

"Poor Mum" whispered Caroline, when my mother had left the room. "Yesterday evening she was crying. I think she does not fit, that you have this time-traveling gene. "

"Yes," I said. "I do not even have noticed."

"But since it is not even the only one," said Nick, and cast a meaningful look at Charlotte and Aunt Glenda who was still smiling.

Never before had I received upon entering the classroom as much attention as it is today. The reason was that half of my Classmates had seen how I had been picked up earlier in the afternoon by a black sedan.

»« Bets are still accepted, Gordon said Gelderman. "Super quota for number one: The casual, gay Type of yesterday is a television producer and has Charlotte and Gwendolyn cast in a show, but Gwendolyn won, possibility number two:

Type your gay cousin and operates a limousine service, option three. . . "

"Oh, shut up, Gordon," snapped Charlotte threw her hair back and sat down in her seat.

"I think you could have us explain why you're making out with the guy, but Gwendolyn then with him in the limousine has increased," said Cynthia Dale in ingratiating tone. "Leslie tried to convince us that he was Gwendolyn's tutor!"

"Sure, a tutor is indeed approached with a limousine and holds hands with our ice queen," said Gordon, looking Leslie angry at. "Here lie clearly in front of paltry concealment efforts."

Leslie shrugged and grinned at me. "What I better not think of on the fly. "She sat down on her chair

. fall

I looked around for Xemerius. The last time I had seen him sitting on the school roof, from where he had waved me happy. He had indeed instruction during the lesson to stay away from me, but I did not think he would keep them.

"The green rider seems to be a real dead end," Leslie said in hushed tones. Unlike me, she was not in the night slept a lot, but again spent hours on the Internet. "A famous little Jadenfigur from the Ming dynasty is so named but which is in a museum in Beijing, then there is a still image on a square in a German town called Cloppenburg and two books

with this title, a novel of 1926, and a children's book that is published after the death of your grandfather. That was all before. "

"I had thought it might be a painting," I said. In the movies were always the secrets behind or in paintings hidden.

"None," said Leslie. "If it was a blue tab, things would look quite different. . .
THE GREEN RIDER I

more than once chased by an anagram. But - well, if earthy UDDER REN should mean something, it opens up to me

not. I once printed a few, maybe it rings here with you somewhere? "She handed me a sheet.

'Cause IRE TAIL "I read. "DEGEN FRAUD HE FAITHFUL. Hmm, hmm, let me think. . . "

Leslie giggled. "My favorite is: END OF EGGS He coos. Oh, Mr. Squirrel is coming! "

She said Mr. Whitman, who entered the classroom as usual with dynamic steps. His nickname was because of us his

huge brown eyes have missed. At that time we had but had no idea who he really was.

"I'm still waiting on us to" get because yesterday a disciplinary reprimand, I said, but Leslie shook his head.

"Do not Go," she replied in short supply. "Or to learn about director Gilles, that his English teacher is a key member of a sinister secret secret society? Because that's what I would say if he told on us. Oh shit, he comes here. And he looks again

so - arrogant! "

Mr. Whitman was really up to us. He laid the thick folder that he had confiscated yesterday in the girls', in Leslie on the table.

"I thought you had this ... very interesting collection of leaves like back, "he said mockingly.

"Yes, thank you," said Leslie, and was a bit red. In the Paper Collection concerned it is their big-time travel phenomenon Research folder where everything was, what the two of us (especially Leslie, of course) so far on the guards and the Count of Saint Germain had been found. On page 34, right behind the collected entries about telekinesis, there was also a note that Mr Whitman personally involved. Squirrels also a member of the Lodge? Ring. Meaning? We could only hope that Mr. Whitman specifically this note was not taken up.

"Leslie, I hate to admit it, but I think you could improve your energy to invest in some subjects." Mr. Whitman had a Smile on their face, but his voice still tinged with something other than pure mockery. He lowered his voice. "Not everything that a interesting here is also good for you. "

Was that a threat? Leslie picked up the folder against silence and stowed it in her bag.

The others looked curiously at us over. Obviously, they wondered what Mr. Whitman was talking about. Charlotte was sitting close enough to him to

understanding and an unmistakably mischievous look was wearing. As Mr. Whitman said, "And you, Gwendolyn should gradually will understand that privacy is one of the properties required of you not only, but even demanded, "she nodded in agreement. "It is a real shame that you feel to be so unworthy turns out. "

How unfair! I decided to follow the example of Leslie's, and Mr. Whitman, and I stared for a few seconds in silence. Then, his smile wide and he patted my cheek unawares. "Well, but chin up! I'm sure you can still learn a lot, "

he said as they walked. "And Gordon, how does it look? Is your essay again once written off completely from the Internet? "

"They always say, we should use all sources we find," Gordon defended himself, which he managed, his voice pitch in to vary this a set of two octaves.

"What did Whitman of you?" Cynthia Dale leaned back to us. "What kind of a folder? And why did you

stroked, Gwendolyn? "

"No need for jealousy, Cyn," said Leslie. "He's not a piece of us is better than you."

"Ah," said Cynthia. "I'm not jealous. I mean, hello? Why is it always all think I was in love with the man? "

"Maybe because you're the chairman of the William Whitman fan clubs?" I suggested.

"Or because you are twenty times Cynthia Whitman have written on a piece of paper, on the grounds that you wanted to know how it feels? "

said Leslie.

"Or because you are. . . "

"" All right, Cynthia hissed. "That was then. That's long gone. "

"That was yesterday," said Leslie.

"I am now more mature and grown up." Cynthia sighed and looked around the class. "By this all these are only Grown Ups blame. If we needed something like genuine guys in the class, nobody vergucken in a teacher. Speaking. What is really meant with this guy who brought you last picked up in the limousine, Gwenny? What's going on between you? "

Charlotte let out an amused snort and had to immediately re Cynthia's attention. "Now we do not always

exciting, Charlotte. Does one of you two do with that? "

Mr. Whitman had been stationed behind his desk and asked us to concern ourselves with Shakespeare and his sonnets.

For once, I was very grateful to him. Shakespeare better than Gideon! The chatter ceased around and made

Sighs and Papiergeraschel place. I got but still, that Charlotte said. "Well, certainly not Gwenny"

Leslie looked at me pityingly. "She's so no idea," she whispered. "Actually, they can only feel sorry one."

"Yes," I whispered back, but in reality I was only sorry for myself the afternoon in Charlotte's company would be definitely a are enormous pleasure.

The limo was waiting after school down this time just outside the gate on us, but a discreet bit the road. The

red-haired Mr. Marley was nervous in front and down and was even more nervous when he saw us coming towards them.

"Oh, it's you," said Charlotte blushed noticeably displeased and Mr. Marley. Charlotte looked through the open door to see inside the Sedan. It was empty except for the driver and - Xemerius. Charlotte looked disappointed, which in turn gave me buoyancy.

"You've probably missed me?" Xemerius lolling contentedly in their seats as the car losschnurrte. Mr Marley had entered the front and Charlotte next to me stared silently out the window.

"That's right," said Xemerius, without waiting for my answer. "But you know certainly that I have other commitments, as always take care of you. "

I rolled my eyes and giggled Xemerius.

I had really missed him. The lesson was drawn like chewing gum, and no later than Mrs Counter endlessly about the natural resources the Baltic spoke, I had longed for his comments and Xemerius. Also, I would have liked Leslie presented as best

that would have been just possible. Leslie was in fact quite delighted with my accounts, even though my character attempts tend to be less failed flattering to the poor were demon gargoyle. ("What are the pegs for?" Had to know Leslie and shown on the horns, which I had painted.)

"Finally an invisible friend, who can be useful," she had said enthusiastically. "Think about it: Other than James, but the only useful in its niche free standing around and complaining about your bad manners, this gargoyle spy for you and , see what goes on behind closed doors. "

The idea I had not even had. But actually - this morning when this story with the re-ti ... Revi ... with the

obsolete term for handbag had been Xemerius really very useful.

"Xemerius could be your ace in the hole," she had meant Leslie. "Not only a

wretch like James offended."

Unfortunately, she was right, what James was concerned. James was - yes, what was he? If he had rattling chains or chandelier to the quake can bring, you could probably describe it as our official school ghost. James August Peregrin Pimplebottom was approximately twenty years old pretty boy with a white powdered wig and a flowered frock coat and he had been two hundred twenty-nine The dead school years had been his parents' house, and would like most ghosts, he does not admit that he had died. For him centuries were the spirits of his life as a single strange dream from which he still hoped to awaken. Leslie thought he was the crucial part of the tunnel, lured to the end of a brilliant light, probably just slept through.

"James is not quite so useless," had I objected. Finally, I had only the day before, decided that James I - as a child the 18th Century - very well could be helpful, such as a fencing instructor. I had a couple of hours at the grand

Presentation pleased to be able to handle thanks to James, with his sword so skillfully as Gideon. Unfortunately, this was a gigantic mistake emphasized.

At our first (and also how it looked last) Fencing hours before the lunch break in an empty classroom had Leslie laughing the ground located. Of course they did not see James and his in my eyes really professional-looking movements and

his commands - "Only parry, Miss Gwendolyn, only parry! Third! Prime! Third! Fifth "- can not hear. She had only seen me, I desperately with Mrs. counter pointer waved around in the air - with an invisible sword, cutting through the air like made. Useless. And ridiculous.

When Leslie had laughed enough, she said that James was to teach me something else, and James was exceptional in their opinion been. Sword fights and disputes of any kind were ever men's business, he said, the most dangerous, the girl of his opinion in are likely to take your hand, stick needles.

"Without doubt the world would be a better place if men adhered to this rule," she had said Leslie. "But as long as the do not, women should be prepared. "And James had almost fainted from Leslie as a twenty-centimeter-long knife

her school bag was pulled. "So you can sit better on defense, if you have even a nasty guy in the past to the leather want. "

"It looks like a ..."

".. . Japanese chef's knife. Cuts through vegetables and raw fish like butter. "

I felt a shiver run down his back.

"It is" only for emergencies, Leslie had added. "Just to make you a little bit can feel safer. It was the best weapon that I so could get on the fly without weapons permit. "

The knife was now in a sheath converted to glasses of Leslie's mom in my school bag, together

with a roll of tape, to me, if you wanted to pay Leslie faith, would afford good services.

The driver pulled into a sweeping curve and Xemerius who had not held on time slid over the smooth leather upholstery and bounced against Charlotte. He quickly picked himself up again.

"Stiff like a church pillar," he commented, shaking his wings. He looked at her from the side. "We have now all day on the cheek? "

"Yes - sadly," I said.

"Yes, unfortunately, what?" Asked Charlotte.

"Unfortunately I have not had lunch again," I said.

"DIY" blame replied Charlotte. Said, "But honestly, it hurts you not slim down a few pounds. Finally, you have indeed in the Clothes fit, has made the Madame Rossini for me. "She pressed her lips together and I just felt something like pity in me

. germinate Probably she had honestly looked forward to wearing the costume of Madame Rossini to, and then I came

and everything was ruined. Of course not on purpose, but still.

"I have the dress I wear for my visit to the Count of Saint Germain had said, at

home in the closet," I have. "If you like, I give it to you. You could wear it at Cynthia's next costume party - I bet everyone would fall down at your sight! "

"The dress is not yours," Charlotte said gruffly. "It is the property of the guards, you can not determine it. With you in your home Wardrobe has not lost anything. "She looked out the window.

"Mecker, bleating, bleating," said Xemerius.

Charlotte made it really not easy to like them, that they had been able to before. Nevertheless, I found this frosty atmosphere depressing. I started to try again. "Charlotte. . .? "

"We're almost there," she interrupted me. "I am so anxious to see if anyone from the inner circle we see." Your grumpy Face suddenly brightened. "Well, I mean, other than those we already know. This is tremendously exciting. In the next few days, it is about in Temple is the only way of living legends. Famous politicians, Nobel laureates and scientists are highly decorated in these hallowed halls remain, without the world noticing it. Koppe Jötland will be here, oh, and Jonathan Reeves Haviland ...

- I like him would shake the hand of time "for their situation Charlotte sounded enthusiastic..

I, however, had no idea who she was speaking. I looked questioningly at Xemerius, but he just shrugged his shoulders. "Of the Cardboard noses I've never heard of, sorry, "he said.

"One can not know everything," I replied with a sympathetic smile.

Charlotte sighed. "No, but it does not hurt from time to time to read a reputable daily newspaper or watch a news magazine to to learn about the current world politics. Sure, it would have to turn sometimes the brain. . . or even have one. "

As I said, they did not make it an easy.

The limousine had stopped and Mr Marley opened the car door. On Charlotte's side, I noticed.

"Mr. Giordano is located in the old refectory," said Mr Marley, and I had the

feeling that he suppressed with difficulty, the word "Sir"

could. "I put forward to you."

"I know the way," said Charlotte, and turned to face me. "Come on!"

"Something you have to you that all people want to" boss around you, said Xemerius. "Should I go with?"

"Yes, please," I said as we dipped into the narrow streets of Temple. "I feel better when you're here."

"If you buy me a dog?" "No!"

"But do you love me, right? I think I have myself often rarmachen times! "" Or useful, "I said, thinking of Leslie's words.

Xemerius could be your ace in the hole. She was right. When they had ever seen a friend who could walk through walls?

"Not dawdle," said Charlotte. She and Mr. Marley walked a few yards before us side by side and only now I noticed how similar they were located.

"Yes, Miss Rotten Meier," I said.

Meet the time as it seeks us.

(We Meet the time as it seeks us.)

(The Tragedy of Cymbeline, William Shakespeare)

5

To make it short: The lessons with Charlotte and Mr. Giordano was even more terrible than I had imagined. This was

mainly because they tried to teach me everything at once: While I was (done with a cherry-red striped crinoline, the very apart to the mashed potato-colored blouse of my school uniform looked like) with the dance steps of the minuet was fighting, I should at the same time

understand the extent to which the political views of the Whigs differed from those of the Tories, as they held a fan, and what the Difference between "sovereignty," "Grace" and "Grace" was. After only one hour and seventeen different ways, one Open boxes, I had a splitting headache and did not know where the country was. My attempt at the whole thing a joke

loosen up - "Can we not even make a little break, I'm totally Highness" - came to no good.

The "is" not funny, Giordano drawled. "Stupid thing."

The old refectory was a large room on the ground floor with large windows that looked out on a patio. Except for a wing and gave a couple of chairs standing on the wall there is no furniture. Xemerius hung so as often upside down on a chandelier and folded his wings neatly on the back.

Mr. Giordano had the words "Giordano only Please Giordano presented. " »PhD in history, famous fashion designers, Reiki master, creative jewelry designers, famous choreographer, Adept of the third degree, an expert on the 18th and 19 Century. "

"Oh, shit," said Xemerius. "But someone has a child a bath too hot."

I told him quietly, unfortunately, could only be right. Mr. Giordano, pardon only Giordano recalled, fatal to one of those crazed seller on a home-order-TV channel, which always spoke as if they had a clothespin on his nose and as they would under the table just a bite Rehpinscher in the calf. (? Sprayed) I was just waiting, that his lips into a wry smile and said:

"And now, dear viewers, we come to our model, Brigitte, this is an absolutely first-class indoor fountain, a small oasis of Access happiness, and for only twenty-seven pounds, absolute bargain, because you simply have to, I myself have two pieces of it to Home. . . "

Instead, he said - without smiling - "My dear Charlotte, hallohallohallöchen" and kissed the air next to her left and right ears. "I I heard what happened and find it un-believable Lich! All these years of training and so much talent wasted! It is a shame, a outrageous scandal and so unfair. . . And it is now, yes? Your Understudy. " While me from head to toe,

He pursed his thick lips. I could not help it, I stared back completely fascinated. He had a strange hairstyle, with the Must have been enormous amounts of gel and hair spray on his head firmly cemented. Thin black beard covered by the lower Half of the face like a map of rivers. His eyebrows were plucked into shape and traced with a black permanent marker type, and if I'm not mistaken, his nose was powdered.

"And the should be up tomorrow evening organically fit into a soiree of the year 1782?" he said. Was evident with "that" I meant. Soiree with something else. The only question was what.

"Hey, hey, I think you Plusterlippe has" insulted Xemerius said. "If you are looking for an insult that you pop him in the head can: I am available as a prompter. "

Plusterlippe ever was not bad.

"A Soiree is a schnarchige evening event," continued Xemerius. "Only if you do not know. Man sitting after supper together, play each other a little bit on the piano before and tried to fall asleep. "

"Ah, thank you," I said.

"I can still not believe that they want" the real risk, 'said Charlotte, as she hung her coat on a chair.

"It contradicts all the rules of confidentiality, Gwendolyn to let it get under people. You only have to look and you notice it, that something is wrong with it. "

"Yes, my idea," she called Plusterlippe. "But the Count is well known for his eccentric whims. There is front her legend.

Outlandish - they read you your time with. "

My what, pray tell? Legends I had been banished to the realm of fairy tales. Or on maps.

Charlotte was leafing through a folder that was on the wing. "She is supposed to represent the ward Viscount battens? And Gideon is his son? If the

not a bit risky? But it could be someone present who knows the Viscount and his family. Why was not a

Viscount French decided in exile? "

Giordano sighed. "That was not so because of their lack of language skills. Probably the Count wants us to the test

. provide We will have to prove to him that we succeed, this girl from a lady of the 18th Century magic. We must

easy! "He wrung his hands.

"I think if they have done with Keira Knightley, then you're gonna get the" down with me, I said confidently. Keira Knightley was probably pretty much the modern girl in the world, yet always wonderfully in period films, even with the most crazy Wigs.

"Keira Knightley?" The black eyebrows nearly touching now the teased hair line. "For a film may answer that, but Keira Knightley would not last ten minutes in the 18 Century, as it would have been unmasked as a modern woman. As early as the smile always shows her teeth when she laughed her head back and throwing tear open your mouth! This would have the 18th Century, no woman did! "

"So you can just but also the" do not know, I said.

"How was that, please?"

"I said, as accurately as possible. . . "

Plusterlippes eyes twinkled at me. "We should like once again to set the first rule that there would be: What does the master is not called into question. "

"And who is the master - oh, I understand, you are," I said, was a bit red, while losgackerte Xemerius. "Okay. So when Do not laugh showing their teeth. I've noticed. "I would probably manage easily. Hard to imagine that when I / the / the soiree would find any reason to laugh.

Champion Plusterlippe went fairly appeased his eyebrows again, and he could

not hear Xemerius that of the

Ceiling loud "bang your head!" Roared, he began with the sad inventory. He wanted to know what I'm in politics, literature and customs and customs of the Year 1782 and knew my answer "(I know what it is because everything not was - for example, automatic Irrigation water in the toilet and the vote for women ") left him for a few seconds, his face buried in his hands.

"I bepiss me up here like laughter," said Xemerius and, unfortunately, unfortunately, he put me in gradually. It was with difficulty that I could Suppress laughter, which pushed out of the depths of my diaphragm upward.

Charlotte said softly: "I thought they would have explained to you that they really absolutely unprepared, Giordano's. "

"But I do. . . at least the basics. . . "The face of the Master dipped up out of his hands. I dared not look, because If the make-up was now blurred, it would have happened to me.

"What about your musical skills? Piano? Singing? Harp? And what about with ballroom dancing? A simple

Minuet deux you'll probably dominate, but what about the other dances? "

Harp? Minuet a deux? Sure thing! Now it had happened to my self-control, I started to giggle without foundation.

"Well, that here at least a" amused, said Plusterlippe stunned, and that might well have been the moment when he had decided to pester me until I could stop laughing.

In fact, it was not long until it was time. A quarter of an hour later I felt like the ultimate upper and jerk

Before failure. And even though the ceiling was Xemerius his best to cheer me up. "Come on, Gwendolyn, show the two Sadists, that's on it you have! "

Nothing I would rather have done. But unfortunately I did not it.

"Tour de main, left hand, silly thing, but right around Cornwallis surrendered,

and Lord North resigned in March 1782, which led to that ... Clockwise - no right! Good heavens! Charlotte, please, show it to her again! "

And Charlotte showed it to me. That had to leave to her, she danced wonderfully, with her it looked like an easy breeze.

And that was basically it. They went, they went forth, they went around and smiled constantly, without the teeth

to show. The music came from hidden speakers in the wall paneling and I must say, it was not exactly the kind of music at it an immediate itching in the legs.

Maybe I would have the sequence of steps to remember better if Plusterlippe had not yet incessantly chatters also be on me.

"Since 1779 including war with Spain ... Now the Mouline, please, have the fourth man we imagine simple, and reverence, yes, with a little more grace please. All over again, do not forget smile, head straight, chin up, just now is for North America Britain lost, my goodness, no, to the right arm at chest level and through routes, which is a bitter blow, and you

not good to speak to the French, it is considered unpatriotic. . . Can not look at your feet, which are not in these clothes anyway

. see "

Charlotte was limited to sudden strange questions ("Who was king of Burundi in 1782?") And continuous shaking of the head, which I also insecure.

After an hour it was too boring Xemerius. He flew from the chandelier, I waved and disappeared through the wall. I would have him like a mandate to keep on the lookout for Gideon, but that was not necessary, because after a further quarter of an hour torture minuet Gideon walked together with Mr. George, the old refectory. You just got to like me, Charlotte and Plusterlippe together with a fourth man not present a figure dancing, the Plusterlippe called "le chain," and when I the invisible dance partner Hand had to give. Unfortunately, I gave him the wrong hands.

"Right hand, right shoulder, left hand, left shoulder," Plusterlippe shouted angrily. "Is that so hard? Look, like Charlotte, it makes, so it's perfect! "

The perfect Charlotte on dancing even when she had long since realized that we had a visitor while I was embarrassed was stopped and sunk in the ground best.

"Oh," said Charlotte, finally, where they acted as if she would see Mr. George and Gideon now only. She sank into a graceful Tribute, which, as I now knew, was a kind of kink, which one did the minuet-dancing at the beginning and end, and every now and then in between. It would have to look totally stupid, especially since she was wearing her school uniform, but instead it somehow worked. . . sweet.

I felt doubly bad Partly because of the red and white striped crinoline-monster for school uniform blouse (I looked like one of those plastic cones which are put on the road to securing a site on the track), partly because Plusterlippe

lost no time to complain about me.

"... do not know what is right and left ... a paragon of clumsiness ... slow to understand ... impossible undertaking. . . stupid thing. . . from a duck can not make a swan ... they can not insist on this soiree, without attracting attention ... You see, they are but only on! "

So did Mr. George, and Gideon, too, and I was bright red. At the same time I felt anger rising in me. What was enough was enough!

I hastily buttoned my coat along with the cushioned from wire frame, the Plusterlippe me strapped around his waist, had snapped while I: "I do not know why I'm in the 18th Talk about politics century needs. I just would not even today - I have not the slightest Shimmer this! So what? If someone asks me about the Marquess of thingy, I just say that I do not give a damn politics interested. And if someone really want to dance a minuet with me - what I consider to be ruled out, since I was in the 18th Century no know - I say no thank you, very friendly, but my foot is sprained. I can also give rise, without showing my teeth. "

"You see now what I mean?" Asked Plusterlippe and wrung his hands again. Seemed to be a habit. "Not even a hint a good will - it shocking ignorance and lack of talent in all areas. And then she breaks like a five year old laugh

out, just because you mentioned the name of Lord Sandwich. "

Oh yes, Lord Sandwich. To not believe that really meant. The poor guy.

"She is safe. . . "Began Mr. George, but Plusterlippe cut him short.

"Unlike Charlotte, the girl has absolutely no. . . esplieglerie! "

Oh! Whatever it was, when Charlotte had it, I wanted to do it have not.

Charlotte had issued the music and set down at the piano, where she smiled conspiratorially Gideon. He smiled back.

I, however, he had just recognized a glance, but it had had in you. And not in a positive way. Was probably

It embarrassed him with a loser like me to be in a room at that, because he seemed to be only too aware of how great he even looked at his worn jeans and a tight black T-shirt. For some reason I was even angrier. I almost with gnashed his teeth.

Mr. George looked sadly at me and Plusterlippe back and said, put his head in sorrowful lines: "You get the

been going, Giordano. With Charlotte you have even a skilled assistant. We also have a couple of days. "

"And if it would be weeks! Never enough time to prepare for a big ball, "said Plusterlippe. "A soiree, yes perhaps, in small groups and with luck, but a ball, maybe even in the presence of the Duke pair - completely ruled out. I can only assume that the Count is a joke here. "

Mr. George's view was cool. "Most definitely not," he said. "And it certainly is not for you, the decisions of the Count to doubt. Gwendolyn will get through this, do not you, Gwendolyn? "

I said nothing. My self-esteem had been mistreated in the past two hours too hard. If the goal was simply not

a bad impression - and I got it work. I would just put me into a corner and discreetly around waving her fan. Or

prefer not wagging, which could mean even knows what. Just stand and smile without teeth. Of course, no one could disturb me here or after the Marquess of Stafford asked to dance or even ask.

Charlotte began quietly to jam around on the piano. She played a very generous little melody in the style of music to which we previously had danced. Gideon stood next to her and she looked up at him and said something that I could not understand because so loud Plusterlippe sighed.

"We have tried to teach her the basic steps of the minuet conventional, but I'm afraid we have to other methods

! access "

I could not help it, I had to admire Charlotte for her ability to speak, at the same time, Gideon to look into the eyes of their adorable dimples show and while playing the piano.

Plusterlippe still wailed. ' . . perhaps help charts, or chalk marks on the ground, we should to. . . "

"She will continue teaching the same tomorrow," interrupted Mr. George.
"Gwendolyn now needs to Elapsieren. Are you coming, Gwendolyn? "

I nodded in relief and picked up my school bag and jacket. Finally redeemed. The frustration felt more immediately a strained Expectation. If everything went well, I would Elapsieren today to a date after be meeting with my Grandpa and sent in Secret hiding the key and find the password.

"Let me carry that." Mr. George took my school bag and gave me an encouraging smile. "Four hours,

then you can go home. You see today a lot less tired than yesterday. We will pick yourself a nice, quiet year - as

It would be with 1953? Gideon says, because it is in the Al-now, the chronograph room very cozy. There may even be a sofa. "

"1953 is perfect," I said, trying not to sound quite so enthusiastic. Five years after my last meeting with Lucas! It was expect that in the meantime he had

some experience can bring.

"Oh, and Charlotte: Mrs. Jenkins has called you a car, you can call it a day today."

Charlotte stopped playing. "Yes, Mr. George," she said politely, then she cocked her head and smiled at Gideon. "Have you now After work? "

What is it? Would she ask him now about whether he wanted to go with her to the movies? I was looking forward to the breath.

But Gideon shook his head. "No. I'll go with Gwendolyn. "

Charlotte and I certainly looked baffled alike.

"Will not you," said Mr. George, "You your quota for that day have long since fulfilled."

"And you look exhausted," said Charlotte. "What is not surprising. You should rather use the time to sleep. "

Since I was for once in their opinion. When Gideon came with you, I could not get the key from its hiding place, nor my Grandfather attention.

"Without me, Gwendolyn spent four completely pointless hours" in the basement, said Gideon. "If I come, they could in the time

. learn something, "With a slight smile he added:" For example, how to keep apart left and right. This must be the minuet be to get it. "

What? For God's sake - not another dance lessons!

"Love's Labour Contract," said Plusterlippe.

"I have to" do my homework, I said so rude as possible. "Besides, tomorrow is my Shakespeare essay due."

"And I can not help you, too," said Gideon, looking at me. I could not interpret his view, for someone who did not know him, Perhaps he might seem innocent, but I knew better.

Charlotte smiled still, but now without the cute dimples.

Mr George shrugged his shoulders. "I'm concerned. Then Gwendolyn is not so alone and must not be afraid. "

"I'm actually quite fond of time alone," I said desperately. "Especially when I was around people all day, like today." Under saublöden people.

"Oh yeah?" Asked Charlotte mockingly. "And you're really alone, yes never, you always have all your friends are not invisible, it? "

"Exactly," I replied. "Gideon, there would only disturb you."

Better go to the movies with Charlotte. Or is founded by me from a book club!

I thought. But I mean really? On the one hand I wanted nothing more urgent than to talk to my grandfather and

, ask what he had found out about the green tab. On the other hand appeared in my mind vague recollections of this

Ohhh and Mmmh and More on the previous day.

Crap! I had to pull myself together and think of all that I had found so abhorrent to Gideon.

But I did not have time to do so. He held me and Mr George already on the door. "Come on, Gwendolyn! In the year 1953! "

I was pretty sure that Charlotte's eyes were burning holes in my back, if they could.

On the way down into the ancient alchemy lab joined Mr George to me - not without excuse before it - the eyes and then took sigh my hand. Gideon had to carry my school bag.

"I know that Mr. Giordano is not a simple person," said Mr. George, when we had to descend the spiral staircase behind us. "But maybe you can you still give a bit of trouble with him. "

I let out a loud snort. "He might indeed be some more trouble for me! Reiki master, creative jewelry designers, Fashion designer ... what has he to look at the guards? I thought it would be all high-caliber scientists and politicians. "

"Mr. Giordano is already something of a colorful birds among the guards, Mr George admitted. "But he's a brilliant mind. Next its exotic ... well ... Professions that have made him a multimillionaire, moreover, he is a respected historian. . . "

'. . . and at the latest, since he was five years ago an article on a previously unknown sources of London's secret society Connections to the Freemasons and the legendary Count of Saint Germain published, decided to guard him much closer

meet the need, "Gideon said of earlier. His voice echoed off the stone walls.

Mr George cleared his throat. "Um, yeah, that too. Watch your step. "

"I understand," I said. "Then that is a member of the Giordano guardians, that he can not tell on them. What were they for unknown sources? "

"Every member of society is something that makes them stronger," said Mr. George, ignoring my question. "And Mr. Giordano Skills are very diverse. "

"Doubtless," I said. "What man can have himself a glue rhinestones on the nail?"

I heard Mr George cough, as if he had swallowed itself. For a while we walked side by side in silence.

Gideon was not even hear footsteps, I assumed that he had taken (by my blindfold, we were namely

snail-slow). Finally I made up my courage and asked softly, "Why exactly would I go to this soiree, and the ball, Mr.

George? "

"Oh, has anyone informed you about it yet? Gideon was last night - or rather the night - the Count to him about your youngest. . . Adventure educate. And he came back with a letter in which the count explicitly states that you and him to Gideon a soiree at Lady Brompton, and later accompanied a large ball up a few

days. Moreover, even an afternoon visit is in Temple at. The aim of all this is that the count gets to know you closer. "

I thought about my first encounter with the Count and shuddered. "I understand that he wants to get to know me better. But - why He wants me to go among strangers? Is this a kind of test? "

"It proves once again that there is no point in you staying out of everything. Honestly, I just got this letter happy. It shows that the count you far more trusts than some of the gentlemen guardians who think that you are only a kind of extra in this

're Playing. "

"" And a traitor, I said, thinking of Dr. White.

"Or a traitor, "Mr. George said casually. "Opinions vary as. So we arrived, my girl. You

can remove the blindfold. "

Gideon was already waiting for us. I tried one last time to get rid of him, as I announced, a Shakespeare sonnet by heart having to learn what I could only loud, but he just shrugged his shoulders and said he had his iPod and it would not me

. hear Mr George freed the chronographs from the safe and warned us to leave nothing merely lie. "Not the smallest Pieces of paper do you hear, Gwendolyn? You bring the entire contents of your school bag again here. And of course the school bag itself also. Got it? "

I nodded, Gideon took the bag from her hand and hugged her to me. Then I handed Mr George my fingers. And although this Times the small - the index finger had already been mauled too much from the pinholes. "And if someone enters the room while we were there are? "

"This is" not going to happen, Gideon assured. "For it is there in the middle of the night."

"So what? It still could someone come up with the idea to hold an inspirational

meeting in the basement. "

"Conspiratorial," said Gideon. "Even If."

"What?"

"Do not worry," said Mr. George, and pushed my fingers through the open flaps to the inside of the chronograph. I bit my Lips, as if the familiar roller coaster feeling in my stomach was wide and the needle digging into my flesh. The room was in ruby-red light bathed, then I ended up in complete darkness.

"Hello," I asked quietly, but no one answered me. A second later, Gideon landed next to me and immediately flicked a torch at.

"You see, not so uncomfortable here," he said as he walked to the door and turned on the light. Still hanging by a naked Light bulb from the ceiling, but the rest of the room had clearly won since my last visit. My first view was the wall in Lucas had wanted to build our secret hiding place. Before that were piled up chairs, but a lot neater than the last time there was no more debris, the area was compared with the last time, really clean and a lot emptier. Apart from the chairs were in front of the wall There are a table and a sofa that was covered with a worn green velvet.

"Yes, actually a lot more comfortable than my last visit here. I was afraid all the time, could come out and a rat I nibble. "

Gideon tried the door handle and shook it briefly. Obviously completed.

"Only once was" the door open, he said with a grin. "That was a really nice evening. From here, a secret passage leading to under the Palace of Justice. And it goes even deeper into catacombs with bones and skulls ... And not far from here is - in 1953 - a wine cellar. "

"A key should have." Again, I glanced over to the wall. Somewhere behind a loose brick was a key.

I sighed. How damn shame that I took advantage of the now nothing. But somehow it was a good feeling to know something that Gideon exception, had no idea. "Did you drink the wine?"

"What do you mean?" Gideon was one of the chairs from the wall and placed it in front of the table. "Here, for you. Enjoy the Homework. "

"Uh, thank you." I sat down, took the stuff out of my pocket and pretended that I would be totally engrossed in my book.

Meanwhile, Gideon stretched himself out on the sofa, took an iPod from his pocket and put the headphones in my ear. After two minutes, I risked a glance and saw that he had closed his eyes. Was he asleep? No wonder, when

one considered that he was back last night was on the road.

For a while I lost myself a bit in the contemplation of the straight, long nose, pale skin, soft lips and tight,

curved eyelashes. Thus, in a relaxed state, he looked much younger than usual, and suddenly I could very well imagine him as a small Young looked like. In any case, extremely cute. His chest rose and fell regularly, and I wondered if I might dare

could - no, it was too dangerous. I should not even look at this wall, if I wanted Lucas' and my secret to keep

was.

Because I had no choice and I could see Gideon yes probably bad for sleeping four hours a piece (although the

certainly had its charm), I devoted myself after all my homework, first the natural resources of the Caucasus, then the French irregular verbs. The essay on Shakespeare's life and work was only missing the deadline and I took

courageously in a single sentence: The last five years of his life spent Shakespeare in Stratford-upon-Avon, where he in 1616

died. So ready. Now I just needed a sonnet to memorize. Since they were all the same length, I picked one at random. "Mine eye and heart are at a mortal, was how to divide the conquest of thy sight, "I muttered.

"Do you mean me?" Asked Gideon sat up and took the plugs out of his ear.

I unfortunately could not prevent myself blushing. "That's Shakespeare," I said.

Gideon smiled. "Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar, My heart mine eye the freedom of that right ... or something like that."

"No, pretty much," I said and closed the book.

"You can not have it yet," said Gideon.

"See you tomorrow, I would have already forgotten. The best I get it tomorrow morning in front of the school, then I have a good chance it to keep up to Mr. Whitman's English class. "

"All the better! Then we can now practice minuet. "Gideon stood up. "We have enough space here anyway."

"Oh no! Please do not! "

But Gideon bowed before me. Ask "May I have this dance, Miss Shepherd?"

"Nothing I would rather do, sir," I assured him, fanning me with the Shakespeare book air. "But regrettably My foot is sprained. You might ask my cousin there. The lady in green. "I pointed to the sofa. "You would like to show you how they can dance well. "

"I want to dance with you but - dances like your cousin, I already know."

