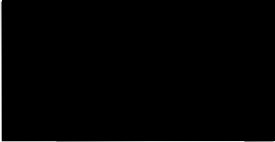


c/o EDS World,
P. O. Box 43144,
Riyadh,
Saudi Arabia.

January 5, 1983.

Mr. Ken Follett,



Dear Mr. Follett:

In response to your letter received here on Christmas Day, I would like to thank you for the courtesy of sending the page on which my name appears in your forthcoming book.

I am not sure how detailed you wish the incidents to be, but I would like to let you know exactly what happened and from there you may edit what you wish.

There were two formal exit procedures to go through before being allowed to leave Iran. One was the emigration procedures at which time an emigration official stamped your passport. Herein lay the first hurdle for the Silinskis and their baby. Due to a strike by Government Departments, the formally approved adoption papers could not be presented to the appropriate Embassy for a passport; so they had no passport for the baby. We managed to get through the emigration check-point by pushing the stroller far enough over the "line" (and under the window box of the emigration official's check-point), that I was able (having completed emigration formalities) to walk past the back of the booth, hook my foot under the front of the stroller and pull it into the waiting lounge and keep on walking as though it was my own.

Once in the waiting lounge, the second checkpoint was a security check of each passport to see that the official "stamp" from the emigration officer was in the passport, before allowing passengers into the departure area and on to the airport bus to the plane. We all assumed that the Silinskis would get the baby through in the same manner that we got the Australian wife through - i.e. pushing and making noise to distract the security officer. There was a glass partition between the waiting area and the departure lounge so you could see either side. I happened to be on the airport bus ready to go to the plane, when I glanced back into the departure lounge to see an obviously "guilty" or "fishy" gentlemen checking for any gaps in the glass partition and trying to see how high it was. Paul had gone ahead of Teresa and the baby and was looking for a way for Teresa to somehow pass the baby over the top of the glass partition which was some 6 feet high.

I suddenly realized the stupidity of this attempt and saw an opportunity to help. I grabbed my passport and boarding card from my husband, another passport belonging to a friend's baby standing next to me and leapt off the bus, much to the shock of my family. The baby passport was so that I would have a baby passport in the event I was stopped with the baby.

Having a reasonable knowledge of Farsi (the Iranian language), I pushed past the security guard with my coat over my arm, asking in Farsi, "I've lost my little boy. Did you see him? I think he went back in there. I've been through already, but would like to just check if he is in there." I flashed my passport to show that I had all the official stamps, and the guard was so overwhelmed at this stage with EDS people trying to get out the other way, that there was little he could do to stop me. With that, I pushed through the EDS crowd, went over to Teresa Silinski, grabbed the baby over my arm, put the coat over it and walked back past the guard, saying: "Thank you. He's not there. He must be with his father."

By this time the baby's father was coming toward me to kiss and thank me, when I had an eery feeling that we were being watched, so I told him to meet me at the bus, in case they were watching.

I casually walked out to the next airport bus that was leaving for the plane, stepped on and heaved a sigh of relief as the doors started to close, but suddenly a policeman pushed through the doors and tapped me on the shoulder. At this stage I thought I had been caught and that we were in for it. However, he was merely checking that I had the correct "stamp" in my passport, as he had seen me come past the security guard the second time without showing my passport. Once I had flashed my passport with the correct stamp, he smiled and wished me a pleasant journey! At the time that he was talking to me, my left arm was giving way, as the baby was approximately 10 months old and well over 20 lbs. in weight, and this arm was due to be operated on for calcification of the elbow. I had to ask the girl standing next to me on the bus to please support my left arm as I used the right one to show my passport to the policeman!

Once on the plane I was told to get rid of the baby as people in the bus behind us had the impression that the authorities had caught on and were looking for the baby. (The father was in the bus behind). I quickly gave the baby to another couple sitting near us (who already had one baby boy) and informed them that they now had twins!

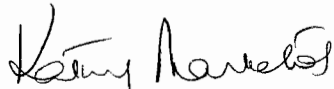
There were some tense moments as checks were made on the plane before we finally took off. The amazing thing of the whole affair was that not once did the baby move or utter a squeek throughout the whole proceedings.

Three weeks later in Dallas, I had my arm operated on for calcification removal! The baby you mentioned was certainly not undernourished!!

The above is a lot more long-winded than I had originally intended it to be, but it is factual. Please accept it as merely stating facts and not as dictating how it should be written. I would honestly say that the success of the act was the sudden flow of adrenalin that seems to come in times of crisis and the complete spontaneity of events. Had one tried to plan it, it probably would not have worked at all!

My thanks, once again, for listening and may I wish you much success with the publishing of the final copy.

Yours sincerely,



Kathy Marketos