

DESCENT OF KINGS

by

AARON E. DONOVON HULL

B.A., University of Wisconsin at Stevens Point, 2007

A thesis submitted to the
Faculty of the Graduate School of the
University of Colorado in partial fulfillment
of the requirement for the degree of
Master of Fine Arts
Department of English
2017

This thesis entitled:
Descent of Kings
written by Aaron E. Donovan Hull
has been approved for the Department of English

Stephen Graham Jones

Elisabeth Ann Sheffield

Asger Mathias Valentin Nordvig

Date _____

The final copy of this thesis has been examined by the signatories, and we find that both the content and the form meet acceptable presentation standards of scholarly work in the above mentioned discipline.

Hull, Aaron E. Donovan (MFA, English)

Descent of Kings

Thesis directed by Professor Stephen Graham Jones

The seal of the Territory of Wisconsin of 1836 contends: “Civilitas successit barbarum.” Robert Frost’s poem “The Flood” answers: “[P]ower of blood itself releases blood... Oh, blood will out. It cannot be contained.” This novel is a meditation on the juxtaposition of those two claims. It opens with a battle on the Baltic Sea circa 1000 and closes on the Wisconsin River in the aftermath of the Second World War. Between, the novel crisscrosses the Atlantic several times over, stalking the doomed blood of kings as it branches and roams and reconverges.

CONTENTS

Descent of Kings.....	1
Bibliography.....	156

1. The sagas tell how, ambushed at Svolder in 999 by some seventy warships under Svein Forkbeard and Olof Skötkunung, Olav Tryggvason of Norway, when his own ship the Long Serpent was captured, leapt fully armored into the sea. He was not seen thereafter that day, and all believed him drowned.

Among Olav's betrayers that day, it is said, were some of the Jómsvíkings of Jómsborg, now Wolin in Poland. These Jómsvíkings had remained steadfast heathens when Olav traveled the North demanding baptisms and burning temples. Their founder was a man named Pálna-Tóki, son of the Tóki who settled Fyn. This Tóki, a Norwegian, had led many expeditions to Permian, a vast wilderness beyond the White Sea. It was said that as years went by these journeys had less and less to do with trade or plunder than with Tóki's peculiar obsession. It was common belief in the North in those days that the All-Father, Odin, had been a great chieftain come west from Asia long ago in order to win renown. Many of the noblest lines in Scandinavia claimed descent from him. In Permian Tóki heard tales that led him to think that Odin must have come from there, and he grew obsessed with establishing some living link in that land. People said that in time Tóki's countless searches, which proved fruitless, exhausted both his wealth and stamina, to say nothing of his reputation, and that this was why Tóki's sons grew to be such shrewd and enterprising men.

Pálna-Tóki, Tóki's eldest, had formed an uneasy alliance with Olav Tryggvason in order to check the aggressions of Harald Bluetooth, king of Denmark. But when Harald's son Svein

Forkbeard took the throne the Jómsvíkings were led by a man called Sigvald, a foster-son of Pálna-Tóki and brother of Thorkell the Tall. This Sigvald was said to be more wily than brave, and in fact he had won leadership of the Jómsvíkings despite a lost duel with Vagn Ákesson when Vagn was merely twelve. Pálna-Tóki had intervened on Sigvald's behalf, which was then unheard-of.

Sigvald went to see Svein Forkbeard when Olav killed a man called Raud the Strong. Raud was a great warrior and owned much land in Norway. He was a seidmann who refused baptism and hurled insults at both Olav and Christ. He was a great worshipper of Thor, and said that Thor had delivered a challenge to Christ to meet him in single combat. Raud was among those seidmenn who did not flee from Olav to Iceland but met his end bound on a skerry at ebb tide—though not before Olav, with a red-hot poker, drove a serpent down the length of a drinking horn and into his gullet. Then Olav seized Raud's lands and all his property, including the Long Serpent, at that time the largest and most powerful ship in the North.

Raud's brother-in-law was a man called Thorstein Crow, a close friend of Thorkell the Tall. As youths these two had sworn a blood oath to each other that they, and all their descendants, should always be on good terms and support one another. People had called Thorstein Björn-Thorstein in his youth because of some early fits of rage, and things were not expected to turn out well for him. It was thought that he might one day turn out a berserker, but under the guidance of his uncle Helgi, his mother's brother, he was thought to have tamed himself. When Thorstein arrived at Jómsborg with word of Raud's death, Thorkell pressed Sigvald for retribution against Olav. Sigvald relented easily, and he and Thorkell and Thorstein Crow, and several other Jómsvíkings, sailed to Denmark and proposed alliance with Svein Forkbeard.

The chronicles relate that Svein Forkbeard had married a woman called Sigrid the Haughty, daughter of the chieftain Skölgul-Tost. She was the widow of Eric Segersäll, king of Sweden, and the mother of Olof Skötkunung. She had seen many suitors, two of whom she had had burned to death. When Olav Tryggvason proposed marriage to this Sigrid he demanded that she become a Christian, and when she refused Olav became enraged and struck her. Then she said to him, “Someday this may be your death.”

Svein Forkbeard sent his sister Tyri to marry Burisleif, king of the Wends, but she fled from him and went to Olav Tryggvason instead. Olav married her, and soon she goaded him against her brother Svein. Afterward, Sigrid left Sweden for Denmark and married Svein Forkbeard. Neither of these marriages did much to improve things between those men. Between Svein and Olof Skötkunung, however, now kinsmen, there grew up a firm alliance, and they discussed how they might check the power of Olav Tryggvason.

Thus when the Jómsvíkings arrived with their proposal it did not take much before Svein agreed to attack Olav Tryggvason. The outcome of their meeting was this: when Olav Tryggvasson next sailed west from crusading in Wendland, Svein and Olof Skötkunung were to meet him with seventy warships at Øresund, the straight between Sjaelland and Skåne, where a bridge now joins Sweden to Denmark. The Jómsvíkings, for their part, led by the brothers Sigvald and Thorkell, would meet Olav Tryggvason midway and, under false pretenses, guide his fleet to Øresund and there betray him. And that is what they did.

Then Norway was divided between Svein Forkbeard and Olof Skötkunung and their vassals, and much of Olav Tryggvason’s crusading among the heathens was undone. Tyri, Olav’s widow, was forced by her brother Svein to marry Burisleif, a heathen. It is said by those who claim that he did not drown but escaped that Olav Tryggvason then sought salvation abroad, first

in Rome and then in Greece. Others say he went to Ireland, where he became a monk. Some even say he went to Vinland. Still others claim he never ventured so far as that, but settled on one of the lesser islands of the Baltic, where he spent his last days hiding as a hermit. He certainly was not welcome in Iceland.

2. In 1043 Magnus Olaffson of Norway sacked Jónsborg and slew most of the inhabitants. The few surviving Jónsvíkings then went to Denmark. Sigvald fought for some years as mercenary for Svein Forkbeard in England before he switched sides yet again, and that cost him his life. Thorkell was said to have warned him against such treachery after some women came to him in a dream. In this dream the women wished to wash him with blood. But Sigvald found the dream's meaning unclear, and afterward Thorkell and the rest of the Jónsvíkings, who stayed loyal to Svein Forkbeard, fought against Sigvald in England.

It came about in the midst of battle that a war-fetter fell upon them all, not just once but three times, and the English surrounded them. Only Thorstein Crow was able to shake off the war-fetter so that he slew fifteen of the English, as well as Sigvald, and most said that he must finally have gone berserk, since he was wounded many times but took no notice.

That day, which the Danes won, Thorstein saved both himself and Thorkell, but if Thorstein came away badly wounded, Thorkell was crippled. The war-fetter did not lift but took root in the left leg and paralyzed it. It never left him, and afterward he always limped. Thorkell returned to Denmark and for his loyalty earned land near Møns Klint on the isle of Møn, where he settled and lived quietly with a local woman whose name is not mentioned.

Thorstein Crow went back to Norway to care for his sister Thorgerd, Raud's widow, but when through kinship with Raud he claimed the land that Olav Tryggvason had seized, Olof

Skötkunung's vassal there, Eirik Hakonarson, who at Hjörungavagr in 986 had given quarter to many Jómsvíkings, opposed him. In a rage Thorstein then slew some of Eirik's men, and when news of this reached Eirik he declared Thorstein an outlaw. Thorstein went abroad then, and it is thought that he must have drifted south through Skåne and Sjaelland to Møn and sought Thorkell's protection. Whether that is what happened is not certain, but years later there were reports of a man who closely resembled Thorstein among the Rani people near Cape Arkona on Wittow, now part of Rügen but at that time its own island. The cliffs of Rügen form part of the same chalk deposits as those of Møns Klint.

There were those who said he married one of the daughters of the Wendish prince Kruto, who overthrew Danish power in that region the same year that Guillaume le Bâtard won England.

Of both Thorstein and Thorkell nothing more is written, and now both are out of the saga.

3. Among those who still claimed kinship with Thorkell in the spring of 1168, as an army of Saxons and Danes, goaded by papal bull, prepared to move against the heathen Wends, was a nobleman named Otto von Holstein. This Otto was from Flensburg, now at the German-Danish border, as was the chronicler Helmold of Bosau, and perhaps for this reason Helmold pays Otto special mind in his *Chronica Sclavorum*, his account of the Wendish Crusade. Helmold shares another link with Otto, which is that both descended from Harald Bluetooth through his consort Tova, daughter of Mistivir the Obrodite. It was Tova who raised the runestone at Sønder Vissing in Jutland to honor her mother. It was not a common thing for a woman to raise a runestone, yet Tova was by no means the first. Some say it was Harald Bluetooth's mother Thyra, daughter of Aethelred of Wessex, who raised the first of the two Jelling stones, the one that calls her

Denmark's pride and ornament. Thyra was the wife of Gorm the Old, son of Harthacnut, son of Sigurd Snake-in-the-Eye, son of Ragnar Lodbrok. Ragnar's father was said to be Sigurd Hring, son of Randvér and Aud the Deep-Minded. Sigurd Snake-in-the-Eye's mother was said to be a woman called Kráka, daughter of the shieldmaiden Brynhild and of Sigurd Fafnisbane, son of Sigmund, son of Völsung, son of Rerir, son of Sigi, son of Odin. The best accounts have Gorm preceding Thyra in death, so that he could not have been the one to raise the Jelling stone.

Thyra, it is agreed, was also famous for her vainglory. It was after all Thyra who led the Danes against the Saxons in the tenth century and Thyra who, legend has it, ordered the completion of the Dannevirke. The building of this Dannevirke was thought to have been started around 800 under King Gudfred in order to protect Denmark from the crusading Franks. At its height it was said to have stood thirty feet, and for a while it kept the Saxons out of Denmark. But in 974 Harald Bluetooth lost a great battle there, so that his power was greatly reduced, and many Saxons settled then in what is now Schleswig. Not many years later, after they had accepted Christ, the kings of Denmark used this bulwark as a stage from which to launch their own crusades against the heathen Wends.