"I told my cousin sofa, not my cousin," Charlotte, I said. "I assure you ... uh ... You, you'll couch with more Have fun than with Charlotte. Sofa is perhaps not quite as graceful, but it is softer, has much more charm and just a better Character. "

Gideon laughed. "Like I said, my only interest is you. Please do me the honor. "

"But a gentleman as you will probably still take into consideration on my sprained ankle?"

"No, sorry." Gideon took his iPod from his pocket. "A little patience, the orchestra is the same so far." He put me Hörstöpsel right and left in the ear and pulled me to my feet.

"Oh, well, Linkin Park," I said as my heart rate soared, because Gideon was so close to me suddenly.

"What? Pardon. Moment that we have right now. "His fingers slid across the screen. »Sun Mozart - like, "He gave me his iPod..

"No, put it in your pocket, you need both hands free."

"But you hear nothing but the music," I said as I rushed violins in the ears.

"I hear enough, you do not have to shout like that. Okay, let's imagine that this is a list of eight. To my left is still a gentleman, my right is two, neatly in a row. On your side of the same picture, only with women. Tribute, please. "

I curtsied and reluctantly put his hand in his. "I hear but to away if you stupid thing to tell me! "

"I'd never do it," said Gideon, and led me straight on the sofa over. "While dancing, it is all about clean Conversation. May I ask, where did you get your aversion to dancing? Most young ladies love it. "

"Psst, I must concentrate." Until now it was quite good. I myself was very surprised. The tour de main went smoothly, even on the left around, even on the right. "Can we do that again?"

"Let your chin up, yes, exactly. And look at me. You must never let me out of sight, no matter how handsome my neighbor is also like it. "

I had to smile. What was that? A Fishing for compliments? Well, I would not oblige him to do. Although I had to admit, Gideon danced really well. With him it was very different with Plusterlippe - it was somehow all by itself So gradually I was able to This minuet-dancing abgewinnen really something.

Gideon noticed it too. "Fancy that, you can do it yet. Right hand, right shoulder, left hand, left shoulder - very good. "

He was right. I was there! Actually, it was easy. Triumphant, I turned to one of the invisible men in the other circle, I put my hand back in Gideon. "Ha! Because of graceful like a windmill, "I said.

"An absolutely outrageous comparison," agreed to Gideon. "But you loose any windmill dancing on the wall."

I giggled. Then I jumped. "Oops - now returns Linkin Park"

"Whatever." While I 21 guns pounding in the ears, Gideon led me unerringly by the last figure, and then bowed.

I almost felt sad that it was too late.

I made a deep curtsy and took the earplugs. "Here. Very sweet of you, that you have it taught me. "

"Pure self-interest," said Gideon. "I'm the one who put password otherwise fool with you, yet?"

"No." My good mood evaporated again. My eyes strayed over to the wall with chairs in front, before I did it could stop.

"Hey, we're" not ready yet, said Gideon. "That was quite nice, but still not perfect. Why are you looking at suddenly dark? "

"Why do you think will the Count of Saint Germain sure that I go to a soiree, and a ball? He could just me here order to Temple, there was no danger that I disgrace myself in front of strangers. No one should be surprised about me and could which may hold for future generations. "

Gideon looked down at me for a while before he answered. "The count may be reluctant to look at the cards, but behind each of his Ideas put an ingenious plan. He has a concrete suspicion when it comes to men who have attacked us in Hyde Park, and I think he or want to attract the mastermind of the reserve, by giving us presents both a larger society. "

"Oh," I was doing. "Do you think we are back with swords of men. . .? "

"Not as long as we are," among people, said Gideon. He sat on the sofa and crossed her arms over her chest. "All the same I think it is too dangerous - at least for you. "

I leaned against the table edge. "Did you not because of what Paul and Lucy in

Hyde Park on suspicion?"

"Yes and no," replied Gideon. "A man like the Count of Saint Germain, has taken over his life than a few enemies. In There are some reports the annals of attempts on his life. I guess that Lucy and Paul are to achieve their goals, with one or more of these enemies have joined forces. "

"Remember the count that too?"

Gideon shrugged his shoulders. "I hope so."

I thought for a while. "I am sure that you are again in breach of the rules and so a James Bond gun take along," suggested I before then. "By contrast, the whole pack types with their swords. Where did you get them anyway? I would also feel better if I would have a thing. "

"A weapon that can not handle it, is usually used against one," said Gideon. I thought of my Japanese

Paring knife. An unpleasant idea, if you would use it against me.

"Is Charlotte good at fencing? And they can handle a gun? "

Another shrug. "She has had since she was twelve years old fencing lessons - of course it is good."

Of course. Charlotte was good at everything. Except in Nettsein. "The Count they would" certainly like I said. "I was obviously not be Type. "

Gideon laughed. "You can still revise you have picture of you. He wants to get to know you closer and above all, to verify that The prophecies have not yet quite know what concerns you. "

"Because of the magic of the Raven?" As always when the subject came out, I felt uncomfortable. "Betrayed the prophecies actually Also, what does that mean? "

Gideon hesitated, then said quietly: "... The raven on his ruby red wings, between worlds, he stopped singing dead, barely He knows the power he hardly knows the price, the power rises, it closes the circle. . . "He cleared his throat.

"You've got a Goose bumps. "

"That sounds too weird. The singing with the dead "in particular. I rubbed on the arms. "Is it even further?"

"No. This is more or less everything. You have to admit that it does not quite fit you want, right? "

Yes, because he was right. "Is there something about you in the prophecy?"

"Sure," said Gideon. "About every time travelers. I am the lion with the mane of diamond, at the sight of the sun ... "For seemed for a moment he suddenly embarrassed to be, then he continued with a grin: "Blah blah blah. Oh, and your Urururgroßmutter, the stubborn Lady

Tilney is, fittingly, a fox, a Jedefuchs, hiding under a linden tree. "

"Can you ever be out of this prophecy somehow smart?"

"Absolutely - it is teeming with symbols. It's all a matter of interpretation. "He looked at his watch. "We still have time. I am that we continue our dance lessons. "

"If dancing on the soiree too?"

"Not" Rather said Gideon. "There is probably only ate and drank, and chatted - making music - uh. You can be guaranteed to also ask to play or recite something. "

"Well," I said. "I would have taken piano lessons but better than to do with Leslie this hip-hop track. But I can actually sing quite well. Cynthia's party last year I have gained absolutely unquestioned karaoke competition. With my whole personal interpretation of Somewhere over the rainbow. And even though I was dressed as a bus stop very unfavorable. "

"Uh, yes. If you're asked, you just say that you stay out of the voice whenever you need something to sing in front of people. "

"The I must say, not that I've sprained my foot? "

"Here, the headphones. The same again. "He bowed to me.

"What do I do if someone else asks me than you," I sank into my Knicks - rubbish, in my reverence.

"Then you do everything" just said Gideon and took my hand. "But in the 18th Century it was, for that matter, quite literally too.

They demanded not just a strange girl, without having been formally introduced to her. "

"Unless they made some obscene movements, with her fan." Gradually, I went the dance steps in the flesh

about. "Every time I've flipped my subjects, even by an inch, has suffered a nervous breakdown and Giordano

Charlotte shook her head like a sad Wackeldackel. "

"Do you want but" only help, said Gideon.

"Yes, exactly. And the earth is flat, "I snorted, although it was the minuet-dancing not have allowed.

"One might think that you are not particularly Do you like." We shot ourselves with our respective partners in the sham group.

Oh? Could you, yes?

"I think, except Aunt Glenda, Lady Arista and our teachers, there is no one like Charlotte."

"I do not think so," said Gideon.

"Oh - of course I forgot to Giordano and you. Oops, now I have rolled his eyes, which is banned in the 18 determined Century. "

"Can it be that you're a bit jealous of Charlotte?"

I had to laugh. "Trust me, if you would know them as well as I, would you so do not ask a stupid question first."

"I know it really all right," Gideon said softly, taking my hand again.

Yes, but only on their good side, I wanted to say, but then I went on the meaning of his sentence and I was at a stroke actually quite terribly jealous of Charlotte. "How well you know each other for so ... in detail?" I withdrew my hand and Gideon. Instead, they gave his absent neighbors.

"Well, I would say as good as you just know when you spend much time together." In passing, he smiled slyly.

"And we're both not very much time for others. . . uh. . . Friendships. "

"I understand. Since you have to take what you have. "I could not stand it a second longer. "And - like kissing Charlotte so"?

Gideon grabbed my hand, which hung at least six inches too high in the air. "I think you're making great progress in Conversation matters - and yet does not talk about such things a gentleman. "

"Yes, I would accept that excuse, if you were a gentleman."

"If I ever have given cause you to judge my behavior as not gentlemanly, so. . . "

"Oh, shut up! Whatever is between you and Charlotte - it does not interest me at all. But I think it's pretty brazen that You can find it at the same time fun with me. . . messing around. "

"Make out? What a word for ugly. I would be very grateful if you could enlighten me as to the cause of your displeasure and thereby think of your elbow could. They belong in this figure downwards. "

The "is" not funny, I snapped. "I would not let me kiss you if I had known that you and Charlotte ..." Ah, Mozart Linkin Park was over, and turn again. Well, that suited my mood better.

"Me and Charlotte - what '." . . 're more than friends. "" Who says so? "" You? "

"I do not have."

"Ah. So - you you've never - let's say - I kissed, "the Knicks gave up and glared

at him instead.

"I did not say that." He bowed and reached for the iPod in my pocket. "Right again, the need of the poor do you still practice. Otherwise it was great. "

"But let your conversation be desired but very choice," I said. "Do you now what to Charlotte or not?"

"I think it does not interest you, what about me and Charlotte."

I still sparkled. "That's right, yes."

"Then it was all right." Gideon handed me back the iPod.

Came from the headphones Hallelujah, the version of Bon Jovi.

"That's the wrong piece," I said. "No, no," said Gideon, grinning. "I thought, now what do you need comforting." "You ... you

're so ... so. . . "" Yes? "

"Bastards?"

He came a step closer, so that an estimated more precisely one centimeter of space between us. "You see: It is the Difference between Charlotte and you, you would never say such a thing. "

I was suddenly hard to breathe. "Maybe because you give her any reason to."

"No, it's not. I think she simply has the better manners. "

"Yes," and the more nervous I said. For some reason I had to stare at Gideon's mouth. "Just in case you are still want to try again, if we hang out somewhere in a confessional and get bored: A second time I did not leave me by surprise "

"You mean -? A second time you will not let you kiss me"

"Exactly," I whispered, unable to move me.

"Pity," said Gideon, with his mouth was so close to mine, that I felt his breath on my lips. I knew that I not necessarily behave like that when I would think my

words seriously. I thought not. I already had my credit, I

Gideon did not throw his arms around his neck. The time to turn away from me or him to push me, I certainly had missed long ago.

Apparently, Gideon saw that as well. His hand began to stroke my hair, and then I finally felt the gentle touch of his Lips.

"There's a blaze of light in every word," Bon Jovi sang in my ear. I had that damn song has always loved, it was one of those I could hear fifteen times in a row, but now he would probably forever and forever linked with the memory of Gideon be.

Hallelujah.

6

This time we were not disturbed, either through a time warp yet sassy by a gargoyle demon. While Hallelujah ran

the kiss was very gentle and careful, but then buried Gideon both hands in my hair and pulled me close to him. This was not more gentle kiss and my own reaction to it surprised me. My body suddenly felt very soft and light, and I threw

by Gideon alone arms around the neck. I had no idea how, but sometime in the next few minutes and without ceasing to us kiss, we landed on the green sofa, and then we kissed on, until Gideon abruptly sat up and looked at his clock.

"Like I said, really a pity that I can not kiss you," he said, somewhat breathlessly. His pupils were huge and his cheeks flushed clear.

I wondered how I had to look. Since I was temporarily mutated into a kind of human pudding, I was not able to

to free me from my semi-recumbent position. And I realized with horror that I had no idea how much time has

Hallelujah was passed. Ten minutes? Half an hour? Anything was possible.

Gideon looked at me and I thought that something like bewilderment to recognize in his eyes.

We "should" pack up our things, he said. "And you should urgently do something with your hair - they see out, as if something like an idiot with both hands around it and dug up then thrown on a sofa ... Who is waiting on us always, is one and one add up to ... Oh God, look at me like that. "

"How?"

"As if you could just not move."

"But just as it is," I said earnestly. "I am a pudding. You have turned me into a pudding. "

A fleeting smile lit up Gideon's face, then he jumped to his feet and began to pack my things into the bag. "Come already less custard, get up. Do you have a comb or brush it? "

"" Somewhere in there, I said weakly.

Gideon held the sunglasses case of Leslie's mother in the air. "In there?"

Shouted "No!" I was out of sheer fright, and my life as an end pudding. I jumped up, tore the Gideon case with the Japanese Paring knife from his hand and threw it back in your pocket. If Gideon was surprised he did not show it. He put the chair back to its place on the wall and looked again at his clock, while I took out my hairbrush.

"How much time do we have?"

"Two minutes," said Gideon, and raised his iPod on the floor. No idea how he got there. Or when.

I quickly brushed my fingers through his hair.

Gideon looked at me with a serious look. "Gwendolyn?"

"Hm?" I dropped the hairbrush and looked back at him, as calmly as I could. Oh my God! He looked so incredibly good, and some of my body wanted to turn

back into a pudding.

"Did you. . .? "

I waited. "What?"

"Oh nothing."

My stomach is made broadly the familiar dizziness. "I think it starts right away," I said.

"Take the bag firmly in hand, you are in any case they allowed to let go. And come over here a bit, otherwise you'll land on the table. "

Even as I left, everything swam before my eyes. And only a fraction of a second later I landed gently on my feet,

directly in front of the wide eyes of Mr Marley. Xemerius' cheeky visage looked over his shoulder.

"Well, at last," said Xemerius. "I have the redhead had been a quarter of an hour listening to his self-talk."

"Are you all right, Miss?" Stammered Mr. Marley, as he stepped back one step.

"Yes, she is," said Gideon, who landed behind me and gave me a searching look. When I smiled at him, he quickly looked to Page.

Mr. Marley cleared his throat. "I want you to align, you are expected in the dragon room, sir. The interior ... Number seven is arrived and wants a conversation with you. If you allow, I will take the abuse to her car. "

"Failure has" absolutely no car, saying Xemerius. "She's not even a driving license, you whistle."

"It is not necessary, I'll take her up." Gideon grabbed the black blindfold.

"Is that really it?"

"Yes, that must be." Gideon knotted the scarf on my head. He worked here a couple of my hair and it

twinge, but I did not want to whine, so I bit my lip only. "If you do not know the whereabouts of the chronograph, you can set it do not tell and no one can lie in wait for us, surprisingly, when we - whenever -. land in said space, "

"But this is the basement the guards and the inputs and outputs are still" guarded at all times, I said.

"First, there are more ways than in the vaults of the building in Temple, and secondly, can not be ruled out that someone from within the company are interested in a surprising meeting would have. "

"Do not trust anyone. Not even "your own feelings, I muttered. Loud suspicious people here.

Gideon put a hand around my waist and pushed me forward. "Exactly."

I heard Mr. Marley say goodbye, then the door slammed behind us into the castle. Silently we walked side by side. In this case there was a Lot of things about which I would have liked to talk, I just did not know where to begin.

"My feelings tell me that you have rumgeknutscht again," remarked Xemerius. "The feeling and my perspicacity."

"Nonsense," I replied, and burst into cackling laughter heard Xemerius.

"Believe me, I'm from the 11th Century on this earth and I know how a girl looks like that comes out of a haystack. "

"Haystack," I repeated indignantly.

"Are you talking to me?" Said Gideon.

"Who else?" I said. "What time is it? Speaking of hay. I'm ravenous. "

"DC-thirty." Gideon, I let go suddenly. A series of electronic beeps could be heard, then I rammed my

Shoulder a wall.

"Hey!"

Xemerius again broke out in laughter. "That's what I call a real gentleman."

"I'm sorry. The shit phone has no reception down here. Thirty-four missed calls, well, super! This can only ... oh god, my mother! "Gideon sighed heavily. "She has spoken eleven times on the mailbox."

I felt my way along the wall forward. "Either you take away from this stupid blindfold, or you lead me!"

"It's okay." There was his hand again.

Can "" I do not know what to think of guys who tie up her friend's eyes, so check them alone their phone, said Xemerius.

I also knew, however. "Something bad happens?"

Another sigh. "I suppose. We call each other often. Still no signal. "

"Warning Level" warned Xemerius.

"Maybe someone is sick," I said. "Or did you forget something important. My mom has me the other day and umpteen times on the mailbox spoken to me to remember to congratulate my Uncle Harry's birthday. Yikes. "

If Xemerius had uttered no warning call, I would have the banister knob rammed in the stomach. Gideon noticed it yet not even. I felt myself, as best I could, up the spiral staircase.

"No, it's not. I never forget a birthday. "He sounded rushed. "There must be something with Raphael."

"Your little brother?"

"He kept making things dangerous. Driving without a license car crashes from around cliffs and climbs in the mountains without a backup.

No idea who he wants to prove something. Last year he was injured while paragliding and spent three weeks with a traumatic brain Trauma in the hospital. You'd think he would have learned from it, but no, he has a birthday of Monsieur

Speed boats can give. And of course the idiot he reads every wish from your eyes. "Gideon's accelerated Once at the top Steps several times and I got tripped up. "Ah, finally! Here you go. "Apparently he heard while walking from his mailbox. Unfortunately, I could nothing to understand.

"Oh, shit!" I heard him mutter only several times. He then released me and I taperte forward blindly.

"If you do not want to run against a wall, you should now" turn left, I informed Xemerius. "Oh, now it is probably occurred to you that has no built-in radar system. "

"Okay ..." she murmured, Gideon. His hands touched my face briefly, then the back of the head. "Gwendolyn, I'm sorry." Sounded out of his concern

Voice, but I strongly suspected that it was not me. "Do you think from here back alone?" He untied the scarf and I blinked in the Light. We were standing in front of Madame Rossini's studio.

Gideon briefly caressed my cheek and smiled wryly. "You know the way, yes? Your car is waiting. We'll see you tomorrow. "

And before I could answer, he had already turned away.

"And he's gone," said Xemerius. "Not the kind of fine, actually."

"What happened?" I called after Gideon.

"My brother," ran away from home, he replied, without turning around or slow down. "And three times allowed to advise you, while he is away. "But he had disappeared around the next corner before I could recommend only one.

"I do not even then type" to Fiji, I muttered.

"I think you'd better not" gone with him to make hay, said Xemerius. "Now he thinks you're too easy, and makes no effort more. "

"Shut up, Xemerius. The talk of hay makes me very nervous. We kissed a little. "

"No need to turn into a tomato, honey!"

I touched the glowing cheeks and annoyed me. "Come, let us go, I'm hungry.
Today at least I have a chance

something to get from dinner. And maybe we'll catch on the way have a look at
these mysterious men from the

Inner circle. "

"Do not! I have "overheard the whole afternoon, said Xemerius. "Oh, good! Tell!
"

"Long-wei-lig! I thought they were drinking blood from skulls and mysterious
runes on the brush arms. But nee - just talk They have, in a suit and tie. "

"And what exactly?"

"Let's see if I can still get together." He cleared his throat. "It was essentially a
question of whether the Golden Rules likely to break, to Tourmaline and Black
Sapphire to outwit. Great idea meant that one, no, in any case, the other, then a
re: Yes, otherwise it will never do with saving the world, you cowards, to the
other: No, but that is evil, as well as dangerous by due to continuum and
morality, and the one then: Yes, but damn, if it means saving the world, then
unctuous verbiage of both sides - I think, though I'm asleep. Then they were
again, however, all agree that the diamond unfortunately tends to act on its own,
while the ruby seems to be a little idiot and therefore is not for the time travel
missions operations Opal and Operation Jade comes into question, because just
too stupid. Can you follow me so far? "» Uh. . . "

"Of course I defended you, but they did not listen to me," said Xemerius. "The
speech was the fact that all of you Information should as far away as possible.
That you in your lack of education caused by your ignorance and naivety

is already a safety hazard and are also the indiscretion in person. Your girlfriend
Leslie anyway they want in the eye

. reserve "

"Oh, shit."

"The good news is that they push the blame for your inability entirely in your

mother's shoes. Women are at all always blamed for everything because they were in agreement, Messrs. secretive. And then it went again to loud evidence Schneider, invoices, letters, common sense, and after some back and forth all agreed that Paul and Lucy with

the chronograph had jumped to 1912, where she lived now. Where the word now in this case does not really fit. "Xemerius scratched his head. "Anyway, since the two are hiding in any case, since all are quite sure, and will at the next opportunity your wonderful, strong hero, tracking them, tapping into their blood and remove the chronograph again, where he is at it, and then went it all over again, blah blah blah, golden rules, unctuous drivels. . . "" It's all interesting, "I said.

"Do you? If so, then it is only because of my most amusing way to summarize the boring stuff. "

I opened the door to the next corridor and was about to reply Xemerius when I heard a voice: "You're still the same arrogant as before! "

That was my mum! And actually, when I came around the corner, I saw it. She stood before Falk de Villiers and had both hands to fists clenched.

"And you still just as stubborn and unreasonable," said Falk. "What did you - for whatever reason - with your attempts to conceal, Gwendolyn's birth on, have allowed the matter has hurt significantly. "

"The Thing! Your thing you've always been more important than the people who are involved in this matter, "cried my mother.

I closed the door as quietly as possible and went on slowly.

Xemerius pulled himself along the wall. "Wow, that looks a rage."

It was true. The glittering eyes of my mom, her cheeks were flushed and her voice was unusually high. "We had to agreed that there is Gwendolyn kept out. That it is not in danger! And now you want them to count on a tray directly

. serve She's perfect. . . helpless! "

"And because you're alone," to blame, Falk de Villiers said coldly.

Mum bit her lip. "As Grand Master of the lodge you're in charge!"

"Would you have played from the start with an open hand, Gwendolyn would now not be unprepared. Just so you know it - with your story, of gain because you wanted your daughter a happy childhood, you could probably fool Mr George, but not me. I am

still very excited about what we can tell the midwife. "

"You still have not found it?" My mother did not sound quite so shrill.

"It's just a matter of days, is Grace. We have people everywhere. "Now he noticed my presence and the cold, angry expression disappeared on his face.

"Why are you alone, Gwendolyn?"

"Honey," My mom rushed over to me and hugged me. "I thought, before it is too late like yesterday, I'll pick you up better."

'. . . and takes the opportunity to overwhelm me with reproaches, "Falk added with a little laugh. "Why is Mr. Marley is not with you, Gwendolyn? "

"The last piece I was able to" go it alone, I said evasively. "What did you argue?"

"Your Mummy thinks your trips to the 18th "Century are too dangerous, said Falk.

Yes, I could not blame her. And they did not have a fraction of the dangers. Of the men who are in Hyde Park

attacked had, no one had told her. I for one would rather have bitten my tongue. Tilney was Lady and the gun

they know nothing, and that the Count of Saint Germain had threatened me in a very creepy way, I had only Leslie

entrusted. Oh, and my Grandpa, of course.

I saw Falk closely. "The fronds of the fan and the minuet-dancing I get out already," I said lightly. "This is not really risky, Mum. The only danger is that the

fan on Charlotte's head I have to kindling. . . "

"As you hear it, Grace," said Falk and winked at me.

"Who do you want to pretend something, Falk," My mom threw one last glare at him, then she took my arm and pulled me away. "Come The others are waiting with a meal on us. "

"See you tomorrow, Gwendolyn," cried Falk behind us. "And uh - to someday, Grace."

"Goodbye," I muttered. Mum also murmured, somewhat incomprehensible.

"So if you ask me - Haystack " Xemerius said. "I can not deceive with their bickering. I recognize Haystack Acquaintances when I see it. "

I sighed. Mum sighed as well and pulled me closer to him, while the last few meters to the exit to the rear of us. I made I just a bit stiff, but then I laid my head against her shoulder. "Thou shalt not argue with you because of me falcon. You do you worry too much, Mum. "

"You say that so easily ... It is not a nice feeling when you think you've done everything wrong. But I notice that you are mad at me are. "Again she sighed. "And somehow right."

"I still love you but," I said.

Mum was fighting back tears. "And I love you more than you can imagine," she murmured. We had reached the street in front of the house and she looked around, as if afraid that someone might lie in wait for us in the dark. "I would give anything for a normal family with to have a normal life. "

"What is normal?" I said.

"We certainly do not."

"It's all a question of attitude. So, how was your day? "I asked sarcastically.

"Oh, the usual, 'said Mum, with a faint grin. "Only a small argument with my mother, then a major argument with my Sister, on the job a little argument with

my boss, and finally armed with my ... Ex-boyfriend, who happens to be the Grand Master of a secret society's sinister secret. "

"Did I not say?" Xemerius almost cheered. "Haystack!"

"You see, as usual, Mum!"

Mum smiled anyway. "And how was your day, honey?" "Also, no special events. At school, stress the

Squirrel, then a little dance and manners lessons from this obscure secret society that deals with time travel,

then, before I could strangle the lovely cousin, do a little trip to the year 1953, in order to calm my homework to

tomorrow, have less stress with squirrels said to have. "

"Sounds pretty relaxed." Mum's heels clicked on the pavement. She looked around again.

"I do not think someone is following us," I reassured her. "They all have enough to do - the house is teeming with sinister secret People. "

"The Inner Circle meets - that does not happen often. The last time they came together, as Lucy and Paul chronographs have stolen. They are scattered all over the world. . . "

"Mum? Do not you think it was time to tell me what you know? It does not help anyone that I grope in the dark only needs. "

"In the truest sense of the word," said Xemerius.

Mum stopped. "You overestimate me! What little knowledge I have, would you use anything. Presumably it would only be you more confusing. Or worse, you bring in additional danger. "

I shook my head. So fast I did not want to give up. "Who or what is the green rider? And why do not want Lucy and Paul, that The circle is complete? Or do they want it in the end, but only because they want to use the secret? "

Mum rubbed her temples. "From a green rider I hear today for the first time And as for Lucy and Paul: I'm sure

their motives were not selfish in nature. You have to know the Count of Saint Germain. It disposes of resources. . . "She stopped again. "Oh, darling, nothing of what I could tell you, would help you, believe me."

"Please, Mom! It's bad enough that these men do so secretive and do not trust me, but you're my mother! "

"Yes," she said, and again her shot tears in his eyes. "That's me." But obviously the argument is not moved yet. "Come on, the Taxi waiting for half an hour. It will probably cost me half a month's salary. "

I followed her down the street with a sigh. "We can take the subway."

"No, you need to quickly eat something warm. In addition, your brothers and sisters miss you terribly. Even without a meal you would not endure. "

Surprisingly, it was a peaceful and pleasant evening, because my grandmother was with Aunt Glenda and Charlotte to the opera gone.

"Tosca," said Great-Aunt Maddy and happily shook her blond curls. "They will hopefully come back a little chastened."

She winked at me slyly. "Well, that Violet had left the cards."

I looked quizzically around the room. It turned out that Great Aunt Maddy's friend (a nice old lady with the wonderful name Mrs. Violet Purpleplum that we always knitted scarves and socks for Christmas) actually with her son and future daughter-in-law had wanted to go to the opera, but it looked like, the future daughter would now be the future daughter of another

Are women.

As always, when Lady Arista and Aunt Glenda were outside the home, made with us now widely lively atmosphere. It was a kind of like in elementary school when the teacher left the classroom. Even during the meal I had to jump up and my

Siblings, Aunt Maddy, Mum and Mr Bernhard show how Plusterlippe and Charlotte had taught me to dance the minuet and a To use subjects, and Xemerius soufflierte me if I forgot something. So in retrospect, I found it rather strange himself as a tragic and I could mean that the others enjoyed themselves. After a while, danced all (except Mr. Bernard, but at least in the toe Clock rocked) through the room and spoke nasally like Giordano. We shouted at each other constantly.

"Stupid thing! Look, it's like Charlotte! "

"Right! No, the right is where the thumb is left. "

And: "I can see your teeth! That is unpatriotic! "

Nick turned twenty-three different ways to zuzufächeln with a napkin air while the opposite without words

to make a statement. "It means this: Oops, you have to open his fly, my Lord, and when the fan cuts a little bit and it looks so over, this means: Hach, I want to marry you.

But if one does the reverse, it says: Yah, today we are at war with Spain. . . "

I had to admit that Nick possessed truly great acting talent. Caroline finally threw in the dance (rather than cancan Minuet) her legs so high that one of her shoes in the bowl with the Bavarian cream landed, there was the dessert.

This event dampened our spirits a little, until Mr Bernhard fished the shoe, put on plate and deadly serious Caroline said:

"I am delighted that so much is left of the cream left over. Miss Charlotte and the two ladies are sure to grab a bite want when they return home from the opera. "

My great-aunt beamed at him. "They are always so thoughtful, my dear."

"It's my job to make sure that you all are well," said Mr Bernard. "I'm your brother before his death promised. "

I looked at them thoughtfully. "I just wonder if Grandpa has told you something of a green rider, Mr. Bernard.

Or are you, Aunt Maddy. "

Aunt Maddy shook her head. "A green rider? What's that? "

"I have no idea," I said. "I just know that I must find him."

"" If I like something, I usually go to the library of your grandfather, said Mr. Bernard and his brown owl eyes twinkled behind his glasses. "There I am become still find it every time. If you need help:

I know from good, because I'm the one who dusts the books. "

"That's a good idea, my dear," said Great-Aunt Maddy.

"Always at your service, ma'am." Mr. Bernhard was still of wood in the fireplace before he wished us good night.

Xemerius followed him. "I absolutely want it to see if he places his glasses when he goes to sleep," he said. "And I will report if he sneaks out of the house to secretly miming in a heavy metal band the bass player. "

Actually, my sister had during the week, always early to bed, but my mother made an exception today. We made

we are tired and weary laugh cozy fireplace, snuggled into Mum's arms, Caroline, Nick cuddled up to me and Great Aunt Maddy Arista lady sat down in armchairs, a blond curl from her face and blew us looked satisfied.

"Can you tell what of old Aunt Maddy?" Asked Caroline. "When you were a little girl and your horrible cousin Hazel visit to the country have to go? "

"Oh, you did it already so often heard," said Aunt Maddy and put her pink slippers on the footstool. But they could be not be asked twice. All of their stories about their horrible cousin began with the words: "Hazel was about the most conceited Girl you can imagine, "we said in unison:" Exactly, like Charlotte, "and Great Aunt Maddy shook her head and said:

"No, Hazel was much, much worse. She raised her cats by their tails in the air and threw it over her head around in circles. "

While I, his chin on Nick's hair down, listened to the story, during which Aunt Maddy than ten years of all the tortured cats Gloucestershires avenged and saw to it that Hazel's cousin took a dip in the cesspool, my thoughts turned to Gideon. Where he just liked to be? What did he do? Who was with him? And he thought maybe just me - this strange, warm feeling in the Stomach? Probably not.

I suppressed with difficulty a deep sigh, as I before Madame Rossini's farewell to our studio thought. Gideon was not me times longer seen, although we had a few minutes before even kissed.

Already. But I was still on the phone last night Leslie vowed that would never happen again. Not "

as long as we have not clarified what is between us! "

Leslie had only laughed. "Come on, who do you want to fool it? It is quite clear what's going on between you, you are madly in love with the guy! "

But how could I be in love with a boy whom I knew only a few days? A boy who spends most of time to me

impossible behaved? However, in the moments where he did not do that, he was just ... He was so ... so incredible. . .

"Here I am again," crowed Xemerius and landed with a flourish on the table beside the candle. Mum Caroline in her lap twitched together, staring in his direction.

"What is it, Caroline?" I asked softly.

"Oh nothing," she said. "I thought I had seen a shadow."

"Really?" I looked in amazement Xemerius.

The only raised one shoulder and grinned. "It's almost full moon. Sensitive people can see us because sometimes, mostly just from the Corner of his eye. If you look in greater depth, we are not there. .. "He hung back in the chandelier. "The old lady with the Curls look and feel even more than she admits. When I gave her a trial laid a claw on the shoulder, she has taken to it ... In your family

is not surprised me. "

I carefully looked at Caroline. The sensitive child - not that they had inherited at the end even Great Aunt Maddy's gift of vision.

"Here's" my favorite place, Caroline said with shining eyes and Great Aunt Maddy told with relish, as the sadistic assessed Hazel with her fine Sunday dress stood up to their necks in the urine and shrieked aloud was: "I'll pay you, Madeleine, I'll pay you! "

"And she did so well," said Great-Aunt Maddy. "More than once."

"But we hear the story of another time," said my mum vigorously. "The kids have to go to bed. Tomorrow is school. "

As we all sighed and Great Aunt Maddy sighed the loudest.

Friday was Pancake Day because no one could miss the food in the canteen, because it was pretty much the only court that there was enjoyable. Because I knew that Leslie would die for these pancakes, I did not allow her to stay with me in the classroom, where I had an appointment with James.

"Go eat," I said. "I would be pissed if my sake you have to give up pancakes."

"But then no one here can stand the grease. Also, I would like to hear more about how the past with you, Gideon and the green sofa was. . . "

"More specifically, I can do it with the best will not" tell, I said.

"Then tell's just do it again, it's so romantic!"

"Go eat pancakes!"

"You've got him now after his mobile phone number must ask," Leslie said. "I mean, this is a golden rule: no kissing Boys, one of which does not even have the phone number. "

"Delicious, crispy pancakes with apples ..." I said.

"But. . . "

"Xemerius is with me." I pointed to the window sill, where Xemerius sat bored at the pointed end of his tail chewed.

Leslie capitulate. "All right. But do not teach anything useful today! The Herumgefuchtel floor with Mrs. counter what does not!

And if you watch this one, you will be taken to the loony bin, remember. "

"Now go at last," I said, pushing them out the door, entered just as James.

James was pleased that this time we were alone. "The Freckled always makes me nervous with their rude

Between them chatter. She treats me like air. "

"That's because. . . oh, forget it "" Well -. how can I help today "" I thought maybe you could teach me how?

one at a soiree in the 18th Century says hello. " "Hello?"

"Yes. Hello. Hi. Good evening. You know, like one has just welcomed, if you are facing. And what you're doing it. Hands

, shake hands kiss, bow, curtsy, Your Highness, Your Grace, Your Highness. . . it's all so complicated and so much you can do wrong. "

James put on a haughty air. "Not if you do what I tell you. First, I will teach you how a lady from a gentleman curtsies, who holds the same social standing as they do. "

"Super," said Xemerius. "The question is, however, how Gwendolyn should recognize at all, what kind of social rank a gentleman clothed. "

James stared at him. "What is that? Kush Kush, Kitty! Get out! "

Xemerius snorted in disbelief. "How was that?"

"Oh James," I said. "Look at it again please! This is Xemerius, my friend, uh, the Gargoyle Demon. Xemerius, which is James, also a friend. "

James shook a handkerchief from his sleeve and the smell of lily of the valley

my nostrils. "Whatever it is. . . it should

. go away It reminds me that I was just in a terrible fever dream befinde, a fever dream in which I a

naughty girl classes must be decency. "

I sighed. "James. This is not a dream, when you understand at last? More than two hundred years, maybe you like one Have had a fever dream, but then you are ... - So, you and Xemerius, you are both ... you are. . . "

"... dead, "said Xemerius. "If it just does." He put his head on the side. "It's true. What are you talking about for so hot Pulp around? "

James waved his handkerchief. "I want to hear that. Cats can not talk. "

"Do I look like a cat maybe, you silly ghost?" Cried Xemerius.

