

Monday

## 5

"Did you ever meet a man you wanted to marry?" Lisa said.

They were sitting at the table in Lisa's apartment, drinking instant coffee. Everything about the place was pretty, like Lisa: flowered prints, china ornaments, and a teddy bear with a spotted bow tie.

Lisa was going to take the day off, but Jeannie was dressed for work in a navy skirt and white cotton blouse. It was an important day, and she was jumpy with tension. The first of her subjects was coming to the lab for a day of tests. Would he fit in with her theory or flout it? By the end of the day she would either feel vindicated or be painfully reappraising her ideas. ←

However, she did not want to leave until the last possible moment. Lisa was still very fragile. Jeannie figured the best thing she could do was sit (here) and talk to her about men and sex the way they always did, help her get (on the road) (back) to normality. She would like to have stayed here all morning, (but she could not. In fact) And she was really sorry Lisa would not be there to help her, (but it was out of the question.)

"Yeah, one," Jeannie said in answer to the question. "There was one guy I wanted to marry."

MUNON?

"Who?"

"His name was Will Temple. He was an anthropologist. Still is." Jeannie could see him now, a big man with a fair beard, in bluejeans and a fisherman's sweater, carrying his ten-speed bicycle through the corridors of the university.

"You've mentioned him before," Lisa said. "What was he like?"

"He was great." Jeannie sighed. "He made me laugh, he took care of me when I was sick, he ironed his own shirts and he was hung like a horse."

Lisa did not smile. "What went wrong?"

"He left me for Georgina Tinkerton Ross." As if by way of explanation, she added: "Of the Pittsburg Tinkerton Rosses."

"What was she like?"

"Perfect. Strawberry blonde, hour-glass figure, impeccable taste in cashmere sweaters and crocodile shoes. No brain, but a hell of a big trust fund."

"When did all this happen?"

Jeannie was being flip, but it hurt her to remember. "Will and I lived together for a year when I was doing my doctorate. He moved out while I was writing my article on whether criminality is genetic. Then Berisford offered me a job at Jones Falls and I jumped at it."

"Men are creeps."

"Will isn't really a creep. He fell for someone else, that's all. I think he showed

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justification. "I don't know, maybe he was a creep after all."  
"Maybe we should return to Victorian times, when a man who kissed a woman considered himself engaged. At least girls knew where they were."

Right now Lisa's perspective on relationships was pretty skewed, but Jeannie did not say so. Instead she asked: "What about you? Did you ever find one you wanted to marry?"

"Never. Not one."

"You and I have high standards. Don't worry, when Mr Right comes along he'll be wonderful."

The entryphone sounded, startling them both. Lisa jumped up, bumping the table. A porcelain vase fell to the floor and shattered, and Lisa said: "God *damn* it."

She was still right on the edge, Jeannie realised. "I'll pick up the pieces," she said in a soothing voice. "You see who's at the door."

Lisa picked up the handset. A troubled frown crossed her face, and she studied the image on the monitor. "All right, I guess," she said dubiously, and she pressed the button that opened the building door.

"Who is it?" Jeannie asked.

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"A detective from the Sex Crimes Unit."

Jeannie had been afraid they would send someone to bully Lisa into cooperating with the investigation. She was determined they would not succeed. The last thing Lisa needed now was more intrusive questions. "Why didn't you tell him to fuck off?"

"Maybe because she's black," Lisa said.

"No kidding?"

Lisa shook her head.

How clever, Jeannie thought as she swept shards of porcelain into her cupped hand. The cops knew she and Lisa were hostile. If they had sent a white male detective he would not have got through the door. So they sent a black woman, knowing that two middle-class white girls would bend over backwards to be polite to her. Well, if she tries to push Lisa around I'll throw her out of here just the same, Jeannie thought.

She turned out to be a stocky woman of about forty, smartly dressed in a cream blouse with a colourful silk scarf, carrying a briefcase. "I'm Sergeant Michelle Delaware," she said. "~~They~~ call me Mish."

Jeannie wondered what was in the briefcase. Detectives usually carried guns, not papers. "I'm Dr Jean Ferrami," Jeannie said. She always used her title when she thought she was going to quarrel with someone. "This is Lisa Hoxton."

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The detective said: "Ms Hoxton, I want to say how sorry I am about what happened to you yesterday. My unit deals with one rape a day, on average, and every single one is a terrible tragedy and a wounding trauma for the victim. I know you're hurting and I understand."

~~Wow, Jeannie thought, this is different from yesterday.~~

barely + obvious

"I'm trying to put it behind me," Lisa said defiantly, but tears came to her eyes and betrayed her.

"May I sit down?"

"Of course."

The detective sat at the kitchen table.

Jeannie <sup>was still wary</sup> ~~studied her warily.~~ "Your attitude seems different from ~~the~~ ~~McHenty's~~ patrolman's," she said.

Mish nodded. "I'm also deeply sorry about McHenty and the way he treated you. Like all patrolmen he has received training on how to deal with rape victims, but he seems to have forgotten what he was taught. I'm embarrassed for the entire police department."

"It was like being violated all over again," Lisa said tearfully.

"It's not supposed to happen any more," Mish said, and a note of anger crept into her voice. "This is how so many rape cases end up in a drawer marked "Unfounded". It's not because women lie about rape. It's because the justice system

treats them so brutally that they withdraw the complaint."

Jeannie said: "I can believe that." She told herself to be careful: Mish might talk like a sister, but she was still a cop.

Mish took a card from her purse. "Here's the number of a volunteer center for victims of rape and child abuse," she said. "Sooner or later, every victim needs counselling."

Lisa took the card, but she said: "Right now all I want is to forget it."

Mish nodded. "Take my advice, put the card in a drawer. Your feelings go through cycles, and there will probably come a time when you're ready to seek help."

"Okay."

Jeannie decided that Mish had earned a little courtesy. "Would you like some coffee?" <sup>Jeannie asked</sup> she offered.

"I'd love a cup."

"I'll make some fresh." Jeannie got up and filled the coffee maker.

Mish said: "Do you two work together?"

"Yes," Jeannie replied. "We study twins."

"Twins?"

"We measure their similarities and differences, and try to figure out how much is inherited and how much is due to the way they were raised."

"What's your role in this, Lisa?"

"My job is to find the twins for the scientists to study."

"How do you do that?"

"I start with birth records, which are public information in most states. Twinning is about one per cent of births, so we get a set of twins for every hundred birth certificates we look at. The certificate gives name, date of birth and birthplace. We take a copy, then track down the twins."

"How?"

"We have every American phone book on CD-ROM. We can also use driving license registries and credit reference agencies."

"Do you always find the twins?"

"Goodness, no. Our success rate depends on their age. We track down about ninety per cent of ten-year-olds, but only fifty per cent of eighty-year-olds. Older people are more likely to have moved house several times, changed their names or died."

Mish looked at Jeannie. "And then you study them."

Jeannie said: "I specialise in identical twins who have been raised apart. They're much more difficult to find." She put the coffee pot on the table and poured a cup for Mish. If this detective was planning to put pressure on Lisa, she was taking her time about it.

Mish sipped her coffee then said to Lisa: "At the hospital, did you take any

medication?"

"No, I wasn't there long."

"They should have offered you the morning-after pill. You don't want to be pregnant."

Lisa shuddered. "I sure don't. I've been asking myself what the hell I'd do about it."

"Go to your own doctor. He should give it to you, unless he has religious objections—some Catholic physicians have a problem with it. In that case the volunteer center will recommend an alternate."

"It's so good to talk to someone who knows all this stuff," Lisa said.

"The fire was no accident," Mish went on. "I've talked to the fire chief. Someone set light to a <sup>storage room</sup> store next to the locker room—and he unscrewed the ventilation pipes to make sure the smoke was pumped into the locker room. Now, rapists are not really interested in sex: it's fear that turns them on. So I think the fire was all part of this creep's fantasy."

Jeannie had not thought of that possibility. "I assumed he was just an opportunist who took advantage of the fire."

Mish shook her head. "Date rape is usually opportunistic: a guy finds that the girl is too stoned or drunk to fight him off. But men who rape strangers are different. They're planners. They fantasize the event, then work out how to make it happen."

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Jeannie felt even angrier. "I nearly died in that goddamn fire," she said.

Mish said to Lisa: "I'm right in thinking you had never seen this man before?

He was a total stranger?"

✓ "I think I saw him about an hour earlier," she replied. "When I was out running with the hockey team, a car slowed right down and the guy stared at us. I have a feeling it was him."

"What kind of a car?"

"It was old, I know that. White, with a lot of rust. Maybe a Datsun."

Jeannie expected Mish to write that down, but she carried on talking. "The impression I get is of an intelligent and completely ruthless pervert who will do whatever it takes to get his kicks."

Jeannie said bitterly: "He should be locked away for the rest of his life."

Mish played her trump card. "But he won't be. He's free. And he will do it again."

Jeannie was sceptical. "How can you be sure of that?"

"Most rapists are serial rapists. The only exception is the opportunistic date-rapist I mentioned before: that type of guy might offend only once. But men who rape strangers do it again and again—until they're caught." Mish looked hard at Lisa. "In seven to ten days' time, the man who raped you will put another woman through

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the same torture—unless we catch him first."

"Oh, my God," Lisa said.