Alongside the stones that were raised at Jelling are two barrows that for a long time were thought to be the burial mounds of both Gorm and Thyra. In later times, however, excavations failed to turn up any bodies. It seemed to those involved as though one of the chambers had been emptied of whatever body had been there, while the other chamber appeared never to have been used. It was remarked that this was very strange.

4. In the spring of 1168 word of the planned Danish-Saxon invasion reached Niklot, king of the Wends. Niklot decided to preempt this invasion with his own invasion late that spring, during

which the Wends killed many settlers newly arrived from Flanders and Frisia. The Danes and Saxons launched their counterattack midsummer, somewhat earlier than planned. They pursued Niklot and his forces all the way to Rügen, where in 1066 the Wends had celebrated their expulsion of the Danes from that island by cutting off the head of Johann, Bishop of Mecklenburg, along with the heads of dozens of other Christians, and offering it on a lance to Radegast, their god of hospitality. Over the years a great many men and women, heathen as well as Christian, had met their ends there in just this way.

Niklot was overtaken at the stronghold on Cape Arkona, where the Wends had built the Jaromarsborg, their great temple to Perun. The crusaders cut off Niklot's head and the heads of some forty of his men. Then they toppled the wooden pillars dedicated to Perun and with their war axes they cut down the sacred oak grove and burned the wood in what all agreed was a stunning conflagration. It is said that the smoke from this fire must have been visible for many miles around and by many different peoples.

The Rani, tributaries to the Wends, lived nearby and considered themselves caretakers of the Jaromarsborg, and they were horrified by this destruction, especially by the burning of the sacred oaks known as Perun's Wood. It was their firm belief that Perun, lord of law and thunder, and whom chroniclers noted bore many of the attributes of Thor, made frequent contact with them at this site, and that with his temple and sacred grove razed there was now nothing to stop Veles, Perun's watery enemy, from gaining power over the earth.

All of this was later reported by Otto von Holstein, who was both witness and participant.

Among the other strange sights reported by this Otto was that of a woman, said to be a priestess, whom they found unattended among some horses, running and leaping and, it was said, showing herself shamelessly to them. Several of the more pious crusaders agreed that she should

be put to death for her part in so much heathen slaughter, but a crusader by the name of Adalbert claimed her as a prize and no one was willing to dispute this. She prophesied to the crusaders what has already been said about Perun and Veles.

All the crusaders agreed that the woman's words were empty of truth or meaning, and they put no stock in them. But that night Adalbert took the priestess into his tent, and the story afterward, which Otto von Holstein took back with him, was that in the midst of their relations she had assumed the form of a large horse and crushed him. Then all declared her a witch and she was put to death. This may have taken place at the center of the Jaromarsborg, on a stone slab etched with what the Rani called the Kolovrat, or sun-wheel, which unbeknownst to the crusaders was where the Rani sacrificed to their god of war.

5. The Rani were co-ruled by two brothers named Teztlav and Jaromar who now became vassals to the Danes. Nothing is mentioned of Tetzlav, but by 1185 Jaromar, now sole ruler of Rügen and an ardent Christian, began construction on a church within his stronghold, along with a monastery called Eldena near what is now Greifswald. The ruins of this abbey still stand and have been a favorite subject of artists.

Jaromar married a woman called Hildegard, born out of wedlock to Knut Magnussen of Denmark. Their sons were Barnute and Vitslav. Vitslav married a woman called Margarete, niece of Bishop Absalon of the Hvithe clan, who built Copenhagen's first ramparts. Their sons were the twins Burislav and Jaromar, along with Niklaus—later Prince Niklaus I. In 1252 this Niklaus sold land along the southeastern tip of Rügen to the monks of Eldena. To separate their possessions from the rest of the island, the monks dug a deep trench that became known as the Moenchsgraben, or the monks' ditch.

6. Late in October in 1304 a fierce westerly wind swept the Baltic. It blew for a week, and the waters ran toward the sea's center. When the wind shifted, the waters surged back onto the coast. Western Pomerania was battered. Hundreds of lives were lost, and also much land. The strip that joined Moenchgut, where the monks had settled, to the island of Usedom, all but disappeared. To this day only the small island of Ruden remains, much of it barely six feet above water. This happened on the first of November, All Saints' Day, and so was called the Flood of All Saints'.

This should not to be confused with an earlier flood by that name, which struck the Netherlands in 1170, also on November first. This was the flood that made the Zuiderzee. The sea poured in over the Creil Woods and wiped it clean out, and turned the freshwater Lake Flevo salty. Nor should either of these floods be confused with the All Saints' flood of 1436, which struck the German Bight, or that of 1570, said to have killed tens of thousands and rendered tens of thousands more homeless. Huge numbers of livestock were lost, along with winter stocks of food and fodder. Five-sixths of Holland was said to have been swamped. Several islands disappeared altogether, along with their towns, and where the town of Saeftinghe stood, the Dutch still call the Drowned Land. People there say that Saeftinghe had been the most prosperous city on the fertile lands of the river Scheldt, and that this wealth attracted poor immigrants. But the people were vain and proud, and chased the immigrants away, and not long after this some fishermen caught a mermaid who warned them that unless the people changed their ways things would not turn out well for them. The fishermen laughed when they heard this, and they were not among the flood's survivors.

7. The winter of 1362 brought the Grote Mandrenke, the great drowner of men. This was around the middle of January and the feast of St. Marcellus, and so is called St. Marcellus' flood. A southwesterly gale swept Ireland and southern England, and toppled thousands of trees and even towers and cathedral spires, and destroyed ports west to east. When the storm reached the North Sea the tides were up and the resulting surge changed the coastal map as far as Denmark. Some twenty-five thousand are believed to have drowned. For many years rumors of a settlement called Rungholt in Schleswig, said to have sunk beneath the waves of the storm tide, were considered legends, not least because sailors claimed to hear the ringing of its church bells. But now all agree that Rungholt did exist, and was an important trading port. Every now and then some relic will surface.

Many called the Grote Mandrenke unprecedented, but in fact some ten thousand fewer lives were lost than had perished in the flood that struck Friesland in 1219, called the first St. Marcellus' Flood, to say nothing of St. Lucia's flood of 1287, which killed as many as eighty thousand.

Another great drowning, called the second Grote Mandrenke but more commonly the Burchardi flood, struck Schleswig in October of 1634, in the midst of the Thirty Years War. It overran the dikes and shattered the coastline and killed many thousands. This was not long after several plagues and famines, worsened by refugee crowding, had swept the region, and it has been said that in combination these events must have trimmed the population by half. The island of Nordstrand, for example, was so badly hit that, soon after the flood, the dialect of Frisian spoken there was completely lost. The poet Anke Flens, a mystic who wrote in this dialect, was said to have composed poems about the disaster, marking the flood as the onset of the Apocalypse. As there was no one left who could read her work, this remains unattested.

8. At the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, which ended the Thirty Years War, Sweden emerged as one of Europe's strongest powers. Karl Gustav ascended the throne six years after and, a year later, left to wage war in Poland. It was not long before he took Warsaw, yet he was soon bogged down in small skirmishes and no decisive victory could be reached. There was no way for the Swedes to withdraw their forces without it looking like a rout, and Karl Gustav despaired of some way to save face.

Then Frederik of Denmark, who was not a man to recognize his limits, declared war on Sweden. Karl Gustav responded by marching his forces out of Poland up to Jutland, where for two months they besieged the fortress of Frederiksodde before it finally fell. The Swedes suffered few casualties and the result was that they captured all of the Jutland army's supplies. That was late October. Soon all of Jutland was under Karl Gustav's control, and he prepared to attack the Danish islands.

A strange thing happened then, something that could not have been foreseen. In December the weather shifted, and the coldest winter in memory was the result. The seawater between the islands froze, so that a naval assault could not be made. Karl Gustav sent his chief engineer, Erik Dahlberg, to assess whether a crossing could be made over the ice. Dahlberg said that it could.

At the end of January 1658 some twelve thousand cavalry and infantry trekked out onto the ice toward the island of Funen. It is said that the ice warped under their collective weight and that in some places the water rose up above their knees, yet Dahlberg's prediction held. The Swedes encountered some resistance when they neared Funen but settled it quickly, and they were not long in capturing Funen before they had invaded Lolland and Langeland as well. The

last island to fall was Sjaelland. The Swedes reached it mid-February and a week later they were at Copenhagen.

March brought the Treaty of Roskilde, which gave Sweden half of Denmark's territory. There were those who saw more than the weather's whims at play in all of this. It was even rumored that this or that king had dabbled in some kind of magic, and that was why things had gone as they had. But it was not clear which side had done the dabbling.

9. Two years later Karl Gustav died of pneumonia, and his five-year-old son, also Karl, became king. When he was barely old enough to rule, Karl faced a two-front war against Brandenburg and Denmark. The Danish king Christian invaded Skåne, at the southern tip of what is still Sweden, in 1675, hoping to regain control of that region. Christian was aided by Scanian guerrillas who still saw themselves as Danes, and the Swedes were driven from Skåne up into Sweden proper. But in October Karl marched back down with a force of twelve thousand and beat the Danes quite badly at Lund. Soon thereafter Christian withdrew his troops and gave up all hope of retaking Skåne.

Things continued to go badly for the Scanians. While the war still raged, the Swedes had impaled Scanian peasants on pikes as payment for their disloyalty. Now that things were quiet, Karl pushed a policy of assimilation that by most estimates was rather brutal. It is thought that despite the resentment they caused, these policies proved quite effective in the long run. Karl died in 1697, and was succeeded by his son, Karl XII.

10. In March of 1700 the Danes, allied with Russia and Saxony, laid siege to Tönning, in the district of Nordfriesland, which had been destroyed by the Burchardi flood. It was one of the first

offensives of the Great Northern War, which lasted twenty years. But when England and Holland intervened the siege was lifted, and the Danes did not attack the Swedes again for another nine years, after the Russian victory at Poltava, now in Ukraine.

In 1713 the Danes, aided by the Saxons under Count von Flemming, attacked Tönning again. After a year-long siege, sixteen thousand of the Swedish army surrendered there. Their commander, Magnus Stenbock, had crushed Flemming's forces two years earlier at Gadebusch, near Lübeck—the Swedes' last great victory. Many said that Stenbock's defeat at Tönning helped Flemming regain his self-respect. Flemming was from Hoff in Pomerania, now Trzesacz in Poland, where the famous church ruins can still be seen.

11. Two years later, in November, a force of Saxons, Prussians, and Danes landed at Gross-Stresow on Rügen, near Putbus, and marched north. Meanwhile Danish and Swedish ships clashed off the east coast of the island. The Swedish cavalry, led by Karl, swept down from the northern part of the island and met the coalition forces not far from Stresow. Things did not go well for them. Some five hundred of the Swedes fell within an hour, and Karl received a bullet to the chest. The Swedes were routed and Karl was hurried back north to his command post above the cliffs.