"Sort of," said James, without looking. "Except for maybe the ears. And the horns. And the wings. And the funny Tail. Ah, how I loathe this delirium! "

Xemerius planted himself squarely in front of James. His tail lashed furiously around him. "I'm not a fantasy. I am, "a demon, he said with excitement and spat a big splash on the floor. "A powerful Demon. Summoned by magicians and

Builders in the eleventh century, you count to guard in the shape of a stone gargoyle the tower of a church that

Today it is no longer available. Was destroyed when my sandstone body in front of many hundreds of years, remained the only left me here -

were, the shadow of my former self, for it always cursed to walk this earth, until it falls apart. Which is probably still a may take a few million years. "

"" La la la, I hear nothing, 'said James.

"You 're poor, said Xemerius. "Unlike you, I have no other way - through the spell of the magician I'm at

existence of this bound. But you could always give up your life miserable spirits

and go there, where people come

when they died. "

"I'm not dead, you silly kitty!" Cried James. "I'm just sick and lying in bed with terrible delirium.

And if we do not now touch on another issue on the spot, I go again! "

"" All right, I said as I tried to wipe up the puddle that Xemerius had left, with the blackboard eraser. "Do we so on. The Knicks treated before the Lord. . . "

Xemerius shook his head and flew over our heads for the door. "Well, I'm all times then smear. Too embarrassed when somebody here would catch the curtseying. "

The lunch break was not long enough to learn all the tricks that James wanted to teach me, but in the end I was on three curtsey different ways, and let me kiss her hand. (A custom, of which I was very happy that they now forgotten

is advised.) When my classmates came back to James passed him with a bow and I whispered a quick

Thank you to. "And," asked Leslie.

"James has a funny cat Xemerius fever from his imagination," I informed them. "I can therefore only hope that what he told me taught has not distorted by delirium is. Otherwise I do now, what do I do if I give the Duke of Devonshire

will be presented. "

"Oh, well," said Leslie. "And what do you do?"

"Deep and enduring curtsey," I said. "Almost as enduring as the king, but more persistent than in front of a Marquess or Count. It is actually quite simple. Otherwise, always have good hands and canoodle while smiling. "

"Look at a -. That James but again may be good for something, I did not think" Leslie looked around appreciatively. "You will astound all in 18th Century. "

"Hopefully," the times, I said. But the rest of the lesson could not tarnish my good mood. Charlotte and the stupid Plusterlippe would be amazed that I knew even then the difference between Grace and Grace, although she had tried everything to me this way to explain complicated as humanly possible.

"I have a theory as the way to the magic of the Raven developed," Leslie said after school, on the way from the classroom to our lockers. "The is so simple, yet no one has come out. We will meet tomorrow morning with you, and I bring everything what I've gathered. If my mum has not scheduled another Familienputztag and rubber gloves distributed to all. . . "

"Gweny?" Cynthia Dale hit me from behind his back. "Can you remember Regina Curtiz, which until last year with my Sister went to a class? The time now is in a clinic for anorexics. Will you end up there? "

"No," I said, puzzled.

"Okay, then eat it! Immediately! " Cynthia gave me a caramel candy. I caught it and wrapped the paper off obediently. But as I wanted to push the candy in her mouth, I noticed Cynthia in the arm. "Halt! So you want that really eat? Then you're at all even No diet? "

"No," I said again.

"Then lie Charlotte. She says, do not you come for lunch, because you want to be as skinny as her ... Bring on the Candy. You're not endangered anorexia.

"Cynthia threw himself to the candy into his mouth. "Here, the invitation to my Birthday. It is again a costume party. And this year is the motto Green is the color. You can also bring your friend. "

"Uh. . . "

"You know, I'm Charlotte said the same thing, I do not care if you bring both of you this guy. The main thing he ever comes at my party. "

"She spins," Leslie whispered to me.

The "I've heard," said Cynthia. "You're allowed to bring Max and Leslie."

"Cyn, we are already half a year ago are no longer together."

"Oh, this is now 'stupid,' said Cynthia. "It's somehow not enough guys there this time. Either you or what I need to bring with some girls back to unload. Aishani for example, but will probably cancel anyway, because their parents do not allow mixed parties

... Oh my God, what is it this one? Can I pinch a time? "

"That one" was a tall boy with blond hair cut short. He stood in front of the office of our Executive Director, together with Mr. Whitman. And he seemed strangely familiar.

"Ouch," Cynthia shrieked, as Leslie had chickened out as desired.

Mr. Whitman and the boy turned to us. As I roamed the view from the green eyes under thick dark lashes, I knew

immediately who the stranger was. Heaven! Now Leslie was perhaps to pinch myself.

"It fits so well," said Mr. Whitman. "Raphael, the three students in your class. Cynthia Dale, Leslie Hay and Gwendolyn Shepherd. Say hello to Raphael Bertelin, girl, he will go to your class on Monday. "

"Hello," murmured Leslie and Cynthia and I said, "Real-time now?"

Raphael grinned at us, hands tucked casually in his pockets. He saw Gideon really quite similar, even though he was a bit was younger. His lips were full and his skin was a bronze color tone, as if he had just returned from a four-week

Caribbean vacation. Probably the lucky people saw down there in southern France, all like this.

"Why do currency exchange middle of the school year the school?" Said Leslie. "Have you been up to what?"

Raphael's grin widened. "Depends on what you are among them understand," he said. "Actually, I'm here because I School of the nose fully had. But for some reason. . . "

"Raphael's" moved here from France, he broke in Mr. Whitman. "Come now,

Raphael, Director Gilles waiting."

"See you Monday," said Raphael and I had the feeling that he only said to Leslie.

Cynthia waited until Mr. Whitman and Raphael, director Gilles were 'disappeared office, then she stretched out her hands to the ceiling and exclaimed:

"Thank you! Thank you, dear God, that thou hast heard my prayer. "

Leslie gave me the elbow in the ribs. "You look as if you were just a bus drove over the foot."

"Wait until I tell you who that is," I whispered. "Then you also look like this."

Each time is a sphinx which plunges into the abyss, once you have solved her riddle.

(Heinrich Heine)

7

By meeting with Gideon's little brother, and the subsequent hasty conversation with Leslie (ten times she asked "Are you sure? "I said ten times" Absolutely sure, "then we both said a hundred times more" madness "and" I do not grasp it, "and" Have you his eyes? ") I got quite a few minutes to Charlotte to the waiting limousine. Again, Mr. Marley has been sent to us pick up, and he seemed more nervous than ever. Xemerius perched on the roof and swept his tail back and forth. Charlotte was sitting in the Fund and looked at me angrily. "Where the hell have you been so long? One can not wait to Giordano. I think you is not at all realize what a great honor it for you, that he taught you. "

Mr. Marley complimented me with an embarrassed expression into the car and closed the door.

"Is something?" I had the uncomfortable feeling of having missed something important. Charlotte's face it only encouraged me.

As the car began to move, let Xemerius glide through the roof into the car and plop myself on the seat opposite.

Mr. Marley was taken as the last time the front beside the driver.

"It would be nice if you get today could be more trouble," said Charlotte. "For me this is all terribly embarrassing. You are finally my cousin. "

I had to laugh out loud. "Oh, come on Charlotte! If you need me but do not pretend Sun It is a pleasure for you that I am so stupid instead! "

"That's not true!" Charlotte shook her head. "That's typical for you, you think so what, in your childish Self-centeredness. All you just want to help, so you ... do not destroy everything with your disability. Although - maybe you will not even now Opportunity to have more. I would imagine that they blow it all. . . "

"What for that?"

Charlotte looked at me for a while in silence, then she said in almost schadenfrohem tone: "This you will learn soon enough.

If at all. "

"Has something happened?" I asked, but I did not appeal to Charlotte, but at Xemerius. I was not stupid. "Did Mr. Marley something told when I was still here? "

"Only cryptic stuff," said Xemerius, while Charlotte squinted his lips and looked out the window. "Obviously there was a Incident in a time warp this morning by radio uh Elste rabbit "... He scratched his tail, the eyebrow.

"Now let you pull everything out but not the nose!"

Charlotte, who understandably thought I was talking to me she said: "If you had not come too late, you knew it,".

"... Diamond " Xemerius said. "Someone has it ... well, how I express myself best? Someone has him well over the head fried. "

My stomach twisted in pain. "What?"

'Do not just up, "said Xemerius. "He's still alive. Anyway, I'm excited that the babble of redheads

closed. Oh my goodness! You're white as a sheet. Oh, oh - you will not throw up but now? Tear you talk a little bit on Belt. "

"I can not," I whispered. I was really todschlecht.

"You can not what?" Hissed Charlotte. "The first thing to know a gene carrier, is to put his own needs and their best to give to the cause. You do, however, the opposite. "

In my mind's eye I saw Gideon covered in blood lying on the ground. Breathing was hard.

"Others would do anything for it to be taught by Giordano. And you act as if you torture yourself with it. "

"Oh, shut the door Just once, Charlotte," I exclaimed.

Charlotte turned to the window again. I began to tremble.

Xemerius reached out his paws and put them on my knee reassuringly. "I'll see what I get out. I think your

Knutschfreund and you will be reimbursed report, right? But heul now do not bother I get upset, and usually only good spit water on these Leather upholstery and then think your cousin, you would have made you in the pants. "

With a jerk he disappeared through the roof of the car and flew away. It took one and a half agonizing hours until he finally returned to my Page appeared.

One and a half hours in which I imagined the most horrible things to me and I felt more dead than alive. It did not matter better that we had arrived in the meantime, in Temple, where the relentless champion lurking waiting for me. But I was not in the Able to listen to Giordano's remarks on the subject of colonial policy, nor imitate Charlotte's dance steps. What if Gideon again Men had been attacked with swords, and this time had been unable to defend themselves? If I did not just covered in blood on the floor lie saw, I imagined how he was connected to the intensive care unit of a thousand tubes in a bed and was white as the sheet.

Why was no one I could ask him how he went?

Then finally came directly flown Xemerius through the wall into the Old Refectory.

"And?" I asked, regardless of Giordano and Charlotte. They were just about to teach me how to put on a soiree in the 18th Century applauded. Of course, in any case quite differently than I did.

"This is bake bake cake stupid thing, "said Giordano. "Sun clap infants in the sandbox, if they are happy ... Where can I watch because now they have to go back? I will crazy! "

"Everything is fine, Heuhaufenmädchen" said Xemerius and grinning happily. "The kid has what thundered on its head and get a few hours was out of action, but it looks like he has a diamond-hard head and not even a

Concussion. And this wound in his forehead makes him somehow ... uh. . . oh, no, not pale already! I told you, it is all right! "

I took a deep breath. I was dizzy with relief.

"That's fine, "said Xemerius. "No need to hyperventilate. Loverboy still has all his pretty white teeth. And he curses the all the while to himself, I suppose that's a good sign. "

Thank God. Thank God. Thank God.

But who was about to hyperventilate, was Giordano. For all I care. Suddenly I was no longer his Herumgekreische.

On the contrary, it was actually quite amusing to watch how the skin color between the lines of his beard, dark pink purple changed.

Mr. George came just in time to prevent the Plusterlippe slapped me out of sheer anger.

"Today it was, if possible, worse." Giordano sank on a delicate chair and dabbed with a handkerchief in

its current color from the sweat. "She has all the time with glassy eyes goggled in front of him - if I did not know better, I would tap on drugs! "

"Giordano, please. . . "Said Mr George. "We have a particularly good day all day. . . "

"How ... him? "said Charlotte softly, with a sidelong glance to me.

"According to circumstances," Mr. George said seriously.

Charlotte again threw me a brief scrutiny. I stared back grimly. Was she any kind of sick satisfaction that

they knew something that she thought it would interest me burning?

"Oh, papperlapapp" said Xemerius. "The going is great, believe me, honey! He has just a huge veal cutlet with fried potatoes greens, and extirpated. Sounds like under the circumstances? "

Giordano was annoyed that no one was listening. "I want not only that it ends up falling back on me," he said, pushing his shrill Stool aside. "I've worked with unknown talents and the greats of this world, but never, never I is somewhat come across as this. "

"My dear Giordano, you know how much we appreciate you here. And no one would be better suited to her Gwendolyn. . . "Mr. George stopped because Giordano pouting lower lip and pushed his head thrown to the concrete had hair on the neck.

"Do not say I would not have you," warned he snapped. "That's all I ask."

"Okay," Mr George said with a sigh. "I do. . . yes, all right. I'll pass on the Sun Will you, Gwendolyn? "

I had already taken off the hoop skirt and hung it neatly on the piano stool. "Goodbye," I said Giordano.

He had placed his still pouty face. "I'm afraid this will probably not be avoided."

On the way down to the ancient alchemy lab, whom I knew by now almost blindfolded, Mr. George told me what the

Tomorrow was going on. He was a bit surprised that Mr Marley had not yet informed me about the events, and I did not the trouble to explain how it had happened.

They had a smaller role for Gideon (what a task that would not tell me Mr George) with the chronograph in the

S past (the year would also not tell me Mr George) and two hours later he passed out in a hallway near

the chronograph area recovered. With a laceration on the forehead, which apparently originated from a club-like object.

Gideon could not remember anything, the attacker must have been lurking in ambush, and slammed.

"But who. . .? "

"We do not know. A depressing situation, especially in our current situation. We have examined him thoroughly, there is none anywhere Injection site from which it could be concluded that they could have taken his blood. . . "

"Had not the blood from the wound on the forehead have been enough?" I asked with a slight shudder.

"Possibly," admitted Mr. George. "But when. . . someone would want to be on the safe side, he had taken from the blood in other ways.

Well, there are many possible explanations. Nobody knew that Gideon would appear that evening there, so it's

unlikely that someone was waiting for him specifically. Much more likely is it that there is a chance encounter. It ...

in certain years are littered down here only as of subversive objects, smugglers, criminals, underworld learning in the truest sense of the Word. I personally believe in an annoying coincidence. . . "He cleared his throat. "Well, definitely the adventure of Gideon seems well survived to have at least Dr. White could not find any serious injury. And so you shall, as planned Sunday afternoon to the Soiree can leave. "He laughed. An on Sunday afternoon soiree ":" How does that

sound.

Yes, ha ha ha, very funny. "Where is Gideon now?" I asked impatiently. "At the hospital?"

"No. He rests - I hope. In the hospital he was only on computer tomography and because, thank God was normal, he has themselves discharged. He has got a surprise last night, namely a visit from his brother. . . "

"I know," I said. "Mr. Whitman has logged in Saint Raphael today Lennox."

I heard Mr George sighed deeply. "The boy ran away from home after he made with his friends some nonsense

had. A crazy idea of Falk, Raphael to keep in England. In these turbulent times, we all have - and Gideon most -

Better to do than to take care of unruly teenagers ... But Falk Selina could have never cut off, and how it looks, is the Raphael's last chance to make a high school diploma, far away from friends who have such a bad influence on him. "

"Selina - the Gideon and Raphael's mother?"

"Yes," said Mr George. "The woman who has inherited from both those beautiful green eyes. So, here we are. You can use the cloth

. remove "

This time we were all alone in the chronograph area.

"Charlotte has claimed that the planned visits in the 18 Century would cancel in these circumstances, "I said hopefully. "Or move? Just to let Gideon has time to recover, and maybe I can practice some more. . . "

Mr. George shook his head. "No. We will not do. We will take all possible precautions, but the close

Schedule was very important to the count. Gideon and you, you'll go tomorrow to this soiree, that's for sure. Do you have particular needs that terms of the year in which we send to you today Elapsieren? "

"No," I said indifferently says. "It does not matter anyway, if you're locked in a basement, right?"

Mr George took care of the chronograph its velvet cloth. "That is correct. Gideon, we send most of the year 1953, which was a quiet year, because we have to just be careful that it does not meet itself. "He smirked. "I imagine creepy, with the I own to be locked up somewhere. "He passed his hand across his spherical belly and looked pensively into the air. "How about the 1956? Also a very quiet year. "" Yes, sounds perfect, "I said.

Mr. George handed me the flashlight and pulled his ring off his finger. "Just in case ... - Do not worry, there is no guarantee come at half past three. "

"At half past three?" I repeated, aghast. How should I see my grandfather in the middle of the night? No one would be me believe that I had lost myself in the basement, at half past three. Maybe it was not even anyone in the house. Then everything would be in vain!

"Oh, Mr. George, please do not! Please send me at night in this creepy catacombs, all alone. . .! "

"But Gwendolyn, that's of no importance, deep underground, in a locked room. .
."

"But I have ... Anxiety at night! Please, I must by no means alone ... "I was so desperate that my eyes filled with tears, not that I needed to artificially.

"All right," said Mr. George, looking at me apologetically at her with his little eyes. "I forgot that you ... Let's take a other time of day. Let's say at three in the afternoon? "

"That's better," I said. "Thank you, Mr. George."

"You're welcome." Mr George briefly lifted his eyes from the chronographs and smiled at me. "We really ask much from you - I think I were you too queasy, all

alone in a basement. Especially since you still see now and then things that others can not see. . . "

"Yes, thanks to you," remember, I said. Xemerius was not there, he would certainly have terrible "about the word" upset things.

"How was the more directly with the graves full of bones and skulls around the corner?"

"Oh," said Mr. George. "I did not want to scare you even further."

"Do not worry," I said. "Before the dead I'm afraid not for me. Unlike a living person, they can - in my experience for - do nothing, "I saw that Mr George pulled up an eyebrow, and added quickly:". Of course, they are still scary to me and I does not want to sit next to at night catacombs. . . "I gave him my hand, with the other I held down the school bag on me pressed. "Please take this time to the fourth finger, which had never been to it."

My heart was pounding like crazy when I took the key from its hiding place behind the bricks and the list unfolded, the Lucas had put into it. There were only Latin words to a personal message. The slogan of the day I got an unusually long before and I did not even try to learn them by heart. I took a pen out of my pencil case and wrote to me on the

Palm. Lucas had also drawn up a plan of the vaults. Therefore I had to keep right at the door, then total

Turn left three times, until I came to the grand staircase, at the guards would be the first. The door swung open easily when I read the Key in the lock turned. I thought for a moment, but then decided not to conclude again, just in case I put it on the way back would be in a hurry. It smelled musty down here and on the walls you could see the age of the vault. The ceiling was low and the aisles narrow right. Every few feet chained from another program or it was a door in the wall admitted. Without my Flashlight and the plan of Lucas I would have been probably lost, even if I had a strangely familiar feeling down here. When I on the final passage before the stairs on the left turned, I heard voices and took a deep breath.

Now it was important to convince the guards from the fact that it was a really good reason to let me through. Unlike in the 18th Century did these two here,

not the least bit dangerous. They sat at the foot of the stairs and played cards. I was determined in detail.

When she saw me, dropped the one hand, the cards from his hand, jumped on the other, searching frantically for his sword on the wall of the rejected.

"Good day" I said bravely. "Have I not disturb."

"How. . . like. . . how?" stammered the first, while the second had taken the sword and staring at me uncertainly.

"It's a bit exotic weapon not a sword for the 20th Century?" I asked, puzzled. "What do you do if someone here with a hand grenade comes along? Or a machine gun?"

"Here is not often" someone over, said the move with his sword and grinned. "It's more of a traditional weapon that shook ... He the head, as if to call themselves to order, then he pulled himself together and stood up straight. "Password?"

I looked at my palm. "Nam quod non discitur in iuventus in maturation Aetate nescitur."

"That's right," said the man who was still sitting on the stairs. "But how do you come from, if I may ask?"

"From the Palace of Justice," I said. "A great shortcut. Can I show you on occasion times. But now I have a very important Appointment with Lucas Montrose. "

"Montrose? I do not know if that is now in the house, "said the said the sword and the other:" We'll bring you up, Miss, but first you must tell us your name. For the record. "

I said the first name that popped into my mind. Maybe a little too hastily.

"Violet Purpleplum?" Repeated the disbelief with his sword, while the other begaffte my legs. Probably was the Skirt length of our school uniform with the fashion of 1956 not completely compliant. It does not matter because he had to go through now.

"Yes," I said, slightly aggressive, because I was angry with myself. "No need to grin and funny. Not everyone can or Miller Smith

. hot Can we now? "

The two men argued briefly who could bring them up myself, then gave the sword to the back and made it to

the stairs comfortably. On the way to the top of the others wanted to know if I had been here before. I said, but yes, even some Times, and how beautiful the room is dragon, is not it, and that half my family is a member of the guards, and because it was believed the man suddenly to remember to have seen me at the last garden party.

"You were the girl who has served the lemonade, right? Together with Lady Gainsley. "

"Uh, sure," I said, since we were already in the middle in a wonderful conversation about the garden party, the roses and louder People I did not know. (As for me, but did not prevent me about the funny hat of Mrs. Lamotte and omit the

Fact that Mr. Mason had just gotten involved with an office girl, ugh!)

As we passed the first window, I looked curiously out there - it all looked very familiar. Knowing that the city

offer outside the ancient walls of Temple but a completely different appearance than would be in my day was kind of

weird. As if I would rush out to the site and look at it to believe it.

On the first floor of the guards knocked on an office door. I read the name of my grandfather on a board and has been a wave of Pride flooded. I had actually done it!

"Failure Purpleplum for Mr Montrose," said the guard through the door.

"Thank you" for the ride, I said as I pushed past him into the office. "I'll see you at the next garden party."

"Yes. I look forward to it," he said, but since I had already closed the door in his face. Triumphant, I turned around.

"Well, what do you say now?"

"Miss. . . uh. . . Purpleplum?" The man at the desk looked at me with wide eyes. He was clearly not my grandfather. I stared back, frightened. He was very young, actually still almost a boy, and he had a round, smooth face with bright, friendly eyes and they I know more than occurred.

"Mr. George?" I asked incredulously.

"Have we met?" The young Mr. George had risen.

"Yes, of course. From the last garden party," I stammered, while the thoughts swirled in my head. "I was the one who Lemonade ... where is Gran .. Lucas? Did not he say that he agreed with me today?"

"I'm his assistant, and not so long here," I stammered, embarrassed Mr George. "But no, he did not say anything. He would, however, every moment to come back. Would you like to sit down for so long, Miss - er "

"Purpleplum!"

"Right. Can you maybe I can get some coffee?" He came around the desk and drew up a chair for me, the me

Located quite came. My legs felt very wobbly. "No thank you. No coffee. "

He looked at me uncertainly. I stared back speechless.

"Are you. . . a Boy Scout?" "What?"

"I mean just -. Because of the uniform"

Was "No." I do not help it, I just had to stare at Mr. George continued. He was - unmistakable! His fifty-five years older I saw him incredibly similar, except that it had no hair, but wore glasses and was about as high as wide.

The young Mr. George, however, had plenty of hair, which he had tamed with a

decent head and a lot of pomade, and was downright slim. Apparently it was too unpleasant to him, then stared at, because he blushed, went back to his place behind the Desk and leafed through some papers. I wondered what he would say if I took his signet ring from his pocket

take and would show him.

At least one quarter of an hour we were silent in front of us down so, then went to the office door, and my grandfather came. When he saw me, were

his eyes for a moment round as a ball before he got back together and said, "Oh look, one of my dear

Sweetie! "

I jumped up. Since we last met, Lucas Montrose had become clearly grown. He wore a smart suit and a bow tie

and he had a mustache that he was not particularly good. The mustache tickled my cheek when he saw me on both cheeks kissed.

"What a joy, Hazel! How long will you stay in town for? And your dear parents are also come with you? "

"No," I stammered. I just had to be the terrible Hazel! "They're at home, at the cats. . . "

"That way, Thomas George, my new assistant, Thomas, this is Hazel Montrose from Gloucestershire. I told you that she comes to visit me soon safe times. "

"I thought her name was Purpleplum," said Mr. George.

"Yes," I said. "He is. My middle name. Hazel Violet Montrose Purpleplum - but who can remember that already? "

Lucas looked at me, frowning. "I'm going to" take a walk with Hazel, he then turned to Mr. George. "In OK? If someone asks for me, you say, I was in a conversation with a client. "

"Yes, Mr. Montrose," Sir, said Mr. George, trying to indifferent facial expression.

"Goodbye," I said.

Lucas took my arm and pulled me out of the room. We both smiled tense in competition. Only when we are the heavy door behind had drawn us and were standing in the sunlit street, we talked again.

"I do not want the terrible said Hazel," I looked around reproachfully and curious. Temple seemed to have changed much in the fifty-five years, if you take the cars had in mind. "Do I look like someone perhaps, the cats by their tails on the Head spins? "

"Purpleplum!" Lucas said as reproachfully. "Strikingly, it was probably not, right?" Then he grabbed me by both shoulders and looked at me. "Let's look at you, grand-daughter! You still look the same as eight years ago. "

"Yes, that was also the day before yesterday," I said.

"Incredible," said Lucas. "I've been thinking all these years, I had it all, perhaps only dreamed about. . . "

"Yesterday I landed in 1953, but since I was not alone."

"How much time do we have today?"

"I ended up with three of your time clock at precisely half past six I'll jump back again."

"Then we have at least a little time to talk. Come around the corner is a small cafe, because we can drink some tea. "Lucas took my arm and we walked towards the beach. "You will not believe it, but since I'm three months' father, he told the Go on. "I must say, that's a good feeling. And I think that Arista was a good choice. Claudine, however, is quite out of Seymore the glue gone and it also raises a happy time, they say. Even in the morning. "We ran through a small alley and then entered through the archway into the street. There I stood there overwhelmed. The traffic roared over the beach as ever, but he was loud classic cars. The red double-decker buses looked like a museum, and made a noise and most murderous

People who were walking on the sidewalks wore hats - men, women and even children! Hung on the wall across from

a movie poster advertising High Society with the supernaturally beautiful Grace Kelly and Frank Sinatra made the incredibly ugly. With I stared open-mouthed to the left and right, and came forward barely. Everything looked like a postcard nostalgia in retro style - only much more colorful.

Lucas led me to a pretty Eckcafe and ordered tea and scones. "Last time you were hungry," he recalled. "You here also make good sandwiches. "

"No thanks," I said. "Grandpa, because Mr George! In 2011 he acts as if he had never seen me before. "

Lucas shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, do, do not worry because the boy. Until you see you again, there are fifty-five years.

He'll probably just forget you. "

"Yes, perhaps," I said, looking confused at the number of smokers. Right next to us, in front of a kidney-shaped table on which a glass Ashtrays in the size of a skull was a fat man sitting with a cigar. The air was thick. Had in

1956 not heard of lung cancer? "Have you figured out by now, what is the green rider?"

"No, but I've found out something much more important. Now I know why Lucy and Paul chronographs are stealing. "Lucas looked around briefly and moved his chair closer to mine. "After your visit Lucy and Paul are a few more times to Elapsieren come, without anything special had happened. We drank tea together, I have asked French Verbs

we were bored maintained for four hours. They could not leave the house, which was mandatory, and Kenneth de Villiers, the old Sneak has ensured that we kept to these regulations. Once I'm Lucy and Paul that is smuggled out so that they can

could look at a movie and look around a bit, but unfortunately it has caught us. Oh, what I say: Kenneth us

caught. There was a huge hassle. I've been imposing a disciplinary sanction for six months and then was always a guard were at the door of the Dragon Hall, while Lucy and Paul with us. That has just changed again, as I my third

Adeptengrad have acquired. Oh, thank you. "The latter was the waitress who looked like Doris Day in the original film" The Man Who Knew Too Much. " Their dyed blond hair was cut short and she wore a filmy gown with wide swinging skirt. With a beaming smile

put them in front of us and our order, I would not have surprised me if she had started Que sera, sera sing.

Lucas waited until she was out of earshot, then he went on. "Of course I'm trying to find out by cautious inquiries, what they could for a reason to run away with the chronograph. Not applicable. Their only problem was that they terribly each other were in love. Obviously, their connection to their time was not appreciated, so they kept it secret. Few people knew of them, for example, I and thy mother, Grace. "

"Then maybe they fled in the past, just because they were not allowed to be together! Like Romeo and Juliet? "Oh. How terrible romantic.

"No," said Lucas. "No, this was not the reason." He stirred his glass of tea while I filled the basket of warm scones, under the a cloth napkin and lay seductively fragrant, greedily staring at her.

"The reason I was," continued Lucas.

"What? You? "

"Well, not directly I. But it was my fault. One day, I am of come up with the preposterous idea, Lucy and Paul simply To send a bit further back in time. "

"With the chronograph? But how. . . "

"Oh my, yes, it was inane, but I am saying." Lucas ran his fingers through his hair. "But every day we were at the four hours in this damn room locked, with the chronograph. And what could be better than such a stupid idea to come? I

studied old plans, the secret codes and the annals thoroughly, then I got costumes from the store and finally we read Lucy's and Paul's blood in the chronograph, and I sent them a trial basis for two hours into 1590. It worked perfectly smoothly. As were the two hours around, they jumped back to me in 1948, without anyone had noticed that they had ever been away.

And half an hour later, she jumped back from there into 1992. It was perfect. "

I pushed a scone, coated with rich clotted cream, in the mouth. All I could think better when I chewed. There were a lot of Questions that forced themselves upon me, and I took it easy the first best. "But 1590 - there were the guards but not yet"?

"Exactly," said Lucas. "There was not even this building. And that was our good fortune. Or bad luck, how does one's. "He took a Sip of tea. He had eaten nothing, and slowly I began to wonder how he wanted the anfuttern many kilos. "On the basis of old plans I found out that the building was built with the dragon room exactly at a point where from the late 16th

Century to late 17th Century, a small square with a fountain was located. "

"I do not quite understand. . . "

"Wait and see. This discovery was like a free pass for us. Lucy and Paul were able to hang from the hall at this place in the Past they had to jump and arrive just in time back there, then they jumped back automatically to the

Dragon Hall. Can you follow me? "

"And when they landed in broad daylight on the field? They were then arrested immediately and burned as witches? "

"It was a quiet little place, mostly they were not noticed. And if they do, then rubbing their eyes in wonder people only and thought they had not been paying attention for a moment. Of course, it was still incredibly dangerous, but it seemed to us almost awesome. We were highly amused about the fact that we came up with this idea, and all were tricked, and Lucy and Paul had a lot of fun. Me too, even though I always like to hang in the hot coals on Lucy's room and waited for Paul's return. Not imagine if someone had entered. . . "" "Pretty bold, I said.

"Yes," admitted Lucas and looked a little guiltily. "So what do you do only when you're young. Today, I would not do it anymore, definitely not. But I'd thought that if it were truly dangerous, then my old wise I intervene in the future, understand you? "

"What I would in the future?" I asked, grinning.

"Well, I myself," exclaimed Lucas and lowered his voice once again. "I am but in 1992 still know what I'm with Lucy in 1948 and Paul had concocted, and it had gone wrong, I would certainly alert the two in front of my young reckless self. . . I thought. "

"Okay," I said slowly, and took me a scone, so to speak, as a brain food. "But have not you done?"

Lucas shook his head. "Obviously not, I an idiot. And so we were always reckless. When Lucy at school Hamlet by assumed I sent the two into 1602. On three consecutive days they were the original performance of the Lord Chamberlain's Men in Globe theater look. "

"In Southwark?"

Lucas nodded. "Yes, that was pretty expensive. They had about the London Bridge on the River Thames other side, there are trying as much of To get hold of Hamlet as possible, and be back before the time jump was performed. Two days were fine, but on the third day there was an accident on

London Bridge and Lucy and Paul are witnesses of a crime. You could not make it in time for their time jumping on this shore; but landed in Southwark in 1948, half in the Thames, while I was quite mad with worry. "Apparently it was already with the memory of it, he was pale around the nose. "Only just in time, soaking wet and in their costumes of the 17th Century, they reached Temple before they jumped back into the year 1992. I heard it all before in their next visit. . . "

I was again buzzing around the head of the many different dates. "What kind of a crime that they witness

were? "

Lucas moved his chair a little closer. His eyes behind his glasses were quite dark with nothing but sincerity. "This is exactly the Point! Lucy and Paul saw the Count of Saint Germain someone killed. "

"The Count?"

"Lucy and Paul were the count so far only met twice. Nevertheless, they were quite sure it was him. After her

Initiation step, they were each presented him in 1784. The Count himself had determined that he wanted the time travelers, the according to him were born, meet at the end of his life. I would be surprised if it had been in your mind. "He cleared his throat.

"His will. Whatever. In any case, the guards were traveling with Paul and Lucy and the chronograph dedicated to northern Germany, where the count

spent his last years. I myself was there. Will be there. As Grand Master of the lodge - can you believe that? "

I frowned. "Could we maybe. ? .. "

"Ah, I get bogged down again, right? It always exceeds my comprehension, that things will only happen yet, though they have long done. Where were we? "

"How could the Count in 1602 to commit murder ... Oh, I understand! He did it in one of his time traveling! "

"Exactly. And though much younger man as there was an outrageous coincidence that Lucy and Paul exactly in exactly the same moment the same place were. If you can speak in this context of a coincidence. The Count himself writes in one of his many

Headings: Those who believe in coincidences, has not understood the power of fate. "

"Whom he murdered? And why? "

Lucas looked back at the cafe. "That, my granddaughter, we did not at first. It was weeks before we were behind. Be Victim was none other than Lancelot de Villiers, the first time traveler in a circle. The Bernstein! "

"He has murdered his own ancestors? But why is that? "

"Lancelot de Villiers was a Belgian baron, who in 1602 with his family to England his home. In the chronicles and Secret writings of the Count of Saint

Germain, which he has left the guards, is that Lancelot died in 1607, therefore we are initially did not come to him. But in fact - I'll spare you the details now, our investigative research - was the

Baron in 1602 cut his own throat carriage. . . "

"I do not understand," I muttered.

"I do not own can bring together all the puzzle pieces," said Lucas, while a pack of cigarettes from his pocket took and lit a cigarette. "Added to this, that I Lucy and Paul since 24 Have not seen in September 1949. I

suspect that they are bound with the chronograph in a time before me, otherwise they would have long since I visited. Oh. . . damn!

Look just do not go! "

"What is it? And since when do you smoke? "

"There is Kenneth de Villiers with his battleaxe of Sister." Lucas tried to go behind the menu cover.

"Say it simply, we want to be disturbed," I whispered.

"I can not - he's my boss: In the box just like in real life. He owns this damn office .. . If we're lucky

have they not see us. "

We had no luck. A tall mid-forties and a lady were determined with turquoise hat on our table and

took place on the two free chairs without anyone had asked her to.

"Because we do this afternoon probably both of blue, what, Lucas?" Said Kenneth de Villiers and affable Lucas struck on the shoulder.

"Not that I would not push them both eyes after you have the Parker case yesterday brought so brilliantly to the end. Again congratulations. I heard that you have a visitor from the country. "His amber eyes subjected me an exact

Patterning. I tried, as casually as possible to look back. It was strange how the de Villiers stressed their

The aristocratic cheekbones and straight nose at all times looked like. This one was also an impressive

Phenomenon, though not quite as good looking as, for example, Falk de Villiers in my time.

"Hazel, Montrose, my cousin, 'said Lucas in front of me. "Hazel, which are Mr. and Mrs. de Villiers."

"I am but" his sister said Mrs. de Villiers and giggled. "Oh, well, you have cigarettes -. I have to scrounge one of them immediately"

"Unfortunately, we just wanted to go," Lucas said as he gallantly handed her a cigarette and gave fire. "I've got to have some Work up files. . . "

"But not today, my friend, not today." His boss winked at him kindly.

"With Kenneth alone, it is" always so boring, 'said Mrs de Villiers and blew the smoke of the cigarette through her nose. "You can talk to him about anything except politics. Kenneth, please still once ordered tea for us all. Where exactly do you come, my Love? "

"Gloucestershire," she said, and I coughed a bit.

Lucas sighed result. "My uncle, Hazel's father, where a large estate with many animals."

"Oh, I love the country life. And I love animals! "Mrs. de Villiers said enthusiastically.