( Jeannie could see where Mish was heading. As Jeannie had anticipated, ) The detective was going to try to talk Lisa into helping with the investigation. Jeannie was (still) determined not to let Mish bully or pressurize Lisa, But it was hard to object to the kind of things she was saying now.

"We need a sample of his DNA," Mish said.

Lisa made a disgusted face. "You mean his sperm."

"Yes."

Lisa shook her head. "I've showered and taken a bath and douched myself. I hope to God there's nothing left of him inside me."

Mish was quietly persistent. "Traces remain in the body for 48 to 72 hours afterwards. We need to do a vaginal swab, a pubic-hair combing and a blood test."

Jeannie said: "The doctor we saw at Santa Teresa yesterday was a real asshole."

Mish nodded. "Doctors hate dealing with rape victims. If they have to go to court, they lose time and money. But you should never have been taken to Santa Teresa. That was one of McHenty's many mistakes. Three hospitals in this city are designated Sexual Assault Centers, and Santa Teresa isn't one of them."

Lisa said: "Where do you want me to go?"

"Mercy Hospital has a Sexual Assault Forensic Examination unit, we call it the

SAFE unit."

Jeannie nodded. Mercy was the big downtown hospital.

Mish went on: "You'll see a Sexual Assault Nurse Examiner, who is always a woman. She's specially trained in dealing with evidence, which the doctor you saw yesterday was not—he would probably have screwed up anyway."

Mish clearly did not have much respect for doctors.

She opened her briefcase. Jeannie leaned forward, curious. Inside was a laptop computer. Mish lifted the lid and switched it on. "We have a program called E-FIT, for Electronic Facial Identification Technique. We like acronyms." She gave a wry smile. "Actually it was devised by a Scotland Yard detective. It enables us to put together a likeness of the perpetrator, without using an artist." She looked expectantly at Lisa.

Lisa looked at Jeannie. "What do you think?"

"Don't feel pressured," Jeannie said. "Think about yourself. You're entitled. Do what makes you feel comfortable."

Mish shot her a hostile glare, then said to Lisa: "There's no pressure on you. If you want me to leave, I'm out of here. But I'm asking you. I want to catch this rapist, and I need your help. Without you, I don't stand a chance."

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bullying or manipulation. She knew what she was talking about, and she knew what she wanted.

Lisa said: "I don't know."

Mish said: "Why don't you take a look at this computer program. If it upsets you, we'll stop. If not, I will at least have a picture of the man I'm after. Then, when we're done with that, you can think about whether you want to go to Mercy."

Lisa hesitated again, then said: "Okay."

Jeannie said: "Just remember, you can stop any time you feel upset."

Lisa nodded.

Mish said: "To begin, we'll get a rough approximation to his face. It won't look like him, but it will be a basis. Then we'll refine the details. I need you to concentrate hard on the perpetrator's face, then give me a general description. Take your time."

Lisa closed her eyes. "He's a white man about my age. Short hair, no particular colour. Light eyes, blue I guess. Straight nose...."

Mish was operating a mouse. Jeannie got up and stood behind the detective so she could see the screen. It was a Windows program. In the top right-hand corner was a face divided into eight sections. As Lisa named features, Mish would click on a section of the face, pulling down a menu, then check items on the menu based on Lisa's comments: hair short, eyes light, nose straight.

Lisa went on: "Kind of a square chin, no beard or moustache...how am I

doing?"

Mish clicked again and an entire face came on the main screen. It showed a white man in his thirties with regular features, and it might have been any one of a thousand guys. Mish turned the computer around so that Lisa could see the screen. "Now, we're going to change the face bit by bit. First, I'll show you this face with a whole series of different foreheads and hair lines. Just say yes, no or maybe. Ready?"

"Sure."

Mish clicked the mouse. The face on the screen changed, and suddenly the forehead had a receding hairline.

"No," Lisa said.

She clicked again. This time the face had a straight fringe like an old-fashioned Beatle haircut.

"No."

The next haircut was wavy, and Lisa said: "That's more like it. But I think he had a part."

The next was curly. "Better still," Lisa said. "This is better than the last one. But the hair is too dark."

Mish said: "After we've looked at them all, we'll come back to the ones you liked and pick the best. When we have the whole face we can carry on improving it using the retouch feature: making the hair darker or lighter, moving the part, making

the whole face older or younger."

Jeannie was fascinated, but this was going to take an hour or more, and she had work to do. "I've got to go," she said. "Are you okay, Lisa?"

"I'm fine," Lisa said, and Jeannie could tell it was the truth. Maybe it would be better for Lisa to get involved in hunting the man down. She caught Mish's eye and saw a flash of triumph in her expression. Was I wrong, Jeannie wondered, to be hostile to Mish and defensive of Jeannie? Mish was certainly *sympa*. She had all the right words. Just the same, her priority was not to help Lisa, but to catch the rapist. Lisa still needed a true friend, someone whose only concern was for her.

"I'll call you," Jeannie said to her.

Lisa stood up. "I can't thank you enough for staying with me," she said. She came over and hugged Jeannie.

Mish held out her hand and said: "Good to meet you."

Jeannie shook hands. "Good luck," she said. "I hope you catch him."

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The scene with Mish will work better if we can keep her emotions more at the center of it. She should be more actively torn between wanting Lisa left alone and wanting the criminal to be caught. x

## 6

Steve parked in the student <sup>my let</sup> car park. It was a few minutes before ten o'clock, and the campus was thronged with students in light summer clothes on their way to the first lecture of the day. As he walked across the campus he looked out for the tennis player. The chances of seeing her were slender, he knew, but he could not help staring at every tall dark-haired woman to see if she had a nose ring.

The Ruth W. Acorn Psychology Building was a modern four-storey structure in the same red brick as the older, more traditional college buildings. He gave his name in the lobby and was directed to the laboratory.

In the next three hours he underwent more tests than he could have imagined possible. He was weighed, measured and fingerprinted. They photographed his ears, tested the strength of his grip, and assessed his startle reflex by showing him pictures of burn victims and mutilated bodies. He answered questions about his leisure-time interests, his religious beliefs, his girlfriends and his job aspirations. He had to state if he could repair a doorbell, whether he considered himself well-groomed, would he spank his children and did certain music make him think of pictures or changing colour patterns? But no one told him why he had been selected for the study.

He was not the only subject. Also around the lab were two little girls and a

6

How big? How far away?

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In the next three hours he underwent more tests than he could have imagined possible. He was weighed, measured and fingerprinted. They photographed his ears, tested the strength of his grip, and assessed his startle reflex by showing him pictures of burn victims and mutilated bodies. He answered questions about his leisure-time interests, his religious beliefs, his girlfriends and his job aspirations. He had to state if he could repair a doorbell, whether he considered himself well-groomed, would he spank his children and did certain music make him think of pictures or changing colour patterns? But no one told him why he had been selected for the study.

He was not the only subject. Also around the lab were two little girls and a

what does this place look like?  
who is conducting these tests?

middle-aged man wearing cowboy boots, bluejeans and a western shirt. At midday they all gathered in a lounge with couches and a TV, and had pizza and cokes for lunch. It was then Steve realised there were in fact two middle-aged men in cowboy boots: they were twins, dressed the same.

He introduced himself, and learned that the cowboys were Benny and Arnold, and the little girls were Sue and Elizabeth. "Do you guys always dress the same?" Steve asked the men as they ate.

They looked at each other, then Benny said: "Don't know. We just met."

"You're twins, and you just met?"

"When we were babies we were both adopted—by different families."

"And you accidentally dressed the same?"

"Looks like it, don't it?"

Arnold added: "And we're both carpenters, and we both smoke Camel Lights, and we both have two kids, a boy and a girl."

Benny said: "Both girls are called Caroline, but my boy is John and his is Richard."

Arnold said: "I wanted to call my boy John, but my wife insisted on Richard."

"Wow," Steve said. "But you can't have inherited a taste for Camel Lights."

"Who knows?"

One of the little girls, Elizabeth, said to Steve: "Where's your twin?"

"I don't have one," he replied. "Is that what they study here, twins?"

"Yes." Proudly she added: "Sue and me are dizygotic."

Steve raised his eyebrows. She looked about eleven. "I'm not sure I know that word," he said gravely. "What does it mean?"

"We're not identical. We're fraternal twins. That's why we don't look the same." She pointed at Benny and Arnold. "They're monozygotic. They have the same DNA. That's why they're so alike."

"You seem to know a lot about it," Steve said. "I'm impressed."

"We've been here before," she said.

The door opened behind Steve, and Elizabeth looked up and said: "Hello, Doctor Ferrami."

Steve turned and saw the tennis player.

Her muscular body was hidden beneath a knee-length white laboratory coat, but she moved like an athlete as she walked into the room. She still had the air of focused concentration that had been so impressive on the tennis court. He stared at her, hardly able to believe his luck.

She said hello to the little girls and introduced herself to the others. When she shook Steve's hand she did a double-take. "So you're Steve Logan!" she said.

"You play a great game of tennis," he said.

"I lost, though." She <sup>smiled and</sup> sat down. Her thick, dark hair swung loosely around her

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shoulders, and Steve noticed, in the unforgiving light of the laboratory, that she had one or two gray hairs. Instead of the silver ring she had a plain gold stud in her nostril. She was wearing make-up today, and the mascara made her dark eyes even more hypnotic.