The story goes that when the remnant of the Swedish cavalry reached the cliffs, Karl was carried up from the beach to a lookout point and given a chair. Even as the bullet was dug from his chest, he resumed command of the sea battle. It is said by some that this is why that place is called the Königsstuhl, or the king's chair. Others dispute this. They say the name is much more ancient, from a time when a would-be king of Rügen had to scale the cliffs and take his seat at

the top. It is thought that there was once a Bronze Age barrow there that lent the place a kind of power, but it must have been raided.

12. That Christmas a storm flood struck the Baltic, followed two days later by a heavy snowfall and a hard frost. Three weeks later there came yet another flood. Fourteen thousand were drowned. More than three hundred went missing, and only thirty-three of these had been found by spring.

There were no major floods again in that region until February of 1825, when the so-called Great Hallig Flood claimed eight hundred lives along the North Sea and Baltic coasts. Fifteen years later many settlements were still recovering.

It is said that, in 1841, at a construction site on the east bank of the river Dievenow, near Wolin, a young boy named Helmut stumbled upon a medieval crypt that contained part of a Viking hoard. The hoard was said to have included many coins and gold artifacts and at least two swords. This Helmut brought his discovery to the attention of the local pastor, who took charge of what appeared to be the more valuable items and stored them in the basement of the parish rectory. The items considered less valuable were left in the crypt. They were forgotten for almost a century until the crypt was reopened in 1945 by two Polish partisans when, after the Potsdam Conference, Wolin passed from German to Polish hands. Among the items was a small disc that the Poles placed in a box of buttons because it appeared worthless. This was the famous Curmsun Disc, which surfaced again more than a half century later and is now thought to have been a wedding gift from Harald Bluetooth to his wife.

13. In 1848 a man named Carl de Corte returned to Europe from America, where he had been

for some years. De Corte had been educated at the University of Berlin, where, despite an interest in history and languages, he had undertaken a degree in law. When he completed his studies he was expected to enter into that profession, but de Corte, whose ancestors had migrated from Friesland some generations before, undertook a kind of pilgrimage to that region, for he had always been very captivated by the stories he had heard from his grandparents about their grandparents. He was much less interested, at that period of his life, in his own contemporaries than in the various stories he had elaborated upon, year after year, in his imagination.

While he was in Friesland, staying in small inns, wandering along the strand, taking in sites and the sea air, and depleting his funds, he managed to track down a very old couple whose name was also de Corte. He stayed with them several nights at their little house along the strand, where he heard tales of the old man's distant relatives in America.

One branch of the de Corte family, the man said, had settled near Nieuw Amsterdam around 1620. There had been two brothers, and they had done quite well for themselves in America. But when the English defeated the Dutch and Nieuw Nederland became New York, only one of the brothers remained. The other went to the West Indies for some years before a violent storm destroyed all his holdings there and left him quite impoverished. This was when piracy was still common in the Caribbean, and stories passed down said that this man later joined a band of corsairs raiding English ports. Eventually he took a Carib wife and brought her to his native land. She was the old man's great-great-great grandmother.

Carl de Corte, despite or perhaps because of his long training in the law, enjoyed this tale very much, and it was not long after his time in Friesland that, with the last of his father's money, he secured passage to New York. He spent some months in America, traveling about and working odd jobs, and trying to track down some remnant of the de Corte line. And though he

concentrated his energies on the former Niew Nederland, he never found anyone with his name, nor anyone who had heard that name before.

He did, however, encounter some older folk in the Catskills who understood a little Dutch. It was a Frisian dialect they used, de Corte concluded, not so different from what he himself had used with the old man with whom he had stayed back in Moddergat. De Corte was encouraged by that.

Eventually de Corte lost interest in his kinsmen, and in the past in general, and became absorbed in the present. America was known to do that to a man. De Corte found work at various newspapers, first in New York, then in Philadelphia, and later in Chicago. It was in Chicago that he first encountered large numbers of Germans on their way to the Wisconsin Territory, as it was then known. Not long after that he found more lucrative work as a writer and translator of pamphlets and other literature, bound for Europe, aimed at encouraging Germans to transplant themselves onto the good soil west of the Lakes. This effort, under the leadership of the U.S. government, was enormously successful, and many thousands of Germans soon poured into Milwaukee. It was said that by the mid-1850s a visitor was hard-pressed to hear any tongue but German there, and even English might be met with a blank stare. Not all were pleased by the German Athens, as some called it, least of all those New England transplants, and their offspring, who believed themselves the founders and defenders of American culture and liberty in the new land.

Eventually de Corte received news of his father's illness, and that was what finally brought him back to his family home in Plön, in Schleswig. He had returned just in time to be conscripted into service against Denmark, a conflict which the Danes called the Three Years' War, the Germans the Schleswig War.

It began in late March of 1848, two months before Wisconsin joined the Union. It came about more or less like this: for a long time there had been German-speakers ruled by Danish-speakers, and Danish-speakers ruled by German-speakers, and there were Frisians to complicate matters. Members of each group had moved around a lot over the years, and intermarried, and used more than one tongue, and it was not always a simple matter to say who was what. Even when people stayed put, the boundaries shifted around them, and some found this unacceptable.

Napoleon's aggressions had turned a lot of German-speakers into ardent Germans and Danish-speakers into ardent Danes. Each side could get quite heated about the matter. When, early in 1848, some disputes arose around the succession of the Danish throne, Prince Frederik of Noer led the capture of the Danish fortress at Rendsborg. By the end of March, several thousand German troops, led by a man called Krohn, had occupied Flensburg. Danish forces attacked in early April. That was the first battle of the war, which the Danes won.

14. At the moment a man called August Korth lived near Eckernförde in Schleswig. His neighbors considered that he was a worker and direct, quite severe but capable and reliable man. There was no fall agree with any of its neighbors, but it was no longer an enemy. It has not been considered concerned anyway at all except that he put a point of honour to follow.

This August Korth was married to a woman named Hedwig, called Hedy. She had brought him several children, of whom some had not survived their first disease. Most of the sons of Korth and girls have been raised with families of their own at the time of these events, but there was always three children living with their father and mother. The sons were called Klaus and Otto and they were eight years in part Anna was a few years younger. Otto was known mostly to dote on her.

An age early Klaus was a very discuteuse person. He always entered the hassles with the children and also adults. It was not possible for him to allow something to go. If he felt that he had been made suffer some injury or insult, or that the slightest injustice had been made, it could be counted to fall into a rage that he struggled to escape. It had caused many injuries due to this aspect of his character. He was even told by one that Klaus had been the actual reason for the death of one of the children of Korth when it was still a baby. The name of this child, even if it was a boy or a girl, wasn't something easily remembered, but has been mindful of the suspicions that have passed from the mouth to the ear well enough.

It was believed that the younger of two brothers of Korth, Otto, could not be be more distinguished from the older. It was known that he was very conscientious and thoughtful, reserved and given many small observations. All agreed that he gave the impression of someone slow to get angry and deliberate in its estimates. He was quite fall agreed with his sister Anna and the reason for this was probably double: this August Korth, who preferred to be left in peace, had bought a house in the long distant real paths of its neighbours, which made it quite difficult for children of Korth to find some playmates. and also the same beginning Klaus made it a point to his brother and sister estimate that they don't him meant nothing. In this way he was different maybe not if his father, August, who despite his other good qualities was cold enough to his children and even his wife.

Klaus, despite its most unfortunate qualities, quite loved his mother and sometimes it became no small point of contention between himself and the August. A time, Klaus returned home late after having varied all day through the heathland adjacent to the property of his father. When he came inside the family had already finished dinner and put into order, but Klaus would not admit his mistake in the negligence of polite conduct and just kissed her mother

behind her head. To this, the August slipped back his chair, stood up and slammed his fist down on the table with such force that many spilled drinks and an unfinished bowl of soup have asked in the knees of Hedy. So Klaus picked up the bowl and threw it directly on the head in August, but the August dodged and the smashed Bowl against the wall. Then August said that when he saw Klaus the next morning, things would not go for him.

The next morning and the day and the night after, and in the next morning nothing has been seen or heard of Klaus. And that was the last that August Korth saw his son. Otto, however, knew what had become his brother because when Klaus left that night, Otto, who was a very light sleeper, heard the door creak open and he got quickly and got dressed and slipped out of the House. He took Klaus to what must have been a miles away from the farm from their father and the village near and above on the broad Moor devoid of trees not far from the coast. It was where Klaus had used to walk when he needed to escape from the limits of the House of his father or felt it simply wise to get rare. This had been his habit since he was a young boy and along other aspects of his reputation he had his nickname, "the visitor of the Moor."

Otto followed his brother for quite some way before exhaustion overtook him and Klaus distanced him and disappeared into the fog being low. Then Otto turned back, but tired as he was he took shelter among some rocks covered with shrubs, where the air was humid and close. It had been a long time since someone had to worry about wolves or bandits on the Moor, but this has not stopped people to tell stories about them and maybe what Otto has thought before that he slept.

This night Klaus worked entirely across the Moor, marking a break only from time to time to rest and meet. He has not slept. By the morning it must have walked many kilometres on this landscape, guided by the stars who have appeared at roughly the time he needed them.

At the end of the next day, under the cover of dusk, he snuck up on a cargo ship attached to Yarmouth, England, but when he tried the same thing in Yarmouth he was grabbed by the back of his shirt and launched overboard on the dock. But something about him must have captured the imagination of one of the Shipmates, who spoke German and told him to wait where he was. The friend spoke with the captain, and anything he said, the captain agreed and by this time the day after Klaus earned his passage to New York City, which he had heard so much.

15. The next year, 1849, Danish troops have distributed Schleswig-Holstein troops a very bad defeat and a result consisted of what things have become more complicated then for the German inhabitants the region of Eckernförde.

Hedy Korth was a sister in Pomerania called Amelia who was married to captain of a ship called Jan Steen and she wrote to Amelia and asked if she and her children could come and stay with them for a while. The August, she said, had become too himself from the last - a taciturn, completely impossible to live with humans. She had to wait several weeks his sister's response. In his letter Amelia appeared quite disturbed by the thought of Hedy taking his children and leaving her husband and she advised against it. But in the end she said that Hedy was, of course, always the salvation.

For until the fall, when August Finally, after a long delay, has established a list of supplies to the city, Hedy took Otto and Anna, and a cart and start-up. The provided that August had noticed how well stocked the wagon was, in all likelihood he would have been suspicious and arrested them, but as it was, it was too packed in melancholy to even leave the lair. And in fact Hedy had encouraged more that the standard coin of brandy and the result was that when

August began finally to wonder what might have happened to his wife and children, they were already on a boat in Pomerania.

