



25 Eccleston Place  
London SW1W 9NF  
Tel: 0171 881 8000

For the attention of **Ken Follett**

---

At **The Follett Office**

---

Fax no. **0171 352 5168** Date **11/06/96**

---

From **Nicholas Blake**

---

Company **Macmillan**

---

Our fax no. **0171 881 8144** Total pages **2 incl.**

**Fax**

**Message**

Dear Mr Follett

Thank you for marking the typescript so clearly and for supplying the disk. The only unclear page is 423; I've made all the corrections including 'She felt damaged.'

We are happy to use a closed M dash throughout and OK as a full word, 'okay'; all scene breaks will have a single centred asterisk with one line space above it and one below as requested. The punctuation before italic speech has been left, since you didn't insist.

*Nicholas Blake.*

Nicholas Blake

Desk Editor

Direct line 0171 881 8149

E-mail [nickb@macmillan.co.uk](mailto:nickb@macmillan.co.uk)

CC Suzanne Baboneau

423

*Well, I've got an excuse for acting weird: I've had a weird week.*

She had been ill-treated by patrolman McHenty, robbed by her father, accused by the *New York Times*, threatened with a knife by Dennis Pinker, fired by the college and attacked in her car. (She felt damaged.)

Her face throbbed gently where she had been punched yesterday, but the injuries were not merely physical. The attack had bruised her psyche, too. When she recalled the fight in the car, her anger returned and she wanted to <sup>be able to grab</sup> get the man by the throat. ~~Even when she was not remembering,~~ she felt a low background hum of unhappiness, as if her life was <sup>permanently damaged,</sup> somehow of less value <sup>after</sup> because of the attack.

It was surprising she could trust any man; astonishing that she could fall asleep on a couch with one who looked exactly like her attackers. But now she <sup>was</sup> could be even more sure of Steve. Neither of the others could have spent the night like this, alone with a girl, without forcing himself on her.

She frowned. Steve had done something in the night, she recalled vaguely; something nice. Yes: she had a dreamy memory of big hands rhythmically caressing her hair, it seemed for a long time, while she dozed, as comfortable <sup>ed</sup> as a stroked cat.

She smiled and stirred, and he spoke immediately. "Are you awake?"

She yawned and stretched. "I'm sorry I fell asleep on you. Are you okay?"

"The blood supply to my left leg was cut off at about five a.m., but once I got used to that I was fine."