She thanked them all for giving up their time in the service of scientific enquiry and asked if the pizzas were good. After a few more platitudes she sent the girls and the cowboys away to begin their afternoon tests.

She sat close to Steve, and for some reason he had the feeling she was uneasily embarrassed. It was almost as if she was about to give him bad news. She said: "By now you're wondering what this is all about."

"I guessed I was picked because I've always done so well in school."

"No," she said. "True, you score very high on all intellectual tests. In fact your performance at school understates your abilities. Your IQ is off the scale. You probably come top of your class without even studying hard, am I right?"

"Yes. But that's not why I'm here?"

"No. Our project here is to ask how much of people's make-up is predetermined by their genetic inheritance." Her awkwardness vanished as she warmed to her subject. "Is it DNA that decides whether we're intelligent, aggressive, romantic, athletic? Or is it our upbringing? If both have an influence, how do they interact?"

"An ancient controversy," Steve said. He had majored in philosophy and he had

been fascinated by this debate. "Am I the way I am because I was born like <sup>this</sup> ~~it~~? Or am I a product of my upbringing and the society I was raised in?" He recalled the catchphrase that summed up the argument: "Nature or nurture?"

She nodded, and her long hair moved heavily, like the ocean. Steve wondered how it felt to the touch. "But we're trying to resolve the question in a strictly scientific way," she said. "You see, identical twins have the same genes—exactly the same. Fraternal twins don't, but they are normally brought up in exactly the same environment. We study both kinds, and compare them with twins who are brought up apart, measuring how similar they are."

Steve was wondering how this affected him. He was also wondering how old Jeannie was. Seeing her run around the tennis court yesterday, with her hair hidden in a cap, he assumed she was his age; but now he could tell she was nearer ~~to~~ thirty. It did not change his feelings about her, but he had never before been attracted to someone so old.

She went on: "If environment was more important, twins raised together would be very alike, and twins raised apart would be quite different, regardless of whether they were identical or fraternal. In fact we find the opposite. Identical twins resemble one another, regardless of who raised them. Indeed, identical twins raised apart are more similar than fraternal twins raised together."

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"Like Benny and Arnold?"

"Exactly. You saw how alike they are, even though they were brought up in different homes. That's typical. This department has studied more than a hundred pairs of identical twins raised apart. Of those two hundred people, two were published poets, and they were a twin pair. Two were professionally involved with pets—one was a dog trainer and the other a breeder—and they were a twin pair. We've had two musicisans, a piano teacher and a session guitarist, also a twin pair. But those are just the more vivid examples. As you've seen this morning, we do scientific measurements of personality, IQ and various physical dimensions, and these often show the same pattern: the identical twins are highly similar, regardless of their upbringing."

"Whereas Sue and Elizabeth seem quite different."

"Right. Yet they have the same parents, the same home, they go to the same school, they've had the same diet all their lives, and so on. I expect Sue was quiet all through lunch, but Elizabeth told you her life story.

"As a matter of fact, she explained the word 'monozygotic' to me."

Dr Ferrami laughed, showing white teeth and a flash of pink tongue, and Steve felt inordinately pleased that he had amused her.

"But you still haven't explained my involvement," he said.

She looked awkward again. "It's a little difficult," she said. "This has never happened before."

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Suddenly he realised. It was obvious, but so surprising that he had not guessed until now. "You think I have a twin that I don't know about?" he said incredulously.

"I can't think of any <sup>diplomatic</sup> ~~gradual~~ way to tell you," she said with evident chagrin.

"Yes, we do."

"Wow." He felt dazed: it was hard to take in.

"I'm really sorry."

"Nothing to apologize for, I guess."

"But there is. Normally people know they're twins before they come to us. However, I've pioneered a new way of recruiting subjects for this study, and you're the first. Actually, the fact that you don't know you have a twin is a tremendous vindication of my system. But I failed to anticipate that we might be giving people shocking news."

"I always wanted a brother," Steve said. He was an only child, born when his parents were in their late thirties. "Is it a brother?"

"Yes. You're identical."

"An identical twin brother," Steve murmured. "But how could it happen without my knowledge?"

She looked mortified.

"Wait a minute, I can work it out," Steve said. "I could be adopted."

She nodded.

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It was an even more shocking thought: Mom and Dad might not be his parents.

"Or my twin could have been adopted."

"Yes."

"Or both, like Benny and Arnold."

"Or both," she repeated solemnly. She was gazing intently at him with those dark eyes. Despite the turmoil in his mind he could not help thinking how lovely she was. He wanted her to stare like this at him forever.

She looked away, breaking the spell. Steve said painfully: "I just can't believe Mom and Dad would have kept adoption a secret from me. It's not their style."

"Tell me about your parents."

"Okay." He knew she was making him talk to help him work through the shock, but that was okay. He collected his thoughts. "Mom's kind of exceptional. You've heard of her, her name's Lorraine Logan."

"The lonelyhearts columnist?"

"Right. Syndicated in four hundred newspapers, author of six bestsellers about women's health. Rich and famous, and she deserves it."

"Why do you say that?"

"She really cares about the people who write to her. She answers thousands of letters. You know, they basically want her to wave a magic wand—make their

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unwanted pregnancies vanish, get their kids off drugs, turn their abusive men into kindly and supportive husbands. She always gives them the information they need and tells them it's their decision what to do, trust your feelings and don't let anyone bully you. It's a good philosophy."

"And your father?"

"Dad's pretty ordinary, I guess. He's in the military, works at the Pentagon, he's a colonel. He does public relations, writes speeches for generals, that kind of thing."

"A ~~st~~ disciplinarian?"

Steve smiled. "He has a highly developed sense of duty. But he's not a violent man. He saw some action in Asia, before I was born, but he never brought it home."

"Did you require discipline?"

Steve laughed. "I was the naughtiest boy in class, all through school. Constantly in trouble."

"What for?"

"Breaking the rules. Running in the hallway. Wearing red socks. Chewing gum in class. Kissing Wendy Prasker behind the Biology shelf in the school library when I was thirteen."

"Why?"

"Because she was so pretty."

She laughed again. "I meant, why did you break all the other rules?"

He shook his head. "I just couldn't be obedient. I did what I wanted to do. The rules seemed stupid, and I got bored. They would have thrown me out of school, but I always got good grades, and I was usually captain of one sports team or another: football, basketball, baseball, track. I don't understand myself. Am I a weirdo?"

"Everybody's weird in their own way."

"I guess so. Why d'you wear the nose ring?"

She raised her dark eyebrows, as if to say *I ask the questions around here*, but she answered him just the same. "I went through a punk phase when I was about fourteen: green hair, ripped stockings, everything. The pierced nostril was part of that."

"It would grow back if you let it."

"I know. I guess I keep it because I feel that total respectability is deadly dull."

~~Steve smiled. My God, I like this woman, he thought, even if she is too old for me.~~ Then his mind switched back to what she had told him. "What makes you so sure I have a twin?"

"I've devised a computer program that searches medical records and other databases for pairs. Identical twins have similar brainwaves, electrocardiograms, fingerprint ridge counts, and teeth. I've found someone whose teeth are exactly the same as yours."

"It doesn't sound conclusive."

"Maybe not, although he even has cavities in the same places you do."

"So who is he?"

"His name is Dennis Pinker."

"Where is he now?"

"Richmond, Virginia."

"Have you met him?"

"I'm going to Richmond to see him tomorrow. I'll do many of the same tests on him, and take a blood sample so we can compare his DNA with yours. Then we'll know for sure."

Steve frowned. "Do you have a particular area that you're interested in, within the field of genetics?"

"Yes. My specialty is criminality and whether it's inherited."

Steve nodded. "I get it. What did he do?"

"Pardon me?"

"What did Dennis Pinker do?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"You're going to visit him, instead of asking him to come here, so obviously he's incarcerated."

She coloured faintly, as if she had been caught out in a deception. With her cheeks flushed she looked sexier than ever. "Yes, you're right," she said.

"Maybe not, although he even has cavities in the same places you do."

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"What's he in jail for?"

She hesitated. "Murder."

"Jesus Christ!" He looked away from her, trying to take it in. "Not only do I have an identical twin brother, but he's a murderer! Jesus Christ!"

"I'm sorry," she said. "~~I feel~~ I've handled this ~~so~~ badly. You're the first subject I've ever studied who really had no idea he was a twin."

"Boy. I came here hoping to learn something about myself, but I've learned more than I wanted to know." Jeannie did not know, and never would know, that Steve had almost killed a boy called Tip Fredricks.

"And you're very important to me."

"How so?"

"The question is whether criminality is inherited. I published a paper which said that a certain type of personality is inherited—a combination of impulsiveness, daring, aggression and hyperactivity—but that whether or not such people become criminals depends on how their parents deal with them. To prove my theory I have to study pairs of identical twins, one of whom is a criminal and the other a law-abiding citizen. You and Dennis are my first pair, and you're perfect: he's in jail and you, forgive me, you're the ideal all-American boy. To tell you the truth, I'm so excited about it I can hardly sit still."

The thought of this woman being too excited to sit still made Steve restless

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Steve was in a daze.

99

this woman

too. He looked away from her, afraid his lust would show in his face. But ~~what~~ she had told him was painfully disturbing. He had the same DNA as a murderer. What did that make him?