He took not the August long to understand what his wife had done to him, and since he saw, to his children, he doesn't either took him long to decide to prosecute. And this is what he did. He has stored enough provisions to last him a few days, entered the city and bought a ticket on the first boat. It was not a big city and many have noticed what he was doing and there were some who had seen Hedy Korth with her two children and the wagon and had a sense that all was not well with Korths.

When August arrived in Pomerania it was towards the end of the day. He was not one for spending money unnecessarily, and he slept under some Alders near the beach. From time to time a small chip, followed by a distant thud, could be seen through the water - a little engagement between the troops of Schleswig and Denmark.

In August in the morning worked the road toward the city where Steens lived. The August had not been there for several years and he has been forced to navigate by memory. By the middle of the next day it had turned off the main road and climbed the path of grime from the House of Steen.

The August approached the a corner House, under the cover of a few poplar and Apple trees. He looked at the House for a while and when there was no sign of life here he went to the window to the window watching carefully in. It has not seemed to be someone around in, but there were bowls and plates and cups on the kitchen table and half-eaten crusts of bread on some of the plates and coffee or tea in some of the cups and the back of the House, near the back door, the August found her cart of hands.

He is not worried of hitting. The door has not been closed and he went inside and ate some bread and heated coffee and sat down at the kitchen table to wait.

Anna was the first backward, with Otto not far behind. Hedy and Amelia took their time going down the small orchard, where they had spent the morning picking apples.

When Anna came into the kitchen she has not seen the August sit in darkness with his boots up on the edge of the table. She put the apples on the counter and took off his coat and boots and lit a few candles and sat by the window to watch the others come.

When Otto came inside it, too, has not seen the August. He went into the next room and lay on the floor, because he was very tired from a few days ago.

But when Amelia entered, with Hedy behind her, she saw immediately that the man in the corner, for at that time there the candleflames had grown up. Amelia filed the apples on the table.

August did not wait. "I see that we have a nice outing", he said. So he was and took Anna with one hand and Hedy with one another and led them into the next room, where Otto came to wake up a short NAP.

August said that if his son wanted to run away from him, so are so this - it was the way of things and had been different for him - but it would not be the same to his wife or daughter, because it was not natural. But, he said, if it was where his wife wanted to be with her sister, are thus so that, also. While Jan Steen was away fighting the Danes, he said, perhaps it was best that they all work together and pulling out of embarrassment. He made a gesture to the pile of apples, as if to indicate how much work needed to be done here. "We as a family", he said and smiled.

16. The Germans capitulated to the Danes in 1852. By this point Jan Steen had been dead for

a year, killed in Missunde. The Steens had not been able to have all children and the consolation of Amelia, such as it was, should not have to live as a widow without children. At that time the August had more less reconciled to Hedy, who was rarely able to assert itself again as she had this morning where she went with her children.

17. A few years finally occurred it Otto followed his brother in America.

Its passage did differ in a lot that Klaus had taken. He boarded a ship in Bremen that stopped first in England, then continued across the Atlantic for a few weeks. The trip was uneventful and Otto arrived in the port of New York at the end of the spring of 1857. He had turned twenty-one.

The moment that Otto has set foot in New York also happened to be the time that a group called the fact of knowledge-Nothings was picked near the waterfront, in expressing the displeasure of the number of immigrants entering the country. They have been especially dissatisfied by the large numbers of Catholics in the Ireland and the different German States. Otto, of course, had no sense of what it was they were protesting. He might have even seemed to him the men gathered along the water to celebrate something, an American pastime he knew far anything, or that they were there to greet him. But when a bottle was launched in his direction he began to think otherwise and when formerly later he saw a game of man on, down near the docks and beaten very badly, he solved to not spend more time in this city that was necessary.

With the small amount of money left after paying for her trip Ocean, he protected the passage on a boat led the Hudson to Albany, where it is mounted in a canal boat which brought him to Buffalo and the Great Lakes sailing ship tied to Chicago.

In this way Otto repeated the trip that his brother had taken eight years earlier when Klaus came down on the docks in Milwaukee. It happened to be the day after Wisconsin had entered the Union as the 30th State. Klaus was just in time for the festivities. There cheering, singing, the firing of guns. A group of young men not much older than Klaus had formed a ring down near the water and were boxing, for no other reason than that it was the natural course of their revelry. The small city police, such as it was, was a lot to handle.

Klaus had put his way on the shoulder by the crowd and the first place he stopped was a lounge - a natural place for a young man, newly arrived to attack the conversation with someone who might be willing to offer a job. He ordered beer with what little money he had and it must have surprised him and have pleased to discover that the barkeep, without hesitation, replied very naturally in German, as if they were expected to Exchange resources. As indeed it was, although it is has very little much practiced in anything except their own dialects.

While he waited, a young woman passed by the window, we have to tell, was quite stunning. His face and his figure surpassed that of any women that Klaus had seen at home or during his long journey. But what was most striking was her hair that was Klaus had plenty of time to consider it, he could have recognized as a wig. But he did not have that chance, because an old man next to him grabbed the direction of the gaze of Klaus and looked and said, "the stunning work, you do not?"

Klaus has turned to look at the man, who pulled closer and whispered, "not hers, obviously." He has winked and raised his glass and introduced himself. His name was John the Baptist, of St. Louis to Chicago recently, lately--he waved his hand around to - "that, no matter what you call it."

John the Baptist, who went by John, told his story to Klaus. He had followed his brother North of St. Louis a few years ago. Their father had been in the fur business, like his father before him had been. Their grandfather had descended from the Canada when all this, Jean said, was the still new France and had done quite well for himself. First he had worked only on the commercial end of things, but was finally around to the other end of the industry - the realization of hats learning. He had passed the business to his son, the father of John, who had passed along it to turn to Jean's brother, Jean-Luc. Luke had worked for their father for several years before two of them had had a quarreling and the result was that Luke had disappeared for a while and nobody in the family had heard nothing from him for years. Finally he was excited to write a letter to his brother, John the Baptist, telling him of his place and how it was gone and had wondered how things were going for him back in St. Louis.

John said as he believed always quite bold of her brother to expect it to be still in St. Louis, that he would not have the nerve to remove since Luc had done and was still under the thumb of their father. But then, he was not mistaken - "but not quite as right as he believed", added Jean.

Shortly after he had received the letter from Luc, Jean left St. Louis and found his brother in Chicago, where he had been all this while working as a Hatter. But it was some years ago - another time, another world. He had the same market for hats more. We had to adapt to new circumstances, a new economy. Luke was still hats, but he had to diversify. With other things, both of them had entered the business of making hairpieces and wigs.

Klaus had listened patiently. The old man must be sat here for a long time, because he was quite drunk.

Klaus said, "so you know wigs, then."

Jean has drained his glass and hit his head. "She has no hair", he said. "Bald since she was a young girl."

John shared another story. It went like this:

In 1827 the type called Red Bird, a Chief of the Ho-piece, had coordinated a rebellion against the Americans. These Indians, Jean said, had made a few barbaric wonderously things during the called Stillman race from one place. In addition to the murder of hundreds of men, women and children, they had mangled more than a dozen settlers, by removing the arms, legs, genitals, of hearts. A family of 13 was completely annihilated, the language of the mother removed the father's head cut off. Ten children were killed - all save very early, a little girl, who had been allowed to keep his life for any reason. "But not his scalp," John said and slipped his Palm back on the top of his head. In any case, he said, that was the story. And having customers who were the victims of such things, he saw no reason to doubt.

After that, he said, the Indians had been made pay for what they did to these settlers. The army had caught a number of them a few years later, in 1832, at a place called bad axe, not far from the Mississippi. This followed a different uprising, started by a man named Black Hawk - from another tribe, not that it has imported. A feed force went in front of the bodies of old members of a tribe along the edge of the road and fell on a man squatting next to the grave of his wife at a given time. When the man was and exposed her breast to them, one of the militiamen, who arrived to review the local newspaper, the shot and scalped him. When Word of this spread the rear is, people there - that should tell journalists - acted outraged. Those on the border, John said, if were asked which side these newspapers were even connected.

The Black Hawk was supposed to have summer still not living there many years. The rumor was that a year after he died some serious thieves came and dug up her bones and sold them to a

Museum in Ohio. There, John said, the museums of this kind arising everywhere. He had even visited a few himself. People like to feel connected to the past, even when it was ugly. In any case, he said, are welcome in America.

18. Who was the late autumn 1848, when the first line of railway was planned for Wisconsin. The first rails would have arisen in the spring of the following year. There was a sudden demand for workers to do the clearing in advance.

John the Baptist, since it ended, was out the hat and wig business a few years earlier. The brothers were both single of a lifetime and so Luke had left all of his considerable savings to his jeans. Jean had tried his hand in land speculation in the North had been quite successful in this regard, and with a bit of extra capital these purchases and sales he had bought a small stock at Wisconsin Central Railroad Company. It was how he was aware when the railway company would start work and how a young man could be done before others.

This winter was a light and the advance is brightening for the railway line went later in the year. Although Klaus always attributed to John the Baptist the setting him on his course in America, in all likelihood his trail would not have been much different had they not met this fall Klaus has spent many hours along the waterfront, where he would watch ships enter and return, while waiting to pick up odd jobs and where sounds of sails flapping in the wind and the snap of rigging and seagulls don't would not distinguished themselves so at home, as if Klaus had dragged behind him the old world to the new.

19. In the spring, construction began on the rails and the first line was completed in just a few weeks. It ran from Milwaukee to the village of Waukesha. In celebration of its completion and as

a promotion, the railway company offered free trips passengers for a week. A track lost how much time they have made the trip. Later this year, construction began on a new line, projected to run entirely from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River. Men were needed and hired Klaus on again.

All summer they asked the rail, by the heat and humidity, rain and lightning and the drone of grasshoppers. Klaus's crew worked, cooked together, ate together, drank together. Two men have even slept together, but it happened around and they were returned. If they were missed, it was only briefly. There was too much arrival and departure for someone to be missed for a long time.

They fell and then worked next to small grouped settlements where no building had been erected. Residents had slashed cellars cold and wet clay and limestone and it was as much as they never came. Many were to extract cities in Wales. They were the people who had carried the weight of attacks by Indians as the Black Hawk a few years earlier, again found that the nerve has remained despite all. They were especially wary of foreigners and don't not mixed a lot with the railway workers. In any case, most had come from the North of Wales and spoke English poorly, even after the years in America. In this they have not differed a lot of railway workers, which many knew nothing as their mother tongues.