"And I just," I said. "First of all cats."

From the annals of the Guardian / Minutes of Zerberuswache

24th July 1956 "Nam quod non discitur in iuventus in maturation Aetate nescitur."

7 Clock: Cartrell novice, who had been reported during the previous night Ariadne exam as missing reached the staircase with seven hours Delay. He stumbles slightly and smells of alcohol, suggesting that he not passed the exam, but the lost

Wine cellar has tracked down. I let it happen rarely with the slogan of the day before.

Otherwise nothing to report.

Report: J. Smith, a novice, morning shift

13.12 Clock: We screen a rat. I want to impale them with the sword, but Leroy feeds them with the remains of his sandwich, baptizing them in the name Audrey.

15.15 Clock: Miss Violet Purpleplum reached the rising of a way unknown to us from the courthouse. It carries the slogan of the day error-free before, Leroy escorted them as desired up to the offices.

15:24 clock: Audrey's back. Otherwise nothing to report.

Report: P. Ward, novice, afternoon shift

18 to 0.00 clock clock: No special events

Report: N. Cartrell, novice, evening shift

0.00 bis 6.00 Clock Clock: No special events

Report: K. Elbereth / M. Ward, novices

8

The guard at the foot of the stairs was asleep, her head on the railing.

"Poor Cartrell" whispered Lucas, as we crept past on the snoring man. "I am afraid he will not make it to the adepts, if he continues to drink so much. . . But all the better for us. Come on, quick! "

I was completely out of breath, because we had the road from the cafe here in a

run have to travel. Kenneth de Villiers and his sister had been keeping us forever, we had talked for hours with them, about rural life in general and

The Gloucestershire in particular (I had some nice anecdotes about my cousin Madeleine and a sheep named Clarisse

contribute), the Parker case (which I understand was that my grandfather had won it), the cute little

Crown Prince Charles (hello?) And all the movies of Grace Kelly and her marriage to a Monegasque prince. Now and then I coughed and tried to bring the conversation to the devastating effects of smoking on health, but that did not sound good. As we were finally able to leave the cafe, it was so late that I had not even time to go to the toilet, although I felt a liter Had tea in the bladder.

"" Three minutes, Lucas gasped as we ran through the basement corridors. "There It's still so much to tell you that I wanted. If this stupid plague spot would not come from a boss. . . "

"I did not know that you are employed by a de Villiers," I said. "You finally are the future Lord Montrose, Member House of Lords. "

"Yes," Lucas replied sullenly. "But until I antrete the legacy of my father, I have yet to keep for my family

. earn This job has just offered ... Regardless, listen to: Anything that has the Count of Saint Germain left the guards, the so-called secret documents, the letters which chronicles all of these things went by before his censure. The guards know what Saint Germain admitted, and all information aimed at ensuring that the generations after him will do everything possible to close the circle.

But none of the guards know the secret. "

"But you know it?" I exclaimed.

"Shh! No. I know not. "

We rounded the last corner and I tore open the door to the old Aichemielabor. My things were on the table, just as I had left behind.

"But Lucy and Paul know the secret, I'm convinced. When we last saw each other, they were on the verge of the

To find documents. "He looked at his clock. "Damn."

"Next!" Urged me while I took my school bag and flashlight at me. At the last second I remembered still, Lucas reproduce the key. My stomach was already wide the familiar roller coaster feeling. "And please, shave off the

Mustache on, Grandpa! "

"The Count had enemies, one of which is" in the chronicles mention only in passing, bubbled Lucas. "In particular, it was an old church-related secret organization on him except that called itself the Alliance Rakoczy. This organization came in 1745, in Founded in the box here in London, in the possession of documents from the legacy of the Count of Saint Germain. . . You will find that Mustache is not for me? "

The room began to spin around me.

"I love you, Grandpa," I blurted.

"... Documents that prove, among other things, that there is not enough, all twelve time travelers with their blood in the chronograph read! The secret is revealed only if. . . "I heard Lucas say, before I tore it off his feet.

Fractions of a second later I squinted into the bright light. And against a white shirt front. An inch to the left and I would have landed directly on Mr. George's feet.

I gave a little cry of alarm, and made a few steps back.

"We have to remember next time, you" mitzugeben chalk for marking, Mr. George said, shaking his head and took me the torch from the hand. He had been waiting not only for my return. Beside him stood Falk de Villiers, Dr. White was sitting on a Chair at the table, Robert, the little ghost boy peeked out from behind his legs and on the wall beside the door refused Gideon, with a huge white bandage on his forehead.

At the sight I had to swallow hard.

He had taken his usual stance, arms folded across his chest, but his complexion was hardly darker than the

Patch and the shadows under his eyes made his irises appear unnaturally green. I felt an almost overpowering desire to to run to him to take him in her arms and blowing on his wound, as I had previously always been Nick, when he had hurt.

"All right, Gwendolyn?" Asked Edward de Villiers.

"Yes," I said, not to lose sight of Gideon. God, I had missed him, how much that I was aware of until now. Was this Kiss on the green couch in only a day ago? Although - from a kiss could probably speak poorly.

Gideon was my look back motionless, almost indifferently, as he would see me just for the first time. No trace of that what had been yesterday.

"I bring up Gwendolyn, so they can" go home, Mr. George said quietly, putting a hand on my back and pushed me gently over to the door to Falk. Right on Gideon.

"Did you. . . There you go again?" I asked.

Gideon said nothing, he just looked at me. But something was wrong with the way in which he looked at me. I would not Person, but an object. Something insignificant, everyday, something like a. . . Chair. Maybe he had an

Concussion and did not know who I was? Suddenly I was cold.

"Gideon is in bed, but he must elapsieren few hours, if we want to" risk a leap uncontrolled time, said Dr.

White perch. "It is folly, it alone again. . . "

"Two hours in a quiet basement in 1953, Jake," he broke in Falk. "On a sofa. It will survive it. "

"Yes," but said Gideon and his view was, if at all possible, even darker. Suddenly I felt like crying.

Mr. George opened the door. "Come on, Gwendolyn."

"Wait a minute, Mr. George." Gideon held me by the arm. "One thing I would like to know: In what year you sent Gwendolyn the same? "

"Just now? 1956, July, "said Mr George. "Why?"

"Well - because she smells like cigarettes," said Gideon, while the painful grip on my arm stronger. I had almost the School bag is dropped.

Automatically, I sniffed my jacket sleeve. Correct - the hour-long stay in the smoke-filled cafe had clearly traces

leave. How on earth should I explain it?

All eyes in the room were now focused on me and I realized that I had to come up to me very quickly a good excuse.

"Okay - hit," I said and looked at the floor. "I've smoked a bit. But just three cigarettes. Honest. "

Mr. George shook his head. "But Gwendolyn, I was still impressed, no object. . . "

"I'm sorry," I interrupted him. "But it's so boring in that dark cellar and a cigarette helps against fear. . . "I tried to get a trodden on his face. "I have the stub carefully collected and brought everything back, you

do not have to worry that someone will find a pack of Lucky Strike and wonders. "

Falk laughed.

"Our princess is just not quite as good as it looks," said Dr. White and I breathed a sigh of relief. Obviously they believed me. "Do not look so shocked, Thomas. My first cigarette I smoked was thirteen. "

"Me too. My first and my last. "Falk de Villiers was again leaning over the chronograph. "Smoking is not really recommended, Gwendolyn. I'm sure your mother would be pretty shocked if they knew. "

Even the little Robert nodded vigorously and looked at me reproachfully.

"Besides, it is not good" for the beauty, added Dr. White. "From nicotine you get a bad skin and ugly teeth."

Gideon said nothing. He had loosened his grip on yet not my arm. I forced myself to him as naturally as possible in the Eyes to see, and tried an apologetic smile. He returned my gaze with slightly narrowed eyes and shook imperceptibly

the head. Then he let me go slow. I swallowed hard, because I suddenly had a lump in my throat.

Why was Gideon? In a moment, nice and tender and the next becomes cool and aloof? This was not a man

. stand I certainly did not. The down here, that with us, which had felt really real. Right. And now he had nothing better to do than embarrass me at the first opportunity before the assembled troops? What did he want to achieve?

"Come now," Mr. George said to me.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Gwendolyn," said Falk de Villiers. "To your big day."

"Do not forget you" to combine the eyes, said Dr. White and I heard Gideon short laugh, as Dr. White had a bad joke made. Then came the heavy door behind us and we were standing outside in the hallway.

"Looks like he would" not smoking like I said softly and would prefer erupted in tears.

"Let you please," blindfold, said Mr George and I stood still until he narrow cloth on the back of my head into a knot had wrapped. Then he took my school bag and gently pushed me forward. "Gwendolyn ... You have to really careful be."
"

"A couple of cigarettes get one not equal to, Mr. George."

"That's not what I meant."

"What then?"

"I thought when it comes to your feelings." "What? My feelings? "

I heard sighs Mr George. "My dear child, even a blind man could see that you ...
- You should just be careful what you As feelings for Gideon. "

"I ..." I paused again. Mr. George apparently possessed more insight than I would have given him credit for.

"" Relationships between two time travelers have never been under a lucky star, he said. "Just as relationships between the families of de Villiers and Montrose. And in times like these you have to do it quite plain that they

Basically trust no one. "Maybe I can only imagined it, but I had the impression that Mr George's hand on my

Back trembling. "There is an incontrovertible fact that suffers from common sense, when love is in play. And

Common sense is what you can now use the most. Watch your step. "

Silently we mastered the rising, then Mr George broke the blindfold and looked at me seriously. "You can create all this, Gwendolyn. I firmly believe in yourself and your abilities. "

His round face was once again full of sweat droplets. In his bright eyes, I read nothing but concern-similar to my

Mother when she looked at me. I was swamped by a wave of affection.

"Here. Your signet ring, "I said. "How old are you, Mr. George? May I ask you that? "

"Seventy-six years," said Mr George. "It's no secret."

I stared at him. Even though I had never really thought about it, I would have appreciated it smooth ten years younger. "Then you were 1956th . .? "

"Twenty-one. That was the year when I started here as a law clerk and a member of the Lodge was. "

"Do you actually know Violet Purpleplum, Mr. George? This is a friend of my great-aunt. "

Mr George raised an eyebrow. "No, I do not think so. Come, I'll take you to your car - I'm sure your mother

waiting eagerly for you. "

"Yes, certainly, even. Mr George. . .? "

But Mr George had already turned to go. I had no alternative but to attach myself to his heels. "Tomorrow you will noon from his home. Madame Rossini needs you to try, then try Giordano is, you have some

teach. And finally, you have to elapsieren yet. "

"That sounds like a great day," I said weakly.

"But that's not ... Magic, "I whispered, shocked.

Leslie sighed. "Not in the sense of hocus-pocus magic rituals, perhaps - but it's a magical ability. It is the magic of Raven. "

"It is more a kind of" whimsy, I said. "Something that is why you will be laughed at - no one believes what one already."

"Gwenny, there is no whimsy, if someone has psychic perceptions. It is rather a gift. You can see ghosts and

them speak. "

"And demons," added Xemerius.

"The raven is in the mythology of the connection between people and the gods. The Ravens are the intermediaries between the living and the dead. "Leslie turned her folder so that I could read what she had found over the Ravens on the Internet. "You have to admit, that fits very well with your skills. "

"" And the hair color, said Xemerius. "As black as raven feathers. . . "

I chewed my bottom lip. "But in the prophecies, it always sounds so, ah, no idea,

so important and powerful and stuff. As if the magic of the raven would be a kind of secret weapon. "

"But they can not be," said Leslie. "When you cease to think it was just a kind of strange whimsy of you to be able to see ghosts. "

"And demons," said Xemerius again.

"I'd love to have these texts with the prophecy," said Leslie. "I am would be interesting, as the text now exactly. reads "

"Charlotte can be sure all the" rattle down by heart, I said. "I think she has learned all the mysteries in her classroom.

Ever since the constant talk in rhyme. The Guardian. Even my Mum. And Gideon. "

I turned away quickly, so that Leslie did not notice that my eyes had suddenly filled with tears, but it was too

late.

"Oh, sweetie! Do not cry again! "She handed me a handkerchief. "You really are exaggerating."

"No, I do not. Do you remember when you cried for three days because of Max in a row? "I sniffed.

"Sure I know," yet, said Leslie. "It's all just half a year ago."

"Now I can imagine how you've felt. And suddenly I understand why you wished you were dead! "

"I was so stupid! You've been sitting the whole time with me and said that Max is not worth it to even begin to think about to waste because he could behave like an asshole. And that I should brush my teeth. . . "

"Yes, and it went into endless loop The winner takes it all"

"That I can get," offered to Leslie. "If you find yourself feeling better."

"No. But you can reach the Japanese vegetable knife, then I can commit hara-kiri. "I sat back on my

Fall bed and closed his eyes.

"That girl must" always be so dramatic, said Xemerius. "Since the boy has a bad mood and looks grumpy, because he what has got to the head, and even breaks down for you the world. "

"Because he loves me not," I said desperately.

"You can not know yet," said Leslie. "With Max, I was there, unfortunately, quite sure, because he just half an hour after he has made me conclude with this Anna spotted smooching in the movies was. But so what can you really blame not Gideon. He its just a little. . . fickle. "

"But why? You should have seen how he looked at me! Somehow disgusted. As if I ... a cockroach would be. I think that simply not enough. "

"Earlier there was a chair." Leslie shook her head. "Now you take kindly together. Mr George is right: Once in Love Game is to adopt common sense. We're directly in front of a pioneering breakthrough in

! achieve "

In the morning, that is, as Leslie had just arrived with us and we had it made us comfortable together on my bed,

Mr. Bernard had knocked on my door - something he never did otherwise - and off a tray of tea on my desk.

"A little soft for the young ladies," he said.

I was just stunned him to stare at me because I could not remember that he had entered this floor ever.

"Well, since you asked the other day after that, I have taken the liberty to hold out for a bit," was Mr. Bernhard continued and his owls eyes are on the edge of his glasses had seriously looked at. "And, as I already thought I had found it."

"What?" She had asked me.

Mr. Bernhard had pushed the napkin on the tray to the side and underneath was a book emerged. "The Green

Reiter, "he said. "I mean, to remind me that it was what you were looking for."

Leslie was on his feet and had taken the book in his hand. "But I've watched the tape already in the library,

There is nothing special ... "she had muttered.

Mr. Bernard had smiled indulgently. "I suppose it was because the book that you saw in the library,

not the property of Lord Montrose had. I guess you could copy this contrast of interest to you. "With a little

Bow he had retired and Leslie and I were immediately pounced on the book. A note to anyone with a tiny

Hundreds of small print was written numbers had floated to the ground. Leslie was getting very red cheeks with excitement.

"Oh, my God, this is a code," she had exclaimed. "How absolutely wonderful! I've always wanted. Now have we only find out what it means! "

"Yes," she had said Xemerius. He was hanging on my curtain rod. "I've heard many times before. I think that's one of those famous last words. . . "

But Leslie had taken five minutes to realize that the numbers were related to individual letters in the text. "The first number is always the side, the second designates the row, the third word, the fourth in the letter. Do you? 14-22-6-3, which is on Page fourteen, line twenty-two, the sixth word of it and the third letter. "She shook her head. "What a cheap trick.

Will endeavor in every second children's book, if I remember correctly. Regardless, the first letter is a consequently e '

Xemerius had impressed nodded his head. "Listen to your girlfriend."

"Do not forget that this is about life and death," said Leslie. "Do you think I will lose my best friend, only because after a bit Rumgeknutsche not been able to use their brains? "

"My speech," That came from Xemerius.

"It is important that you cease to howl, and instead find out what they have discovered Lucy and Paul," Leslie went on insistently.

"If you will now return to Elapsieren sent to the year 1956 - you just have to ask Mr George - you're on a

Private conversation with your grandfather persevere! What to go for a preposterous idea, in a cafe! And this time you will all

, write down everything he says to you, every little detail, do you hear? "She sighed. "Are you sure it was Florentine alliance? I never could find anything about it. We absolutely have a look at these secret writings throw the Count of Saint Germain to Guards left. If Xemerius but would only be able to move objects, then he could search the archives, through

the wall go in and read just about anything. . . "

"Yeah, rub me," just under the nose of my uselessness said Xemerius offended. "I'm only seven centuries so used to me to resign, not even turning a book page. "

There was a knock at my door and Caroline put her head round to us. "Lunch is ready! Gwenny, you and Charlotte will in a Hours collected. "

I groaned. "Charlotte, too?"

"Yes, Aunt Glenda said. Poor Charlotte is abused as a teacher of desperate talent or something like that. "

"I'm" not hungry, I said.

"We're almost there," said Leslie, and gave me a kick in the ribs. "Gwenny, now come on. You can register later in Wallowing self-pity. Now you need to eat something! "

I sat up and sniffed at my handkerchief. "I have not the nerve now, my Aunt Glenda's derisive remarks

to listen. "

"Yeah, but you'll need nerves of steel, if you want to survive the next time." Leslie pulled me off the ground. "Charlotte and your Aunt're at a good exercise for the real thing. If you survive the lunch, you'll make this soiree with the left. "

"And if not, you can still" make hara-kiri, said Xemerius.

Madame Rossini drew me to welcome you to this expansive bosom. "My Schwanenhälschen! Since you're last. You gave me been missing! "They" I, too, "I said honestly. The mere presence of Madame Rossini with its ebullient warmth and her wonderful French accent (Schwanen'älschen). If Gideon could hear!) Had an invigorating and calming

simultaneously. She was a balm for my battered self-esteem.

"You'll be amazed when you see what I made you. Giordano has almost cried when I showed him your clothes so

beautiful they are. "

"That I think," I said. Giordano had been crying safely, because he himself is not allowed to wear the clothes. After all, he was now remained somewhat friendly, not least because I had the hinbekommen with the dancing this time quite well and thanks Xemerius'

Souffleurtätigkeit had known exactly what Lord supporters of the Tories and the Whigs who had followers. (Xemerius had just seen from behind Charlotte's shoulder on their list) My own legend -. Penelope Mary Gray, born in 1765 - could I

also rattle off flawlessly thanks Xemerius, including all of the names of my late parents. Only with the fan I put

I still clumsy at, but Charlotte had made a constructive suggestion that I should just use none at all.

At the end of the lesson had Giordano handed me a list of words out loud, which I do not

Was allowed to use certain circumstances. "Learn by heart and internalize tomorrow," he had genäsel. "In the 18 Century, there are no buses,

no newscaster, no vacuum cleaner, there is nothing great, great or cool, you did not know about nuclear fission, collagen-containing Creams or ozone holes. "

Oh, really? While I tried to imagine why the hell am I in for a soiree 18th Century will be tempted

should be to form a sentence, the words appear in the news anchor, ozone hole and collagen containing cream would, I had polite "Okay," said Giordano had been there but aufgekreischt "Neiiiin! Just not okay! There is no OK in the 18th Century stupid Ding! "

Madame Rossini tied together the corsage on my back. Again I was surprised how easy it was. It was in such

a thing automatically a straight posture. A padded wire frame was strapped around my waist (I assume the 18

Century was a wonderfully relaxing time for all women with a big butt and wide hips), then I touched Madame Rossini

a dark red dress over her head. She joined a long line of hooks and knobs on the back, while I with my fingers

admiringly stroked the heavy embroidered silk. Hach, what was beautiful again!

Madame Rossini once walked slowly around me and on her face was spread out a contented smile. "Enchanting.

Magnifique. "

"Is that the dress for the ball?" I asked.

"No, this is the robe for the soiree." Madame Rossini tiny, perfectly crafted silk roses tucked around the plunging neckline fixed. Because she had a mouth full

of pins, she said, rather vaguely through his teeth. "Since you are allowed to the hair powdered wear and the dark color looks fantastic on this red is exactly how I've changed my thinking. "She winked at me slyly.

"You will attract attention, my Schwanenhälschen, n'est ce pas - although that is certainly not the intention. But what can I do? "

She wrung her hands, but he looked at her small person with a turtle neck, in contrast to Giordano from very sweet. "You are now sometimes a little beauty and it would help anything, you put it in robes fled. So Schwanenhälschen, done. Now comes The ball gown to the series. "

The ball gown was a pale blue with cream-colored embroidery and ruffles, and it was as perfect as the red dress.

If possible, it had swung an even more spectacular and the rock cut several meters around me. Madame Rossini weighed worried my ponytail in her hands. "I'm not even sure how we will do it. With a wig, you will not really

convenient to have, especially since we have to hide the tons of hair, including his own. But your hair is so dark that we are using Powders are likely to reach only an ugly shade of gray. Source catastrophe! "She frowned. "It does not matter. In fact, you were so absolutement fashionable trend, but - what was good heavens, what is a horrible fashion! "

The first time that day I had to grin. Ässlich! Schrecklich! Yes, how true! Not only fashion but also Gideon was

ässlich and schrecklich and nasty as I'm concerned, I would definitely see from now on. (Basta!)

Madame Rossini did not understanding anything, what a blessing it was for my soul. They still indignant about the

that time. "Young girls who are dusting of their hair until they looked like from her Grandma terribly-! Embody your time in this Shoes. Remember, you have to dance to it and there is still time to change it. "

The shoes - embroidered red dress to the red, light blue with a gold buckle to the ball gown - were amazingly comfortable, even though they

looked like a museum. "That's the most beautiful shoes I've ever worn", I said enthusiastically.

"I'll still think so, 'said Madame Rossini, beaming from ear to ear. "So, my angel, done. See that you

get to bed early tonight, which is an exciting day tomorrow. "While I was back in my jeans and my dark blue

Favorite sweater slipped Madame Rossini's clothes draped over the headless mannequins. Then she looked over to the wall clock and furrowed angry brow. "This boy unreliable! He should have been here fifteen minutes ago! "

Immediately my heart rate shot up into the air. "Gideon?"

Madame Rossini nodded. "He takes that seriously here, he thinks it is unimportant whether the pants fit well. But that's not it! It is even extremely important, as well sits a pair of pants. "

Ässlich. Fürchterlich. Schrecklich, I tried out my new mantra.

There was a knock on the door. It was only a little noise, but all of my resolutions vanished into air.

Suddenly I could not wait to see Gideon again. And while I am terribly afraid before a meeting. More

I would not even survive these dark eyes.

"Ah," said Madame Rossini. "There he is. Come in! "

My whole body stiffened, but it was not Gideon, who walked in the door, but the red-haired Mr. Mar-ley. As always nervous embarrassed and he stammered: "I want the Ru-uh. . . the failure to Elapsieren escort. "

"Okay," I said. "We have just been completed." Behind Mr. Marley Xemerius grinned at me. Before I had him try sent away.

"I am" just flown through by a bona fide interior minister, he said cheerfully. "That was cool!"

"And where is the boy?" Growled Madame Rossini. "He should come for a fitting!"

Mr. Marley cleared his throat. "I saw the slide ... Mr de Villiers just with the other Ru ... talk to Miss Charlotte. He was in Accompanied by his brother. "

"Tiens! This is me completely immaterial, "said Madame Rossini angry.

But not me, I thought. In my mind I was already writing a text message to Leslie. Just one word: hara-kiri.

"If he shows up here immediately, I will be the Grand Master," to complain about it, 'said Madame Rossini. "Where's my Phone? "

"I'm sorry," murmured Mr. Marley. He turned a black cloth lay between his hands back and forth. "May I. . .? "

"Sure," I said and let me connect the eye with a sigh.

"The Nerd says unfortunately the truth," said Xemerius. "Your radio Elste inching up there flirting with hell-bent on your Cousin around. And his brother pretty well. What guys are just always on redheads? I think they go together now to

Cinema. But I can tell you better not, otherwise you cry again. "

I shook my head.

Xemerius looked at the ceiling. "I could keep an eye on you. Should I? "I nodded vigorously.

On the long road down to the basement Mr. Marley remained silent, and I go for my own gloomy thoughts. Not until

We had arrived in the chronograph area and Mr. Marley took off my blindfold, I asked, "Where are you now me

? send '

"I do. . . We are waiting for number nine, uh Mr. Whitman, "said Mr. Marley,

looking past me to the ground. "I have of course not the power to operate the chronograph. Please, sit down. "

But no sooner had I let myself fall into a chair, the door opened again and Mr. Whitman came. And right behind him Gideon.

My heart skipped a beat.

"Hello, Gwendolyn," said Mr. Whitman, with his most charming smile Squirrel. "Good to see you." He pushed the Wall hanging to the side, behind the safe was hidden. "Then we will send you to Elapsieren times."

I barely heard what he said. Gideon was still very pale, but he looked much healthier than last night. The thick white patches had disappeared and I could see the wound on his hairline, a good ten inches long and with many narrow

Plaster strips had been clipped. I waited for him to say something, but he just looked at me.

Xemerius jumped with a large set right next to Gideon through the wall and I gasped.

"Oops. Since isser already! "Said Xemerius. "I did not warn you, honestly, honey. But I could not decide who I was chasing. Apparently Charlotte this afternoon for a babysitting service for Gideon's beautiful brother took over. They are eating ice cream together. And then they go to the movies. The cinemas are the haystacks of the modern era, I'd say. "

"All's well with you, Gwendolyn?" Gideon asked and raised an eyebrow. "You look nervous - you'd like to have a Cigarette to calm down? What was once your favorite brand? Lucky Strike? "

I could only stare at him speechless.

"Leave her alone," said Xemerius. "Do you notice not know that she is lovesick, you Torfnase stupid? And this because of you! What are you doing here anyway? "

Mr. Whitman had taken the chronographs from the safe and put on the table. "Let's see where it

Today is. . . "

"Madame Rossini comes up with the fitting on you, sir," Mr. Marley himself turned to Gideon.

"Shit," said Gideon, for a moment put off his stride. He looked at his clock. "I've forgotten. Was it very angry? "

"They did a pretty indignant feeling," said Mr Marley. At that moment the door opened again and Mr. George joined a. He was completely out of breath, and as always when he had exhausted himself, his bald head with tiny beads of sweat filled.

"What's going on here?"

Mr. Whitman frowned. "Thomas? Gideon said you were still in conversation with Falk and the Home Secretary. "

"I was. Until I got a call from Madame Rossini and learned that Gwendolyn has already picked up on Elapsieren

is, "said Mr George. For the first time I saw him really angry.

"But - Gideon said you would have asked us. . . "Mr. Whitman said honestly confused.

"I do not have! Gideon - what's going on here, "Any good nature disappeared from Mr. George's little eyes?.

Gideon had his arms across his chest. "I thought maybe you would be happy if we bring you this task

decline, "he said smoothly.

Mr George dabbed the sweat from his handkerchief. "Thank you for your caring," he replied with a significantly sarcasm. "But that would not have been necessary. You go straight up to Madame Rossini. "

"I would Gwendolyn" to accompany you, 'said Gideon.

"After yesterday's incident, it is perhaps better if she is not alone."

"Nonsense," retorted Mr. George. "There is no reason to believe that there was any danger to them as long as they are not too far will bounce back. "

"True," said Mr. Whitman.

"For example, in the year 1956?" Asked Gideon stretched and saw Mr. George out directly in the eye. "I have this morning a little scroll in the annals and I must say, the year 1956 really makes an extremely calm. The rate of

there is most often found, is: nothing to report. Such a sentence is music to our ears, is not it? "

My heart beat now up to the neck. Gideon's behavior could only be explained if he had figured out what I did yesterday had really done. But how the hell did he know it? Finally, I had just smelled like cigarettes, which may

suspicious, but he was far from being betrayed could see what had happened 1956th

Mr George returned his gaze without flinching. He looked at most a bit of irritation. "That was not a request, Gideon.

Madame Rossini waiting. Marley, you can go. "

"Yes, sir, Mr. George, sir," murmured Mr. Marley and almost saluted.

When the door had fallen behind him in the castle, glared at Mr. George Gideon, who had not moved. Mr. Whitman also looked him with mild surprise.

"What are you waiting for?" Mr. George said coolly.

"Why did you leave Gwendolyn land in broad afternoon - is not against the rules," said Gideon.

"Oh, oh," said Xemerius.

"Gideon, it is not yours. . . "Said Mr. Whitman.

"It does not matter what time of day they landed," Mr George he interrupted.

"She is in a locked basement room landed. "

"I was scared," I said quickly, and perhaps a bit shrill. "I did not want to be alone at night in the basement, directly In addition to the catacombs. . . "

Gideon turned his attention briefly to me again and lifted one of his eyebrows. "Oh, yes, you're also such a timid little thing, I'd forgotten. "He laughed softly. »1956 - that was the year when you become a member of the lodge, Mr. George, is not it?

What a strange coincidence. "

Mr George frowned.

"I do not understand what you're getting, Gideon," said Mr. Whitman. "But I would suggest that you are now to Madame Rossini going. Mr George and I will take care of Gwendolyn. "

Gideon looked back at me. "The following proposal: I will be trying on behind me and then send me Gwendolyn

Just behind, no matter where. Then they must be afraid of the night is not. "

"Besides," in front of you, said Xemerius.

"You met your quota for today already have," said my teacher. "But when Gwendolyn is afraid. . . "He looked at me pityingly across.

I could not blame him. It was assumed that I had really scared somehow. My heart beat is still

up to my neck and I was unable to say anything.

"I'm concerned we can do it that way," Mr. Whitman said with a shrug. "There's no reason or Thomas?"

Mr. George shook his head slowly, even when it looked as if he actually had the opposite want to do.

About Gideon's face slipped a satisfied smile, and he finally broke away from its

rigid stance by the door. "We see ourselves then later, "he said triumphantly, and it felt like a threat.

As the door closed behind him, sighed Mr. Whitman. "He's weird on it, since he received the blow on the head, do not you think Also, Thomas? "

"However," said Mr George.

"We should perhaps not even have a conversation with him," the tone with superiors concerning Mr. Whitman said. "For his age, he's pretty ... Well, yes. He is under great pressure, but we will also need to take into consideration. "He looked at me encouragingly.

"So, Gwendolyn, are you ready?"

I stood up. "Yes," I lied.

The raven on his ruby red wings

Between the Worlds, he stopped singing dead,

As soon as he knows the force, he hardly knows the
price

The power rises, it closes the circle.

The lion - so proud of the diamond's face

The sudden spell of clouds the radiant light,

In the dying of the sun, he brings the change,

The Raven's death reveals the end.

From the secret writings of the Count of Saint Germain

9

I had not asked for the year in which they had sent me because it did not matter.
It actually all looked like

On my last visit. The green sofa center of the room and I gave him an angry look as if it were to blame for everything. As with the last time were chairs in front of the wall with Lucas' hideout stacked and I fought with myself. Should I leave the hiding place? If Gideon Suspect had drawn - and that he had no doubt - but the first thing he would come up with the idea to search the room, do you? I could hide the contents somewhere out there in the aisles and then come back before Gideon arrived. . .

I feverishly began to push aside the chairs, then I put it back to me differently. First, the key I could not use

hide, because I had to conclude that, either the door, and secondly, even if Gideon would find the hiding place as he wanted to prove that it was meant for me? I would just play dumb.

I carefully put the chairs back in place and made sure that the telltale signs were obscured in the dust. Then examined I know if the door was actually completed, and sat down on the green sofa.

I felt a bit like four years ago, when Leslie and I had to wait for the thing with the frog in director Gilles' office, to He had time to keep us a lecture. Actually we had done nothing wrong. Cynthia had with her in person and the Frog

Bike run over, and then because she had shown no reasonable sense of guilt ("It's just a stupid frog

been "), Leslie and I had angrily decided to avenge the frog. We wanted him buried in the park, but before that - and because he was already dead - we thought it would shake up Cynthia and perhaps sensitize future frogs over a little if she still once again see her - in her soup. No one could have guessed that Cynthia at the sight of a hysterical screaming fit

would suffer. . . Director Gilles at least had treated us like two criminals, and unfortunately he had not forgotten that episode.

When he met us today somewhere in the corridors, he always said, 'Ah, the evil frog-girl "to us and we felt it every time again very bad.

I closed my eyes for a moment. Gideon had no reason to treat me so bad. I had done nothing wrong. Constantly

all said that they could not trust me, they blindfolded me, nobody gave me answers to my questions - because it was only Of course, I tried to figure out on your own, what happened here, really, is not it?

Where he remained for only? The bulb on the ceiling crackled, the lights flickered for a moment. It was pretty cold down here. Perhaps they had sent me into a cold this winter after the war, which always told Aunt Maddy. Great. The water pipes were

frozen and dead animals on the streets were located, stiff with frost. Test, I examined whether my breath in the air, perhaps white Clouds formed. What was not the case.

Again the lights flickered and I got scared. What if I suddenly had to sit in the dark here? This time no one had thought to give me a flashlight at all could not say that I had been somehow treated humanely. In the dark would

the rats from their hiding safely trust. Maybe they were hungry. . . And where were staying rats, cockroaches were not far away.

The spirit of the temple armed knight, had spoken of the Xemerius would maybe make a little detour.

Krrrrrk.

That was the light bulb.

Slowly, I became convinced that Gideon's presence in any case, the rat and spirits was preferable. But he came

not. Instead, the lights flickered, as if it were already on its last legs.

If I'd had as a child afraid of the dark, I had always sung, and I did so automatically now. First softly, then

louder and louder. Finally, there was no one around to hear me.

Singing helped against fear. And also against the cold. After the first few minutes even heard the bulb to flicker back on.

However, they started with all songs by Maria Mena returned to them, even Emiliana Torrini did not seem to like it. Old Abba songs, however acknowledged it with a calm, steady rays. Unfortunately, I did not have as many of them, especially the lyrics. But the light bulb also accepted "lalala, one chance in a lifetime, lalalala."

I sang for hours. So it seemed to me, anyway. After The winner takes it all (Leslie's ultimate heartache song) I started again at I wonderland at. And I danced around the room, so I was not too cold. Only after the third time Mamma mia I was convinced that Gideon would not get more.

Damn it! I would so it can sneak up safely. I tried Head over heels and in You're wasting my

time He suddenly stood beside the bed.

I closed my mouth and looked at him reproachfully. "Why are you so late?"

"I can imagine that struck you as the long term." His eyes were still so cool and weird as before. He went to the door and shook on the doorknob. "At least you were wise enough not to leave the room. You could also do not know when I comply. "

"Haha," I said. "Is this a joke?"

Gideon leaned back against the door. "Gwendolyn, with me you can put this Unschuldsgelue save."

I could not stand the coldness in his eyes barely. The green in his eyes that I might otherwise, had now the color of jelly assumed. The disgusting from the school canteen, mind you. "Why are you so ... mean to me? "The light bulb flickered again. They probably missed my Abba songs. "You do not have happened to a light bulb that?"

"The smell of cigarettes has betrayed you." Gideon has played with the flashlight in his hand. "I've investigated a bit and then one and one together. "

I swallowed. "What's so bad because I've been smoking?"

"You have not smoked. And you can lie only half as good as you think. Where's

the key? "" What a key? "

"The key that Mr. George has given you so that you could see him and your grandfather in 1956." He made a

Step up to me. "You, if you're wise to keep it hidden somewhere, if not, you carry it with you yet." He walked to the sofa, took the Down pillows and threw them one by one on the ground. "Here he is not ever."

I stared at him aghast. "Mr. George has given me no key. Really not! And this is totally with the smell of cigarettes. . . "

"It was not just cigarettes. You also smelled of cigars, "he said quietly. His gaze wandered around the room and stopped at the stacked chairs hang from the wall.

I began to shiver again and according to it was the bulb somehow still shaky. "I ..." I began uncertainly.

"Yes," said Gideon emphasizes friendly. "You also have smoked a cigar? In addition to the three Lucky Strike? Did you want the

? say "

I was silent.