The door opened behind Steve, and she looked up. "Hi, Berry," she said. "Steve, I'd like you to meet Professor Berisford Jones, the head of the twins study here at JFU."

The professor (was a short man his late fifties, handsome with sleek silver hair. He) wore an expensive-looking suit of gray-flecked Irish tweed and a red bow tie with white dots, and he looked as neat as if he had just come out of a bandbox. Steve had seen him on TV a few times, talking about how America was going all to hell. Steve did not like his views, but he had been brought up to be polite, so he stood up and held out his hand to shake.

Berisford Jones started as if he had seen a ghost. "Good God!" he said, and his face turned pale.

Dr Ferrami said: "Berry! What is it?"

Steve said: "Did I do something?"

The professor (said nothing for a moment. Then he) seemed to collect his wits. "I'm sorry, it's nothing," he said) But he still seemed shaken to the core. "It's just that I suddenly thought of something...something I've forgotten, a most dreadful mistake. Please excuse me." He went to the door, still muttering: "My apologies, (forgive me)"

He went out.

Steve looked at Dr Ferrami.

? She shrugged and <sup>shook her head</sup> spread her hands in a gesture of helplessness. "Beats the hell out of me," she said.

## 7

Berisford sat at his desk, breathing hard.

He had a corner office, but otherwise his room was monastic: plastic tiled floor, white walls, utilitarian file cabinets, cheap bookshelves. Academics were not expected to have lavish offices. The screensaver on his computer showed a slowly revolving strand of DNA twisted in the famous double-helix shape. Over the desk were photographs of himself with Giraldo Rivera, Newt Gingrich and Rush Limbaugh. The window overlooked the gymnasium building, closed because of yesterday's fire. Across the road, two boys were using the tennis court, despite the heat.

Berisford rubbed his eyes. "Damn, damn, damn," he said with feeling.

He had persuaded Jeannie Ferrami to come here partly because she was beautiful ~~but mainly because she was brilliant~~. Her paper on criminality had broken new ground and he wanted her to continue her work under his wing. He had persuaded Jones Falls to give her a job and had arranged for her research to be financed by a grant from Genetico. And now this!

When he had caught his breath he picked up the phone and called Paul Barck. Paul was his oldest friend: they had met at MIT in the sixties, when Berisford was doing his doctorate in psychology and Paul was a brilliant young embryologist. Both

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7 If he's here only six weeks a year, might he have only a borrowed office? or someone's on leave?

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Right now Paul would be at Genetico's headquarters, a cluster of neat low-rise buildings overlooking a golf course in Baltimore County, north of the city. Paul's secretary said he was in a meeting, and Berisford told her to connect him anyway.

"Good morning, Berry—what's up?"

"Who else is there?"

"I'm with Lee Ho, one of the senior accountants from Landsmann. We're going over the final details of Genetico's disclosure statement."

② "Get him (the fuck) out of there!"

Paul's voice faded as he moved the phone away from his face. "I'm sorry, Lee, this is going to take a while. I'll catch up with you later." There was a pause, and he spoke into the mouthpiece again. Now his voice was peevish. "That was Michael Madigan's right-hand-man I just threw out. Madigan is the CEO of Landsmann, in case you've forgotten. If you're still as keen on this takeover as you were last night, we'd better not—"

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too low-brow for MIT students  
suggest you substitute Berry  
Goldwater -- very right wing, but  
smart

had been considered odd, in that era of flamboyant lifestyles, with their short haircuts and tweed suits. They soon discovered that they agreed about all sorts of things: modern jazz was a fraud, marihuana was the first step on the road to heroin, the only honest politician in America was George Wallace. The friendship had proved more robust than either of their marriages. Berisford no longer thought about whether he liked Paul: Paul was just there, like Canada.

Right now Paul would be at Genetico's headquarters, a cluster of neat low-rise buildings overlooking a golf course in Baltimore County, north of the city. Paul's secretary said he was in a meeting, and Berisford told her to connect him anyway.

"Good morning, Berry—what's up?"

"Who else is there?"

"I'm with Lee Ho, one of the senior accountants from Landsmann. We're going over the final details of Genetico's disclosure statement."

"Get him the fuck out of there."

Paul's voice faded as he moved the phone away from his face. "I'm sorry, Lee, this is going to take a while. I'll catch up with you later." There was a pause, and he spoke into the mouthpiece again. Now his voice was peevish. "That was Michael Madigan's right-hand-man I just threw out. Madigan is the CEO of Landsmann, in case you've forgotten. If you're still as keen on this takeover as you were last night, we'd better not—"

Berisford ran out of patience and interrupted him. "Steven Logan is here."

There was a moment of ~~stunned~~ silence. "At Jones Falls?"

"Right here in the psychology building."

Paul immediately forgot Lee Ho. "Jesus Christ, how come?"

"He's a subject, he's undergoing tests in the laboratory."

Paul's voice went up an octave. "How the hell did that happen?"

"I don't know. I ran into him five minutes ago. Imagine my surprise."

"You just recognised him?"

"Of course I *recognised* him."

"Why's he being tested?"

"It's part of our twins study."

"Twins?" Paul yelled. "*Twins?* Who's the other goddamn twin?"

"I don't know yet. Look, something like this was sure to happen sooner or later."

"But now of all times! We'll have to pull out of the Landsmann deal."

"Hell, no! I'm not going to let you use this as an excuse for going wobbly on the takeover, Paul." Now Berisford wished he had not made this call. But he had needed to share his shock with someone. And Paul could be a brilliant strategic thinker. "We just have to find a way to control the situation."

"Who brought Steve Logan into the university?"

"The new associate professor we just hired, Dr Ferrami."

"The guy who wrote that terrific paper on criminality?"

"Yes, except it's a woman. A very attractive woman, as a matter of fact—"

"I don't care if she's Sharon fucking Stone—"

"I assume she recruited Steven to the project. She was with him when I met him. I'll check."

"That's the key to it, Berry." Paul was calming down now and focussing on the solution, not the problem. "Find out how he was recruited. Then we can begin to assess how much danger we're in."

"I'll get her in here right away."

"Call me right back, okay?"

"Sure." Berisford hung up.

However, he did not call Jeannie immediately. Instead he sat and collected his thoughts.

On his desk was an old monochrome photograph of his father as a second lieutenant, resplendent in his white naval uniform and cap. Berisford had been five years old when the *Wasp* went down. Like every small boy in America, he hated the Japs and played games in which he slaughtered them by the dozen in his imagination. And his Daddy was an invincible hero, tall and handsome, brave and strong and all-conquering. He could still feel the overpowering rage that had gripped him when he

found out the Japs had killed Daddy. He had prayed to God to make the war go on long enough for him to grow up and join the navy himself and kill a million Japs in revenge.

He had never killed anyone. But he had never hired a Japanese employee or admitted a Japanese student to a school or offered a Japanese psychologist a job.

~~They were a primitive and brutal people, the war had shown that, and in his opinion they would never change.~~

A lot of men, faced with a problem, asked themselves what their father would have done about it. Friends had told him this: it was a privilege he would never have. He had been too young to get to know his father. He had no idea what Lieutenant Jones would have done in a crisis. He had never really had a father, just a superhero.

He would question Jeannie Ferrami about her recruitment methods. Then, he decided, he would ask her to have dinner with him. She was the kind of woman he liked, challenging, ballsy. She was a dish, too, even if she was a bit flat-chested. That pierced nostril was repellent at first, but when you got used to it it began to seem kind of sexy. He suffered a momentary qualm when he pictured himself walking into a restaurant with a girl four or five inches taller. But most women were taller than Berisford: if he had restricted himself to short girls he would not have had nearly such an interesting life.

He dialled Jeannie's internal number. She picked up right away. He lowered

his voice and spoke in a tone that his ex-wife, Vivvie, used to call furry. "Jeannie, it's Berry," he said.

She was characteristically direct. "What the heck is going on?" she said.

"Could I talk to you for a minute, please?"

"Sure."

"Would you mind stepping into my office?"

"I'll be right there." She hung up.

As he waited for her, he wondered idly how many women he had bedded. It would take too long to recall them one by one, but maybe he could approximate scientifically. It was more than one, more than ten certainly. Was it more than a hundred? That would be two point five per year since he was nineteen: he had certainly had more than that. A thousand? Twenty-five per year, a new woman every two weeks for forty years? No, he had not done that well. During the ten years ~~for~~ which he had been married to Vivvie Ellington he had probably had no more than fifteen or twenty adulterous liaisons in total. But he had made up for it afterwards. Somewhere between a hundred and a thousand, then.

Jeannie knocked at the door and came in. She was wearing a white laboratory coat over her skirt and blouse. Berisford liked it when the young women wore those coats as dresses, with nothing else but their underwear. He found it sexy.

"Good of you to come by," he said. He drew out a chair for her, then pulled his

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"Good of you to come by," he said. He drew out a chair for her, then pulled his

unnecessary  
?/

own chair around from behind his desk so there would not be a barrier between them.

He <sup>realised</sup> ~~realised, very late~~, that his first task was to give Jeannie some plausible explanation for his behaviour on meeting Steven Logan. She would not be easy to fool. He wished he had given it some thought instead of counting up his conquests.