A lot of these settlers was quite recent, however, having entered in 1845, '46 and '47 and when they arrived the land was dry and quite well drained. More heat and humidity made the eager newcomers of the relief and so they had dug homes for themselves the Earth and hillsides. But when the spring rains and the floods came they regretted it and many of them had a great desire of Wales. And some returned, but they were very few indeed who could lead such a trip more than once. So they were stuck where they were, many of them without the return

option and none sense closed their way forward. But when the railroad came there were those who were eager to work there, who when they saw he understood how he was going to reshape everything. And some of them rented on and worked along men like Klaus and others. They were mostly single young men, barely more than boys, attracted by the prospect of work that would take them from their fathers and their Calvinism.

Two of these, both called Evans, had earned a reputation as the singers among men. They tried to teach their songs to others men of other nations have found the Welsh impossible, so it was left to two of them to distract the men with their songs while they worked.

English boys of Evans was not much better than of many other men, which seemed strange, since Wales was in England. Despite this barrier between them and others, the Evans boys managed to tell stories in swinging heavy prior spring and the devastating flooding that followed. They warned that, although things were not bad so this spring, that has not changed the probability of again a spring swing rains and floods and although they seemed quite young and inexperienced in other respects, their faces when they talked about such cases lent them an authority that made men listen to closely. Many of these men knew the devastation of floods at first hand or knew people who knew them and they knew he had nothing to be taken lightly.

From time to time the Evans boys would spend back in their native Welsh and would discuss the most perfect points of something between themselves before returning to the English and perhaps for this reason a certain rider slowed when he spent a Sunday afternoon on his way West.

This rider was the hat dressed to the boot in the Negro and only parts of it no hidden in the Negro were his spurs and white colour stiff. The man upstairs contained and studied men from beneath the wide brim of his hat and his gaze finally made the conversation die. The Evans

boys have been left by looking at alternamment and one at another, until that finally the man told them a few things in Welsh who should not sit too well with them. So he went on.

When he left, others have asked what he had said, but what little English now knew the Evans boys seemed to avoid them. Finally one of them managed to explain: the man was a pastor, obviously, that he went from one place to the other, holding meeting in the fields and investigating people and advising them to keep the Sabbath. He had a habit of revelation like this, they said, just when you had forgotten. They'd see probably again until their work was finished. He had a certain road that he followed that sent him into a large circle, and he was always on the road.

"Never on his feet", one of them added, always "on this horse."

20. A man called even Heg of Trondheim in Norway lived in Belleview then. This should not be confused with Belleview East more. HEG was a sober, devout, hard enough on others, but more as well as man himself. As a boy he had been afflicted with a disease who had visited him temporarily blind and almost deaf. Although it will be restored, he was quite nearsighted after and hard of hearing.

He was always a very dedicated worker who found it difficult to separate with its profits and therefore he had managed to save up a large sum of money. In his first year at Greendale it had built a barn of good size on his property along his house and when, after a few seasons he solved that he could use the extra space and he had sufficient funds, he had built a second barn beside it, identical to the first. These two barns were the envy of its neighbours.

Was a widower with three sons high, all able men married to strong, beautiful women. Had a daughter called Thora who lived with him and he loved very.

The regulation in Belleview came originally equipped with a Minister local, very popular among the settlers as far as clergymen go and well respected for its rigorous theological training at the Denmark. He was a young idealistic man eager to spread the Gospel and Shepherd his countrymen and against the advice of some that he has resolved to accompany the people of Nes, in the district of Hallingdal, Muskego Wisconsin territory. Many agreed later that he must have listened to the advice of those who him are warned against the trip, because he was among many who fell victim to epidemics of cholera during the first years.

So since several years the sheep in Belleview went unattended and there was conversation among people older and most devout that something must be done to any recidivism. Then some of the elders approached even of Heg, who was known for his piety and persuaded him to convert one of his barns in a church. Elders believed that it would not take much conviction on their part, because even Heg was just the sort of man to consider their proposal a perfect idea. And they were not mistaken. But they had not counted on what was how it would make out the pastor hidden in even Heg.

When he was still a young man back in Norway, even Heg had spent countless hours locked in his bedroom flowing on his Bible. His uncle, his mother's brother, had been a seminarian in his youth, although at the end it has not been declared. But he and had even been very closely and their discussions of spiritual Affairs went deep into the night and after even Heg was still assessing what his uncle had said against what he himself pulled the Holy Scriptures. Even when he grew older and other, more worldly affairs have assumed more prominence in his life, even Heg held theological interest and occasionally the thought must have occurred with him that he had missed some important opportunity, something that had been intended for him. Thus, when seniors of the regulation even approached the conversion of one of

his barns in a church, and indeed to see a being his Chief Minister, even Heg quickly agreed. And it was not long after that the barn had been completely converted into a church, simple good either, this same Heg began to preach to his types. And there were some who said that they were not at all surprised by this, as you might have seen it coming.

21. Later, those who even remembered Heg and what kind of so-called Pastor he revealed, accentuated still deep sincerity. Even those who found him unprepared and bold and even dangerous to the souls of the common people, have never claimed that even Heg was anything except the purest of intentions. But this has not changed their discomfort with some of his more unorthodox ideas and actions.

Among his less popular innovations was this: not long after the barn was officially converted into a church, even Heg gave Church barn, as we called him soon, a secondary function as an Inn or hostel for travellers las to stop at on their journeys to the West.

Soon many settlers to the West attached had slept on beds of straw which even and his daughter Thora and the small group of supporters of Even, prepared for them. Some stayed only for one night, others for several nights and still others for weeks and some even for the month. The beds don't would not last long because of the lice, and quite often the whole lot should be thrown away after only one use. But such was the sermon from a week of Heg, executed by hand, since it was known that he said, and the word spread far and wide that even Heg was a man of God.

As mentioned, not everyone in this regulation was happy about all this and it did not help the tensions it has caused by a separate although related blood who traveled all the Affairs of this

place, which was this: Although the settlers all Norwegians or the children of Norwegians, the roughly half of them was people called Hallings the other half of Tronders.

Tensions between Hallings and Tronders were for a long time. Tronders, Trondheim, was mostly people of peasant known for their piety, simple and work ethic, but looked down on by the more prosperous and cultivated people like those of Halling. Hallings, because as long as anyone could remember, always had a strong tradition of education and training in things like music. They have been accustomed to only the most perfect clerics and not a little saw it as their duty as Hallings and since Christians, to have some basic understanding of things thought to be far beyond the proper scope of Tronders.

All must say that, although even Heg, Trønder, has a faithful following thing among some of his own people, he was distressed to find even a supporter among Hallings in Belleview.

22. It was a few weeks after their meeting with the pastor black and dressed, not long after the Evans brothers were gone and it was assumed, headed home or West, this same Heg shrank hiking on his farm with his daughter Thora to throw a glance at what kind of progress the railroad was.

Had even another goal, which was this: for a while now he said that it was not only a pleasure but a duty to welcome all new arrivals in the fact that, increasingly, he seemed to consider his small Kingdom. And this duty was important especially when one considered the terminal as the aspect of the railroad referred for settlement. This might have been a terminal for him also, because even Heg had never seen a locomotive before, although he had heard and had read them. When he had left the Norway there are many years everything was by rowing and

sailing, the Mule and wagon and there was always a lot at Wisconsin who made most of their trips by canoe. Some Heg had happened only to meet a few of them, but was told that if we went far enough North we could see that things had not changed that much since the French arrived.

Despite his disability, even Heg had heard the whistle of the train for some time by then, when he refused provides East to West to the laboring men in front of it. And every trip back to them went further and further, so that even engineers have noticed about how soon the March of progress was through steam. But long before he heard the whistle even Heg had read in the newspaper of the coming train and had also heard of its tenants, which mostly came from the East and were heading West. And they described for him what the whistle looked, from the Meadow, how he rolled directly on the horizon and the past, as a cry.

So, even Heg, since the railway approached him, came down from his farm to visit the crew and Thora went with him. And it was the seed of the union of Klaus Korth with Thora Heg with their separation.

23. In Milwaukee Otto Korth stayed in a hostel near the waterfront, where at any time of the day and night voices could be heard, and, were he to look carefully in his window, forms of passersby could be seen weighted down by the steamer trunks and carts of hands pulling mules and horses and the occasional beef, drumming up against the alley. There was also, as soon as a seemingly led defeated group gives the driveway which is mounted in a led ships back into the Lake. Their faces were scarce and sullen and they seemed no less bewildered those who arrive, were at the head of the other lane - perhaps more.

Headed west a few days later Otto must have witnessed something very similar, a group of sullen and seemingly bedraggled people, men and women and children of all ages, families

and those alone, in ruling the same movement is. Not long after he mentioned to someone that he had seen and what he had seen some time before that and the man to whom he spoke told him of what was happened, how for some weeks now there had been groups penetrating down from the top North, where we said that it was still nothing that swamps and a forest dark.

There were about forty families so far, the man said, they all of the same regulation, or the package of regulations. The rumor was that they all met the same village or group of villages back in Sweden, a few years ago, has resolved to clear and settle and farmer and prosper together. They were gone the North more than most of the newcomers were willing to go and against the warnings of those who had already been in the country for some time and they had no real sense of the task they had set themselves. They had no harvest their first three years, and it took them 10 years to balance the budget forty acres. They were far from anything that could reasonably be called a road and when they finally had a harvest, they discovered that it was necessary to travel 60 miles to mill their grain. They lived on fish and the roots and wild onions for weeks at a stretch and quite frequently during this time they would meet Indians in the Woods, appearing quietly beside them, at some time not remarkable, but at other times terrifying in their wild appearance. And sometimes they wake and, wary of their windows, would find out that entire bands of natives slept in the tent not forty or fifty yards from their cabs, in their fields, or along the edge of the Woods, without regard for the limits. Then the man said, there were cholera and it had been very hard on them. And then one day the whole lot of them decided they had had enough, they are were overestimated and underestimated what they for sure have to face.

Some of them, the man said that he had heard, was gone against each other and had decided to do exceed, if in small isolated groups or alone. It was hard to believe, he said, that a

man would go against its people like that and would face this howling wilderness alone, or with just his wife and children. He said that he doubted that many may have chosen such a fate. But such were the stories coming down from the North, carried by these people or, more frequently, extended by those who had met them once before.

24. As was the case with both young entrants in these years, Otto took a series of odd jobs, especially of work for different farmers. They sent him to the fields to help with the planting, due to hoeing and repeating and putting out on bail, the removal of rocks and stumps and finally with the harvest. Otto was big and rangy and has not inspired confidence in those who have met him; He seemed not to support well under a lot of work. But he proved them wrong, has surprised those who have doubted him and have appealed to those who took a chance on him. Apart from that: most of the animals would not long suffer to be around him. They became nervous and nervous around him, and wherever he went and worked for some time he did not have a great desire to mules and horses turn restless for the pig to become aggressive.

There were a few farmers that there appeared resigned, since they have rated the best qualities of Otto and since time is advanced they would keep it in the fields, only and away from the oxen and mules and horses and very far from the pigs and cattle and it would be something of a centerpiece in the fields in his solitude , something for others to watch for and the note on. Time and time again, however he came to the same thing: a farmer would allow Otto to go, tell him to go, sometimes conveying a sense of his regret, other times unable to hide his relief.