Gideon stooped and shone his flashlight under the bed. "Did Mr. George wrote you a note to the parole or

you've memorized them? And how did you come by on the way back to the Zerberuswache without having it in the log

have mentioned? "

"What the hell are you talking about?" I said. It should sound outraged, but unfortunately it came over a bit intimidated.

"Violet Purpleplum - what a strange name, is not it? Have you heard? "Gideon had to back up and saw me

at. No, Jello was not the right comparison to his eyes. Rather, they sparkled now

toxic waste green.

I shook my head slowly.

"Funny," he said. "She's a friend of your family. When I called randomly mentioned to Charlotte, she said, the good Mrs. Purpleplum would knit scarves you always scratchy. "

Oh. The Charlotte damn! Could not they just keep their time shut up? "No, not true," I said defiantly. "Only for Charlotte

. scratch We are always very soft. "

Gideon leaned against the sofa and crossed her arms over her chest. The torch lit up at the ceiling where the light bulb still nervous in front of him flickered. "For the last time Where's the key, Gwendolyn?"

"I swear to you that Mr. George has given me a key," I said, trying desperately to limit disaster. "He has to do anything with it. "

"Oh no? As I said, I do not think that you are lying very well. "He shone his flashlight over the chairs. "If I were you

, I would have pushed the key somewhere under a cushion. "

Okay. Let him search through the cushion. Then he had to do at least something, we jumped back up. As long as it could no longer

. take

"On the other hand ..." Gideon waved the flashlight so that the beam pointing straight at my face. "On the other hand, would be a quite a Sisyphean task. "

I stepped aside and said angrily: "Stop that!"

"And you should not always" close by to other continued Gideon. In the flickering light from the light bulb, his eyes still dark, and suddenly he scared me. "Maybe you're just the key in your pocket. Give it to me! "He stretched out his hand from.

"I did not have the key, goddammit."

Gideon came up to me. "I would give it to me willingly, if I were you. But as I said, it is supposed to not always be other close. "

At that moment the light bulb was on her mind for good.

Gideon stood in front of me, shining his flashlight on the wall somewhere. Apart from that it was pitch dark spotlight.

"So?"

"Come merely" not closer, I said. I took a few steps backward until my back was against the wall. The day before yesterday he still had I can not even be close enough. But now it seemed to me that I would be with a stranger. Suddenly I was furious.

"What is wrong with you?" I snapped. "I've done anything at all! I do not understand how you can kiss me on the same day and on next hate. Why? " The tears came so fast that I could not stop giving me streamed down his cheeks. Well, that

you see in the dark could not.

"Maybe because I do not like being lied to." Gideon came up to me, despite my warning, and this time I could not continue

. retreat "Especially not like girls who throw themselves to me one day to the neck and beat me the next along

. let '

"What are you talking about?"

"I've seen, Gwendolyn. "

"What? Where have you seen me? "

"During my time yesterday morning jump. I had to do a small job, but I'm only a few meters away, as did

you are suddenly standing in the way - like a mirage. You looked at me and smiled, as you would be happy to see me. Then did you turned on his heel and disappeared around the next corner are. "

"When should this have been?" I was so confused that I stopped for a few seconds to cry.

Gideon ignored my remark. "When I was turning around a second later that corner, I got a blow on his head and was unfortunately cause no longer able to work with you to clear the air. "

"I want you. . . This wound is me? " The tears began to flow again.

"No," said Gideon. "I do not think so. You had nothing in his hand when I saw you, I also doubt that you are so could hit them hard. No - you've lured me just around the corner, because there is someone waiting for me. "

Excluded. Ruled out entirely.

"This is something I would never do," I finally brought out fairly clearly.
"Never!"

"I was a" little shocked, Gideon said lightly. "Where I did think that we would ... Friends. But then when you last night from Elapsieren came back and did smell of cigars, it occurred to me, lie to you I could have all the time. Now give me the Key! "

I wiped the tears from her cheeks. Unfortunately, flowed unceasingly to new. With difficulty I was able to suppress a sob and for that I hated myself even more. "If this is really true, why did you all said you had not seen who you has depressed? "

"Because it's the truth. I did not see who it was. "

"But you also said nothing about me. Why not? "

"Because I know ... more Mr George Are you crying about? " I shone the flashlight in his face and I had blinded the eyes

. close I probably looked like a chipmunk. Why I had also applied mascara?

"Gwendolyn. . . "Gideon turned off the flashlight.

What was it now? A body search in the dark?

"" Go away, I said, sobbing. "I have no key for me, I swear. And anyone you've seen, I can not

have been. I would never never admit that you hurt somebody. "

Although I could see nothing, I felt that Gideon was standing right in front of me. His body was like a radiant heat in the dark.

When his hand touched my cheek, I winced. He quickly pulled his hand back.

"I'm sorry," I heard him whisper. "Gwen, I do. . . "Suddenly he sounded helpless, but I was too upset to think about satisfaction to feel.

I do not know how much time went by, while we just stood there. I ran down the tears still. What he did - I could

not see.

Eventually, he switched on the flashlight again, cleared his throat and then lit on his watch. "Three more minutes, then We jump back, "he said in a businesslike tone. "You should come out from the corner, otherwise you'll land on the chest." He went to bed back and lifted the cushion on the back, which he had thrown to the ground.

"Do you know of any guards seemed to me Mr. George always one of the most loyal to his. One person who can be trusted in any case. "

"But Mr. George," so do not really the least, I said as I came out slowly from my corner. "It was quite different. "With the back of the hand, I wiped the tears from my face. Better, I told him the truth, that he at least is not the poor Mr George was suspected of disloyalty. "When I was first sent to Elapsieren alone, I happened to my grandfather met here. "Okay, maybe not all the truth. "He was looking after the wine ... is indeed not matter. It was a strange Encounter, especially when we realized who we were. He has the key and the password for

my next visit in this area

hidden so that we could still talk sometimes. And so I am yesterday, or 1956, when Violet Purpleplum here to visit

been. In order to meet my grandfather! He has been dead for a few years ago and I miss him dearly. If you had not done the same if you

'd skillfully? Again, talking with him was so. . . "I fell silent again.

Gideon was silent. I stared at his silhouette and waited.

"And Mr. George? He was already "the wizard of your grandfather, he said.

"I actually saw him briefly, my grandfather told him that I was his cousin Hazel. He has certainly long since forgotten - for him was not an important meeting, the whipped fifty-five years ago is. "I put my hand on my stomach. "I think so. . . "

"Yes," said Gideon. He stretched out his hand, but then remembered clearly different. "It's happening now," he said just lame. "Come yet a few steps over here. "

The room began to spin around me, then I squinted into the bright lights and swaying slightly, Mr. Whitman said, "There you are."

Gideon put his flashlight on the table and gave me a quick glance. Maybe I made it myself only, but this time was so something like compassion in it. I wiped my face again furtively, but Mr. Whitman nonetheless saw that I had been crying. Apart from him No one was here. Xemerius sure it was too boring.

"What's the matter, Gwendolyn?" Mr. Whitman said in his perceptive Vertrauenslehrerton. "Has something happened?" If I did not would have known better, I would probably have been tried again and he burst into tears pour out my heart. ("The Courts bo-Gideon me GEAE-härgert! ") But for that I knew him too well. The same tone he had last week also struck, as he asked us had, who had drawn a caricature of Mrs. counters on the board. "I think yes, the artist has really" talent, he had said while smiled in amusement. Cynthia was prompt (of course) revealed that it was Peggy, and Mr. Whitman had ceased to smile and Peggy missed an entry in the class register. "That was not the way, with the talent lies. Your talent to bring you in trouble, remarkable, "he had said.

"Hm?" He smiled now and trustworthy and compassionate. But I would not fall for it determines.

"A rat," I muttered. "They said there would be no .. . And then the light bulb broke down and gave me no Flashlight given. I was all alone in the dark with this nasty rat. "I almost still" I tell my Mummy "

added, but I denied myself just once.

Mr. Whitman saw a bit of hit. The "I'm sorry," he said. "Next time we think about it." Then again, he struck his superior to Lehrerton. "You'll be brought home now. I recommend you go to bed early, tomorrow is a busy day for you. "

"I bring them to her car," said Gideon, as he took the black cloth from the table, I was always with the eyes Association. "Where is Mr. George?"

He "is" in a meeting, Mr. Whitman replied with a frown. "Gideon, I think you should your tone again

. rethink We let you go through a lot, because we know that you do not currently have easy, but you should be somewhat more respect Members of the Inner Circle show. "

Gideon's face showed no emotion. But he said politely. "You're right, Mr. Whitman. I'm sorry. "He held out his hand.

"Are you coming?"

I almost reached for his hand, out of pure reflex. And I could not do it without completely losing my face,

gave me a stitch. I was about to burst into tears again.

"Uh, bye," I said to Mr. Whitman, staring intently at the ground.

Gideon opened the door.

"See you tomorrow," said Mr. Whitman. "And think both of them. Getting enough sleep is the best preparation," The door slammed behind us into the castle.

"So, you were so alone with a nasty rat in the dark cellar," said Gideon, grinning at me.

I could not believe it. For two days he had just thrown me cold looks that last hours, even some that are almost exactly like me the poor animals in the winter war had a stiff board freeze. And now this? A joke, as if everything was as usual? Perhaps yes he was a sadist and could only smile when he had finished me really?

"Do not you want me to blindfold?" I was not yet in the mood for his stupid jokes that he should quietly remember.

Gideon shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose you know the way. The connection with the eyes so we can give. Come on, "

Again, a friendly grin.

For the first time I saw the basement hallways in our time. They were plastered into the walls recessed lights, some with Motion detectors lit up all the way from perfect.

"Not particularly impressive, right?" Said Gideon. "All programs leading to the outside are, with special doors and alarm systems backed up, now it's as safe here as in a bank safe. But all was not until the seventies, before they could from here walk from London underground by half. "

"Not interested," I said sullenly.

"What are you talking like that?"

"Nothing." How could he pretend as if nothing had happened? Made his silly grin and the small-talk me sound only really angry. I walked faster, and even though I pressed his lips together firmly while, I could not prevent the words from me burst out. "I can not, Gideon! I come not so clear to me that you take turns kissing and then treat as

would you hate me deeply. "

Gideon was silent for a moment. "I would also prefer to kiss you all the time, when you" hate, he said. "But you make it a somewhat not easy. "

"I told you nothing did," I said.

He paused. "Oh come on, Gwendolyn! You do not seriously think that I'll take off my story with your grandfather? As if the calculated randomly in the space shows up in the elapsierst you! Emerged as well, as Lucy and Paul are random with Lady Tilney.

Or are these men in Hyde Park "

"Yes, exactly, I have previously ordered personally, because I always want someone to pierce with a sword. Not too forgotten, wanted to get a man's face, which lacks half the face, "I hissed.

"What and why do you do in the future. . . "

"Oh, shut up!" I cried applied. "I'm so sick of it all! Since last Monday, I am living in a nightmare of not more want to end. If I think I woke up, I realize that I still dream. In my mind there are millions of questions to which I no one answers, and everyone expects me to give my best was for something I did not understand, "I returned to

Movement set ran almost, but Gideon was easy step. On the stairs was no one to ask for the password. Why also,

if all inputs were secured in Fort Knox? I always took the stairs two at a time. "Nobody asked me if I was here at all wants. I must be crazy with dance teachers grapple, the insult me constantly, can show me my dear cousin,

what they can do anything, but I'll never learn, and you. . . you. . . "

Gideon shook his head. "Hey, you can get once in my shoes?" Now it was done also to his rest. "I'm doing that is similar! Or how would you act if you knew for sure that I would sooner or later, ensure that someone is

a mace thunders on the head? I do not think you would keep me under these circumstances, even for adorable and innocent, is not it? "

"I do not anyway," I said sharply. "You know what? Meanwhile, I could well imagine that I like this yourself Lobe would thunder on the head. "

"Oh please," said Gideon, grinning again.

I just snorted angrily. We walked past Madame Rossini's studio. Under the door light came into the corridor. They probably worked still in our costumes.

Gideon cleared his throat. "Like I said, I'm sorry. Can we now talk to each other back to normal? "

Normal! I did not laugh.

"And - what are you doing tonight," he asked in his most friendly an non-conversational.

"I'm obviously busy minuet-dancing and exercise before going to sleep and no sentence without the words: vacuum cleaner, heart rate monitor, jogging and

Heart transplantation are, "I replied sarcastically. "And you?"

Gideon looked at his clock. "I'll meet my brother and Charlotte and ... yes look at times. We ended Saturday night. "

Yes, of course. If the look so much as they wanted, it gave me.

Was "Thanks for bringing up," I said as I cool. "From here I find the car alone."

"It would be lying on my way," said Gideon. "And you can still stop to run. I should avoid excessive effort.

Statement of Dr. White. "

And even though I was so mad at him for a moment I got a bit of a guilty conscience. I saw him from the side of.

"But if you at the next corner, what someone in the head skin, do not say, I would have lured you there."

Gideon smiled. »More would you pretend what is not. "

Never I would do something like that shot through my head. No matter how disgusting he behaved towards me. I would never allow him hurt anyone. Whomever he had seen - I could not have been in any way.

The archway in front of us was illuminated by the flash of a camera. Although it was already dark, there were still many tourists in Temple the move. In the parking lot behind it was the black sedan, which I already knew. When he saw us coming closer, the driver got out and I opened the door. Gideon waited until I was in the car, then he leaned down to me. "Gwendolyn?"

"Yes?" It was too dark to recognize his face exactly.

"I wish you would trust me more." It sounded so serious and honest that I was staggered for a second language.

"I wish that I could," I said. Only when Gideon slammed the door and the car had been set in motion, it occurred to me I better, "I wish I would have said the same of you."

Madame Rossini's eyes shone with excitement. She took my hand and led me to the main mirror, so I

Could assess results of their efforts. At first glance I hardly recognize myself again. This was due mainly to the normally straight hair, which had been twisted into innumerable curls on his head and stuck to a giant high hairdo, similar to that my cousin Janet had worn at her wedding. Individual strands of hair fell into Korkerzieherlöckchen my bare shoulders. The dark red color of the dress made me look even paler than I already was, but I did not look sick, but brilliant.

Madame Rossini had in fact powdered my nose and forehead discreetly and I painted a little rouge on the cheeks, and although yesterday it was made even more late, thanks to her I had a look at what no shadows under the eyes.

»« As Snow said Madame Rossini and dabbed all stirred with a scrap of fabric from the moist eyes. "Red as blood, white as snow, black as ebony. You will scold me, because you'll notice like a sore thumb. Let me see your nails, yes, tres bien, nice and clean and short. And now shake my head sometimes. No, more calm, keep this hairstyle have the whole evening. "

"It feels a bit like I had a hat on," I said.

"By this you get used to," replied Madame Rossini, while she fixed her hair with more spray. In addition to the eleven estimated Pounds of hairpins that held the mountain curls on his head, there were some that were only decoration, they

were with the occupied the same roses that lined the cut of the dress also. Lovely! "So, get ready, Schwanenhälschen. Should I re-Photos

? make "

"Oh please," I looked in my bag for the phone. "Leslie would kill me if I do not hold this moment

would. "

"I would" like to do what both of you, Madame Rossini said after me about ten times photographed from all sides had. "From you and the naughty boy. So you see, how perfect, yet perfectly understated the dressing room together is tuned. But Giordano will take care of Gideon, I've refused me again about the need for patterned

Arguing stockings. What is too much is too much. "

"These socks are not here," so bad, I said.

"The reason is that although they look like the stockings of the time, but thanks to elastane are much more comfortable," said Madame Rossini. "It used to find such a garter belt has probably cut off half the thigh, however, yours is just an ornament there.

Of course I do not hope that someone takes a look under your skirt - but if it can, n'est nobody complain, ce pas "you?

clapped his hands. "Bien, I call up and say now that you're done."

While she called, I stood again in front of the mirror. I was excited. Gideon, I had this morning from my energetic

Banished thoughts and I was reasonably successful, but only at the price that I think is now constantly on the Count of Saint Germain had. To fears of a renewed encounter with the Count is also an inexplicable anticipation mingled on the soiree, which I itself was a bit scary.

Mum had allowed that Leslie was asleep in the night with us, and therefore it had become a nice evening, somehow. With Leslie and Xemerius analyze what

happened exactly, had done me good. Perhaps they had only said yes to me cheer up, but both Leslie and Xemerius felt that there was no reason for me to love because of unfulfilled

to fall from the bridge. They claimed both of them, Gideon has given the circumstances quite legitimate reasons for his behavior had, and Leslie said that as part of the equality of the sexes, one should also guys a bad mood, grant phase, and

they feel very well that he was deep in its interior a really nice guy.

"You know him not at all!" I had shaken his head. "You just say, because you know that I want to hear that!"

"Yes, and also because I want that it is the truth," she had said Leslie. "If it should turn out at the end of an asshole, I will personally visit and punch him! We promise. "

Xemerius had only come home late, namely, before he had shadowed at my request, Charlotte, and Gideon Raphael.

Unlike him, I found Leslie and it not a bit boring to hear, as Raphael did.

"If you ask me, the boy looks a bit too good," had nagged Xemerius. "And he knows it well."

"With what he would be" in Charlotte at the right place, Leslie said with satisfaction. "Our ice princess has yet to any Joy stolen. "

We had perched on my window sill width, while Xemerius took place on the table, his cock to be properly

around and put his report began.

Charlotte and Raphael had been eating ice cream first, then went to the movies, and finally they had in an Italian restaurant with Gideon taken. Leslie and I had wanted to know what's exactly the title of the film on the surface of the pizza until the very last spoken word. According Xemerius Charlotte and Raphael had actually talked past each other more stubborn. While Raphael liked have

discussed the differences between English and French girls and their sexual behavior, Charlotte was always on the Literature of the last ten years came back, which led to the fact that Raphael himself increasingly bored and especially conspicuously so busy, have hinterherzublicken other girls. And the movies have Raphael (to Xemerius' big surprise) no Institutions made to grope Charlotte somehow, on the contrary, after about ten minutes he was asleep soundly. Leslie said it was the popular television that they have heard in a long time, and I was in their view. Then we wanted to know, of course, necessarily whether Gideon Raphael and Charlotte had spoken at an Italian restaurant on me also, and we had Xemerius (somewhat reluctantly) following outrageous dialogue played (which I translated for Leslie to speak simultaneously):

Charlotte: Giordano is very concerned that everything will go wrong tomorrow Gwendolyn, what can go wrong.

Gideon: Can you tell me, please extend the olive oil?

Charlotte: Politics and history are simply Gwendolyn secrets with seven seals and names they can not even remember - the goes in one ear and out the other. You can not help it, her brain is simply not enough capacity. It is

stuffed with the names of miserable long Boygroupmitgliedern and cast lists of cheesy love movies.

Raphael: Gwendolyn's your time-traveling cousin, right? I've seen them yesterday at school. It's the one with the long dark Hair and blue eyes, right?

Charlotte: Yes, and with this birthmark on his temple that looks like a banana.

Gideon, like a small crescent.

Raphael: What is the girlfriend again? The blonde with freckles? Lilly?

Charlotte Leslie Hay. A little more brain capacity than Gwendolyn, but she is a good example of that support similar to their dogs

. see Their is a shaggy golden retriever mix. His name is Bertie.

Raphael: Oh how cute!

Charlotte: You like dogs?

Raphael: Especially with Golden Retriever crossbreeds freckles.

Charlotte: I hear you! Well, yes you can try your luck times. Particularly hard you will not have it. Leslie has an even larger Wear on guys as Gwendolyn.

Gideon: Really? How many of them. . . uh. . . Gwendolyn had friends already?

Charlotte: Oh God. Phew. The time now is kind of embarrassing to me. I want to say anything bad about them, it's just that since they pretty much at random

is, especially if she has been drinking. In our class, it has just about every once and the guys from the classes above us ...

Well, I eventually lost track. The nickname she gave her, I'd rather not repeat.

Raphael: School mattress?

Gideon: Can you tell me, please pass the salt?

Wish had arrived Xemerius at this point in his story, I'd jump up, run down to Charlotte and they strangling,

But Leslie had held me and meant revenge should always be enjoyed cold. My point, my motivation was not revenge

but pure murder, they did not accept. She also had said, when Gideon and Raphael only a quarter as clever as well

were looking, they would believe a word of Charlotte anyway.

"I think Leslie really does look a bit like a golden retriever," she had said and Xemerius under my reproachful glance

"I like dogs, you know that: added soon! There are clever animals. "

Yes, Leslie was really smart. She had, meanwhile, namely the Green Rider book elicits from his secret. However, the difficulty counted result is a bit disappointing. It was just another number with two-letter code and it still funny lines

in it.

Fifty-one one zero three zero to four point seven eight zero zero zero eight n-point four nine point nine one o

It was almost midnight when we had sneaked across the house to the library, that is, only Leslie and I slipped,

Xemerius had flown ahead.

There we were looking at the shelves one hours intended for new indications. The fifty-first book in the third row. . .

Fifty-series, thirtieth, page four, line seven, eighth word ... But no matter in what corner we started to count - nothing was Sense. Finally, we pulled out at random books and shook it, hoping to find another piece of paper. Not applicable. But Leslie was nevertheless confident. She had written the code on a piece of paper, which she took from her pocket and constantly looked at.

"That means something," she muttered to himself incessantly. "And I'll also find out what."

Then we finally went to bed. My alarm clock in the morning had shaken me rudely from my dreamless sleep - and from the Point, I was almost exclusively thought of the soiree.

"Here comes Monsieur George," to pick you up, tear me from my thoughts Madame Rossini. She handed me a bag, my Reticule, and I wondered if I should not even sneak in at the last second, the paring knife there. Contrary to Leslie's advice I had namely refrained from sticking it to me with tape on the thigh. With my luck I would have only hurt themselves, and how I should friemeln in an emergency under my skirt the tape from the leg, I was already a mystery. As Mr. George entered the room, draped Madame Rossini, a broad, elaborately embroidered shawl around my shoulders and kissed me on both cheeks. "Good luck, my Schwanenhälschen," she said. "Bring them back safely only, Monsieur George."

Mr. George smiled a bit tortured. He seemed not quite so plump and cozy as usual "This is unfortunately not in my hand, Mme. Come, my girl, there's a few people who want to meet you. "

It was already early afternoon when we went one floor further up in the dragon room. The dressing and styling had two Lasted hours. Mr. George was unusually silent, and I focused on the steps on the hem of the dress is not too

. occur I had our last visit in the 18 Century and think about how difficult it would be, in this bulky clothes

Men to escape with a sword.

"Mr. George, can you please tell me the Florentine with the Alliance?" I asked, a sudden impulse.

Mr. George stopped. "The Florentine alliance? Who gave you because it says? "

"Basically," no, I said with a sigh. "But every now and then I get to something. I ask only because I do. . . Afraid.

It was the type of alliance that we have attacked in Hyde Park, right? "

Mr. George looked at me seriously. "Maybe, yes. Probably. But you need have no fear. I do not think that their day with must expect an attack. We have developed, together with the count and all possible precautions Rakcozy. "

I opened my mouth to say something, but Mr. George interrupted me: "Well, because you usually give no rest: In fact, we have assume that there is a traitor in 1782 at the guards, perhaps the same man who earlier also in the years

Information is disclosed, to the attacks on the life of the Count of Saint Germain in Paris, Dover, Amsterdam and

Germany have done. "He rubbed his bald head. "In the annals of this man is not mentioned by name. Although it Count is able to crush the Florentine alliance, the traitor in the ranks of the guards was never exposed. Your visits in 1782

to change that. "

"Gideon said, Lucy and Paul had something to do."

"In fact, there is some evidence suggesting that presumption." Mr. George pointed to the door to the dragon room. "But we have now no time to go more

into detail. No matter what happens: You stop at Gideon. In case you are separated, hide somewhere where you sure to wait for the return message. "

I nodded. For some reason I got a very dry mouth.

Mr. George opened the door and let me go first. With my wide skirt I was just passing him by. The room was full of people, who stared at me and promptly shot me in the face with embarrassment the blood. In addition to Dr. White, Falk de Villiers, Mr. Whitman, Mr.

Marley,

Gideon and the unspeakable Giordano were five other men in dark suits and serious faces under the giant dragon. I

wish Xemerius would have been here to tell me who of them was the interior minister and who was the Nobel laureate, but Xemerius get another job. (Not by me -.. Of Leslie, but more on that later)

"Gentlemen? Let me introduce you Gwendolyn Shepherd? "That was probably a rhetorical question, in Falk de Villiers solemn Tone presented. "She is our Ruby. The last time travelers in the circle of the Twelve. "

"Tonight on the way as Penelope Gray, trustee of the fourth Viscount of Batten," added Mr George Giordano and muttered: "The probably from this evening as the lady with no fan go down in history. "

I glanced over to Gideon, whose wine-red, embroidered frock coat fits really nicely with my dress. To

my great relief, he was not wearing a wig, otherwise I probably would have broken out of sheer tension into hysterical laughter. But at the sight of him was nothing ridiculous. He looked just perfect. His brown hair was tied in the neck in a ponytail, a Locke fell as if by accident in his forehead and sent the wound laminated. Like so many times I was able to look on his face does not really indicate.

One after another I had to shake the hand of the unknown masters, each told me his name was (coming in one ear and out the other out again, Charlotte was so right when it came to my brain capacity), and I mumbled something like each

"I'm glad very" or

"Good evening," Sir. All in all it was quite serious contemporaries. Only one of them smiled, looked the other as would give them a leg amputation is imminent. The one who was smiling, determined by the Minister, politicians were simply generous with her smile, which brought the profession enhancements.

Giordano, eyeing me from head to toe and I was waiting for a response, but instead he just sighed exaggeratedly loud. Falk de Villiers smiled too, but at least he said: "The dress is really great to you, Gwendolyn. The true Penelope Gray would certainly happy if they would have looked so good. Madame Rossini has done a great job. "

"That's right! I have seen a portrait of the real Penelope Gray. No wonder they unmarried all her life in the farthest corners Derbyshire spent, "exclaimed Mr. Marley. A moment later he was bright red and stared at the floor embarrassed.

Mr. Whitman quoted Shakespeare - at least I took a degree that it was Shakespeare, Mr. Whitman became obsessed with

Shakespeare. "Well then, what are good stimuli to ensure that I made a heaven to hell? - Oh, that's no reason to blush, Gwendolyn. "

I looked at him angrily. Stupid squirrel! If anything, I was previously red, not sure about him. Apart from that, had I do not understand the quote, it could be just as good a compliment as an insult.

Unexpectedly, I received support from Gideon. "The Imaginary overestimated in relation to its own value," he said friendly to Mr. Whitman. "Aristotle."

Mr. Whitman was a little tight-lipped smile.

"Mr. Whitman wanted to express just how great you look," Gideon said to me and shot me back promptly the blood back into the Cheeks.

Gideon acted as if he would not notice. But when I was a few seconds later looked over at him, he smiled with satisfaction himself. Mr. Whitman, however, seemed to be another Shakespeare quote is difficult to resist to.

Dr. White, legs behind his suit had hidden and Robert looked at me with wide

eyes, looked at his clock. "We should now gradually break up. The priest has a baptism by sixteen clock. "

The Pastor?

"You will not now go into the basement from the past, but from a church in North Audley Street," explained Mr George. "So you do not lose so much time trying to get to Lord Brompton's house."

"That way we minimize the risk of an attack" on the outward or return journey, said one of the strange men, one for which he angry glance of Falk de Villiers caught.

"The chronograph is" already prepared, he said. He pointed to a chest with silver handles, standing on the table. "Wait Outside two limousines. Gentlemen ... "

"Good luck," said the one I thought was the interior minister. Giordano sighed again heavily.

Dr. White, a medical bag (what?) In his hand, held the door open. Mr. Marley and Mr. Whitman took each a handle of the chest and carrying them out, as solemnly as if it were the Ark of the Covenant.

Gideon was a few steps to my side and gave me his arm. "Well, little Penelope, then we want you times the fine

"Imagine London society, he said. "Ready?"

No. I was not the least bit ready. And Penelope was really a terrible name. But I probably had no choice. I looked so at the earliest opportunity to Gideon. "Ready when you are."

I swear ... honesty and courtesy,

Decency and compassion,

Resistance against injustice,

Help for the weak,

Fidelity to the law,
Preserve the secrets,
Compliance with the Golden Rules,
from now until I die.

(Text from the swearing in of the Adepts)

Chronicles of the guards, Volume 1,
The keeper of the secret.

10

Mostly I was afraid of a recent encounter with the Count of Saint Germain. At our last meeting I had his

Voice in my head and heard his hand had encompassed my throat and squeezed, although he more than four feet away from me had been standing. I do not know exactly what role you play, the girl or whether you are at all important. But I will not tolerate that one violates my rules.

It was assumed that I had failed in the meantime to some of his rules - they had to concede to me, however, that

I am not so well versed. This filled me with a certain defiance: Since no one had bothered me any

Rules to explain or justify at all, they had also not be surprised if I do not observe it.

I was scared but also above all others - namely, secretly, I was convinced that Giordano and Charlotte were right: I fool me certainly very terrible in the role of Penelope Gray, and everyone would notice that something was wrong with me. For a Moment occurred to me not even a place in the Derbyshire, from which they came. Or something with B. P. Or D. Or. . .

"Have you memorized the guest list?" Mr. Whitman was next to me does not

help to diminish my excitement. Why the hell I should learn by heart the guest list? My head shaking Mr. Whitman acknowledged with a sigh.

"I can also" not by heart, said Gideon. He sat opposite me in the limo. "It's still a spoiled all the fun when you always know beforehand who you will meet. "

I would like to know if he was so excited too. If his hands were sweating and his heart was beating so fast as mine. Or was he so often the 18th Century traveled that even more was nothing special for him?

"You're still you bite the lip," bloody, he said.

"I am a little bit. . . nervous. "

"This can be seen. Would it help if I held your hand? "

I shook my head vehemently.

No, all this would only make it worse, you idiot! Apart from the fact that I know what your behavior towards me is concerned, anyway now fully stand on the tube! Not to mention our relationship in general! In addition, Mr. Whitman now looks

been like a know-it-Generic squirrel!

I almost groaned. Whether I would feel better if I throw him a couple of my loud exclamation thoughts of the head

would? I thought for a moment, let it remain then.

At last we were there. As Gideon me at the church helped out of the car (in such a dress is required for such maneuvers in each Case a helping hand, if not two), I noticed that he had no sword with him this time. How careless!

Passers-by stared at us curiously and Mr. Whitman gave us at the church door. "A little faster, please," he said, "We want it not cause a stir. "No, clearly, that was not a little startling that two black sedans in broad daylight in the afternoon North Audley Street and parked men in suits covered the ark out of the trunk and carried over the sidewalk into the church.

Although - from a distance could go through the chest as well as a small coffin ... I got goose bumps.

"I hope you have" at least thought about the gun, I whispered to Gideon.

"You indeed have a strange idea" of this soiree, he was back in my normal voice and put the scarf around her shoulders. "Did actually someone already checked the contents of your handbag? Not that the heart is ringing your phone during a lecture. "

At the performance I just had to smile because my Handyton was currently a loud croaking frog. "Except for you nobody is there to me could "call, I said.

"And I do not even have your number. May I still take a look in the bag? "

"It is Reticule " I said, holding out the bag with a shrug.

"Smelling salts, handkerchief perfumes, powders. . . "exemplary, said Gideon. "As it should be. Come on "He gave me back the reticule, grabbed my hand and led me through the church door, which Mr. Whitman bolted directly behind us. Inside Gideon forgot, my hand let go, and it was now quite good, because otherwise I would have gotten in the last minute panic and would have run away.

In the open space before the altar Falk de Villiers and Mr. Marley were there, under the skeptical gaze of the priest (in the full vestments) the chronographs from the Bundesla-uh ... the chest to relieve. Dr. White paced the room with long strides and said, "From the fourth Eleven steps to the left column, then it plays it safe. "

"I do not know if I can guarantee that the Church is at 18:30 clock really deserted," the priest said nervously. "The Organist will enjoy even longer and there are some community members who engage me in conversation at the door, I just hard. . . "

"Do you" not worry, Falk said de Villiers. The chronograph was now directly on the altar. The light from the afternoon sun broke in the stained-glass windows and let the gems appear infinitely huge. "We will be here and you after the service help get rid of your flock. "He looked us over. "Are you ready?"

Gideon finally let go of my hand. "I jump first," he said. The priest was the

mouth wide open when he saw a Gideon Strudel blinding light just disappeared.

"Gwendolyn." While Falk took my hand and pushed my finger into the chronograph, he smiled at me encouragingly. "We see ourselves in exactly four hours. "

"" Hopefully, I muttered, as the needle pierced even in my flesh, the room filled with red light and I closed the Eye.

When I opened them again, I stumbled slightly and someone held me by the shoulder. "All right," whispered voice of Gideon my ear.

Much could not be seen. Only a single candle lit the altar, the rest of the church lay in ghostly darkness.

"Bienvenue," said a rough voice from this very dark, and although I had expected, I winced. A

Men figure detached itself from the shadow of a column and in the light of the candle, I saw the pale face of Rakoczy, the friend of the Count. As with our first meeting, he reminded me of a vampire, the black eyes without any gloss, in dim light

they had once more as eerie black holes.

"Monsieur Rakoczy," Gideon said in French, and bowed politely. "I am glad to see you. My companion so you know already. "

"Sure. Mademoiselle Gray, for tonight. It is my pleasure. "Rakoczy bowed slightly.

"Uh, tres ..." I muttered. "The pleasure is all" on my side, I then switched to English. You could never know what is in a foreign language to me nothing, you did not say anything either, especially if you stood with her at loggerheads.

"My men and I will escort you to Lord Brompton's house," said Rakoczy.

Creepy enough of these men was nothing to see, but I heard her breathing in the dark and moving, as we behind Rakoczy her down the aisle walked over to the door. Even outside on the street, I could not see anyone, although I repeatedly

looking around. It was cool and there was light drizzle, and even if it was street lights, they were all in the street tonight broken. It was so dark that I could not even recognize Gideon's face right next to me, and everywhere the shadows seemed to be alive to breathe, and to rattle softly. I clutched my hand tightly around Gideon. Alas, he let me go now!

"They're all" my people, whispered Rakoczy. "Good, battle-hardened men of the Kuruc. We will keep you on the way back safe escort. "

How reassuring.

There was not much to Lord Brompton House, and the closer we got, the less dark it was. The manor house in Wigmore Street Finally, was brightly lit and looked really cozy. Rakoczys men remained in the shadows, it only took us up into the house, where in the large entrance hall, led by a grand staircase with curved banister to the first floor, Lord Brompton

personally was waiting for us. He was still as thick as I had remembered him, and in light of many candles shone his face greasy.

The hall was empty except for the Lord, and four servants. The servants were waiting, neatly lined up next to a door for further instructions. Of announced the company was nothing to see, but voices and a few bars of a melody geklimpten penetrated to damped

my ear.

While Rakoczy withdrew with a bow, I realized why Lord Brompton personally took us right here in reception,

before we could get someone to face. He assured how very pleased he was and how much he had enjoyed our first meeting, But that - "ahem, ahem" - was wiser, this same meeting his wife, not to mention over.

"Just to avoid misunderstanding," he said. He blinked incessantly, as if he had received something in the eye, and kissed at least three times in my hand. "The Count has assured me that you came from one of the best families in England, I hope you forgive me my impertinence in our amusing conversation about the 21 Century, and my absurd Idea, you could be an actor. "

Again he winked over the top.

"It's safe," even our fault, Gideon said smoothly. "The Count has just tried everything to you to put on this red herring. Where we are We are currently at: It is a strange old man, is not it? My foster sister and I are already used to his jokes, but

if it is not so well known, dealing with it is often a "little strange. He took off my scarf and gave it to one of the minions.