He sat down and gave her his most disarming grin. "I want to apologize for my weird behaviour," he said. "I've been downloading some files from the University of Sidney, Australia." He gestured at his desktop computer. "Just as you were about to introduce me to that young man, I realised I had left my computer on and forgotten to hang up the phone line. I just felt kind of foolish, that's all, but I was pretty rude."

The explanation was thin, but she seemed to accept it. "I'm relieved," she said candidly. "I thought I had done something to offend you."

So far, so good. "I was on my way to talk to you about your work," he went on smoothly. "You've certainly got off to a flying start. You've only been here four weeks and your project is well under way. Congratulations."

She nodded. "I had long talks with Herb and Frank over the summer, before I officially started," she said. Herb Dickson was the department head and Frank Demidenko a full professor. "We figured out all the practicalities in advance. That's why I was able to hit the ground running."

"Tell me a little more about it. Have any problems come up? Anything I can help with?"

"Recruitment is my biggest problem," she said. "Because our subjects are volunteers, most of them are like Steve Logan, respectable middle-class Americans who believe that the good citizen has a duty to support scientific inquiry. Not many pimps and dope dealers come forward."

"A point our liberal critics haven't failed to make."

"On the other hand, it's not possible to find out about aggression and criminality by studying law-abiding middle-American families. So it was absolutely crucial to my project that I solved the recruitment problem."

"And have you done it?"

"I think so. It occurred to me that medical information about millions of people is nowadays held on huge databases by insurance companies and government agencies. That includes the kind of data we use to determine whether twins are identical or fraternal: brain waves, electrocardiograms, and so on. If we could search for pairs of similar electrocardiograms, for example, it would be a way of identifying twins. And if the database were big enough, some of those pairs would have been raised apart. And here's the kicker: *Some of them might not even know they were twins.*"

"It's brilliant," Berisford said. "Simple, but original and ingenious." He meant it. Identical twins reared apart were very important to genetics research, and scientists went to great lengths to recruit them. Until now the main way to find them had been through publicity: they read magazine articles about twin studies and volunteered to

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take part. As Jeannie said, that process gave a sample that was predominantly respectable middle-class, which was a disadvantage in general and a crippling problem to the study of criminality.

But for him personally it was a catastrophe. He looked her in the eye and tried to hide his dismay. This was worse than he had feared. Only last night Paul Barck had said *We all know this company has secrets*. Jim Proust had said no one could find them out. He had not reckoned <sup>on</sup> ~~with~~ Jeannie Ferrami.

Berisford clutched at a straw. "Finding similar entries in a database is not as easy as it sounds."

"True. There was no existing software to match pairs."

"I believe it's quite a problem in software design. So what did you do?"

"I devised my own software."

Berisford was surprised. "You did?"

"Sure."

Could she be that clever? "Does it work?"

"It seems to. I got permission to try it out on a database of dental records held by an insurance company. It produced several hundred pairs. But of course I'm only interested in twins who have been raised apart."

"How do you pick them out?"

"I eliminated all the pairs with the same surname, and all the married women,

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since most of them have taken the husband's name. The remainder are twins with no apparent reason for having different surnames."

Clever, Berisford thought. He was torn between admiration of Jeannie and fear of what she could find out. "How many were left?"

"Three pairs—kind of a disappointment. I was hoping for more. In one case, one of the twins had changed his surname for religious reasons: he had become a Muslim and taken an Arab name. Another pair had disappeared without <sup>a</sup> trace. Fortunately, the third pair are just what I was looking for: Steven Logan is a law-abiding citizen and Dennis Pinker is a murderer."

Berisford knew that. Late one evening, Dennis Pinker had cut the electric power to a cinema in the middle of a *Friday the Thirteenth* movie. In the ensuing panic he had molested several women. One girl had apparently tried to fight him off, and he had killed her.

So Jeannie had found Dennis. Christ, he thought, this woman is dangerous. She could ruin everything: the takeover, Jim's political career, Genetico, even Berisford's academic reputation. Fear made him angry: how could everything he had ever worked for be threatened by this damn *kid*? It was ironic that he himself had hired her and her research was being funded by the company that she threatened to destroy. But there was no way he could have known what would happen. And her being here at Jones Falls was lucky; <sup>at least</sup> ~~in that~~ he had early warning of what she was up

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to.

However, he saw no way out. If only her files could be destroyed in a fire, or she could be killed in a car wreck. But that was fantasy.

Might it be possible to undermine her faith in her software? "Did Steven Logan know he was adopted?" he said with hidden malice.

"No." Jeannie's brow wrinkled in a troubled frown. "We know that families often lie about adoption, but he thinks his mother would have told him the truth. But there may be another explanation. Suppose they were unable to adopt through the normal channels, for some reason, and they bought a baby. They might lie about that."

"Or your system could be flawed," Berisford suggested. "Just because two boys have identical teeth doesn't guarantee they're twins."

"I don't think my system is flawed," Jeannie said briskly.

He looked at his watch. "Im running out of time, but I'd love to discuss this some more. Are you free for dinner?"

"Tonight?"

"Yes."

He saw her hesitate. They had had dinner together once before, at the International Congress of Twin Studies, where they had first met. Since she had been at JFU they had had drinks together once, in the bar of the Faculty Club on campus.

One Saturday they had met by accident in a shopping street in Charles Village, and Berisford had shown her around the Baltimore Museum of Art. She was not in love with him, not by a long way, but he knew she had enjoyed his company on those three occasions. Besides, he was her mentor: it was hard for her to refuse him.

"Sure," she said.

"Shall we go to Hamptons, at the Harbor Court Hotel? I think it's the best restaurant in Baltimore." It was the swankiest, anyway.

"Fine," she said, standing up.

"Then I'll pick you up at eight?"

"Okay."

As she turned away from him, Berisford was visited by a sudden vision of her naked back, smooth and muscular, and her flat ass and her long, long legs; and for a moment his throat went dry with desire. Then she shut the door.

Berisford shook his head to clear his mind of ~~lustful fantasy~~, then called Paul again. "It's worse than we thought," he said without preamble. "She's devised a computer program that searches medical databases and finds matched pairs. First time she tried it out, she found Steven and Dennis."

"Damn the bitch."

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How about tonight?"

"I'm taking Jeannie to dinner."

"Do you think that may solve the problem?"

Berisford thought about it. "It can't hurt."

"I still think we'll have to pull out of the Landsmann deal in the end."

"I don't agree," Berisford said. "She's pretty bright, but one girl isn't going to uncover the whole story in a week."

However, as he hung up he wondered if he should be so sure.

This is much better than the last draft, but we still need ways to make it interesting. He needs in some way to be colorful, unusual. One facet might be an elaborate disarray of fantasy. Excursions the juicy details of his disguise and vein. You I think, it he had an overpowering crush on Jeannie, rather than wanting her as just one more in his long string of conquests. Also the prospect of paying the promised millions could carry more weight. Maybe he's already made plans, commitments even, on how he'll be using that money.

## 8

The students in the Human Biology Lecture Theatre were restive. Their concentration was poor and they fidgeted. Jeannie knew why. She, too, felt unnerved. It was the fire and the rape. Their cosy academic world had been destabilized. Everyone's attention kept wandering as their minds went back again and again to what had happened.

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"Variations in the intelligence of human beings can be explained by three factors," Jeannie said. "One: different genes. Two: a different environment. Three: measurement error." She paused. They all wrote in their notebooks.

She had noticed this effect. Any time she offered a numbered list, they would all write it down. If she had simply said *Different genes, different environments and experimental error* most of them would have written nothing. Since she had first observed this syndrome, she included as many numbered lists as possible in her lectures.

She was a good teacher—somewhat to her surprise. In general, she felt her people skills were poor. She was impatient, and she could be abrasive, as she had been this morning with Sergeant Delaware. But she was a good communicator, clear and precise, and she enjoyed explaining things. There was nothing better than the kick

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of seeing enlightenment dawn in a student's face.

"We can express this as an equation," she said, and she turned around and wrote on the board with a stick of chalk:

$$V_t = V_g + V_e + V_m$$

" $V_t$  being the Total variance,  $V_g$  the Genetic component,  $V_e$  the Environmental, and  $V_m$  the Measurement error." They all wrote down the equation. "The same may be applied to any measurable difference between human beings, from their height and weight to their tendency to believe in God. Can anyone here find fault with this?" No one spoke, so she gave them a clue. "The sum may be greater than the parts. But why?"

One of the young men spoke up. It was usually the men: the women were irritatingly shy. "Because genes and the environment act upon one another to multiply effects?"

"Exactly. Your genes steer you towards certain environmental experiences and away from others. Babies with different temperaments elicit different treatment from their parents. Active toddlers have different experiences than sedentary ones, even in the same house. Daredevil adolescents take more drugs than choirboys in the same town. We must add to the right-hand side of the equation the term  $C_{ge}$ , meaning

*Shouldn't we begin with some carry-over -- at least in her mind -- either about the test: with Steve on the forthcoming dinner with B?*

gene-environment covariation." She wrote it on the board then looked at the Swiss Army watch on her wrist. It was five to four. "Any questions?"

For a change it was a woman who spoke up. She was Dorothy Dickson, a nurse who had gone back to school in her thirties, bright but shy. She said: "What about the Osmonds?"

The class laughed, and the woman <sup>blushed</sup> ~~colored-up~~. Jeannie said gently: "Explain what you mean, Dorothy. Some of the class may be too young to remember the Osmonds."