Where he went, Otto asked Klaus, if someone remembered the name, or acknowledged the description of Otto of him. Everywhere he pulled a version of the same response, which was

that the young man he described was not much different from many others. There is no name hit them like anything memorable. There was a lot of Klausens. There was not a bit of Korths.

Their advice, too, was fairly uniform: that he should continue to go to the West. It was the direction almost everyone went, unless they are not quite right and then they went to the North and then eventually they came back to the South and then went home. The stories they had heard and their own views, were still fresh in their minds.

Invariably they would make a gesture towards the railway - a train puffing in the front, is done to lead the West, or simply to the rails themselves, always enough new that they threw a faint glow in the warmth of the Sun. It was the road to which Otto would remain faithful, more or less. He would give her a slight Northwest trajectory.

Otto continued to mention Klaus to someone he met and someone might say yes, maybe, maybe it's possible - their paths had spent somewhere along the line. The name seemed vaguely familiar, description. Yes, Otto heard, if his brother had worked for the railroad, as would more likely than not, given the large numbers of young men, many new entrants, so there is a good chance that, even if their paths had not spent directly, they or someone they knew knew him, had seen him.

If at times he thought he progressed, at other times Otto must have been struck by the impression of movement in circles. Each regulation would have looked less like each other. The Earth would be supported the apartment under the sky, by deleting markers of difference. Even languages spoken of a settlement to the following may appear turns according to a bit of pace.

The West he walked, closer he shot in Mississippi, the more uncertain the settlers must have seemed and more apathetic. And so many who seemed not to share the view with their neighbors of a case, small or banal. This could be a tree, or stone or a little bend in a stream that

has made signs to one, but not the other, the place where the Kingdom of a man ended and the other began. The livestock of we could wander among those of another and cause a bit of confusion, or simply graze where the other did not allow them, or a marker could be overtaken by weeds or grass, or found oddly upside down or disappeared. Developed here disputes and divisions, and quite commonly a great strange desire to renounce all claims, all rank and continues.

25. At a place called wood of the Fox Otto fell on a small cabin along a stream, first in German down, then something to approximate to the top, work, housing, Klaus and asked was answered in a form of french. The old woman who answered could have told him, did ask him and had she been able to understand and answer, that his father had descended from Sault Sainte Marie as a young man, on the heels of so many others like him and married a woman of Ojibwe and none of his family or someone with whom they had had relationships never needed to any language, but Ojibwe or french. Now there are Americans who wanted their ignorance of English and more and more, people like Otto, appearing when they appeared without warning on its doorstep and opened their mouths, wild and exotic.

He stayed several nights with the old woman and then he continued. In his travels he had acquired a package of canvas, a sleeping bag, a small tin pot, a spoon and a Flint. He had acquired a hunting knife of good size that he carried attached against his body, hidden by his coat. The nights, when he assembled a bed for himself in a field, or to the edge of the wood, it dégraferait the fact of Holster and his hand would be wrapped around the handle when he is asleep.

This month the rains came often. Three nights in a row of dip encouraged him in a nearby village, where he drove for the rope and some canvas covering. Near the River, at the end of a track, he fell on an old Peddler willing to practice a few words of German. The Peddler was small and this is stooped. Her hair lasted and the limp grey and hung to her shoulders. He wore a long beard and hushed, also although sort of a mantelpiece under her clothes and a gray Cap stopped the back of his head, fat such as when the rain fell, he would go the Pearl and the roller. Maybe it has strengthened the sense of someone impervious to the elements, without dimension - the image of a man, but not the man himself.

The Peddler welcomed Otto in french - "Monday God", he said, making a gesture to the rain, "it's a deluge, no?" But then he said that Yes, the German was perfect, he knew it well enough.

He could not have known him that well, for their conversation was slow and staid. Otto managed to convey its needs and the Pedlar attacked taking root by its lot and boxes and bags and as he did so he mumbled in a slurry of french, German and several other languages. He paused occasionally to look at Otto, craning his neck and leaning his head and finally he said that Otto reminded him of someone. But then lately everyone reminded him of someone, he said, everyone looked and had the air of someone else.

Otto asked how long the Peddler had been there in - wherever they were. The Peddler smiled grimacing and said most called the Portage of the dead place and he had been there long enough. Otto said that he wondered if the Peddler might have crossed paths with his brother, a young man named Klaus. The Peddler has been thinking. Perhaps, he said, but again, we met so many people in his profession, it was difficult to remember the names. Faces, too, have bled

together. And now there are so many more faces than there ever was before. "Like a flood," he said and put his hand against her belly and did drag up his head and on him. "Like Noah."

He started to say something about how he came to be there. He could not remember quite where or when he was born, but in his youth he had risen South, working first as a fisherman and then a trapper. He lifted the skin of something small and rangy and stroked him. For a long time, he said, he had worked in dealing with furs. But he had become bored, he said and itching and had decided to see how things were the North more. And here it was. The world out there, he said, aiming his beard to what must have been the South, had been too much for him. Too many people, he said, and too many boats and too much conflict. Each to each gorges on the other. The heat, he said, pulling a U in the air next to his head, made people crazy. It was good that Otto was up here, rather than there. East was not better, he said, and as West - he did slide a finger across his neck, shaking his head--no, he said, the North was the best way, the only way.

As the Peddler spoke, his hood began to slip back from her face, revealing how one of his eyes was darkened, like a marble. The Peddler has noticed Otto looking at him, because he has made a nod and said, "of the war." When Otto asked what war, the Peddler has said only that it was a small one, a long time ago and he has doubted if a lot more of it always remembered. He made a gesture to himself, showing the eye. "The price of wisdom", he said.

26. The Peddler had not been able to find the best material for a canvas tarp and he invited Otto to stay the night with him and Otto was right.

We could have called correctly the Peddler home a cave, or perhaps a cave. There was the river down below, growing fast and the covered Bank of reeds and a tangle of willows and a ledge of limestone rubble. Piled up along the Bank were below the remains of massive trees

swept downstream during the spring thaws and wet there. The value of several years may have been accumulated and dotted with the close were members, stumps, root balls turned and hushed as the hair of a woman, all wearing signs of the axe of the Peddler.

The Peddler was called Thierry. He has planted his finger to himself several times, repeating the name and laughed when Otto was trying to say.

The campfire tonight the Peddler must have noticed Otto examining his eye once again. Eventually he rose and walked to the other side of the fire by Otto and sat next to him. It pulled very close and did then slide his cap back and steered his face toward the fire so Otto could see it more clearly. Above his temples no hair grew. The skin in its place was splotched and this is pleated. On the same side of its head that the cloudy eye, where the ear must have been, there was only a small fleshy label size and shape of an inch. Cloudy eye flocked its socket from its own agreement.

The Peddler has declined and smiled. "Like a Cyclops", he said and lifted her hands, her fingers trained in the claws. "Thierry, the terror!"

This night Otto slept on a bed of reeds and pine boughs that the Peddler has placed near the entrance to the cave. The Peddler himself has stayed far to the back, hidden among the darkness.

The morning after the rain had stopped, Otto went seeking the Peddler, because he wasn't in the cave. He fell on him some way downstream, deep the size into water and shirtless, washing his clothes. If the Peddler has been surprised to see Otto above on the Bank, he gave no sign of her, but stated that Otto should enter the river. The clouds had disappeared, but it was not hot and Otto hesitated. But the Pedlar prodding has finally attracted to water.

Otto undressed down to his underwear and asked her clothes carefully on a rock, but the Peddler said Otto to throw him. He held a big stick, as a club, to which he gave a slap against the water. When Otto had launched him his clothes, the Peddler showed him the stick and said he must undress down to his skin. It wasn't coming clean otherwise, he said.

Because of its height, Otto had to Wade quite a ways in front of the Peddler, before that the water was deep enough for him. The river must have been cold there and the strong current, because Otto began vigorously swimming upstream, allowing the current to pull it back to its starting point and his breath came as gasps. He did it several times and each time, whether he knew it or not, he drifted further and further away from the Bank, towards the middle of the River, where the current must have been very strong indeed. Or maybe Otto is overrated simply. In any case, he did not much until the river pulled him under and he has not been seen again in this place.

The Peddler, for his part, was too busy beating Otto of his club's clothing to notice what had happened. The ears of provided that Otto had not been filled with water just so he could have heard the Peddler scream, "is old country dirt, is and send it to St. Louis!"

27. About this time a man named Jacques Brunet still lived along the Wisconsin River. Many decades later, in a new century, a historical marker would be erected near the site of his old cabin, by exposing the events in detail of his life. There are many reasons for his notability, but it essentially relies on having summer them the longer lived old Canadian fur traders in this region. When C. H. Cooke, for example, did the canoe up Chippewa in 1868 he toured camp Brunet. It was not long after that Brunet had moved to this river, after the fur trade hit end in

1849, the year after that independence came, the year that Klaus and so many other immigrant men have laid rails through what Brunet still considered trapping lands paramount.

It has been said by those who knew him that Brunet was not the sort of man to move quickly. It wasn't a feature well in line with the spirit of the age, the new men and the new nation, but he had helped in his years as a Hunter and a trapper. While others probably effraieraient the game and bother of land breeding and nesting, Brunet moved with a quiet patient who appeared to send to the wild creatures around, rather than him. And Brunet, confident man he was and the world he knew, made no effort to change, even if those around him have made concessions, even though it seemed that there is nothing for poaching.

Although it may not be the Trapper that once upon a time, this has not stopped continue to find traps in all his old favorite haunts, the fact of haunt he considered lucky. These were dispersed across the land now owned by at least a dozen farmers, put when Brunet was a younger man was all held in common. From time to time something might feel - mink, the fisherman, a small Beaver - but nothing like it had been once. They were only numbers which had fallen, but the sizes also. All creatures have seemed smaller than he and others remembered. The market, also, had decreased. All, we said, appeared in the dwarf cousin who had been started or killed. Finally, he put his pitfalls - if nothing else, for the sake of old times.

It happened as Brunet was out on the River, in treating his traps, the morning that Otto Korth, ignorant and nearly drowned, drifted into a corpse covered with reeds and came to rest where, on a whim, Brunet had put a former bear catching.

Brunet had used long to amaze his traps and when the screams came and the accident of water, Brunet was not more than a mile of quarter ahead of Otto, taking knowledge a bend in the river. He dug his paddle into the water and over the minutes slipped into the Creek, silent, while

Otto, naked and white as bone, stunned in the shallows in front of him. Brunet drifted up behind him, grabbed the defense of Otto's lap with the bow of the canoe and Otto fell inside, where the screams continued.