"Well - as the case may be. We heard that your salon has an excellent piano and a wonderful acoustics. We

certainly very happy about Lady Brompton's invitation. "

Lord Brompton lost a few seconds in the sight of my cleavage, he said, "And they will also be delighted, Your

To make acquaintance. Come on, the other guests are all there already. "He gave me his arm. "Miss Gray?"

"My lord." I threw a glance to Gideon, and he smiled encouragingly, as he followed us into the parlor, the one with a curved Door directly reached from the entrance hall.

Among Salon I had imagined something like a living room, but the space that we now entered, it was almost with our ballroom record at home. In a large fireplace at one of the long sides of a fire was blazing, and stood in front of the windows with heavy curtains a spinet. My eyes slid over dainty little table with protruding legs, sofas and chairs with colorful patterns with golden armrests. The Whole was illuminated by hundreds of candles that hung everywhere and were so wonderful and the room a magical sparkle given that I was speechless for a moment of delight. Unfortunately, they beamed but also many foreign people and in my Amazement (I pressed, Giordano's admonitions in mind, my lips tightly together, so that my mouth was not open by mistake) mingled with the fear again. This should be a small, intimate dinner party? What was then just before the ball?

I did not come to me to give a clearer picture, because Gideon has pulled me inexorably into the crowd. Many pairs of eyes eyed us curiously, and a moment

later ran a small, plump woman approached us, which turned out to be Lady Brompton.

She wore a light brown dress and her hair was concealed under a voluminous wig, which, considering the many candles here thoughtful, incredibly dangerous fire looked. Our hostess had a nice smile and she greeted us warmly. They automatically I sank into a bow, while Gideon took the opportunity to leave me alone, or was he by Lord Brompton

. move Before I could decide whether I should be angry about it, I Lady Brompton had been involved in a conversation.

Fortunately, I found exactly the right moment, the name of the place again, where I - lived - or Penelope Gray. By

their enthusiastic nods encouragement, I assured Lady Brompton, that it was peaceful and quiet there though, but it is in social Dispersal is lacking, which I would almost overwhelm here in London.

"That you will no longer safe to think, when Genoveva Fairfax again today her entire repertoire on the piano to the best may be. "A lady came in a dress primelfarbenen to us. "On the contrary, I'm pretty sure you will be you after the Diversions of rural life to look back. "

"Shhh," Lady Brompton, but they made it giggled. Is "the naughty, Georgiana!" As she beamed me so conspiratorially, was them in front of me suddenly very young. As they had come only to this fat old bag?

"Naughty, maybe, but true!" The lady in yellow (even in such an unfavorable light candles color!) Told me, lowering his voice, that her husband had fallen asleep at the last soiree and started to snore loudly.

"That can not happen today," I assured Lady Brompton. "We still have the wonderful, mysterious Count of Saint Germain to visit, we will be happy afterwards on his violin. Lavinia and can not wait to sing a duet with our Mr Merchant. "

"All you need him but has yet to properly" instill wine, said the lady in yellow, smiled at me broadly, showing openly their Teeth. I smiled back automatically as

wide. Ha! I just knew it. Giordano was nothing but a lousy poser!

Somehow, the more relaxed on it anyway, as I had thought.

"It's a balancing act is pure," sighed Lady Brompton and her wig was shaking a little. "Too much wine and he will not sing too much and he sings indecent shanties. Do you know the Comte de Saint Germain, my love? "

I immediately became serious and looked around involuntarily. Was "I already presented to him a few days ago," I said, suppressed a gnashing of teeth. "My foster brother ... is acquainted with him. "My eyes fell upon Gideon, who was standing near the fireplace and just spoke with a slight young woman in a stunningly beautiful green dress. They looked as though they have known each other longer would. Also, they laughed so that you could see her teeth. It had beautiful teeth, no rotten stumps incomplete, as Giordano I did try to tell.

"If the count is not just amazing? I could listen to him for hours when he talks, "said the lady in yellow, after she explained to me was that it was Lady Brompton's cousin. "Especially the stories from France, I love you!"

"Yes, the spicy Stories, "said Lady Brompton. "The course is not for the innocent ears of a debutante."

I was looking through the eyes from the room after the count and found him sitting in a corner, talking with two other men. Of Far he was elegant and ageless, and as if he had felt my gaze, he turned his dark eyes on me.

The count was similar to all the men dressed in the hall - he was wearing a wig and a frock coat, plus a little silly breeches and strange shoes with buckles. But unlike the others it seemed to me not as if he was straight out of a costume drama

sprung, and for the first time I was really aware of where I was actually landed here.

His lips curled into a smile and I was inclined his head politely, while my whole body became covered with goose bumps.

To engage only with difficulty I suppressed the reflex of my throat. I would rather it did not even get any stupid ideas.

"Your foster brother is actually a really good-looking man, my dear," said Lady Brompton. "Quite contrary to the rumors of We were brought. "

I broke my gaze from the Count of Saint Germain and looked back over to Gideon. "That's right. He is really very much. . . well looking. "That seemed to find the lady in green also. She plucked straight cope with a flirtatious smile, his scarf. Giordano had kill me for this behavior probably. "Who's the lady who is the Befu him there. . . er, with which he speaks? "

"Lavinia Rutland. London's most beautiful widow. "

"But no pity please, 'said Primelblume. "You can have long comforted by the Duke of Lancashire, much to the displeasure of Duchess, and in parallel, it has developed a penchant for ambitious politicians. Your brother is interested in politics? "

"I think it does not matter right now," said Lady Brompton. "Lavinia looks like she just got a gift for unpacking get. "Again she looked at Gideon from head to toe. "Well, rumor has been talk of weak constitution and doughy Stature. How very gratifying that this is not true. "Suddenly a frightened look came on her face. "Oh, you still do nothing to

! drink "

Lady Brompton's cousin looked around and poked a young man in the side who was standing nearby. "Mr. Merchant? Makes you a little useful and worried us a couple of glasses of Lady Brompton special punch. And you also bring your own glass. We want you today sing nor hear. "

Is "This way, the charming Miss Penelope Gray, the ward of the Viscount of Batten," said Lady Brompton. "I would you introduce each other thoroughly, but it is without any power and you are a Fortune - it is worth it, not here of my passion Verkuppelns comply. "

Mr. Merchant, who was a head shorter than me, as indeed many in this room, did not look offended. He bowed gallantly and said with an intense look in my neck: "That is not to say that I the charms of such a charming young lady

blind to be. "

"I'm glad for you," I said uncertainly, and it broke Brompton Lady and her cousin into loud laughter.

"Oh, no, Lord Brompton and Miss Fairfax approach to the piano," said Mr. Merchant and rolled his eyes. "I sense evil."

"Quick! Our drinks! "Ordered Lady Brompton. "No one can endure sober."

The punch, which I sipped slowly at first only tasted wonderful. Great for fruits, a bit of cinnamon and a little to others.

My stomach was nice and warm them. For a moment I was quite relaxed and started the grand-lit room with

to enjoy these many well-dressed people, but then I grabbed Mr. Merchant from behind the neckline and I would have nearly the punch spilled.

"One of the most adorable little roses" was slipping, he claimed, and he grinned quite offensive. I stared at him uncertainly.

Giordano had not prepared me for such a situation, so I did not know what the etiquette in the case of a rococo-Grabber envisaged. I looked for help to Gideon over, but he was so engrossed in his conversation with the young widow that he did not notice that.

Had we been in my century, I would have said Mr. Merchant, he should keep his dirty style kindly with you, otherwise would slip to him like something completely different than a rose. But under the circumstances, this reaction seemed a little -

rude. So I smiled at him and said, "Oh, thank you, very friendly. I had not noticed. "

Mr Merchant bowed. "Always at your service, ma'am." It's incredible how bold he was. But in times when women could not vote had, you had to wonder not if they also face other lack of respect.

The chatter and the laughter stopped by and by, as Miss Fairfax, a reed dünnnasige person in a green dress, for

Piano Forte stepped down, had arranged her skirts and took the keys. She did not play that bad. The only thing that bothered her a little, was her Singing. He was incredible ... high. Even a tiny bit higher and you could see it as a dog whistle.

"Refreshing, is not it?" Mr Merchant made sure my glass was refilled. To my surprise (and somehow

Relief), he grabbed Lady Brompton also bluntly to her bosom, under the pretext that she had a hair there. Lady Brompton seemed not to bother, she scolded him only a sensualist, and struck him with her fan the finger (Aha! Therefore, the Subjects really done!), And then took her and her cousin with me to a blue flowered sofa near the window

stood. They placed me in their midst.

"Here you are" safe from sticky fingers, said Lady Brompton and maternally patted my knee. "Only your ears are still in danger."

"Drink!" Advised my cousin quietly. "You will need it! Miss Fairfax has just begun. "

The bed felt unusually hard and the back was so expansive that you could lean against impossible unless

I wanted along with many of my skirts in the shallows sink. Obviously sofas were in the 18 Century was not around to hanging around been built.

"I do not know - I'm" not accustomed to alcohol, I said hesitantly. My only experience with alcohol was exactly two years ago. It was on Cynthia was at a pajama party. A completely innocuous party. Without boys, but with chips and "High School Musical" DVDs. And a Salad bowl of vanilla ice cream, orange juice and vodka. . . The congregation of the vodka was that he was not because of all the vanilla ice cream could be tasted, and obviously that stuff was definitely a different effect. While Cynthia, after three glasses of the windows ripped open and loud "Zac Efron, I love you," roared through Chelsea, had been hanging over the head with Leslie and the toilet to vomit, Peggy had made a declaration of love Sarah (sssön you "Bisso, married miss") and Sarah had had a crying fit, without know why. For me it was the worst. I was jumping around on Cynthia's bed and had a kind of infinite loop

Breaking free bawled. When Cynthia's father had come into the room, I had him Cynthia's hair brush held out as a mic and shouted, "Sing with, baldy! Swing your hips. "Even if I declare myself the next day absolutely could not.

After this somewhat embarrassing story had Leslie and I decided that from now on to make a wide detour around alcohol (and a few months, also to Cynthia's father), and we had since been held consistently to this intent. Although it is sometimes strange was the only one sober to stop at Saufnasen louder. Like now for instance.

From the opposite side of the room, I felt again the sight of the Count of Saint-Germain rest on me and my neck

unpleasant tingling.

"They say he understood in the art of mind reading," whispered Lady Brompton next to me, and I decided that the ban on alcohol temporarily set aside. Just for this evening. And for just a few sips. To forget my fear of the Count of Saint Germain.

And above all else.

Lady Brompton special punch worked amazingly fast, not only with me. After the second glass were all the songs already clearly less terrible, after the third we started with the feet to the beat mitzuwippen, and I felt never on such a nice

Been party to be. Really - the people here were much more relaxed than I had thought. Looser than in the 21 Century, to be precise took. And the lighting was really terrific. Why I had not noticed before that the hundreds of candles made sure

that everyone in this room, with a complexion like gold leaf? Even the Count me from across the room from time to time smiled.

The fourth glass brought my inner voice warning ("Be vigilant! Do not trust anyone!") Finally silenced. Only the fact Gideon seemed to have eyes only for the woman in green dress, still bothered my well-being.

"Now," our ears are trained enough, Lady Brompton was finally stood up clapping and applause went forward to the spinet.

"My dear, dear Miss Fairfax. This was once again "very exquisite, she said, and kissed her on both cheeks and Miss Fairfax on the nearest chair expressed. "But now all I ask for a warm round of applause for Mr Merchant and Lady Lavinia, no, no, no argument, it two, we know that you have practiced together secretly. "

Lady Brompton's cousin next to me screamed like a crazy boy-teen fan, when the breast-grope spinet to the continued

and struck a sweeping arpeggio. The beautiful Lady Lavinia gave Gideon a radiant smile and murmured in her green skirts forward. I could see that she was no longer quite so young as I had thought. But she sang great! As Anna Netrebko, the two we Years at the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden had heard. Well, maybe not quite as great as the Netrebko, but it was definitely the pure joy to listen to her. If you stood on turgid Italian opera arias. What I usually did not, honestly, thanks, but the punch after all. And Italian opera arias were obviously feeling the absolute charm of the 18th Century. The people in the room properly have been omitted. Only the poor Hundepfei, uh Miss Fairfax made a sour face.

"Can I take you for a moment, you sometimes?" Gideon was approached from behind the sofa and smiled down at me. Sure, now where the green lady was otherwise occupied, I had again occurred. "The count would be happy if you give him some company are doing. "

Oh. True, there was still something. I took a deep breath, took my glass and poured the contents down my throat boldly. When I got up, I felt a pleasant giddiness in the head. Gideon took away the empty glass from his hand and placed it on one of the small tables with this sweet little feet off.

"Was there some alcohol in it?" He whispered.

"No, that was" just punch, I whispered back. Oops, the ground was uneven, but somehow a bit. "I basically do not drink Alcohol, you know? One of my iron principles. You can also have fun without alcohol. "

Gideon raised an eyebrow and held out his arm. "I am delighted that you are comfortable enough amüsierst."

"Yes, it is based on reciprocity," I assured him. Phew, these floors in the 18 Century were really kind of shaky. This was I had not noticed before. "I mean, it

is perhaps a bit old for you, but that does not disturb you, yes. Nor that she was has with the Duke of Woauchimmer. No, really great party. The people here are much nicer than I thought. So sociable and fit. " I watched the two piano players grope Netrebko and blend over. "And ... she obviously likes to sing. Very sympathetic. You want to jump up and participate. "

"In standing down," whispered Gideon, as he led me to the sofa on which sat the Count. When he saw us coming closer, he rose with the effortless smoothness of a much younger man and curled his lips into an expectant smile.

Well, I thought, and lifted my chin. Let's pretend that I did not know that you are at all according to Google are not really count. Are we doing as if you were really a county and were not a con man of uncertain origin.

Let's pretend like you have not choked me last time. And we act as if I were sober.

I let go of Gideon, reached into the heavy red silk, spread my skirts and sank into a deep reverence, from which I just re-rose to the surface, when the Count me held out his ringed and jeweled hand.

"My dear child," he said, in his chocolate brown eyes glittered with amusement as he patted my hand. "I admire your elegance. After four glasses of Lady Brompton special punch, other times not more babble their names. "

Oh, he had counted. I lowered my gaze guiltily. Actually, there had been five glasses. But it had been worth it!

Ichjedenfalls mourned the oppressive feeling of diffuse fears not a bit behind. And I missed my

Inferiority complexes are not. No, I liked my drunken self. Even if it was a bit wobbly on his legs.

"Merci pour le compliment," I muttered.

"Delightful!" Said the Count

"I'm sorry, I should have" better watch out, 'said Gideon.

The Count laughed softly. "My dear boy, you were otherwise occupied. And above all, it is us tonight about us

, is not it fun? Especially Lord Alastair, I wanted to present this lovely young lady sure until now has not yet appeared.

I've had but to say that it's way here. "

"Alone?" Said Gideon.

The Count smiled. "It does not matter."

The Anna Netrebko for the poor and the Busengrapscher finished her aria with a furious last chord and the Count let go of my hand, to applaud. "Is not she wonderful? A really great talent, and so beautiful as well. "

"Yes," I said quietly, clapping his hands also trying not jaw-jaw to mimic cake. "There is quite a bit of that Chandeliers bring so tinkle. "The clapping upset my delicate balance and I fell slightly.

Gideon caught me. "I do not grasp," he said angrily, her lips close to my ear. "We are less than two hours here and you're drunk! What on earth have you thinking?"

"You have total I said, I sneak but Giordano, "I giggled. In the general turmoil, there was nobody else to hear. "Besides, it is now too late to complain about. The child has already fallen into the special punch, I would say. "A hiccup interrupted me. "Hopsa,

'Scuse me. "I looked around. "The others are still a lot drunker than I, so do not hold moral indignation, please. I everything under control. You can let me calm again, I'm standing here like a tower of strength. "

"I warn you, "whispered Gideon, but then he let go of me actually.

The safe side, I stood back a bit breitbeiniger. Under the wide skirt that could not see it.

The count had us watched bemused look on his face showed nothing but grandfatherly pride. I shot him a sidelong glance to and it earned a smile that let

me be quite warm-hearted. Why I had just had so much afraid of him? Could only with difficulty I call my memory, what Lucas had told: that the man had cut his own throat ancestors . . .

Lady Brompton was again rushed forward, and thanked Mr. Merchant and Lady Lavinia for her performance. Then - before Miss Fairfax is could rise again - she asked for a hefty round of applause for today's special guest, the well-traveled, mysterious, famous Count of Saint Germain. "He promised me today," something to play on his violin, she said, Lord Brompton came with a Violin case come running as fast as it allowed his fat belly. The audience went wild with enthusiasm punch blessed. Really, the was a-rockin 'party.

The Count smiled as he took the violin from its case and began to vote. "It would never occur to me to disappoint you, Lady Brompton, "he said in a soft voice. "But my old fingers are not as nimble as once when I was using the infamous Giacomo Casanova played duets at the French court. . . and gout torments me in those days a little. "

A collective sigh went whispering, and through space.

'. . . and so I want the violin tonight at my young friend to pass here, "continued the Count. Gideon looked a bit frightened, and shook his head. But when the Count pulled up his eyebrow and "Please!" said he took the instrument and the bow with a small bow to the front counter and went to the harpsichord.

The count reached for my hand. "And we both sit on the sofa and enjoy the show, yes? Oh, no reason to tremble. Take a seat, my child. You do not know, but since yesterday afternoon, we are best friends, you and me. Because we had a really, really intimate conversation and were able to eliminate all differences. "

Huh?

"Yesterday afternoon?" I repeated.

"For all I seen," said the Count, "For you, this meeting is still in the future." He laughed. "I'm glad complicated notice you? "

I stared at him dumbfounded. At this moment, Gideon began to play and I forgot to ask what I wanted. Oh my God!

Maybe it was the punch, but - wow! Thus, a violin was really sexy. Even the way in which Gideon took her in hand and under his chin! More he would no longer have to do, I was blown away. His long eyelashes threw shadows on his cheeks and the hair falling into his face, as he tried to dash over the bow and the strings. During the first notes filled the room, I had the air almost gone, they were so tender and melting, and suddenly I felt like crying. Violins have been pretty far down on the List of my favorite instruments stood, actually I liked it just the movie, the soundtrack of special moments. But this was just incredibly beautiful, and indeed everything: the bittersweet melody and the boy who drew the instrument. Everyone listened in breathless space Gideon and played there quite lost, as if no one else would.

I finally realized that I was crying, when the Count took me on the cheek and a tear gently caught with his fingers. Startled, I went together.

He smiled at me and was down in his dark brown eyes to detect a warm glow. "But you need not be ashamed,"

he said softly. "If it were otherwise, I would be very disappointed."

I myself was amazed that I smiled back (really! How could I just-that was the man who had strangled me!).

"What is this tune?" I asked.

The Count shrugged his shoulders. "I do not know. I guess they will still only be composed. "

The hall erupted in infernal applause when Gideon ended. He bowed and smiled and successfully defended itself against an encore, less successful were opposed to the embrace of the beautiful Lady Lavinia. She clung to his arm and he had no choice but to with our bed to carry.

"Was not he great?" Said Lady Lavinia. "But when I saw these hands, I knew immediately that they are capable of remarkable feats are. "

"I'll bet," I muttered. I would have liked to gotten up off the sofa, even to Lady Lavinia could not look so down on myself, But I could not. The alcohol had set my stomach muscles out of action.

"A wonderful instrument, the Marquis," said Gideon handed him to the Count and the violin.

"A Stradivarius. Built by the master himself for me, "the Count replied dreamily. "I would like that you get it, my Boy. Tonight is probably the right time for a formal presentation. "

Gideon blushed slightly. With joy, I assumed. "The. . . I can not ... "He looked into the Count's dark eyes, then he hit his Look down and added: "It is my great honor, Marquis."

"The honor is all" on my side, the Earl replied gravely.

"My goodness," I muttered. The two had apparently genuine love.

"Are you as musical as well as your foster brother, Miss Gray?" Said Lady Lavinia.

No, probably not. But definitely as musical as you, I thought. "I just like to sing," I said.

Gideon looked at me warningly.

"Sing!" Said Lady Lavinia. "What I and our dear Miss Fairfax."

"No," I said firmly. "I'm not in such high pitches like Miss Fairfax '- I was finally not bat -» more I dispose of as much as your lung capacity. But I like singing. "

"For tonight we should have played enough," said Gideon.

Lady Lavinia looked offended.

"Of course we would be thrilled if Her give us once again the honor "would, Gideon added quickly and gave me a dirty look.

Because I was so gloriously drunk, it was this one time I do not care.

"You did. . . "played wonderfully, I said. "I had to cry! Really. "

He grinned as I made a joke, and the Stradivarius tucked into her chest.

Lord Brompton gasped with two glasses of punch up to us and told Gideon that he was absolutely delighted by his virtuosity, and how unfortunate it would be for the poor Alastair to have missed this undoubted highlight of the evening.

"Do you think then, Alastair is here tonight to find the way?" Asked the count a little annoyed.

"Of this I am convinced," said Lord Brompton and handed me one of the glasses. I took a greedy gulp. Man, that stuff was good.

They just needed to smell it and was already high. Ready to grab a hair brush to jump on a bed and Breaking free to

to sing with or without Zac Efron!

"My lord, you have to talk about Miss Gray necessarily darzubieten something for us," said Lady Lavinia. "She sings so well."

It swung to a strange undertone in her voice made me sit up. Somehow it reminded me of Charlotte. Although they looked quite different, but somewhere deep bright green under that dress definitely put a Charlotte, I was convinced. The type of person who Always put everything that you could see by their own mediocrity, how absolutely wonderful and unique it was myself. Pah!

"Well," I said, trying once again to me on the sofa emporzustemmen. This time it worked. I even stopped. "Then I sing just. "

"What?" Said Gideon, shaking his head. "In no Case, they will sing - I'm afraid the punch. . . "

"Miss Gray, you would do us all a great friend, if you sing for us 'would,' said Lord Brompton and winked so hard that his fifteen double chins fell significantly into shake. "And when the punch should be responsible, then all the better.

Come with me to the front. I will announce you. "

Gideon held me by the arm. "That's not a good idea," he said. "Lord Brompton, I beseech you, my foster sister has never before Audience. . . "

"There's a first time for everything," said Lord Brompton and moved on me. "We

are still here among us. Be a good sport! "

"Exactly. Was "a good sport, I said, shaking from Gideon's hand. "Did it perhaps a hair brush? I can just sing better when I have one in your hand. "

Gideon looked a little desperate. "Absolutely not," he said, and followed me to the spinet, and Lord Brompton.

Behind us I heard the Count chuckle.

"Gwen. . . "Hissed, Gideon. "Please stop with this nonsense."

"Penelope," I corrected him, emptied the glass of punch in a train and handed it to him. "What do you think - will they Over the rainbow like it?

Or, "I chuckled here, "Hallelujah!"

Gideon sighed. "You can not really do. Now come with me back! "

"No, that's too modern, right? Let's see ... "In my mind I went through my entire playlist, while Lord Brompton with me bodied Vocabulary announced. Mr. Merchant, grope, turned to us. "Does the lady at the spinet competent support?" He asked.

"No, the lady needs ... something else, "said Gideon and sank on the piano stool. "Please, Gwen. . . "

»Pen if so, "I said. "I know what I'm singing. Do not cry for me, Argentina. Since I have all the text and musical somehow timeless, do not you think? But maybe do not know the Argentina. . . "

"You do not want to embarrass you but really so many people, right?"

It was a sweet attempt to make me scared, but under these circumstances, it was in vain. "Listen," I whispered to him confidentially. "The People I do not mind. First, they are already dead for two hundred years, and secondly, are all drunk and supergut on it -

except you of course. "

Gideon leaned his forehead, moaning against his palm and slapped it with his elbow a series of tones on the spinet.

"Do you know - uh you know maybe Memory? For Cats? "I asked Mr. Merchant.

"Oh - no, sorry," said Mr. Merchant.

Singing "Never mind, I just á capella," I said confidently, and turned to the audience. "The song is called Memory and it's about ... a cat with a broken heart. But basically it fits on our people. In the broadest sense. "

Gideon had raised his head again and looked at me incredulously. "Please. . .
"He said again.

"We just tell anyone what about it," I said. "Okay? That remains our secret here.
"

"It's so far. The great, unique and beautiful Miss Gray will now sing for us, "said Lord Brompton. "For the first time before Audience! "

I would have to be excited because they all fell silent calls and all eyes were on me, but I was not. Hach was

This punch die for! I just had to let pass the recipe.

What I wanted to sing again?

Gideon struck a few notes on the harpsichord, and I recognized the opening bars. Memory. Oh yes, exactly. I smiled gratefully at Gideon.

How sweet of him to participate. I took a deep breath. The first sound was particularly important in this song. If you screwed up the, you could just as well stop. You had to "Midnight" and set clear yet unobtrusive in the room.

I was glad because it sounded to me like Barbra Streisand. "Not a sound from the pavement, has the moon lost her memory? She is smiling alone. "

Fancy that. Gideon could obviously play the piano. And is not that bad. Oh God, if I were not already so terrible in it would have been in love, I would have by

now fallen in love with him. He had not even look at the keys, he just looked at me. And he saw a bit surprised of how someone who has just made a startling discovery. Perhaps because the moon has a They was?

"All alone in the moonlight I can dream at the old days," I sang for him. The room had a great acoustics, it was almost like I would with a micro-sing. Or was it that was all quiet as a mouse now. "Let the memory live again." It was much more fun than with SingStar. It was really, really great. And even if it was all just a dream, and every moment Cynthia's father come into the room and would come upon a huge thunderstorm over us - that moment was worth it.

That I would believe no man again.

Time is not nothin but time. It's a verse with no rhyme,
and it all comes down to you.

Bon Jovi

11

The only Dork was that the song was so short. I was tempted to dazuzudichten a verse, but so what was the good

Only spoil the overall impression, so I let it be. So I sang a bit regretful my favorite lines: "If you touch me, you'll understand what happiness is. Look, a new day has begun "- and found again that the song not written specifically for cats could. Maybe it was the punch - yes, for sure, even - but the guests of this soiree our presentation seemed to like the same as the Italian opera arias before. Anyway, they applauded enthusiastically, and while Lady Brompton rushed forward, I leaned over to Gideon down and said fervently: "Thank you! That was really sweet of you! And you play so great! "

He leaned back his head in his hand, he could not grasp as what he had done.

Lady Brompton hugged me and kissed me effusively Mr Merchant on both cheeks, called me "Golden Throats" and demanded an encore.

I was in such good spirits that I would have immediately gone on, but as Gideon awoke from his trance, stood up and grabbed my Wrist. "I'm sure Andrew Lloyd

Webber would be delighted if he knew that you appreciate his music here already, but my sister has to rest now. They had until the last week or a bad sore throat and have their voice on

protect medical advice - they might otherwise lose perhaps forever. "

"" For heaven's sake, cried Lady Brompton. "Why did you say so earlier? The poor girl! "

I hummed happily to myself - "I Feel Pretty" from West Side Story.

"I ... Your punch has it really well "in them, said Gideon. "I think he's tempted to leave all caution to the winds."

"Oh yes, he does so," said Lady Brompton and beamed from ear to ear. In a hushed voice, she continued: "You have just completed the Secret is out about my qualities as a host. The whole of London envies us our atmospheric festivals, it is a tear

Invitation from us. But I took me years to refine the recipe, and I intend to pass it only on my deathbed. "

"" What a pity, I said. "But it's true that your soiree is so much nicer than I had imagined! They had assured me that it is a boring, stiff. . . "

"... their governess is a little conservative, "Gideon dropped me off. "And we can say that social life in Derbyshire is a little behind the times. "

Lady Brompton giggled. "Oh yes, I am convinced. Oh, because at last Alastair Lord! "She looked over to the door where a Lord Brompton Newcomers welcomed. It was probably a man (hard to say because of the snow-white wig he was wearing), middle-aged

with such a richly embroidered coat steinchen Glitzergarn and alleged that he seemed to sparkle from afar. The sparkle effect was exacerbated by the all-black-clad man standing next to him. He was dressed in a black cloak and had jet black hair

olive colored complexion, and even at the distance I could see that his eyes, like those of Rakoczy, giant black holes equalized. In the colorful, bejeweled society

he seemed like a foreign body. "I thought, Alastair us would no longer

. honor What would not have been more tragic if you ask me. Its presence does not contribute to buoyancy and cheerfulness.

I'll try foisting him a glass of punch, and then send him into the next room to play cards. . . "

"And we will try" to lift his spirits with a little voice said Mr. Merchant and sat down at the spinet. "Would you me paying tribute, Lady Lavinia? Così fan tutte?"

Gideon put my hand on his arm and led me a few steps to the side. "How much the hell have you been drinking?"

"A couple of glasses," I admitted. "Defines the secret ingredient is something other than alcohol. Perhaps Absinthe? How sad in this Film starring Nicole Kidman. Moulin Rouge. "

I sighed. "The greatest thing you'll ever learn is just to return love and be loved in. I bet that you can play well. "

"Just to get this straight right away: I Hate Musicals, "said Gideon. "Do you think you still think of a few minutes? Lord Alastair is finally arrived, and when we welcomed him, we can go. "

"Already? "What a pity, I said.

Gideon looked at me, shaking his head. "You obviously have lost all sense of time. If I could, I would your head under cold Hold water. "

The Count of Saint Germain came to our side. "That was a ... special lecture, "he said, looking Gideon with raised Eyebrow.

"I'm sorry," Gideon said with a sigh and looked over at the two newcomers. "Lord Alastair looks a little fuller than before. "

The Count laughed. "Do not raise false hopes. My enemy is still in dazzling form. Rakoczy him this afternoon

Galliano contest to see - all the young dudes had no chance against him. Follow me, I can not wait to see his face. "

"He is now so nice, " I whispered to Gideon, as we walked behind the count.
"You know, last time he had me so afraid into me, but now I almost feel as if he was my grandfather or something. I kind of like him. It was so sweet of him, you like the To give Stradivarius. It is certainly worth a fortune if they are auctioned on eBay. Oops, here everything is still so shaky. "

Gideon put his hand around my waist. "I swear I'll kill you if we have the" behind us here, he muttered.

"I really Nuschle?"

"Not yet," he said. "But I'm sure that will come."

"Have I not told you that he can arrive at any moment?" Brompton Lord put a hand on the shoulder of the man in glittering gold and the other on the count.
"You told me you're already acquainted with each other. Lord Alastair, you've never been a word about losing you to take the famous Count of Saint Germain knows personally. "

"That's nothing to brag about the care I," is arrogant and Lord Alastair said the black-clad man with olive skin, the a little bit behind him was added, with a rough voice. "That's it," His black eyes burned literally holes in the Count Face so that no doubt could exist because he hated him profoundly. For a moment it occurred to me that he's

Cloak had hidden a sword to pull out at any moment he proposed. Why he ever wore such a cloak, I was

a mystery. First, it was warm enough, and secondly, it worked in this festive environment rude and strange.

Lord Brompton beamed happily in the lap, as he would from the hostile mood not even noticed.

The count stepped forward. "Lord Alastair, what joy! Even though our acquaintance several years ago, I have never forgotten you "

he said.

As I stood behind Saint Germain, I could not see his face, but it sounded as if he was smiling. His voice sounded friendly and cheerful. "I still remember our conversations about slavery and morality and how I found it amazing that you both so perfect to separate from each other in the waiting position - just like your father. "

"The Count never forgets anything," said Lord Brompton effusive. "His brain is phenomenal! In the last days in his Society, I have learned more than in my entire life before. Did you know for example that the count is in a position to artificial Gems make? "

"Yes, that was known to me." Lord Alastair's view was, if at all possible, even colder and his companions breathed heavily, like a person who is just about to run amok. I stared fascinated at his cloak.

"The science is not necessarily Lord Alastair's hobby, as I recall," said the count, "Oh, how rude of me." He stepped aside and gave the views of Gideon and me free. "I meant that those two lovely young people

. imagine Frankly, that was the only reason why I arrived here today. At my age it avoids companies

and goes to bed early at night. "

At sight of Gideon's eyes widened in disbelief of the Lord.

Lord Brompton pushed his massive body between Gideon and me. "Lord Alastair, can I you the son of the Viscount of Batten

? imagine And the wards of the Viscount, the ravishing Miss Gray. "

My tribute was for two reasons a little less of deferential than the prescribed etiquette: First, I feared for my

Balance, on the other hand, the Lord was so arrogant that I quite forgot that I was only the destitute wards of the Viscount of Batten posed. Hey, I myself was the granddaughter of a lord with a long and glorious pedigree and also played in the background our time no longer matters - all people were equal, is not it?

Lord Alastair's view I would have to freeze any other time of the blood in his veins, but the punch was a reliable

Antifreeze, and so I returned his look so majestic as possible. Long time, he gave no attention to me anyway, it was Gideon, he was not out of sight, while Lord Brompton einplapperte happy for us.

No one took the trouble, the black-clad companion of Lord Alastair present, and no one seemed mitzubekommen as

staring at me over Lord Alastair's shoulder and growled, "You! Demon with the sapphire eyes! You will soon go to hell. "

What? That was really too far now. I looked for help to Gideon, who was wearing a slightly strained smile. But he

spoke only when Lord wanted Brompton away to fetch his wife - and a few glasses of punch.

"Please do not trouble, Lord Brompton," he said. "We have to leave soon anyway. My sister is still a little weak after the long illness and staying up long unaccustomed. "He put his arm around my waist again and took the other to

my forearm. "As you see, it's a little unsteady on his feet."

How right he was! The floor swayed beneath my feet really uncomfortable. Thankfully, I leaned against Gideon.

"Oh, I'll be right back," said the Lord. Can "My wife certainly you have to persuade them to stay."

The Count of Saint Germain saw him with a smile. "He's such a soul of a man - as he is in need of harmony, he would not stand when we fight. "

Lord Alastair Gideon looked with undisguised hostility. "Back then he was when a certain Marquess Well done-go, when I remember right. And today is the son of a viscount. As you probably tend to swindle your protege. What a shame. "

"That is called" diplomatic pseudonym, the count said, still smiling. "But you understand nothing of it. Anyway, I heard You've enjoyed the little sword fight at

your meeting, eleven years ago very much. "

"I enjoy every sword fight," said Lord Alastair. He pretended he did not listen, as his companion "Shatter the enemies of God with the Swords of the angels and archangels, "whispered, but went on calmly:" And I've learned a few tricks since then. However, your protege seems to have aged a few days in these eleven years - and how I could convince himself that he had no time to his art

. improve "

»DIY convince? "said Gideon laughed, and contempt. "For this you would have also themselves must pass. But you have only your Men and sent for my technique has been sufficient entirely. Which again shows that it is better to own something in the hand to take. "

"Should you. . .? "Lord Alastair's eyes narrowed. "Oh - you talk about the incident in Hyde Park last Monday. Right - that would have I probably should take yourself in hand. It was just a spontaneous idea anyway. But without the help of black magic and a ...

Girl had you hardly have survived. "

"I'm glad that your so open that" speak to them, said the count "Ever since your men to life my young friends here wanted, I am somewhat annoyed. . . I thought I was the one to which you focus your aggression. Surely you understand that I am not anything like will tolerate once. "

"You do what you think should be done, and I do what I gotta do," replied Lord Alastair and his companions gasped: "Death! Death to the Demons, "so strange that I can not exclude that he had hidden under his cloak, a laser sword. He had surely

clearly one of the waffle. I thought it was no longer permissible to ignore his strange behavior.

"We have not been introduced and although I admit that I so have my problems with today's manners," said

I looked him straight in the eye and. "But this talk of death and demons I find completely inappropriate."