"They were a pop group in the seventies, all brothers and sisters. The Osmond family are all musical. But they don't have the same genes, they're not twins. It seems to have been the family environment that made them all musicians. Same with the Jackson Five." The others, who were mostly younger, laughed again, and the woman smiled bashfully and added: "I'm giving away my age here."

"Ms Dickson makes an important point, and I'm surprised no one else thought of it," Jeannie said. She was not surprised at all, but Dorothy needed to have her confidence boosted. "Charismatic and dedicated parents may make all their children conform to a certain ideal, regardless of their genes, just as abusive parents may turn out a whole family of schizophrenics. But these are extreme cases. A malnourished child will be short in stature, even if its parents and grandparents are all tall. An overfed child will be fat even if it has thin ancestors. Nevertheless, every new study

tends to show, more conclusively than the last, that it is the genetic inheritance, rather than the environment or style of upbringing, that determines the nature of the child." She paused. "If there are no more questions, please read Bouchard *et al* in *Science*, 12 October 1990, before next Monday." Jeannie picked up her papers.

They began packing up their books. She hung around for a few moments, to create an opportunity for students too timid to ask questions in open class to approach her privately. Introverts often became brilliant scientists.

It was Dorothy who <sup>approached her</sup> ~~came up to the front~~. She had a round face and fair curly hair. Jeannie thought she must have been a good nurse, calm and efficient. "I'm so sorry about poor Lisa," Dorothy said. "What a terrible thing to happen."

"And the police made it worse," Jeannie said. "The cop who drove her to the hospital was a real asshole, frankly."

"That's too bad. But maybe they'll catch the guy who did it. They're passing out flyers with his picture all over the campus."

"Good!" The picture Dorothy was talking about must have been produced by Mish Delaware's computer program. "When I left her this morning she was working on the picture with a detective."

"How's she feeling?"

"Still numb...but jumpy, too."

Dorothy nodded. "They go through phases, I've seen it before. The first phase

predominantly

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"And the police made it worse," Jeannie said. "The cop who drove her to the hospital was a real asshole, frankly."

"That's too bad. But maybe they'll catch the guy who did it. They're passing out flyers with his picture all over the campus."

"Good!" The picture Dorothy was talking about must have been produced by Mish Delaware's computer program. "When I left her this morning she was working on the picture with a detective."

"How's she feeling?"

"Still numb...but jumpy, too."

Dorothy nodded. "They go through phases, I've seen it before. The first phase

is denial. They say: 'I just want to put it all behind me and get on with my life.' But it's never that easy."

"She should talk to you. Knowing what to expect might help her."

"Any time," Dorothy said.

Jeannie walked across the campus towards Nut House. It was still hot. She realised she was looking around watchfully, like a nervous cowboy in a western movie, expecting someone to come around the corner of the freshmen's residence and attack her. Until now the campus of Jones Falls had seemed like an oasis of old-fashioned tranquillity in the ~~desert~~<sup>jungle</sup> of a modern American city. Indeed, JFU was like a small town, with its shops and banks, sports fields and parking meters, bars and restaurants, offices and homes. It had a population of five thousand, of whom half lived on campus. But it had ~~been turned into~~<sup>became overnight</sup> a ~~dangerous~~<sup>hostile</sup> landscape. That guy has no *right* to do this, Jeannie thought bitterly; to make me feel afraid in my own place of work. Maybe a crime always had this effect, causing the solid ground to seem unsteady beneath your feet.

As she entered her office she started thinking about Berisford Jones. He was an attractive man, very attentive to women. Whenever she had spent time with him she had enjoyed herself. She was also indebted to him, for he had given her this job.

On the other hand, he was a bit oily. She suspected that his attitude to women might be manipulative. He always made her think of the joke about a man who says

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Also  
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p 114

①

to a woman: "Tell me all about yourself. What's your opinion of, for example, me?"

In some ways he did not seem like an academic. But Jeannie had observed that the real go-getters of the university world noticeably lacked that vague, helpless air ~~that had given rise to the popular notion of an~~ <sup>trostereotypical</sup> absent-minded professor. Berisford looked and acted like a powerful man. He had not done great scientific work for some years, but that was normal: brilliant original discoveries, such as the double helix, were usually made by people under thirty-five. As scientists got older they used their experience and instincts to help and direct younger, fresher minds. Berisford did that well, with his three professorships and his role as conduit for Genetico's research money. He was not as respected as he might have been, however, because other scientists disliked his involvement in politics. Jeannie herself thought his science was good and his politics were <sup>abominable</sup> ~~crap~~.

At first she had readily believed Berisford's story about downloading files from Australia, but on reflection she was not so sure. When Berry looked at Steven Logan he had seen a ghost, not a phone bill.

Many families had parenthood secrets. A married woman might have a lover, and only she would know who was the real father of her child. A young girl might have a baby and give it to her mother, pretending to be an older sister, the whole family conspiring to keep the secret. Children were adopted by neighbours, relatives and friends who concealed the truth. Lorraine Logan might not be the type to make

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a dark secret of a straightforward adoption, but she could have a dozen other reasons for lying to Steven about his origins. But how was Berisford involved? Could he be Steven's real father? The thought made Jeannie smile. Berry was handsome, but he was at least six inches shorter than Steven. Although anything was possible, that particular explanation seemed unlikely.

*The mystery bothered her*

It bothered her to have a mystery. In every other respect, Steven Logan represented a triumph for her. He vindicated her computer search program and confirmed her theory of criminality. Of course, she would need another hundred pairs of twins like Steven and Dennis before she could talk about proof. All the same, she could not have had a better start to her program of research.

Tomorrow she would see Dennis. If he turned out to be a dark-haired dwarf she would know something had gone badly wrong. But if she was right, he would be Steven Logan's double.

She could not shake the sense of anxiety caused by Berisford's sceptical questions and Steven Logan's incredulity, however; and she began to think anxiously of the next stage of her project. She was hoping to use her software to scan the FBI's fingerprint file.

It was the perfect source for her. Many of the 22 million people on file had been suspected or convicted of crimes. If her program worked, it should yield hundreds of twins including several raised-apart pairs. It could mean a quantum leap

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forward in her research. But first she had to get the Bureau's permission.

Her <sup>closest</sup> ~~best~~ friend at school had been Ghita Sumra, a math wizard of Asian-Indian descent who now had a top job managing information technology for the FBI. She worked in Washington DC but lived here in Baltimore. Ghita had already agreed to ask her employers to cooperate with Jeannie. She had promised a decision by the end of this week, but now Jeannie wanted to hurry her. She dialled her number.

Ghita had been born in Washington but her voice still held a hint of the Indian subcontinent in its softness of tone and roundness of vowels. "Hey, Jeannie, how was your weekend?" she said.

"Awful," Jeannie told her. "My Mom finally flipped and I had to put her in a home."

"I'm sorry to hear that. What did she do?"

"She forgot it was the middle of the night, got up, forgot to get dressed, went out to buy a carton of milk, and forgot where she lived."

"What happened?"

"The police found her. Fortunately she had a check from me in her purse, and they were able to track me down."

"How do you feel about it?"

That was a female question. The men—Jack Budgen, Berisford Jones—had asked what she was going to do. It took a woman to ask how she felt. "Bad," she said. ✓

too self centered?

how can I cope here

② "If I have to take care of my mother, who's going to take care of me? You know?"

"What kind of place is she in?"

"Cheap. It's all her insurance will cover. I have to get her out of there, as soon as I can find the money to pay for something better." She heard a pregnant silence at the other end of the line, and realised that Ghita thought she was being asked for money. "I'm going to do some private tuition at the weekends," she added hastily.

"Did you talk to your boss about my proposal yet?"

"As a matter of fact I did."

Jeannie held her breath.

"Everyone here is real interested in your software," Ghita said.

That was neither a Yes nor a No.

"Right now, the only truly reliable way to match fingerprints is with the human eye."

"You don't have computer scanning systems?"

"We do, but they're at an early stage of development. Your search engine is more sophisticated by far than anything we've got. They're talking about licensing the program from you."

"Wow. Maybe I won't need to do private tuition at the weekends after all."

Ghita laughed. "Before you open the champagne, let's make sure the program actually works."

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"How soon can we do that?"

"We'll run it at night, for minimal interference with normal use of the database.

I'll have to wait for a quiet night. It should happen within a week, two at most."

"No faster?"

"Is there a rush?"

~~There was a~~ Jeannie was reluctant to tell Ghita of her worries. "I'm just impatient," she said.

"I'll get it done as soon as possible, don't worry. Can you upload the program to me by modem?"

"Sure. But don't you think I need to be there when you run it?"

"No, I don't, Jeannie," Ghita said with a smile in her voice."

"Of course, you know more about this kind of stuff than I do."

"Here's where to send it." Ghita read out an E-mail address and Jeannie wrote it down." "I'll send you the results the same way."

"Thanks. Hey, Ghita?"

"What?"

"Am I going to need an agent?"

"Get out of here," Ghita laughed, and she hung up.

Jeannie clicked her mouse on America OnLine and accessed the internet. As her search program was uploading to the FBI, there was a knock at her door and

Steven Logan came in.

She looked at him appraisingly. He had been given disturbing news, and it showed in his face; but he was young and resilient, and the shock had not brought him down. "How are you doing?" she asked him.