The trap had descended on the lower part of the leg and there was a lot of blood. The trap chain slammed against the side of the canoe and the beating of Otto made more bad business. Brunet, who was quite strong always, crawled on top of Otto and nailed him with the paddle and told him to hold still, but Otto would not hold still - it was similar to the fish in his fact to be slippery and it would not stop screaming - and finally Brunet found his little club and hit him on the skull of Otto with a clever kick.

Brunet was a widower. He was married with a woman almost twice his age and one way or another they had a son and then a daughter. The son had become concerned and had drifted and went finally to the West and disappeared. When the girl she took her mother, but the daughter, Therese, had remained. It was she who made the bandages, which cleaned the wounds of Otto and has pricked them at the top. And when Otto succumbed to fever and his body resembled a hot stone, it was she who covered him in tissue drenched in river water. Was told that there is nothing remarkable aspect of Therese except that it was translucent everything - his white hair, her pink eyelids, her eyes the color of water.

These feverish days speculation must be made. During this time, hearing only two of them, Jacques and Therese, speaking to another in their creole, Otto must have forgotten the names of things. Maybe when he looked a thing the word for she wouldn't be here. Maybe if he watched it long steadily enough, whatever it is, something would come eventually - the candle, Cup, bread, fish - or maybe not. In such times it must have to turn away. And then perhaps Therese gave him other names, new names for when the old man disappeared.

Eventually Otto worked again. One day Brunet came into possession of the cabin, clapped his hands and told him to stand up. Brunet, in his long years as a trapper and a merchant, had seen plenty of such cases, he said - a hand, a foot, a leg, mutilated or crushed - by a log or rock, by the mule or the boat or the trap. He himself had not been spared. He went on poorly assorted legs, which gave him a considerable limp. A remote person has asked who she was or came. And so it went, always, with a cane or what more properly might be called a staff. He had a collection of them, all handcarved and etched by his own strong water make countless designs, examined closely, said stories.

Maybe he stood on Otto what they were when, one night, three of them were huddled around the fire and Brunet sat turning the staff in his fist. Later, as Brunet has dozed, Otto would staff the fire and would study it. The sculptures have been crudely worked - the sharp angles, lines that are not met, difficult to decipher. Down the length of the staff, in a corkscrew of agitation, end to end, a deep groove or channel ran where the wood had been removed. Otto could have dragged his thumb down the length of it, slowly throwing staff in his other hand, as a tower. It is not possible to feel the bottom of the Groove himself--he would cut too deeply. But by locating its path with his thumb he might have felt the pointed lip to any side where whatever the tool that Brunet had used had bit of wood.

Provided that Therese had caught the eye of Otto across the fire, with Brunet asleep between them, maybe she made a nod to the staff and said, 'The River,' swimming his hand by changing light.

28. Could not say with certainty how long Otto remained there. Maybe it was for weeks. Every day would resemble this precedence of this and that which followed. Every day

would be the fog then rain then the fog, then steam amount of the river. Every day would be walks with Brunet, control and putting some pitfalls with Brunet, drying out next to the fire with Brunet and Brunet girl.

The foot of Otto became infected and spread of infection to the ankle, then the calf and finally he could no longer go not to be. He tried to stand above the use of one of the personal of Brunet, but he must have had the impression that all the blood in his body had pooled in his foot and could not climb back. They put him in bed and not long after he died from a fever.

While the fever was upon him he had visions - a wheel of images, maybe the top of his head being squeezed back, as if it was drawn slowly through the top of his head. When he opened his eyes all there would be darkness and when he closed it a burning sun. When he floated up on the night table he would see Brunet here with his knives and tools ecorchants beside him. Brunet would choose a knife and would make an incision starting point the eyebrows of Otto and extending upward before birth of the hair on the Crown of his head, and stopping at the base of his skull. Then he would slide his tips of the fingers below the skin of Otto, starting at the neck and would develop his hands to the face of Otto, down to his cheeks and Chin, until Otto's face is a collar made of the folds on his neck. He would have the impression that closed around his windpipe. Brunet would do several more clever sting of his knife skinning and tighten the skin made of folds and with both hands pull very hard.

29. Otto woke up, briefly, at the bottom of a canoe. This would have been the dark field, the moon a glow, a few stars flashing. Below, the river lapping.

Later he would share the dream that he said seemed to be the memory:

He took the Chair of Brunet after that the old man had gone to bed and then he sat by the fireplace and watched the fire burn completely. From time to time he wag the coals with a long thin stick. Therese stood next to him where he sat down by falling asleep and draped a heavy skin on him and then she guided him through the darkness.

He had not the Moon, or the stars, but light enough to pass. He could hear the fire burst and spew into the home when they are out in the field behind the cabin and down the lanes and marked a break in a swale near where the river ran. He could not see in front of the reeds, but he could hear it crashing and mesh backwards.

Klaus was the reputation here. Then Brunet. Brunet has held the staff he had Otto gifted. He put his end on Earth and supported and has emerged to make them lift a pole between them. Then he stepped back and left.

Therese took Klaus with Otto's right hand and brought them together on the staff and kept them there. Then she squeezed. Even in poor light he could see their blood merge and roll down the length of the staff and disappear in the wetland.

30. What woke him again, he would say, was the canoe butting against a rock. The canoe had found his path in a shallow whirl where, for the hours, he must have made slow revolutions like clockwork.

There was a hint of the morning light and the sky was clear. Climbing, Otto came very close to the snap of the canoe, but managed to hold both that and the effort made his home with his leg. He has attached his pants and found that the leg had been balanced in the ankle as well as at halfway in the upper thigh. There was no swelling and he had no stitches, just a tender white scar down its length.

It pulled the canoe and the shallows, using personnel he found in the canoe, climbed the riverbank to a low rise and read the horizon quickly. Some distant routes rose huts and cabins, a few decent homes, a few scattered barns.

When he approached the regulation it must be wondered whether someone was always there. No smoke sank chimneys, no mule or horse were in the stables, not the pig in the bauges, or cows in the pasture.

He spooked a small herd of deer whose heads are mounted and watched his approach, their tails echangeantes. Then they locked up a low Hill to the Woods, where some people were huddled behind a shed fell. Deer have turned abruptly away from them and into the trees. Otto followed them and when people looked for him they, too, have raised their heads, then broke their Spades and shovels in the ground relied and marked his approach.

There were ten, maybe twelve of them and they were bigger than Thierry or Brunet or other Otto falls in these parts, as well as thinner and paler. To their feet was the hole that they dug and across the hole sat a box of pine forest in about three feet long. Down in the hole a young man, skinny and spent like an arrow with mud, was muscling a prybar against a rock. When he turned and looked carefully at the top of the hole to Otto the prybar slid his purchase and the rock thudded back into his hole. Otto has lowered eyes at the young man and the young man stared back.

If Klaus was surprised to see his brother, he gave no clear indication, nor whether he was happy or unhappy. He said, well, "Otto, there you are. And you have seen better days, I think."

31. They had all seen better days, Klaus said, after the funeral was done and they started to get back to the current. Such days were short-lived and had seemed to have been a long time ago,

he said, before the storms and floods, winds and snow storms, droughts and fires and cholera. The child in the box had not been sound. They buried the mother some time ago and the father soon thereafter.

Klaus and Otto were in a similar to the cave slum so common in these parts. He had been cut out of the hillside by a minor, Klaus said, that him was returned to him not long after that Klaus has arrived. The minor had been outside reputation, few of its business already packed and ready, when Klaus trekked up to his place. It seemed to have expected him.

If Otto thought Klaus was keeping something from him, here's what it was: Klaus was come to this place after even Heg had defended him, a second time, never see her daughter again. It was just before even had boarded the train that would bring him and Torah to the riverboat who moved north to their new regulations.

The conflict between Klaus and Heg had to do partly with what Heg had done for Klaus when their trails passed first.

As has been mentioned, Klaus worked for the railroad when it reached Heg. After so much of this kind of work, Klaus had become remarkably strong and although his temperament is cooled a bit since the departure from Europe, he always used to test the best of others. His new circumstances had amplified only this aspect of his character.

Heg and Torah took their property to greet workers and encourage those who looked good prospects to stay in Belleview. Most of the men had no interest because they were young and eager to continue to the West, attracted by the cheap land stories, adventure and good luck. But Torah, which was not remarkable in any way and offered little temptation to other men, had a remarkable resemblance to the daughter of Klaus knew at home in Schleswig. Likeness hitting as well as when he saw her first, Klaus has stuck his shovel in the dirt and sat on the rail

and stared.

Later, after Heg and his daughter are gone, other men had teased Klaus about this and he took it well. He called them all the fools and liars who have goaded them only further.

There were two paintings of jute in particular who liked mad men at the top, and it ended badly for one of them when Klaus is swung at him with his shovel and the man fell back and hit his head against a section of rail, so it has bled a lot. The paintings of jute were popular among men and after they made things difficult for Klaus. So one night, while the others slept, he entered camp kitchen and filled a sack of some supplies and entered the road away from the labor camp and of the railway and was the head of the North by low hills, on the prairie and the sleeping beauty, among groups of trees and bushes.

Eventually he found himself at Belleview and the place of even Heg. Young Trønder had escorted him here. She was the daughter of the young Trønder that Klaus had helped to bury when Otto arrived.

Heg has not indicated that he recognized Klaus when Klaus arrived at his place, he neither showed much interest in the details of the trip of Klaus. These days Heg was more interested in the path of a young man to God in his worldly wanderings. Maybe he was encouraged by how receptive Klaus seemed to her ministrings and that he seemed in no hurry to continue, as he urged Klaus to stay at his church for as long he liked and found work for him has done to his own farm and to the others.

If Thora acknowledged Klaus, she has not mentioned his father.

32. The first year in the regulation had been without incident and the winter had been light. But the spring that followed had brought the flood and mud in the lanes had been so deep it

has been said that a man should be careful or he would lose the wife, the House, and the child on his way to the barn. It was quite common to get a pig along the edge of a path so deeply instilled that only his snout has reached the surface of the mud. But by the beginning of autumn Earth is was all dried up and all the grass was Brown and withered and he had never not the threat of fires. A climbing up on a ridge could reveal prairie fires all around.

An old farmer up the way, a friend similarly Heg called by Jonsson, needed to help the firewalls of ploughing and Heg has agreed to send to Klaus. But Klaus arrived late and was late in being started and later in the morning a strong wind pushed the fire much further a few hours someone would have thought. The fire spread across the North field of Jonsson and furrows. Then without warning he moved again, as if he had a target in the idea and in two hours has reached the barn of Jonsson and then his house. In a few hours everything has been consumed, even cattle.

So by Jonsson stayed with even Heg awhile more he considered how things had left for him, he grew more bitter and more he focused on the role of Klaus in his tragedy. HEG defended Klaus as best he could, by saying that the ferocity of the fires and sudden changes of wind made it doubtful that things are parts differently. But he could no longer deny that Klaus's slow start this morning had played a role. None of this might have helped the estimate of Klaus, nor their estimate of even Heg and this has not been lost on Heg.