"Do not talk to me, demon!" Said Darth Vader impatiently. "I am invisible to your sapphire eyes! And your ears I can not

. hear "

"Yes, would be nice," it, I said, suddenly wanted to go home. Or at least back on the sofa, hard back or not. The whole room fluctuated around me like a ship at sea.

Gideon was the Count and Lord Alastair seemed temporarily moved from the concept to be. You completely forgot to cryptic Throwing things at his head and stared at me strangely.

"The swords of my descendants will pierce through your flesh, to avenge the Florentine alliance is what my sex

was done, and pay off the face of this earth, which is not willed by God, "said Darth Vader to nobody in particular.

"With whom are you talking about?" Whispered Gideon.

"With the da," I said, clutching me a little closer to him and pointed to Darth Vader. "Someone should tell him that his cloak failed. . . not just the latest fashion equivalent. And I - if you please - am not a demon, and not by the swords of his Descendants pierced and wants to be wiped off the earth. Au. "

Gideon's hand had squeezed my forearm.

"What this comedy, Count?" Said Lord Alastair and drew a flashy brooch cope in his cravat.

The Earl ignored him. His eyes under the heavy eyelids rested upon me. "That's interesting," he said in a low voice.

"Obviously, they can directly into your black soul bewildered look, dear Alastair."

"She has drunk so much wine that I'm afraid she fantasizes," said Gideon and hissed in my ear: "Stop the Shut up! "

My stomach pain along with fear, because I realized at once was that the others do not see Darth Vader and

could hear, the reason is not because he was a damned spirit! Had I not been so drunk that I had earlier in this

obvious idea to come. How stupid could you get? Neither his clothes nor his hair fit into this

Century, and had started later than when he and his pathetic rattle, would I need to remember who or what I

there was before me.

Lord Alastair put his head back and said, "We both know whose soul the devil is here, with God's help will count I prevent this. . . Creatures are even born! "

"Pierced by the sword of the Holy Alliance Florentine," Darth Vader added unctuously.

The Count laughed. "You are the laws of time have still not understood, Alastair. The very fact that these two here before you are proving that your project will not succeed. Perhaps you should not overly rely on God's help in this matter.

And also not to continue Suddenly my patience. "An ice cold lying in his eyes and his voice, and I noticed how the Lord shrank. For a brief moment there was any arrogance vanished from his face and he stood naked fear in the face

written.

"You have, by your rules of the game have changed," you forfeit your own life, the Count said with exactly the same voice with which he did frightened to death at our last meeting had, and suddenly I was again convinced that he personally someone that

Throat was cut.

"Your threats do not work for me," whispered Lord Alastair, but his countenance belied him. Pale and wan, he clutched at his Adam's apple.

"You want to but probably not really go on, my dears?" Lady Brompton came running with rustling skirts and looked cheerful in the round.

The trains of the Count of Saint Germain relaxed again and they had nothing to be seen as a courtesy. "Ah, there's our charming hostess. I must say, you will really do justice to your reputation, my lady. I am no longer as a good time. "

Lord Alastair rubbed his neck. Slowly the color came back into his cheeks.

"Satan! Satan, 'called Darth Vader applied. "We will keep you smashing, the tongue will be lying to you personally

. tear . . "

"My young friends here as much as I regret that we" need to break even, the Count went away with a smile. "But you yes they will soon meet again, at the ball of Lord and Lady Pimplebottom. "

"A society is only as interesting as their guests," said Lady Brompton. "I would be glad, therefore, you soon again in my to welcome. Similarly, your charming young friend. It was a great pleasure for us all. "

"The pleasure is all" on our home page, Gideon said, and let me go cautiously, as if he was not sure if I could stand alone.

Although the space is still swayed like a ship, and the thoughts in my mind to suffer from severe seasickness seemed (to the Image to remain), I succeeded in passing once more to pull myself together and Giordano's, and especially James' education all To do honor. Only Lord Alastair and the still-wild threats ejecting mind I did not look longer. I curtsied before

Lord and Lady Brompton and thanked me for the entire night and I did not bat an eyelid when Lord Brompton a moist

Kiss mark on my left hand.

Before the count, I made a very deep reverence, but I did not see him again in the face. As he said quietly: "We See you then yesterday afternoon, "I just nodded and waited with downcast eyes, to Gideon again at my side and after grabbed my arm. Thankfully, I had him take me out of the salon.

"Damn, Gwendolyn - that's not a party at your school friends! How could you?"
"Coarse put my scarf around my Gideon the shoulders. He looked as if he had shaken me the most.

"I'm sorry," I said to the repeated times

"Lord Alastair is accompanied by a bell and his coachman here," whispered Rakoczy, like a box of devil behind Gideon appeared. "The Road and the church are saved. All entrances to the church are guarded. "

"Then come," said Gideon, and reached for my hand.

"I'm the young lady" could also contribute, suggested Rakoczy. "She does not seem so sure of being on your feet."

"A lovely idea, but - no thanks," said Gideon. "The few meters, it creates alone, right?" I nodded decisively.

The rain had become heavier. According to the brightly lit room of the Brompton walk through the darkness back to the church was still sinister than on the way. Again, the shadows seemed to come alive again I suspected in every corner of a shape, ready to to pounce on us. ' . . . from the face of this earth erase what is not willed by God " The shadow seemed to whisper.

Gideon also seemed not to be the way haunted. He went so fast that I had trouble keeping up, and he did not say a word.

Unfortunately, the rain caused neither a clear head, nor that the land cease to vary. So I was immensely relieved when We had arrived in the Church and Gideon depressed me on a bench in front of the altar. While a few words with Rakoczy moved, closed my eyes and cursed my stupidity. Sure, this punch had also had positive effects, but overall

all I would have kept better at Leslie's and my anti-alcohol pact. Afterwards, it was always smarter.

Like when we arrived here only a single candle was burning on the altar, and apart from this small island was the flickering light Church in Tenebrous. As Rakoczy retired - "All the doors and windows are monitored by my people, back up your jumps" - I was overcome by fear. I looked up to Gideon, who had joined

my bank.

"In here it's just as creepy as outside. Why he does not stay with us? "

"Out of politeness." He folded his arms. "He does not want to hear how I yell at you. But do not worry, we're alone.

Rakoczys people have searched every nook and cranny. "

"How long does it take for some time before we jump?"

"No more long. Gwendolyn - you do realize that you've done pretty much exactly the opposite of what you should do, right?

As always, actually. "

"You should not have let me just alone - I'll bet that was pretty much the opposite of what you should do!"

"Now give Just do not blame me! First you get drunk, then you sing musical songs and finally just before you act Lord Alastair like a madman! So what should the talk about demons and swords? "

"I did not start it. It was this black, sinister-Gei I "bite my lip. I could not just him

say, he gave me anyway for weird enough.

Gideon misunderstood my sudden silence completely wrong. "Oh no! Please do not give them to you! Or if, somewhere far away from me. "He looked at me slightly disgusted. "Heavens, Gwendolyn, I understand that it has a certain charm, at a party to

, but to get drunk but not this! "

"I do not feel bad," at least not yet.. "And I never drink at parties - regardless of what Charlotte has told you."

"She told me nothing," said Gideon.

I had to laugh. "Nope, sure. Nor have they claimed that I and Leslie with every

boy in our class and what they had Also pretty much with each of the classes above, right? "

"Why would she say that?"

Get superior time - perhaps because she is a sneaky red-haired witch? I tried to scratch the scalp, but my

Finger did not come through the piled-up curls mountain. So I pulled out a hairpin and used it as a scratch. "I'm sorry -

really! It can be said about Charlotte, what you want, but certainly they would not even have to punch this smelled. "

"That's right," said Gideon smiled and suddenly. "However, these people would then not listen to Andrew Lloyd Webber get two hundred years too early, and that would have been very bad. "

"Right. . . would also probably tomorrow if I sink with shame about it in the ground. "I buried my face in my hands.

"Actually, now when I think about it."

"That's right," said Gideon. "It means the effect of alcohol can have on. One question I have though: What if you had the Hair brush used for? "

"As a micro-substitute," I muttered between my fingers. "Oh my God! I'm terrible. "

"But you have" a pretty voice, said Gideon. "Even as I have declared musical haters liked it."

"Why could you play it as well if you hate it?" I put my hands in my lap and looked at him. "You were incredible! Is there really anything that you can not? "Heaven, I listened to me like a groupie.

"No! You can keep me quiet for a god. "He grinned. "That's sweet of you again somehow. Come, it is almost ready. We have on our position. "

I got up and tried to keep as straight as possible.

"" This over, Gideon conducted. "Come on, do not look contrite Sun Basically, the evening was a success. It was maybe a little different than we thought, but it all went exactly as planned. Hey, are left. "He covered my waist with both Hands and pulled me towards him, until my back was against his chest. "You must sit down quietly against me." He was silent for a moment. "And do

I'm sorry that I was just so nasty. "

"Already forgotten." What was a lie a bit. But it was the first time that Gideon apologized for his behavior, and Perhaps it was because of the alcohol and its effect on the decline, but I was very touched by it.

For a while we stood there in silence and looked at the flickering light of the candle on the front. The shadows between the columns also seemed to move, casting a dark pattern on the floor and the ceiling. "That Alastair - why he hates the Earl like that?

Is it something personal? "

Gideon began to play with one of the locks of hair that fell to me on the shoulder. "As you look at it. What so full-bodied Florentine Alliance calls it, in fact, for centuries a kind of family. During his time traveling to the 16th Century became the Count accidentally with the family of the Conte di Madrone in Florence together. Or we say, his abilities have been misunderstood by them completely.

Time travel did not get along with the religious view of the contention, also there was probably a misunderstanding with the daughter, at least He was convinced to have a demon in front of him, and felt called by God to exterminate these spawn of hell. "His voice was on once close to my ear, and before he spoke, he touched his lips to my neck. "As the Conte di Madrone died

his son took over the baton and after him his son, and so on. Lord Alastair is the latest in a series of fanatical imaginary Demon hunters, if you will. "

"I understand," I said, which did not entirely true. But somehow it fits with what I had seen and heard.

"Say, kisses you love me now? "

"No, just almost," Gideon muttered, his lips directly on my skin. "I want to take advantage of any circumstances that you are drunk and I just think is a God. But it's kinda hard for me. . . "

I closed my eyes and let my head fall back against his shoulder and he pulled me even tighter.

"Like I said, you do it really not easy. In churches I am with you always silly ideas ... "

"There's something you do not know about me," I said with my eyes closed. "Sometimes, I see. . . I can. . . So, People who are long dead. . . sometimes I can see and hear them, what they say. Just as before. I think the man next to me Lord Alastair had seen could have been the Italian Conte. "

Gideon was silent. He probably was just wondering how he should recommend me as tactful a good psychiatrist.

I sighed. I should have kept it to myself. Now he was talking about it all, even crazy.

"It's going on, Gwendolyn," he said, pushing a piece of me and turned me so that I could see him. It was too dark to interpret his facial expression to, but I saw that he was not smiling. "It would be nice if you are in the seconds that I'm gone, could stand. Ready? "

I shook my head. "Not really."

"I'll let you go now," he said, and at the same moment he was gone. I was alone in the church with all its dark shadow.

But only a few seconds later, I registered the dizzy feeling in my stomach and the shadows began to turn.

"There she is," said the voice of Mr. George. I squinted into the light. The church was lighted and the Halogenstrahler were compared, with the golden light candles at Lady Bromptons salon, really uncomfortable for the eyes.

"It's all right," said Gideon, and he threw me a hard look. "Your doctor's bag can be folded back, Dr.

White. "

Dr. White growled something unintelligible. Indeed, the altar was loaded with all sorts of devices that are more closely on one of these mobile Table in an operating room suspected.

"Good heavens, Dr. White, the wire terminals are about?" Gideon laughed. To know "How beautiful, what a soiree in the 18th Century

. hold "

"I wanted to be prepared for all eventualities," said Dr. White, as he admitted his instruments back into the pocket.

"We are very" excited about your report, Falk said de Villiers.

"First of all look forward to these clothes come out." Gideon untied the scarf.

"Has not everything ... work? "Mr. George said with a nervous glance at me.

"Yes," said Gideon, as he threw in the towel on his neck. "Everything went exactly as planned. Lord Alastair came a bit later than expected But in time in order to see us. "He grinned at me. "And Gwendolyn has made her an excellent job. The wards of the real Viscount of Batten would not behave perfectly able. "

I could not help that I turned red.

"It will be my pleasure, Giordano," to tell the tale, Mr. George said with pride in his voice and gave me his arm. Not "

I would have expected something else .. . "

"No, course not," I muttered.

Caroline woke me with a whisper, "Gwen, sing to stop it! This is embarrassing! You have to go to school! "

I sat up abruptly and stared at her. "I have sung? "

"What?"

"You told me to stop singing." "I've said, you shall wake up!" "I have not sung so?"

"You have" slept, Caroline said, shaking his head. "Hurry up, you're already running late. Mum and me to tell you that you Never use your shower gel! shalt "

In the shower I tried to repress memories of the previous day possible. But I did not quite succeed,

I wasted so many minutes to think about my forehead leaning against the shower door and "I've only dreamed before" me to mumble out. My headaches are not just made better.

When I finally came down to the dining room, breakfast time, fortunately, was already as good as over. Xemerius hung from the chandelier and swung his head.

"Well, sober, small Saufnase?"

Arista lady eyed me from head to toe. "Is the intent that you only have one eye makeup?"

. "Uh, no," I wanted to turn back, but my mother said, "It was not until breakfast! The lashes mascara you can later still. "

"Breakfast is still the most important meal of the day," added Aunt Glenda.

"Nonsense!" Said Aunt Maddy. She sat in her dressing gown on the arm-chair by the fireplace and had her knees drawn up as a little girl. "You can also omit the breakfast - it saves you a lot of calories, which is a glass of wine in the evening can invest. Or even two or three. "

"The preference for alcoholic beverages seems to lie in the family," said Xemerius.

"Yeah, how 'nice to see her character, whispered Aunt Glenda.

"I may be a bit thick, but not deaf, Glenda," said Aunt Maddy.

"You'd better," stayed in bed, said Lady Arista. "Breakfast is relaxed for all

concerned if you ausschläfst."

"I could not choose me, unfortunately," said Aunt Maddy.

Had "a vision of you again today," night, told me Caroline.

"Yes," but said Aunt Maddy. "It was terrible. So sad. It took me terribly. There was this beautiful

Heart of polished ruby, which sparkled in the sun ... It was at the top of a cliff. "

I was not sure whether I wanted to hear how it went.

My mom smiled at me. "Eat something, honey. At least a little bit of fruit and just listen not go. "

"And then there was this lion pass. . . "Aunt Maddy sighed. "With stunning golden fur. . . "

"Uuuuuh" made Xemerius. "And sparkling green eyes, I bet."

"You're as marker" in the face, I said to Nick.

"Shhh," he said. "Now it is but just exciting."

"And saw the lion's heart lie as there, he dealt him a blow with his paw, and the heart fell down into the gorge, many, many Meters deep, "said Aunt Maddy and clutched to his chest dramatically. "When it hit, it broke into hundreds of small pieces, and when I looked closely, I realized that they were all blood drops. . . "

I swallowed. Suddenly I felt sick.

"Oops," said Xemerius.

"What's next?" Asked Charlotte.

"Nothing," further said Aunt Maddy. "That's it-awful enough."

"Oh," said Nick disappointed. "It had all started so well."

Aunt Maddy glared at him angrily. "I do not even write screenplays, my boy!"

"Thank God," murmured Aunt Glenda. Then she turned to me, opened his mouth and closed it again.

Instead, said Charlotte. "Gideon told that you have survived the soiree well. I must say I am very relieved.

I think all are very relieved. "

I ignored it and instead looked reproachfully up at the chandelier.

"I wanted last night to tell already that the nerd was still at dinner at Gideon. But - how shall I put it?

You were somehow a little bit. . . "indisposed, said Xemerius.

I snorted.

"I Can not help it but if your radio Elste rabbit inviting them to eat to stay." Xemerius pushed off and flew across the Table to the empty space of Aunt Maddy, where he sat upright and the lizard's tail wrapped neatly around his feet. "I mean, I would have done in his place. First, it has played throughout the day nanny for his brother and then she

incidentally also put his home up to scratch and ironed his shirts. "

"What?"

"Like I said, I can not help it. He certainly was so grateful that he had the same time show how fast he is a spaghetti dish for three People can conjure. . . Man, the boy was in good spirits. One would have thought he had thrown something. And now make your mouth again, it all has to stare at you. "

They did really.

"I'm me now," the other eye makeup, I said.

"And maybe you put a little rouge on," said Charlotte. "Just as a tip."

"I hate them!" I said. "I hate them. I hate them! "

"Gee whiz! Just because she has ironed his shirts shit? "Leslie looked at me,

shaking his head. "That's really ... silly! "

"He has for them cooked, " I whined. "She was all day in his apartment!"

"Yes, but he got you pawed at the church and abgeknutscht," Leslie said with a sigh.

"Did not he."

"Yes, but he would have liked."

"He has kissed Charlotte!"

"But just at parting, on the cheek!" Roared Xemerius me directly in my ear. "I think if I repeat that again must be I burst. I'll punch from here now. This brings me again to girlish. "With a few wing-beats fluttered onto school roof and he made it is comfortable there.

"I will not say a word more," to hear about it, said Leslie. "Much more important now that you remember everything that was said yesterday. And I mean things that really matter, you know, the one where it is a matter of life and death! "

"I've told you everything I know," I assured her and rubbed my forehead. Thanks to my three aspirin headache was gone, but remained a dull feeling was behind the temples.

"Hm," Leslie bent over her notes. "Why did not you ask Gideon, on which occasion eleven years ago he had referred the Lord Alastair has already met once, and from which the speech was sword fight? "

"There is still much more that I did not ask him, believe me!"

Leslie sighed again. "I'll make a list. You can then every now and then sprinkle in a question, if it just strategically is low and your hormones will allow. "She pocketed the block and saw the school gate across. "We have high, or we'll be late. I want to be there when Raphael Bertelin enters our classroom for the first time. The poor boy - probably comes him before the school uniform as a convict divide. "

We made a little detour over to James' niche. In the morning scramble, it was not

on when I talked to him,

Leslie hinstellte especially so that one might think that I talk with her.

James raised his perfumed handkerchief to his nose and looked around. "I see you got the naughty cat this time

not allowed. "

"Just imagine, James, I was at a soiree at Lady Brompton," I said. "And I just geknickst how you taught me have. "

"Lady Brompton, so this way," James said. "She does not necessarily have a reputation of being a good deal. On their societies, it is quite turbulent go. "

"Yeah, right. I was hoping this would be the normal case. "

"God be thanked!" James pursed his lips piqued.

"Well, as it may, I think I am next Saturday or so invited to a ball with your parents. Lord and Lady

Pimplebottom. "

"I can not myself 'imagine,' said James. "My mother puts a high value on proper social intercourse."

"Well, thank you," I said and turned to go. "You really are a snob!"

"That should not be insulting," James shouted after me. "What a snob?"

Raphael leaned in the doorway, as we came to our classroom. And he looked so unhappy, that we have stayed.

"Hi, I'm Leslie Hay, and that's my girlfriend Gwendolyn Shepherd," Leslie said. "We have the Friday before the Office of the Director met. "

A faint smile lighted up his face. "I'm glad that you at least recognize me. I had earlier in the mirror real problems it. "

"Yes," admitted Leslie. "You look like a steward on a cruise ship. But you get

used to it. "

Raphael's grin widened.

"You have to be careful that you do not tie yourself in the soup," I said. "Happens to me all the time." Leslie nodded.

"The food tastes the way, mostly awful. Otherwise it is just as bad. I'm sure you'll see me soon at home

. feel "

"You've never been to the south of France, right?" Raphael said a little bitterly. "No," said Leslie.

"This can be seen. I will never in a country feel at home, where it twenty-four hours at a time is raining. "

"We English do not like it when people always talk bad about our weather," said Leslie. "Ah, here comes Mrs. counter. It is - to Lucky for you - a bit of a Francophile. She will love you if you are now and then as if by accident a few French words into your sentences einbaust. "

"Do it mignonne " said Raphael.

"I know," Leslie said as she moved on me. "But I'm not Francophile."

"He is on you," I said and threw the books on my table.

"I'm concerned," said Leslie. "But unfortunately he is not my type."

I had to laugh. "Yeah, sure!"

"Oh, come on, Gwen, it is sufficient if one of us has lost both his mind. I know those types. They do nothing but problems.

He is only interested because Charlotte told him that I'm too easy. "

"And because you look like your dog, Bertie," I said.

"Yes, exactly, and why." Leslie laughed. "Besides, he will have forgotten me

right when Cynthia pounces on him. Look, it was extra at the hairdresser and has created new highlights to make. "

But Leslie was wrong. Raphael had apparently little interest in talking with Cynthia. As we in the break on the bench Chestnut and Leslie sat back once the piece of paper studied with the code from the green rider, Raphael angeschlendert came and sat down unasked next to us and said, "Oh, cool, Geocaching."

"What?" Leslie looked at him angrily.

Raphael pointed to the note. "You know not geocaching? A kind of scavenger hunt using GPS. The numbers look quite like geographic coordinates. "

"No, these are just. . . really? "

See "Let me see." Raphael took the note from her hand. "Yes. Provided, that is zero before the letter is a superscript zero and thus stands for Degrees. And the lines for Minutes and Seconds. "

A shrill sound came over to us. Cynthia spoke on the stairs, gesturing wildly at a Charlotte, whereupon Charlotte evil to us over looked.

"Oh God!" Leslie was very excited. "Then there is 57 Degrees, 30 minutes, 41.78 seconds north and 0 degrees, 08 minutes, 49.91

Seconds East? "

Raphael nodded.

"It thus refers to a Place? " I asked.

"Yeah," said Raphael. "A pretty little village of about four square meters. And - what there is? A cache? "

"If we knew," said Leslie. "We do not even know where that is."

Raphael shrugged his shoulders. "It's easy to find out."

"And how? Need for a GPS device? And how does such a thing? I have no idea

of it, "Leslie said excitedly.

"But I do. I could "help you, Raphael said.

"Mignonne."

I looked back over to the stairs. There are now standing next to Sarah Cynthia and Charlotte and all three of us stared at him. Leslie did not notice.

"Okay. But it must be this afternoon, "she said. "We have no time to lose that is."

"I do not know," said Raphael. "Let's meet in the park but just four until then I might have somehow shaken off Charlotte."

"Imagine that not too easy before." I gave him a pitying look.

Raphael grinned. "I think you underestimate me, little girl time travel."

We can see how a cup falls off the table and goes to pieces, but we will never see how it all works together one cup and jumps back on the table. This increase in disorder or entropy distinguishes the past from the future and gives

the time in this way one direction.

(Stephen Hawking)

12

I should have just the dress last week to tighten, "I said, when Madame Rossini me a pale pink

Small girls dream about brushing, which was embroidered all over with cream and burgundy-colored flowers. "The blue-flowered. It is still Home in the closet, you'd have to say just what. "

"Hush, Schwanenhälschen" said Madame Rossini. "What do you mean, what I am going to pay? So you are the same dress twice have to wear? "She is dedicated to the small buttons on the back. "I'm just a little shocked that you have destroyed your hair! In the Rococo thus had to keep a piece of art for days. The women slept in the extra seats. "

"Well, but I could not very well" so go to school, I said. I probably would be hanging with the hair of the mountain already in bus door remained. "Gideon is dressed by Giordano?"

Madame Rossini clicked his tongue. "Pah! The boy do not need any help, he says! That means he will again wear drab colors and the scarf make it impossible. But I gave up. So, what do we do with your hair? I quickly get the curling iron

and then we are simply a band into wind, et bien. "

While Madame Rossini edited my hair with a curling iron, an SMS came from Leslie. "Wait two minutes, when

le petit francais did not come until then, he can mignonne forget it. "

I wrote back: "Hey, you are agreed only in a quarter of an hour together! Give him at least ten minutes. "

Leslie's answer I was no more, because Madame Rossini took the phone out of my hand to the already mandatory

To take commemorative photos. The pink was better than I thought (in real life it was so not my color ...), but my hair looked like I had spent the night with my fingers in a socket. The pink ribbon in it seemed like a futile attempt to exploded hair tame. When Gideon came to pick me up, he snickered openly.

"Stop that! If so, then we could laugh at you! "Snapped Madame Rossini. "Ha! As you look back! "

God, yes! As he looked back! That should be banned really look that good - in silly dark breeches and an embroidered bottle-green coat, who brought his eyes sparkle.

"You've no idea about fashion, boy! Otherwise you would have attracted the emerald brooch that belongs to this outfit. And this inappropriate sword - you should be a gentleman, not a soldier! "

"You're" pretty sure, Gideon said, giggling still. "But at least see my hair not look like this

Drahtschwämmchen with whom I make my pots clean. "

I tried a supercilious expression. "With whom you make your pots clean? Since you do not confuse with

Charlotte? "

"What?"

"The dressing lately, but for you!"

Gideon looked a little embarrassed. "It is. . . so not. . . "all right, 'he murmured.

"Ha, that would be me in your place now" embarrassed, I said. "Give me the hat, Madame Rossini," The hat -. A huge Monster with pale pink feathers - was definitely not as bad as these hairs. I thought so. A look in the mirror showed that this was a regrettable mistake.

Gideon giggled release.

"Can we, then?" I snapped.

"Take good care of my Schwanenhälschen, you hear?"

"Am I always, Madame Rossini."

"From account", I said out there in the corridor. I pointed to the black cloth in his hand. "No blindfold?"

"No - this will save us. "For obvious reasons, 'said Gideon. "And because of the hat."

"Do you still think that I would soon lure you to a corner and you cut a board in front of your head?" I straightened my hat.

"By the way, I've been thinking about it again. And now I think it is for the whole is a simple explanation.

"Which is?" Gideon raised his eyebrows.

"You have you imagined in retrospect. As you lay there helpless, you've been

dreaming of that is behind me and you, therefore, the whole thing just put them into my shoes! "

"Yes, that possibility," I had already in mind, he said, to my surprise, took my hand and pulled me

forwards. "But - no! I know what I saw. "

"And why have you told anyone about it then that - allegedly - I was, who has lured you into a trap"

"I did not want them to think worse of you than they do already." He grinned. "And - do you have headaches?"

"As far as I was not drunk. . . "I said.

Gideon laughed. "Nope, sure. Basically, you were sober. "

I shook his hand. "Can we please talk about something else?"

"Oh, come on! A little bit I'll surely must raise it. You were so sweet last night. Mr George really thought

you were totally exhausted when you are asleep in the limo. "

Were "the most" two minutes, I said, embarrassed. Probably I had done something terrible gesabbert or otherwise.

"I hope you're immediately going to bed."

"Hmm," I was doing. I remembered only dimly, as my mom pulled me four hundred thousand hairpins from her hair and I had been asleep before my head had arrived on the pillow. But I did not tell him he had finally

even with Charlotte, Raphael and the spaghetti amused.

Gideon stopped so abruptly that I bounced off him and promptly forgot to breathe.

He turned to me. "Listen. . . "He muttered. "I wanted to say yesterday, because I thought you were too drunk, but now that you sober and crabby as ever are ...

"His fingers stroked gently on my forehead and I was about to

. hyperventilate Rather than keep talking, he kissed me. I had already closed his eyes before his lips touched my mouth.

The Kiss me drunk much more than it had done to the punch last night, he let my knees go weak, and a thousand butterflies flutter in my stomach.

As Gideon let go of me again, he seemed to have forgotten what he was saying. He rested an arm next to my head against the wall and looked at me seriously.

"That's the kind of not."

I tried to get my breathing under control.

"Gwen. . . "

Behind us in the hall resounded steps. Quick as a flash Gideon moved his arm back and turned around. Blink of an eye later, was Mr.

George in front of us. "There you are. We are waiting for you. Gwendolyn Why did not blindfolded? "

"I'd forgotten. Please make it, "Gideon said, handing Mr. George, the black cloth. "I do. . . uh .. 've been going before. "

Mr George watched him with a sigh. Then he looked at me and sighed again. "I thought I'd warn you,

Gwendolyn, "he said, while I was blindfolded. "You should be careful when it comes to your feelings!"

"Well," I said and took me to the telltale glowing cheeks. "Then you should not let me spend so much time with him. . . "

That was probably just typical switch logic. If they want to prevent that I fell in love with Gideon, they would also must ensure that he would become an unattractive jerk. With a pony Potter, dirty fingernails and a

Speech impediment. That would have left them with the violin also be better.

Mr. George led me through the darkness. "Maybe it's just too long since I was sixteen years old. I only know how easy it is to impress at this age. "

"Mr. George - have you actually told anyone that I can see ghosts?"

"No," said Mr George. "I mean, I've tried, but nobody would listen to me. You know - the guards are scientists and Mystics, but with parapsychology they have not. Watch your step. "

"Leslie - that's my girlfriend, but you probably know this already - so, Leslie says that this ... Ability of the magic of the Raven was. "

Mr George was silent for a while. "Yes. I think so too, "he said.

"And where exactly I want the magic to help the Ravens?"

"My dear child, if I could only answer that. I wish you would build more on your common sense,

but. . . "

"... but he's hopelessly lost, say you wanted? "I had to laugh. "I guess you're right."

Gideon was waiting in the chronograph room for us, together with Falk de Villiers, who compliment me a bit distracted by my dress made while he set the cogs in motion on chronographs.

"So, Gwendolyn, the Company has scheduled your interview with the Count of Saint Germain. It is afternoon, a day before the soiree. "

"I know," I said with a sideways glance at Gideon.

"That's not a particularly difficult task," said Falk. "Gideon will bring you up into its premises, and there again

. pick up "

That meant well, I should be alone with the Count. Immediately set an oppressive feeling through me.

"Do not worry. You've still got on so well yesterday. Do not?" Gideon put his finger in the chronographs and you smiled at me. "Ready?"

"Ready when you are there," I said quietly, while the room filled with white light and Gideon vanished before my eyes.

I stepped forward and held out my hand Falk.

"The slogan of the day is: Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare," Falk said as he pressed my finger into the needle. The ruby lit up and everything swirled before my eyes to a red color stream.

When I landed, I had forgotten the password again.

"All right," said Gideon's voice right next to me.

"Why is it so dark here? The Count is waiting for us after all. He would have us so kindly can light a candle. "

"Yes, but he does not know exactly where we land," said Gideon.

"Why not?"

I could not see it, but it seemed as though he shrugged his shoulders. "He has never asked for it and I have the vague feeling that he would not be so pleasant that we abuse his beloved Aichemielabor as takeoff and landing path. Be carefully, everything is full of fragile objects. . . "

We are keyed up to the door. Outside in the hallway lit a torch and Gideon took it from its holder. They cast eerie flickering Shadows on the wall and I took an involuntary step closer to Gideon. "How was that damn slogan again? Only for the case that someone is what the skin on the head. . . "

"Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare."

"After dinner you shall rest or do a thousand feet?"

He laughed and put the torch back in its holder. "What are you doing?"

"I just wanted to quickly ... So about earlier - Mr George has stopped us, as I

wanted to tell you something very important. "

"Is it because of what I've told you yesterday in the Church? So, I can understand that you hold me so mad, but a Psychiatrist can not help you there. "

Gideon frowned. "Hold still please even know for a minute her mouth? I have to get together just take all my courage to you to make a declaration of love. In something I have absolutely no exercise. "

"What?"

"I'm in love with me," he said gravely. "Gwendolyn."

Involuntarily moved up my stomach, as from fright. But in truth there was joy. "Really?"

"Yes, really! " In the torchlight I saw her smile Gideon. "I know, we know not even a week and at first I thought you were also abundant

... childish, and I probably behave toward you like a disgust. But you are terribly complicated, you never know what you

'll do next, and in some ways, you're downright scary ... uh ... clueless. Sometimes I would just like you

. shake "

"Okay, actually you realize that you have no experience in matters of love letter," I said.

"But then you're back so funny and smart and incredibly sweet," continued Gideon, as he would have not been listening. "And the Worst thing is you have to do is be in the same room, and already I feel the need to touch you and kiss. . . "

"Yes, that is" really bad, I whispered, my heart leapt when Gideon pulled my hat pin from my hair, the

feathered monster on a large sheet of hurling himself, and kissed me heranzog. An estimated three minutes later, I leaned completely out of breath with his back

against the wall, trying to stay upright.

"Gwendolyn, hey, breathe normally and simply made," Gideon said, amused.

I gave him a shove to the chest. "Stop it! This is so unbearable, how vain are too."
"

"I'm sorry. It's just a ... exhilarating feeling to know that you forget to breathe because of me. "He took the torch from the holder. "Come now. The count will be waiting. "

Only when we turned into the next gear, I thought of the hat, but I had no desire to go back to fetch him.

"Even funny, but I just think I'm going to look at these boring Elapsierabende in 1953, again correctly,"

said Gideon. "Just you and I and cousin sofa. . . "

Our footsteps echoed in the long corridors and I emerged gradually out of my pink cotton feel, to remember where

we were. Respectively, at which time we found ourselves. "If I would take the torch, you could ever precaution to epee pull, "I suggested. "You never know. In what year did you actually get the blow on the head? "(This was one of the many Questions that Leslie had written me a note and ask that I should, whenever my hormone situation allowed it.)

"I notice just that I have indeed made a declaration of love to you, but you are not me," said Gideon.

"Did I not?"

"At least not with words. And I'm not sure if that counts. Schschscht! "

I had aufgequiekt, because right before we crossed a rich dark brown rat the way, very slowly, as if she had not the slightest Afraid of us. In their eyes shone red light torch. "Are we actually vaccinated against plague?" I asked and grabbed me in Next go to Gideon's firm hand.

The upstairs room, the Count of Saint Germain had chosen as his office in Temple, was small and looked - for the

Grand Master of the Lodge of the guards, even if he did only rarely be in London - very modest. One wall was completely with a ceiling-high shelves full of leather-bound books covering a front desk with two chairs stood, with the same substance were obtained, from which the curtains were. Otherwise there was no furniture. Outside, the September sun, and burned in the fireplace no fire, it was so warm enough. The window was also in the small courtyard with a fountain, which did well in our time.

Both the ledge outside the window and a desk covered with papers, pens, books, candles and seals, which are to

Part in an adventurous way, piling and slipping knock at the ink setter would be that the trust between all

Confusion were standing around. It was a cozy little room, also deserted, and yet presented itself to me as you enter the fine hairs on the neck.

A sullen secretary in white wig Mozart had led me here, and with the words "The Count is not sure you wait long leave "the door closed behind me. I was reluctant to separate from Gideon, but he was after me, the grumpy guards had passed, and in a good mood vanished like someone who knew very well here, through the next door.

I went to the window and looked out into the quiet courtyard. Everything looked very peaceful, but the uncomfortable feeling of not being alone, stopped. Perhaps, I thought someone watching me through the wall behind the books. Or the mirror that hung above the mantel, was on the other side of a window, as in interrogation rooms at the police.