He closed the door behind him with his heel. "All finished," he said. "I've undergone all the tests and completed each examination and filled out every questionnaire that can be devised by the ingenuity of humankind."

"Then you're free to go home."

"I was thinking of staying in Baltimore for the evening. As a matter of fact, I wondered if you'd care to have dinner with me."

She was taken by surprise. "What for?" (she said ungraciously)

? 8 / (The question threw him) "Well, uh...for one thing, I'd sure like to know more about your research."

"Oh. Well, unfortunately I have a dinner engagement already."

He looked very disappointed. "Do you think I'm too young?"

"For what?"

"To take you out."

Then it struck her. "I didn't know you were asking me for a *date*," she said.

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"I'm sorry." She simply had not regarded him in that light. He was a subject for

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study to her. <sup>And</sup> ~~But~~, now that she thought about it, he was too young to take her out.  
<sup>a student</sup>  
He was twenty-two, she was six years older; it was a big gap.

He said: "How old is your date?"

"Fifty-nine or sixty, something like that."

"Wow. You like *old* men."

Jeannie felt bad about turning him down. She owed him something, she thought, after what she had put him through. Her computer made a doorbell sound to tell her that the program had finished uploading. "I'm through here for the day," she said. "Would you like to have a drink in the Faculty Club?"

He brightened immediately. "Sure, I'd love to. Am I dressed okay?"

He was wearing khakis and a blue linen shirt. "You'll be better dressed than most of the professors there," she smiled. She exited and turned her computer off.

"I called my Mom," Steven said. "Told her about your theory."

"Was she mad?"

"She laughed. Said I wasn't adopted, nor did I have a twin brother who was put out for adoption."

"Strange." It was a relief to Jeannie that the Logan family was taking all this so calmly. On the other hand, their laid-back scepticism made her worry that perhaps Steven and Dennis were not twins after all.

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today. But she plunged on. "There is another possible way you and Dennis could be twins."

"I know what you're thinking," he said. "Babies switched at the hospital."

He was very quick. This morning she had noticed more than once how fast he worked things out. "That's right," she said. "Mother No. 1 has identical twin boys, mothers 2 and 3 each have a boy. The twins are given to mothers 2 and 3, and their babies are given to mother No. 1. As the children grow up, mother No. 1 concludes that she has fraternal twins who bear one another remarkably little resemblance."

"And if Mothers 2 and 3 don't happen to be acquainted, no one ever observes the startling resemblance between babies 2 and 3."

"It's the old staple of the romance writers," she admitted. "But it's not impossible."

"Is there a book on this twin stuff?" he said. "I'd like to know more about it."

"Yeah, I have one...." She looked along her bookshelf. "No, it's at home."

"Where do you live?"

"Close by."

"You could take me home for that drink."

She hesitated. This one is the normal twin, she <sup>reminded</sup> ~~told~~ herself, not the psychopath.

He said: "You know so much about me, after today. I'm curious about you. I'd

like to see where you live."

Jeannie shrugged. "Sure, why not? Let's go."

It was five o'clock, and the day was at last beginning to cool as they left Nut House. Steve whistled when he saw the red Mercedes. "What a neat car!"

"I've had it for eight years," she said. "I love it."

"My car's in the parking lot. I'll come up behind you and flash my headlights."

He left. Jeannie got into her car and started it. A few minutes later she saw a flash of headlights in her rear-view mirror. (She pulled out of her parking space and headed for home.)

It seemed Steven Logan was smitten with her. Although she did not reciprocate his feelings, she was kind of pleased. It was flattering to have won the heart of a handsome young hunk.

He stayed on her tail. As they approached her street, she noticed a police cruiser tuck in behind Steve's car. She checked her speedometer and slowed down to thirty.

She pulled up outside her house and Steve parked right behind her. As she stood at her door, getting out her keys, two cops exploded out of the patrol car, guns in their hands. They took up firing positions, their arms stretched out stiffly, their guns pointed directly at Jeannie and Steve.

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Jeannie's heart stopped.

Steven said: "What the <sup>hell</sup> fuck—"

Then one of the men yelled: "Police! Freeze!"

Jeannie and Steve both raised their hands.

But the police did not relax. "On the floor, motherfucker!" one of them screamed. "Face down, hands behind your back!"

Jeannie and Steve both lay face down.

The policemen approached them as cautiously as if they were ticking bombs.

Jeannie said: "Don't you think you'd better tell us what this is about?"

"You can stand up, lady," said one.

"Gee, thanks." She got to her feet. Her heart was beating fast, but it seemed obvious the cops had made some kind of dumb mistake. "Now that you've scared me half to death, what the hell is going on?"

Still they did not reply. They all kept their guns pointed at Steve. One of them knelt beside him and, with a swift, practised motion, handcuffed him. "You're under arrest, cocksucker," the cop said.

Jeannie said: "I'm a broadminded woman, but is all this cursing really necessary?" Nobody took any notice of her. She tried again. "What's he supposed to have done, anyway?"

A light blue Dodge Colt screeched to a halt behind the police cruiser and two people got out. One was Mish Delaware, the detective from the Sex Crime Unit. She

had on the same skirt and blouse she had worn this morning, but she wore a linen jacket that only partly concealed the gun at her hip. She looked at Steve, lying on the floor. "Get him up," she said.

A patrolman took Steve by the arm and helped him stand.

"It's him all right," Mish said. "This is the guy who raped Lisa Hoxton."

"Steven did?" Jeannie said incredulously.

"Rape?" Steven said.

Mish handed Jeannie a piece of paper. It was a flyer bearing a computer-generated black-and-white picture of a man. Jeannie stared at it. It did look something like Steven. "It might be him and it might not," Jeannie said. "I don't believe he's a rapist." But even as she spoke she recalled her test findings that showed how Steven had the inherited personality of a criminal.

"Look at his car," Mish said.

Jeannie noticed it for the first time. It was a tan Datsun, about fifteen years old. Lisa had thought she saw the rapist driving an old white Datsun.

Mish said to Steven: "Can you account for your movements yesterday between seven and eight p.m.?"

"Well, I was at JFU," Steven said.

"What were you doing?"

"Nothing much. I was supposed to go out with my cousin Ricky, but he

cancelled. I came here to check out where I had to be this morning. I had nothing else to do."

It sounded lame even to Jeannie.

Mish said: "How did you spend your time?"

"I watched the tennis for a while. Then I went to a bar in Charles Village and spent a couple of hours. I missed the big fire."

"Can anyone corroborate what you say?"

"Well, I spoke to Dr Ferrami, although at that point I didn't actually know who she was."

Mish turned to Jeannie. Jeannie saw hostility in her eyes, and recalled how they had clashed, this morning, when Mish was persuading Lisa to cooperate.

Jeannie said: "It was after my tennis game, a few minutes before the fire broke out."

Mish said: "So you can't tell us where he was when the rape took place."

"No, but I'll tell you something else. I've spent all day giving this man psychological tests, and I don't think he's a rapist."

Mish looked scornful. "That's not evidence."

Jeannie was still holding the flyer. "Nor is this, I guess." She balled it up and dropped it on the sidewalk.

Mish jerked her head at the cops. "Let's go."

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Mish turned to Jeannie. Jeannie saw hostility in her eyes, and recalled how they had clashed, this morning, when Mish was persuading Lisa to cooperate.

Jeannie said: "It was after my tennis game, a few minutes before the fire broke out."

Mish said: "So you can't tell us where he was when the rape took place."

"No, but I'll tell you something else. I've spent all day giving this man psychological tests, and I don't think he's a rapist."

Mish looked scornful. "That's not evidence."

Jeannie was still holding the flyer. "Nor is this, I guess." She balled it up and dropped it on the sidewalk.

Mish jerked her head at the cops. "Let's go."

Steven spoke in a clear, calm voice. "Wait a minute."

They hesitated.

"Jeannie, I don't care about these guys, but I want to tell you that I didn't do this, and I never would do anything of the kind."

She said: "Do you want me to call someone? Your parents?"

"No," he said decisively. "They'd worry. And it will all be over in a few hours. I'll tell them then."

"Aren't they expecting you home tonight?"

"I said I might stay with Ricky again."

"Well, if you're sure," she said dubiously.

"I'm sure."

✓ "Let's go," Mish said impatiently.

"What's the damn hurry?" Jeannie snapped. "You have some other innocent people to arrest?"

Mish glared at her. "Do you have anything more to say to me?"

"What happens next?"

"There'll be a lineup. We'll let Lisa Hoxton decide whether this is the man that raped her." With facetious deference Mish added: "Is that okay with you, Dr Ferrami?"

"That's just fine," Jeannie said.

Also why not use the same cop? with whom Steve had the run-in?

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Once Steve started coming on Dr. J we're in good shape. First part of the chapt. done. what if while J is lecturing (or before) she sees the fly and notices the Steve she has to deal

## 9

They drove Steve downtown in the pale blue Dodge Colt. The woman detective drove and the other one, a heavy set white man with a moustache, sat beside her, looking cramped in the little car. No one spoke.

Police headquarters was a pink granite building in Baltimore's red-light district, among the topless bars and porn outlets. They drove up a ramp and parked in the internal garage. It was full of police cruisers and cheap compacts like the Cavalier. *only*

They took Steve up in an elevator and put him in a room with yellow-painted walls and no windows. They took off his handcuffs then left him alone. He assumed they locked the door: he did not check.

There was a table and two hard plastic chairs. On the table was an ashtray containing two cigarette butts, both filter tips, one with lipstick on. Set into the door was a pane of opaque glass: Steve could not see out but he guessed they could see in.

Looking at the ashtray, he wished he smoked. It would be something to do here in this yellow cell. Instead he paced up and down.

He told himself he was not really in trouble. He had managed to get a look at the picture on the flyer, and although it was more or less like him, it was not *him*. No doubt he resembled the rapist, but when he stood in the line-up with several other

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tall young men, the victim would not pick him out. After all, the poor woman must have looked long and hard at the bastard who did it: his face would be burned into her memory. She would not make a mistake.

He tried to look on the bright side. He was getting a close-up view of the American justice system. He would be his own lawyer: it would be good practice. When in the future he represented a client accused of a crime, he would know what the person was going through in police custody.

He had seen the inside of a precinct house once before, but that had felt very different. He was only sixteen. He had gone to the police with one of his teachers. He had admitted the crime immediately, and told the police candidly everything that had happened. They could see his injuries: it was obvious the fight had not been one-sided. His parents had come and taken him home.

That had been the most shameful moment of his life. When Mom and Dad walked into that room, Steve wished he were dead. Dad looked mortified, as if he had suffered a great humiliation; Mom's expression showed grief; they both looked bewildered and wounded. ~~(He would never forget it.)~~ At the time, it was all he could do not to burst into tears, and he still ~~(felt)~~ choked up whenever he recalled it.

But this was different. This time he was innocent.

The woman detective came in carrying a cardboard file folder. She had taken off her jacket but she still wore the gun on her belt. She was an attractive black

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woman of about forty, a little on the heavy side, and she had an I'm-in-charge air.

Steve looked at her with relief. "Thank God," he said.

"For what?"

"That something is happening. Anything."

"Would you sit down please?"

Steve sat down.

"My name is Sergeant Michelle Delaware." She took a sheet of paper from the folder and put it on the table. "What's your full name and address?"

He told her, and she wrote it on the form. "Age?"

"Twenty-two."

"Education?"

"I have a college degree."

She wrote on the form then pushed it across to him. It was headed:

POLICE DEPARTMENT  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

EXPLANATION OF RIGHTS

Form 69

"Please read the five sentences on the form then write your initials in the spaces provided beside each sentence." She passed him a pen.

He read the form and started to initial.

"You have to read aloud," she said.

He thought for a moment. "So that you know I'm literate?" he asked.

"No. It's so that you can't later *pretend* to be illiterate and claim that you were not informed of your rights."

This was the kind of thing they did not teach you in law school.

He read: "You are hereby advised that: One, you have the absolute right to remain silent." He wrote *SL* in the space at the end of the line, then read on, initialing each sentence. "Two, anything you say or write may be used against you in a court of law. Three, you have the right to talk with a lawyer at any time, before any questioning, before answering any questions, or during any questioning. Four, if you want a lawyer and cannot afford to hire one, you will not be asked any questions, and the court will be requested to appoint a lawyer for you. Five, if you agree to answer questions, you may stop at any time and request a lawyer, and no further questions will be asked of you."

"Now sign your name please." She pointed to the form. "Here, and here."

The first space for signature was underneath the sentence:

I HAVE READ THE ABOVE EXPLANATION OF MY RIGHTS, AND I FULLY UNDERSTAND IT.

---

Signature

Steve signed.

"And just below," she said.

I am willing to answer questions, and I do not want any attorney at this time. My decision to answer questions without having an attorney present is free and voluntary on my part.

---

Signature

He signed, and said: "How the hell do you get *guilty* people to sign that?"

She did not answer him. She printed her name, then signed the form.

She put the form back in the folder and looked at him. "You're in trouble, Steve," she said. "But you seem like a regular guy. Why don't you just tell me what happened?"

"I can't," he said. "I wasn't there. I guess I just look like the jerk that did it."

She sat back, crossed her legs, and gave him a friendly smile. "I know men," she said in an intimate tone. "They have urges."

If I didn't know better, Steve thought, I'd read her body language and say she was coming on to me.

She went on: "Let me tell you what I think. You're an attractive man, she took a shine to you."

"I've never met this woman, Sergeant."

She ignored that. Leaning across the table, she covered his hand with her own. "I think she provoked you."

Steve looked at her hand. She had good nails, manicured, not too long, varnished with clear nail polish. But the hand was wrinkled: she was ~~a little~~ older than forty, maybe forty-five.

She spoke in a conspiratorial voice, as if to say *This is just between you and me*. "She was asking for it, so you gave it to her. Am I right?"

"Why the hell would you think that?" Steve said with irritation.

"I know what girls are like. She led you on then, at the last minute, she changed her mind. But it was too late. A man can't just *stop*, just like that, not a real man."

"Oh, wait, I get it," Steve said. "The suspect agrees with you, imagining that he's making it look better for himself; but in fact he's admitted that intercourse took

place, and half of your job is done."

Sergeant Delaware sat back, looking annoyed, and Steve figured he had guessed right.

She stood up. "Okay, smartass, come with me."

"Where are we going?"

"The cells."

She took him down in the elevator and through a door into a lobby that was painted a dull orange-brown. A notice on the wall reminded officers to keep suspects handcuffed while searching them. The turnkey, a black policeman in his fifties, stood at a high counter. "Hey, Spike," said Sergeant Delaware. "Got a smartass college boy for you."

The turnkey grinned. "If he's so smart, how come he's in here?"

They both laughed. Steve made a mental note not to tell cops, in future, when he had second-guessed them. It was a failing of his: he had antagonised his schoolteachers the same way. Nobody likes a wise guy, (he thought); I should know that by now.

The cop called Spike was small and wiry, with grey hair and a little moustache. He had a perky air but there was a cold look in his eyes. He opened a steel door. "You coming through to the cells, Mish?" he said. "I got to ask you to check your weapon if so."

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"No, I'm finished with him for now," she said. "He'll be in a lineup later." She turned and left.

"This way, boy," the turnkey said to Steve.

He went through the door.

He was in the cell block. The walls and floor were the same muddy colour. Steve thought the elevator had stopped at the second floor, but there were no windows, and he felt as if he were in a cavern deep underground, and it would take him a long time to climb back to the surface.

In a little anteroom was a desk and a camera on a stand. Spike took a form from a pigeon-hole. Reading it upside down, Steve saw it was headed:

**Police Department**

**Baltimore, Maryland**

**PRISONER ACTIVITY REPORT      FORM 92/12**

The man took the cap off a ballpoint pen and began to fill out the form.

When it was done he pointed to a spot on the ground and said: "Stand right there."

Steve stood in front of the camera. Spike pressed a button and there was a

flash.

"Turn sideways."

There was another flash.

Next Spike took out a square card printed in pink ink and headed:

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20537

Spike inked Steve's fingers and thumbs on a pad then pressed them to squares on the card marked *1.R.THUMB*, *2.R.INDEX*, and so on. Steve noticed that Spike, though a small man, had big hands with prominent veins. As he did so, Spike said conversationally: "We have a new Central Booking Facility over at the city jail on Greenmount Avenue, and they have a computer that takes your prints without ink. It's like a big photocopy machine: you just press your hands on the glass. But down here we still using the dirty old system."

Steve realised he was beginning to feel ashamed, even though he had not committed a crime. It was partly the grim surroundings, but mainly the feeling of powerlessness. Ever since the cops burst into the Faculty Bar, he had been moved around like a piece of meat, with no control over himself. It brought a man's self-esteem down fast.)

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*I'm surprised that he's not reacting over his false arrest. He may be forcing himself to remain calm outwardly, but inwardly I think he'd be working to...*

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"Permit me to show you to your suite," Spike said jovially.

He led Steve down the corridor with cells to the left and right. Each cell was roughly square. On the side that gave on to the corridor there was no wall, just bars, so that every square inch of the cell was clearly visible from outside. Through the bars Steve could see that each cell had a metal bunk fixed to the wall and a stainless-steel toilet and washbasin. The walls and bunks were painted orange-brown and covered with graffiti. The toilets had no lids. In three or four of the cells a man lay listlessly on the bunk, but most of them were empty. "Monday's a quiet day here at the Lafayette Street Holiday Inn," Spike <sup>quipped</sup> joked.

Steve could not have laughed to save his life.

Spike stopped in front of an empty cell. Steve stared inside as the cop unlocked the door. There was no privacy. Steve realised that if he needed to use the toilet he would have to do it in full view of anyone, man or woman, who happened to be walking along the corridor. Somehow that was more humiliating than anything.

Spike opened a gate in the bars and ushered Steve inside. The gate crashed shut and Spike locked it.

Steve sat on the bunk. "Jesus Christ Almighty, what a place," he said.

"You get used to it," Spike said cheerfully, and he went away.

A minute later he came back carrying a styrofoam package. "I got a dinner left," he said. "Fried chicken. You want some?"

Steve looked at the package, then at the open toilet, and shook his head.

"Thanks all the same," he said. "I guess I'm not hungry."

Wouldn't he raise questions about  
procedure? How long can they hold  
him without formal charging him?  
How long before the line-up?