For a while I just stood there and felt uncomfortable, but then I thought, the hidden observer would notice that I

observed felt that if I just stood around so unnaturally stiff. So I took the book from one of the top of the stack

Window sill and beat on it. Marcellus, De medicamentis. Aha. Marcellus - who might have been, he always - obviously had some unusual medical methods to

discover which were summarized in this booklet here. I found a nice place, the
dealt with the healing of liver diseases. One had only to catch a green lizard, you
remove the liver, the red to a

Cloth or a black tie by nature cloth (black naturally? Hm?) And the liver disease
or cloth on the right side

. hang If you then still free to let the lizard and told her: "Ecce dimitto vam te vi
..." and then some, just as the Latin was then the liver problem was solved.
Asked is whether the lizard was able to run away after she had been removed the
liver. I closed the book again. This Marcellus was clearly one of the waffle. The
book, which was danebenlag top of the stack, with dark brown leather bound and
very thick and heavy, so I let it lie at the leaves on the stack. "From all sorts of
demons and as the magician and the man were gemeynen behylflich can "stand
with gold embossed lettering on it, and although I was neither a Mages have a
"man was gemeyner" I hit it curious somewhere in the middle. The image of an
ugly dog looked at me and among them was that this was Jestan, brought a
demon from the Hindu Kush, disease, death and war. I was immediately Jestan
unsympathetic and turned on. A strange grimace with horn-like outgrowths on
the skull (much like the Klingons from the Start Trek movies staring) at me from
the next page, and while I'm still disgusted zurückstartte, hit the Klingon's

Eyelids down, getting up from the paper like smoke from a chimney, compressed
rapidly to a complete, all in red

robed figure who built up next to me and from glowing eyes looked down at me.
"Who dares, the great and powerful Berith to call? "He exclaimed.

Of course, I was a little queasy, but experience had taught me that ghosts seem
still dangerous and malicious threats were able to give of themselves, but usually
could not even move a breeze. And I hoped very much that this Berith nothing
was more than a ghost, a spellbound between the pages of this book a real image
of the demon, the long hoped that Temporal had blessed.

"Nobody has called you," I said so politely, but very casual.

»Berith, the demon of lies, Grand Duke of Hell," to put before Berith with a lot
of reverb in the voice. "Even Bolfri called."

"Yes, it is here," I said, looking back into the book. "Besides, you can increase the voices of singers." A delightful gift.

However, it was to him after the appeal (which had been extremely complicated, because obviously written in Babylonian language) Various sacrifices - like miscarriages, still alive. But this was still nothing compared to what you had to do, so he metals in Gold was transformed. The fact he could too. The Shechemites - who might always have been, - Berith was worshiped so. To Jacob and his sons came, and all men in securing "the most cruel tortures unther killed with their swords." So far, so good.

»Berith commanded" twenty-six legions, echoed Berith.

As he had done me nothing yet, I was even more courageous. "I find strange people who speak in third person about himself,"

I said, and struck out the side. As I had hoped, Berith disappeared again in the book, like smoke that is blown away. I breathed sigh of relief.

"Interesting reading," a soft voice said from behind me. I spun around. Unnoticed was the Count of Saint Germain in the space slipped. He leaned on a cane with elaborately carved pommel, his tall, slender figure was impressive as and his dark eyes always wide awake.

"Yes, very interesting," I mumbled a little hesitant. But then I remembered, closed the book and fell into a deep reverence.

As I rose to the surface again from my skirts, smiled the Count

"I am glad that you came," he said, grabbing my hand and pulled it to his lips. The contact was hardly noticeable.

"It seems to me essential that we deepen our acquaintance, since our first encounter was just a little. . . unhappy, not it? "

I said nothing. When we first met I was mostly busy trying to sing the national anthem in mind, the

Graf had made some insulting remarks about the lack of intelligence in women

in general and me in particular, and

At the end he had strangled me in a rather unconventional way, and threatened. He was right: The meeting was a little unhappy proceed.

"How cold is your hand," he said. "Come, sit down. I am an old man and can not stand that long. "He laughed, let go of my hand and sat on the chair behind the desk. In light of all the books he looked once more like his own portrait,

an ageless man with noble features, lively eyes and a white wig haloed by an aura of mystery and

Dangerous that they could not escape. I took it or not in the other chair.

"Are you interested in magic?" He asked, pointing with his hand on the pile of books.

I shook my head. "Not until last Monday, to be honest."

"It's a little crazy, right? Since your mother has left you all these years in the belief that you were a normal girl.

And from now on like you have to realize that you present an important part of one of the greatest mysteries of mankind. Can you imagine why they did that? "

"Because she loves me." I wanted to say it as a question, but it sounded very determined.

The Count laughed. "Yes, that women think! Love! The word is overused by your race really. Love is the answer - it is due me whenever I hear that. Or it amuses me, it depends. What women will never understand, is that men have a completely different idea of love as they have. "

I was silent.

The count put his head a little wrong. "Without their dedication it would consider the love of women are much harder to subordinate to the man in every respect. "

I tried to have a neutral facial expression. "In our time, has the ..." - thank God! -

"... changed. We are men and women equally. No one must be subordinate to the other. "

The count laughed again, this time a bit longer than I would have done a really good joke. "Yes," he said. "Of this I have can tell. But believe me, no matter what rights we may not give the woman even - it does not change the nature of man. "

Yes, what should you say? Most probably nothing. As the count had just realized - on the nature of man is hard to change something - which probably also true for his like.

For a while I looked at the count with amused upswept corners of the mouth, then he said abruptly, "magic anyway ...

According to the prophecy you had to know you so. Gifted with the magic of the Raven closes the circle in G major, formed the twelve have. "

"I did far too many occasions heard," I said. "But no one could tell me what the magic of the Raven is."

"The raven on his ruby red wings, between worlds, he stopped singing dead, he hardly knows the power, he hardly knows the price; the power rises, it closes the circle. . . "

I shrugged my shoulders. From these spoonerisms but no one was smart.

"It's just a prophecy of dubious origin," said the count is not "must necessarily be true." He leaned back and lost again is to look at me. "Tell me about your parents and your home."

"My parents?" I was a little surprised. "There's really not much to tell. My father died when I was seven, he had leukemia. Until his illness he was a lecturer at the University of Durham. There we lived until his death. Then I Mum with my little sister and I moved to London, the home of my grandparents. We live there with my aunt and

my cousin and my Great Aunt Maddy. My mom works as an Administrative Officer in a hospital. "

"And she has red hair, like all Montrose girl, right? Just like your sister, right? "

"Yes, all but me are red-haired." Why, he found that so interesting? "My father had dark hair."

"All the other women in the circle of the Twelve red hair, you know? Until not so long ago this hair color ranged in many Countries to burn someone as a witch. At all times and in all cultures, people have the same magic as

perceived as fascinating as threatening. This is also the reason why I worked so detailed it. What is known, one must do not be afraid. "He leaned forward and put his fingers together. "Me personally, especially dealing with the Far Eastern cultures This issue most interested. In my travels to India and China, I have had the good fortune to meet many teachers who are willing to pass on their knowledge. I was initiated into the mysteries of the Akashic Records and learned much of the intellectual Beyond the capacity of most Western cultures simply would. And what the lords of the Inquisition, even now, to

rash actions would be carried away. The Church fears nothing more than when the person realizes that God is not outside of us in distant sky sits and determines our destiny, but inside of us. "He looked at me, then he smiled. "It's always refreshing, ye sons of the 21 Century to discuss blasphemous themes. Twitches in her heresy is not the slightest flinch. "

Nah. We probably would not even do that if we knew what it is heresy.

"The Asian champions have us well on the path of spiritual development" ahead, said the count "Many small .. . Ability, such as those I could show you at our last meeting, I have also purchased there. My teacher was a monk of a secret

Order in deep Himalayas. He and his brothers there can communicate without using their vocal cords, and their enemies, they can defeat, without lifting a finger must be so strong is the power of their minds and their imagination. "

"Yes, that is" certainly useful, I said cautiously. He should just not get the idea of wanting to show me the same thing again.

"You have your last night on this soiree tested this capability to Lord Alastair, I think."

"Oh, the soiree." He smiled again. "Seen as I'm concerned, it will only take place tomorrow evening. How gratifying that we are there, Lord Alastair meet really are. Does he appreciate my little demonstration for? "

"He has" impressed in any case, I replied. "But not really intimidated. He said he would make sure that we never would be born. And something of spawn of hell. "

"Yes, he has" an unfortunate penchant for rude phrases, said the count "but no match for his ancestor, the Contender Madrone Tues. I should have killed him then, when I have the opportunity to do so hard. But I was young and had an unfortunate naive Setting. . . Well, I do not mistake this second time, even if I did not personally take them down: the days of Lord

are counted, no matter how many men he gathered around him and protect his virtuosity as he likes to deal with his sword. When I a young man, I would challenge him himself. Now, however, can take over my descendant. Gideon's sword skills are

considerable. "

At the mention of Gideon's name was to me, as so often quite warm. I had to remember what he had said earlier, while I was like a little warmer.

Instinctively I looked toward the door. "Where is he really gone?"

"He will make a trip," the earl said lightly. "The time just goes to a dear young friend of mine one

Afternoon visit to pay. She lives very close, and when he takes the coach, he is in a few minutes with her. "

What?

"Make it more often is that?"

The Count smiled, a warm, friendly smile that lurked behind the something different, something that I could not read. "So long as he knows it yet. I have both recently introduced to each other. She is a smart, young and very attractive widow and I take the view that it could harm a young man can not, in the

company of an experienced woman - well, a little

stop it. "

I was unable to respond to something, but apparently was not even expected of me.

"Lavinia Rutland is one of the blessed women, which it brings joy," to share their experiences, said the count Yes, indeed. I liked them too. I stared at my hands applied, all of which had been clenched into fists alone. Lavinia Rutland, the lady in the green dress. So that's this familiarity yesterday evening. . .

"I have the impression that this idea does not please you," the Count said in a soft voice.

Because he was right. That to me not at all displeased. I managed only with great conquest, the count again in the eyes

. look

He was still smiling that warm, friendly smile. "My little one, it is important to learn early on that no woman any Property claims can impose on a man. Women who do this end, unloved and lonely. The smarter a woman is, the sooner they will terms with the nature of man. "

What saudummes for a waffle!

"Oh, but of course you are still very young, is not it? It seems to me much younger than other girls your age. Probably you are just for the first time in love. "

"No," I muttered.

But. But! For the first time in any case, it felt like it. So intoxicating. So existential. So unique. As painful. So sweet.

The Count laughed softly. "No reason to be ashamed. I would be disappointed if it were otherwise. "

The same thing he had said on the soiree, when I was playing the violin because

of Gideon broke into tears.

"Basically, it's quite simple: A woman who loves would, without hesitation, to die for their loved ones," the Count "Would you said to Gideon give your life? "

Preferably not. "Furthermore, I have not" been thinking, I said, confused.

The Count sighed. "Unfortunately - and thanks to the dubious protection of your mother - you had not so much time together, you and Gideon, but I'm already impressed with how well he has done his thing. The love lights so you literally out of sight. The love

- And the jealousy! "

What matter?

"Nothing is easier to calculate than the reaction of a woman in love. No one is easier to control than a woman of her Feelings for the man is determined, "said the Count. "I've already explained Gideon during our first meeting. Of course I feel a little bit sorry that he has wasted so much energy to your cousin - what's her name again? Charlotte? "

Now I stared at him. For some reason I thought of Aunt Maddy's vision and the heart of ruby, which on a rocky promontory at the Abyss was. I wish I would have covered his ears to hear need not only to the soft voice.

"He is in this respect in any case much more sophisticated than I was" at his age, said the Count "And it must be admitted that He was endowed by nature with plenty of benefits. What an Adonis body! What a beautiful face, what grace, what

Talent! He probably has to do much anyway, so the girls hearts flying at him. The lion roars in F major, the mane of pure Diamond, multiplicatio, the sun dispelled ... "

The truth hit me like a punch in the stomach. All that Gideon had done, his touch, his gestures, his kisses, his

Words, all of which had only served to manipulate me. So I fell in love with him, as before Charlotte. We too easily were checked.

And the Count was so right: Gideon was not particularly much to do. My foolish heart was a little girl all by itself flown and fell at his feet.

In my mind's eye I saw the lion on the ruby heart in the abyss and go sweep it aside with a single blow paws. In

Slow it fell, struck deep down at the bottom of the ravine and burst into a thousand tiny blood droplets.

"Have you ever heard him play the violin? If not, I'll make sure - nothing is better suited to a woman's heart

to conquer than the music. "The Count gazed dreamily at the ceiling. "That was a trick of Casanova. Music and poetry. "

I would die. I just felt it. Where was previously not been my heart, now spread from icy cold. They seeped into my

Stomach, legs, feet, arms, hands and right at the end in my head. Like in a movie trailer ran the events of the past Days before my mind's eye from, backed by the sounds of The winner takes it all: From the first kiss in the confessional to his Declaration of love in the basement earlier. All large-scale manipulation - with few interruptions, in which he very likely he himself had been - done perfectly. And that damn violin gave me the rest.

Although I later tried to call it in my memory, I did end up out exactly what the count and I had spoken,

because the cold had been taken possession of me, I did not care. The good news was that the count most of our conversation itself denied.

With its soft, pleasant voice, he told me about his childhood in Tuscany, from the stain of his illegitimate descent from the Difficult to track down his biological father, and how he as a boy with the secrets of the chronograph and the

Prophecies had occupied. I really tried to listen, if only because I knew I would have to play every word of Leslie, But it did not help, my thoughts were always about my own stupidity. And I longed to be alone at last

being able to cry.

"Marquis," The grumpy secretary had knocked and opened the door. "The delegation of the Archbishop's here."

"Oh, this is good", said the count, got up and winked at me. "Politics! In these times it is still also on the church determined. "

I struggled also high, with a bow.

"It was a pleasure to talk with you," said the Count, "and I'm already looking forward to meeting you next."

I mumbled something of approval.

"Please, my recommendations entrichte Gideon and my regret that I have not received today." The Count took his Floor and walked to the door. "And if you want any advice from me: A wise woman knows how to hide their jealousy. We men feel otherwise always quite so sure. . . "For the last time I heard the low, soft laugh, then I was alone. But not for long, because after a few Minutes came back and said the surly secretary. "If you want to follow me"

I had allowed myself to fall back on the chair and waited with closed eyes to tear, but would not come. What

Perhaps even better was. Silently, I followed the secretary down the stairs, where for a while just because we were standing around (I thought still, that would fall over and die, I), until the man cast an anxious glance at the clock and said:. "He comes too late"

At that moment the door opened and Gideon walked the aisle. My heart forgot for a moment that it's actually already

crushed at the bottom of a ravine was, and knocked a few quick beats in my chest. The coldness in my body was

wild displaced concern. The deranged state of Gideon's clothes, his tousled, sweaty hair, flushed cheeks and his

almost feverish glowing green eyes, I still would possibly Lady Lavinia blamed, but there was a deep divide in

his sleeves and Spitzenbesätze on the chest and the wrists were soaked in blood.

"You are wounded, sir," the surly secretary cried out in alarm, which he took the words out of my mouth. (Okay, without Sir. Without the "you".) "I'll have someone call a doctor!"

"No," said Gideon, and he seemed so confident that I would have slapped him best. "That's not my blood. At least not everything. Come on, Gwen, we have to hurry. I was held up a bit. "

He grabbed my hand and pulled me forward, and the secretary was following us down the stairs, taking a couple of times "But sir! What is happened? Should not we be the Marquis. . .?" "Stammered. But Gideon replied, this is no time and he would be so fast to count as possible to visit again to report to him.

"From here we go on alone," he said when we arrived at the foot of the stairs, where the two guards with drawn bare Swords were. "Please pay the Marquis my recommendations! Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare. "

The two guards gave the secretary of the way and bowed goodbye. Gideon took a torch from its holder and put

I continued forward. "Come on, we have more than two minutes!" Still he worked quite exhilarated. "You know now what the Parole means? "

"No," I said, surprised myself that my heart nachgewachsenes in no time refused to return to the canyon

. fall It did just as if everything is OK, and the hope that it could be right in the end brought me to almost. "For that I have otherwise found out. Whose blood is on your clothes? "

"Who knows not to dissemble, knows not to rule it." Gideon shone the torch around the last corner. "Louis the Eleventh."

"" How fitting, I said.

"Honestly, I have no idea what the guy said that his blood has ruined my clothes. Madame Rossini will certainly complain. "

Gideon pushed the door to the lab and put the torch into a bracket on the wall.

The flickering light illuminated a large table full of strange equipment, glass bottles, flasks and beakers filled with Liquids and powders in different colors. The walls were in shadows, but I could see that they are almost everywhere

were painted and described, and just above the torch, a coarse-drawn skull grinned with Drudenfüßen instead of the eye sockets.

"Come here," said Gideon, and drew me to the other side of the table. Finally he let go of my hand. But only two hands to my waist and lay me to go by. "How was your conversation with the Count?"

"It was great. .. "instructive, I said. The phantom heart fluttered in my chest like a little bird and I swallowed the lump in down my throat. "The Count told me that you are. . . that you and he tells the bizarre view, a woman in love is easier to control than another. It must have been annoying to have done all the preliminary work in Charlotte and then exhausting me yet once to start all over from scratch, right? "

"What do you say that?" Gideon stared at me with a frown.

"You have but the" really well done, I continued. "It is, moreover, the count also. Of course I was not a particularly difficult case. .

. God, I feel so ashamed when I think of how easily I've made for yourself. "I could not watch him anymore.

"Gwendolyn. . . "He interrupted himself. "It starts the same.

Maybe we should prefer to continue the conversation later. At rest. I've still no idea what you're getting. . . "

"I just want to know if that's true," I said. Of course it was true, but hope dies last is well known. Announced in my stomach the upcoming period to jump. "Whether you've really planned to make me in love with you, just as you previously did with Charlotte have. "

Gideon let me go. "It's a stupid moment," he said. "Gwendolyn. We are talking about the same. I promise you. "

"No! Now! "The knot in my throat and blew my tears began to flow. "It is enough if you say yes or no! Did you anything planned? "

Gideon rubbed his forehead. "Gwen. . . "

"Yes or no?" Sobbed myself.

"Yes," said Gideon. "But please - stop crying."

And for the second time that day was my heart - this time only the second issue, the phantom heart, out of sheer hope had grown back - over the cliff and smashed on the floor of the canyon by the thousands of tiny shards. "Okay, that was actually everything that I wanted to know, "I whispered. "Thank you for your honesty."

"Gwen. I would like to tell you. . . "Before my eyes sparked Gideon into thin air. A few seconds while the cold back in my body crept, I stared into the flickering light of torches and the skull over and tried to suppress my tears,

then everything swam before my eyes.

It took me a few seconds to get used to the light in my room chronograph time, but I heard Dr. White's excited

Voice and the tearing of fabric.

"It's nothing," said Gideon. "Only a tiny incision, it has barely bled. But I do not even need a bandage. Dr. White - you can Put away your wire terminals! There is nothing happens! "

"Hello," Heuhaufenmädchen greeted me Xemerius. "You'll never guess what we found! Oh no! Have you already about crying again? "

Mr George grabbed me with both hands and turned once on its axis. "She is unhurt," he said with relief in the Voice.

Yes. If you lose sight of times my heart.

"Let's get out of here," said Xemerius. "Torfkopfs brother and your girlfriend Leslie you have a very interesting fact to notice

! make Just imagine, they have figured out what the position coordinates of the code designate the Green Rider. You'll not believe it! "

"Gwendolyn?" Gideon looked at me as if he were afraid I might throw his behalf before the next bus.

"It's all right," I said, not to look him in the eye. "Mr. George, can you please bring me up? I must really need to go home. "

"Of course." Mr. George nodded.

Gideon made a motion, but Dr. White held him. "Will you just hold still!" He had Gideon's coat sleeve and the worn underneath the shirt torn off completely. The arm was caked with blood, and above it, almost to the shoulder, was a small Cut seen. The little ghost boy Robert stared in horror at the blood.

"Who was that? The "must be disinfected and stitched, Dr. White said gloomily.

"Absolutely not," said Gideon. He was pale and his awareness Situated scratch was nothing left. "We can later make. I must first talk with Gwendolyn. "

"That's really not necessary," I said. "I know everything I need to know. And now I have to go home. ""However," said Xemerius.

"Tomorrow is a day," said Mr. George to Gideon as he reached for the black cloth. "And Gwendolyn looks tired. They must be to school early. "

"Exactly! And tonight, nor will "go on a treasure hunt, said Xemerius. "Or whatever will always find themselves in these coordinates is. . . "

Mr George I was blindfolded. The last thing I saw was Gideon's eyes shining unnaturally green in his pale face.

"Good night, together," I said, then Mr George had taken me out of the room. Except for the small Robert had me anyway No one responded.

"Okay, I do not want to" make it as exciting, said Xemerius. "Raphael and Leslie had a lot of fun this afternoon - unlike you, as it looks. Well, anyway, the two have been able to determine the coordinates exactly. And now you are allowed three guesses where they themselves. are "

"Here in London?" I asked.

"Bingo!" Cried Xemerius.

"What?" Said Mr. George.

"Nothing," I said. "Excuse me, Mr. George."

Mr George sighed. "I hope your conversation with the Count of Saint Germain went well."

"Oh yes," I said bitterly. "It was in every respect very instructive."

"Hello! I'm still here," cried Xemerius and I felt his moist aura, as he clung like a monkey around my neck. "And I really, really interesting news. So: The hiding place, we are looking for is here in London. And it gets even better: It is namely, in Mayfair. More precisely, in the Bourdon Place. And more specifically: Bourdon Place Number 81! Well, what do you say? "

At my house? The coordinates referred to a place in our own house? What would my grandfather there, for heaven's sake have hidden? Perhaps another book? One with records that could help us at last?

"Up to this point have made the girl dog and the Frenchman so good job," said Xemerius. "Admittedly, this Coordinates of stuff I had no idea. But now-now I'm in! For only the unique, wonderful and very clever

Xemerius can stick his head in all the walls and see what hides behind them or between them. Tonight we will both

Therefore, on a treasure hunt! "

"Would you talk about?" Said Mr George.

I shook my head. "No, has the time to-morrow," I said and I told both Mr. George and to Xemerius.

Tonight, I would just lie awake and cry behind my broken heart. I was in self-pity and turgid

Metaphors bathe. And maybe I would to Bon Jovi and Hallelujah . hear Finally,
everyone needs his own soundtrack for such a Case.

Epilogue

London, 29 September 1782

He landed with his back against the wall, put his hand on the hilt and looked around. The farmyard was empty, as

Alastair Lord had promised. Clotheslines strung from wall to wall, the white sheet that hung above them, moving

gently in the wind.

Paul looked up at the windows, which reflected the afternoon sun. On a window sill was a cat, and watched him

ironically, one paw dangling casually over the edge. She reminded him of Lucy.

He took his hand off the hilt and shook Spitzenbesätze on his wrists slippery. The Rococo saw in his clothes

Eyes all the same, silly knee-breeches, long jackets with weird, impractical skirts, embroidery and lace around it -

horrible. He had wanted to wear the costume and the wig that she had applied for the visits in 1745 can make, but Lucy and Lady Tilney had insisted to have a completely new outfit tailor. They claimed that everyone would stare at him when he in Walking around in clothes from the 1782 to 1745 would, and his arguments, because of, but he would only briefly at a secluded spot to meet with Lord Alastair, to exchange the papers, they just did not accept. He summed up by hand

between the jacket and shirt, where the copies were folded in a manila envelope. "Very nice - you are on time."

The cool voice made him drive around. Lord Alastair emerged from the shadows of the archway, as always, dressed elegantly, albeit highly exaggerated colors and with lots of jewelry and stuck that sparkled in the sun. He seemed like a foreign body between the simple bed sheet. Even the handle of the sword

seemed to be of pure gold and adorned with precious stones, which the weapon is a harmless and gave almost ludicrous appearance.

Paul took a quick look through the archway where the road next to a green lawn stretching down to the Thames. The

Snorting of horses was heard, so he assumed that Lord Alastair was born with a coach.

"You are alone?" Said Alastair Lord. His tone was incredibly arrogant, and he sounded like someone with a chronic Nasal congestion. He came closer. "What a pity! I would again like to see your pretty red-haired companion. She had such a - uh -

unusual way to express their opinion. "

"She was just disappointed that you did not use the advantages that you had provided our latest information. And it is suspicious, what do you propose to start with this one. "

"Your information was not complete!"

"They were complete enough! The plans of the Florentine alliance were not covered enough! In forty years, five attacks on Count two of them failed, and for your records personally responsible! The last time - eleven years ago - you seem so sure you be! "

"Do not worry! The next attempt will not fail, "said Lord Alastair. "My ancestors and I have been getting the error made to combat the so-called Count as a human being. We have tried to expose him to defame his good name and

to destroy. We have tried to lost souls like your on track zurückzuhelfen, without realizing that all your long by

the demonic blood lost waiting. "

Paul irritated wrinkled forehead. From the unctuous talk of Lords and the other men of the Florentine alliance he was still never become wise.

"We tried him as" get at an ordinary man with poison, sword blades, and bullets,

continued Lord Alastair.

"How ridiculous!" He a hoarse laugh. "What we did, he always seemed to be one step ahead. Wherever we went -

He was always there before us. He seemed invincible. Everywhere he has influential friends and protectors, which he in the black Magic know. The members of his lodge among the most powerful men of our time. It took decades before I understood

was that a demon can not be subdued by human methods. But now I'm wiser. "

"Glad to hear it," said Paul, throwing a quick glance to the side. In the doorway were two other men appeared, black dressed, wearing the sword at her side open. Damn it! Lucy had been right. Alastair had no intention of keeping his word. "Have Her letters to? "

"Sure," said Lord Alastair, pulled out a thick wad of paper from his jacket, which was held together with a red cord.

"In the meantime - and thanks to you and your excellent information - I was successful, a good friend at the guards

. infiltrate He provided me with important news every day now. Did you know that the Count is currently, once again bored in the city?

Ah, of course, you knew it! "He weighed the bundle in his hand, then threw it to Paul.

Paul caught it sent on with one hand. "Thank you. You can safely create copies of it. "

"That was not necessary," the Lord said arrogantly. "What about you? Have you brought me what I ask? "

Paul pushed the bundle of letters in his jacket and held the brown envelope in the air. "Five pages of genealogies de Villiers, started in the 16th Century, when Lancelot de Villiers, the first time travelers, to Gideon de Villiers, who was born in the 20th Century. "

"And the female line," asked Lord Alastair and now he almost sounded a little excited.

"Is everything in here also. Starting at Burghley, to Gwendolyn Elaine Shepherd. The name of Paul replied to the quick. He threw a quick glance at the two men. They were standing under the archway remained at the hands of his sword-hilt, as if on some waited. He had to grudgingly admit that he already guessed what. "Very good. Then give it to me! "

Paul hesitated. "You have not you," kept our agreement, he said, in order to gain time. He pointed to the two men. "You wanted to alone. come "

Lord Alastair followed his gaze with an indifferent gaze. "A gentleman of my social status is never alone.

My servants always accompany me everywhere. "He took another step forward. "And now give me the papers! For everything else I will myself. care "

"And if I change my mind?"

"I feel personally it really matter whether I get these papers out of your living or your dead hands," said the Lord and his Put his hand on the ornate hilt. "Or put it another way: If I kill you before or after the transfer, does not matter."

Paul grabbed the pommel of his sword. "You have sworn an oath."

"Pshaw," cried Lord Alastair and drew his sword. "The devil is not in action with a moral! Give me the papers! "

Paul stepped back two steps and also drew his gun. "Did you say you do not, with ordinary weapons we could not be addressed?" He asked and moved as mockingly as possible an eyebrow up.

"Time will tell now," said the Lord. "En garde, Demon! "

Paul would like to talk further, but Lord Alastair seemed to have been waiting for this opportunity. With a step he was approaching, apparently, determined to kill Paul. Too bad that it was together with his brilliant sword arts not a good combination.

It was clear, at least Paul, when he was in less than two minutes with their backs to the wall again found. He had the attacks as best as parried, was submerged under the sheets and through his part, had tried to drive to the Lord in a corner. In vain.

The cat jumped up with a roar from the window and escaped through the archway. Behind the windows, everything was quiet. Damn it!

Why had not he listened to Lucy? She had urged him to establish the time frame of the chronograph smaller. Then he would might be able to stand long enough before the eyes of the Lord to evaporate.

Alastair's weapon flashed in the sun. His next blow was so severe that Paul almost fell the sword from his hand.

"Wait," he cried, and he was panting more than he would have had to. "You have won! I'll give you the papers. "

Lord Alastair dropped his sword. "Very sensible."

Apparently Paul was breathing heavily relied on by the wall and threw to the Lord Alastair brown envelope. At the same moment he fell it afterwards, but Lord Alastair seemed to to have been prepared. He let the envelope fall to the ground and parried Paul's attack with ease.

"I see through every demon List!" He cried, and laughed. "But now I want to see what color is your blood!" He made a refined lunge and Paul felt his coat sleeve Lord Alastair's blade and slit open the skin underneath. Warm blood ran

the arm down. It did not particularly hurt, so he guessed that it was stuck with a slight scratch, but the sardonic grin his opponent and the fact that Alastair hardly seemed to be out of breath, while he gasped for breath, panting, voted him little optimistic.

"What are you waiting for?" Cried Lord Alastair the two lackeys on his shoulder. "We must leave him no time! Or do you want that he is in front of our eyes, thin air, like your last opponent? "

The black-clad men responded immediately. As they approached between the sheets through to him, Paul knew that he

had lost. At least Lucy was safe, flashed through his mind. Had they come along, they should now die with him.

"Speak your last word," said Lord Alastair and Paul thought about driving down the sword to fall on their knees and begin to

. pray Perhaps the most pious Lord would then wait for reasons of piety with murdering a little. Perhaps he would also already dead before he reached his knees.

At that moment he noticed a movement behind the bed sheets and one of Lord Alastair's men broke silence, before he

had completely turned around. Collapsed after a tiny moment of shock, the other with drawn swords on the new enemy, a young man in a green jacket, who now came forward with the sheet and the attack with his sword parried almost casually.

"Gideon de Villiers," gasped Paul, while he tried again with courage, Lord Alastair ward off blows. "I did not think that times I would be glad to see you, kid. "

"Actually, I was" just curious, 'said Gideon. "I saw the carriage with Lord Alastair's arms are on the road and wanted to

, look what he does in this abandoned backyard Sun . . "

"My lord, this is the Demon the Jenkins killed in Hyde Park! "panted Lord Alastair Mann

"Do what you will pay," he hissed to Lord Alastair, with his forces seemed to redouble. Paul felt it the second time was made on the same arm, a piece on top. This time, the pain shot through my whole body.

"My lord. . . "The servant seemed to get in trouble.

"Take this here, 'cried Lord Alastair annoying. "I care about the others!"

Paul gasped for breath, relieved, as the Lord desisted from it. He glanced at his arm - he was bleeding, but still he was able to Sword hold.

"We know each other yet," Lord Alastair now faced Gideon, his sword gleaming dark blade of Paul's blood.

"True," replied Gideon and Paul admired - somewhat reluctantly - the peace that he exuded. Had the boy not afraid?

"Eleven years ago, shortly after your failed assassination attempt on the Count of Saint Germain, we met at fencing training in Galliano."

"Marquis Well Done," said the Lord with contempt. "I remember. Your überbrachtet me a message from the devil himself. "

"I brought you a warning to you that you have not presented." The green eyes glittered dangerously.

"Dämonengezücht! I knew it the moment I saw you. And your parades were indeed quite good, but perhaps you remember, I won our little sparring match? "

"I remember well," Gideon replied, shaking the Spitzenbesätze on his wrists as if they were annoying him. "So, as it would just last week was. What does it for me was when it just does. En garde. "

Metal clanked on metal, but Paul could not see who won the upper hand, for now, the remaining servants had been strengthened and came with a drawn sword at him.

The man fought not as elegant as his master, but very strongly, and Paul could feel the strength in his injured arm, despite the small Breather, subsided quickly.

When he would finally go for? It could not last long! He gritted his teeth and made the next

Lunge. For several minutes no one spoke a little, just rattling and wheezing were heard, and then Paul saw from the corner of my eye, as Lord Alastair's precious sword flew through the air and landed with a thud on the pavement. Thank God!

The servant ran a few steps back. "My lord?"

"That was a lousy trick Demon " said the Lord angry. "Against all the rules! I had to hit! "

"You a bad loser, it seems to me," are, said Gideon. He was bleeding from a wound on his arm.

Lord Alastair's eyes glowed with rage. "Kill me if you dare!"

"" Not today, Gideon said, pushing back his sword in his belt.

Paul saw the head movement of the Lords and he saw the servant of his muscles tensed. Quick as a flash he threw himself between them and parried

the blow, before the sword tip could penetrate between the servant Gideon ribs. In the same second Gideon had his sword pulled back and pushed the man in the chest. The blood gushed from the wound and gush as Paul had to turn away.

Lord Alastair had taken the time to pick up his sword and impale it on the manila envelope from the pavement. Without another Word he turned and ran away through the arch.

"Coward," cried Paul angry. Then he turned to Gideon. "Are you hurt, boy?"

"No," just a scratch, said Gideon. "But you look bad. Your arm! The whole blood .. ." He pursed his lips and raised his sword. "What were those papers that you have given Lord Alastair?"

"Trees," Paul said unhappily. "Genealogies of male and female travel time lines."

Gideon nodded. "I knew that you are both traitors. But I did not think you would be so stupid! He will try all

To kill the descendants of Count! And now he also knows the names of the female line. When it comes to him, we are never born be. "

To "You'd kill him, as if you had the opportunity to do so," Paul said bitterly. "He tricked us. Listen, I do not have much time, I jump back at any moment. But it is important that you listen to me. "

"I will not do!" The green eyes flashed angrily at him. "If I had known that I meet you here today, I had a Test tube along. . . "

"It was a mistake for us to ally with the Alliance," Paul said hastily. "Lucy was

from the beginning, however. But I thought, if we do to help make the Count harmless. . . "He clutched his stomach. Yet his fingers encountered in the package with the constricted letters, which he had put into the jacket. "Damn! Here! Take that, kid. "

Reluctantly accepted Gideon against the package. "Stop calling me kid. I'm half a head taller than you "

"It is the part of the prophecies that have been withheld from the count the guards. It is important that you read them before you the idea come from, right back to running your beloved Count and tell on us. Shit, Lucy will kill me if they the

off. "

"Who guarantees that the counterfeits are not?"

"Read it easy! Then you know why we have stolen the chronograph. And why do we want to stop the count because the blood to close. "He was gasping for air. "Gideon, you have to take care of Gwendolyn," he said hastily. "And you have to be on the count

! protect "

"I would protect you from any Gwendolyn!" In Gideon's eyes flashed it proudly. "But I do not know what concerns you so."

"It concerns me very much of something, boy," Paul had to pull herself together, to not be violent. God, if only the little would have a clue!

Gideon crossed her arms. "Because of your betrayal would have Alastair's men almost killed recently in Hyde Park, and Gwendolyn me! You'll hardly be able to make me so advanced that you care little for their welfare. "

"You have no idea ..." Paul broke off. He simply had no more time. "It does not matter. Listen to me. "He thought of what Lucy had said, and tried to put all the urgency in his voice. "Simple question - simple answer: Do you love Gwendolyn"?

Gideon made him a moment from his eyes. But something flickered in his eyes,

which looked exactly Paul. Was it about uncertainty? Oh great, with the sword so the boy could handle. But when it comes to feeling things he seemed to be quite a beginner.

"Gideon! I need to know the answer! "His voice was sharp.

The boy's face lost some of its hardness. "Yes," he said simply.

Paul felt all his anger vanished. Lucy had already knew. How can he ever had doubts about her! "Then read 'the papers, he said quickly. "Only then can you understand the role played Gwendolyn and how much is at stake for them."

Gideon stared at him. "What do you mean?"

Paul leaned forward. "Gwendolyn will die if you do not verhinderst. You're the only one who can. And she trusts, as looks like. "

He tightened his grip on Gideon's arm as he felt the giddiness threatened to overpower him. How much he would have one, two Minutes delay given!

"Promise me, Gideon," he said desperately.

But Gideon's reply could not hear it. Everything around him became blurred, it knocked him off his feet and hurled him through time and space.

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