Which was remained lost on him and remained lost for some time to come, was the reason for last Klaus early this morning. Provided Heg was gone investigate Klaus in the barn Church this morning, or late the previous night, for him reminded of its responsibilities, it could be wondered where the young man was walking in to. It was not much in the way of diversions and entertainment in this regulation.

The reason for the last start of Klaus consisted of what he had spent the previous night in the bedroom of Torah Heg and he had not slept much. The next morning he had found himself in a position very clumsy and even Heg had slept nervously and was mounted early in the morning and was out to watch the light on the pervasive fires horizon. When Klaus tried to slide back out through the window of Torah, Heg was just a few feet away and Klaus was waiting for him to come back inside until he could sneak out.

Klaus had seen Torah in this way for a while and they have been helped by the poor hearing of Heg and vision. But there were those whose eyes and ears were sharper than even Heg and not everything was lost on him has been lost on them. Some of them had sharp languages also and by Jonsson was among them.

33. When he was discovered which had continued between Klaus and Torah, even Heg had already spoken to leave the regulation for some time. Halling people had become ever more full of resentment of many Tronders in their environment, so that some Tronders have begun to return to the land where they could start their own rules. Soon enough they found him and then a large amount of them sold their best properties to people of Halling or, if they were not salable, have simply abandoned them and went on the road for the new regulation being started in the Northwest. Meanwhile a prominent bit of Hallings had found ways to make things difficult for even Heg, they always saw as a rather vulgar upstart, not to mention someone who has attracted undesirables to himself that he forced the rest of them to endure. Klaus Korth was such an undesirable, according to Jonsson was always. But after what happened with per Jonsson farm, there were those among Hallings who seemed to take a measure of pity on him and who began to invite him into their company. Then rumors began to wander to what sort of business Thora Heg

came with Klaus Korth and what kind of man even Heg must have to allow. And although it took time for even Heg to finally stumble in these rumors, his eyes and ears were not so poor that he did not know how many self-esteem in all parts of the regulation had been lowered. And so he began gently to make preparations for a movement and told no one of his plans.

If Heg had intended to invite Klaus to join to the new regulation, this intention disappeared very quickly when he learned of Klaus and Torah. He learned like this: one night Heg was unable to sleep and, as once had been his habit, he stood up and went to the room of Torah. He gave a little and waited, then opened the door just in time to see someone very deftly drag the window.

So things were very bad for Torah. She denied everything and said that first Heg ears and then his eyes played something unpleasant about him. Then Heg has clogged his window with planks and has installed a lock on the outside of his door and ordered him not to leave home unless Heg has accompanied her. HEG became suspicious to every man, young and old and was so ashamed, he said, by which continued directly under his nose that he stopped going up in travelers and hold services and completely withdrew to his farm.

HEG launched its Earth Klaus and told him to stay away from his daughter and himself. Klaus walked through the Woods until he found by chance a small slum that had belonged to Trønder called Almqvist. This man had not been able to find someone to buy his place until he went to the new regulation, but still, Klaus has spent his first days here convinced that a Halling manifests and throw. But no one ever came, and he had been there since. It was where he and Otto sat now.

Klaus had not seen Thora since Heg advised him not to show his face again. He had heard that lasted not once Heg has protected the passage upstream for himself and Torah and

then they are gone. He took some time to discover their place and he had made preparations for a while to find them and try to reason with same Heg. HEG was not a young man, finally and its disease deteriorate only in the years to come. There would probably be no value interested in Torah as soon as she had a kid and anyway most of men have not found that it looked a lot. Despite all that had happened, Klaus could still be his best prospect.

Klaus could be gone as soon as possible, he said, but something prevented him from approaching, as if the time was not yet right. He believed that he gave space to Heg he needed to see the situation for what it was and recognize what to take if things were not to become worse. But he had the impression of being more than that, he said. Something else seemed to keep him here. And then the time had quickly turned very bad and there was a lot of flooding and the fields had become ponds and lakes and the rains had been ongoing. Many people had fallen ill in recent weeks and don't be were restored. Many were older people, those who had seen no purpose in traction at the top of the stakes once again. But not a bit were young men and women and also children and the image of Torah and their child and what things might look like for them now, had not left.

When Klaus had attached all this that he kept silent for a while. Eventually Otto said that, from the sound of things, he had found Klaus by chance at just the right time. Provided that he survived this way just a few days from now on they would be missed is. And it seemed that there was a lot of things that, had they gone differently, took no account of their meeting. That seemed unlikely, he said, yet here they were.

Klaus had considered Otto staff, that Brunet had given him for some while and now he has extended his had and asked if he could watch it. When he asked Otto for his own trip, Otto gave him an account.

A few days later they protected the passage on a steamboat led Northern. The rain held up until the boat is completed upstream and then it sank. Other passengers have noticed on the height of the river and on the docks half-submerged and huts along the Bank and branches of trees, sweeping water. A man next to them tried to make conversation, but not in a language they knew.

34. Who was at the end of may of 1857. By July they had been holed up for weeks in a hut on the outskirts of a place called Skaun. It took them some time to locate the new regulation, called as the place near Trondheim. None of these settlers came from Skaun, but believed that Þorbjörn Þambarskelfir, who has struggled with Olav Tryggvason at Svolder, had come from Skaun and it was a point of pride.

At the beginning they camped in the Woods along the River, eating what supplies they had successful to get along the way and that Klaus had accumulated for his trip. He had a few hooks and line fishing with him and they had no problem catching the fish. Actually it was just what they ate, with wild onions from the Woods and they both became very thin.

They have been helped in their supervision by a man called Frank Dunn, a man whom they would never meet.

The Tronders that had installed Skaun had bought their land of this great Dunn, a York Stater of some means who had built after his legacy by a string of land speculation, first at Michigan and then in the territory of Wisconsin. There was a lot of such men at the time that the Government has encouraged to buy systematically large swaths of land and then package when they felt it necessary to settlers of the is back and abroad. Not every speculator engaged in

exploitation but there was enough that most of their reputations have been ruined among the poor settlers. Frank Dunn had this reputation among Tronders.

Dunn has owned a considerable amount of land in the region, much more than was possible for him to watch only. And so he paid to a few original inhabitants, men to whom he relied, especially, to advertise exactly on the status of its operations. But he was a man very much in the mold of the old absentee of Europe and its commitments were often randomly and circumspect and in his time as a speculator was there no small number of vagrants and travellers and serial squatters who had lived free of charge on the land of Dunn and at least some had left their huts as evidence. The negligence of Dunn of his property meant that Klaus and Otto were able to hide for a while, undetected and meanwhile they have spied on the new location of Heg.

Klaus had recognized him immediately when they fell there, for very little after Heg arrived he had built obviously built a barn which was in all respects a double right of both that it was due to distance. HEG had bought the land of Dunn who was not adjacent immediately to where another Tronders had decided to settle down, but had sat a distance away, for him and Torah are would be isolated from others. He did it to protect their privacy as much as possible and keep Torah as much as possible of the public eye. If Heg had always interest in ministering to other Tronders, he gave no indication.

Klaus and Otto had spied on the place of Heg for awhile before Torah has appeared. They have been looking for it a single day behind home nursing the child. They both watched for some during that until Klaus turned to Otto and asked what he thought he looked and told him to look away. Otto shot, but when he turned Klaus reached just the edge of the Woods, being about to be and through the field. But just then, even Heg has appeared in the porch saying something to Torah and Klaus ducked behind a fallen tree. Both Torah that even looked across the field to

where the brothers were hiding but whatever movement they had because they must be attributed to some animal because they have not investigated. HEG was with the door thrown wide and waved for Torah, which was and climbed the steps and then all three entered.

The next day the brothers are back and the same scenario finished, although this time they were not put themselves in a position to be seen. They watched Torah for awhile and Klaus noted twice that she seemed very sad and it was difficult to see why.

Eventually he talked himself into a plan and are then Otto also spoke. Here's how it would go: Otto would expect it to go behind the House and then he approached the other side of the field, giving her plenty of time to see that she has not caught completely off guard. It would ride him and, if Heg has not appeared, introduced himself as a knowledge of Klaus - not like his brother or even his friend - and then told her that he had a message for her, who had come to the far side of the field after dark so that they can meet. And for what they agreed.

35. In this time where a man named John Wesley Owen arrived at Skaun after a long journey upstream of the Prairie dog. In recent months he had ministered to the Norwegians there and they were quite receptive to his preaching. Owen was Welsh born, but had attended school in England and he was very qualified in languages. When he arrived at Skaun Word spread quickly and even Heg, whose theological interests had begun to regain knowledge, went hear Owen preach. He was intrigued by what he heard, because he had been in a State of spiritual crisis finally happened to him. He invited Owen to come out to his farm to hear more from John Calvin, and so he tells Owen, perhaps to adopt a new faith. Certainly the child of Torah and Torah must have weighed on his mind during this time. Owen agreed to come for dinner, as long as Heg is good enough to present it for the night, since Heg spent a few miles and Owen did not return by the

darkness. Heg was okay with that.

36. As soon as Otto had set out for the place of Heg with his message for Torah, Klaus became agitated. He walked with slow around the cabin for some time and then he went walking in the Woods.

Several days had passed since it had rained, which this morning had seemed fortuitous and when Klaus worked should have paid no mind to the ground or in the sky, because while the first drops began to fall it was rather lost. He argued a ravine that he had not seen previously, down which sat a small cabin and it has shrunk its route. The ravine was steep and it took a lot of time to make the descent. As he approached the bottom the rain was coming down very hard and he slipped and fell the last span and landed with the full force of his weight on his arms.

When he was caught he has believed that the arms and went up to the cabin and knocked on the door. There was no response and he struck again when he tried the handle and the door opened, he entered.

Was inside a big table and two chairs and a small woodstove and a bunk bed. A lamp of oil with a few candles and matches beside it sat down on the table. There was of firewood stacked on a corner and a clothesline was strung above the woodstove and along the wall there are some hooks which some shirts and a jacket hung. On one of the chairs sat a small pile of skins. Everything has been strung with cobwebs.

Klaus managed to receive a departure from fire, then detached from his wet clothing and has care them of the Clothesline. He put one of the shirts with the jacket and when a pair of wool pants lift it past those, also. Then he sat beside the fire, perhaps wondering what he could tell the owner when he came back, but no one came. Finally the rain stopped. The clothes were just his

size.

37. Otto had already delivered the message to Klaus to Torah and was returned to the hut so that Klaus left the cabin.

Torah had caught quite off guard despite the obvious approach of Otto, which incorporated several cough in the hand and a low whistle. Otto could have yelled to him had Klaus not defended it--the danger that even Heg would hear, Klaus said, was too great. Otto was no more than a few metres from her when she noticed him and his reaction, he said later, fought him almost in the Woods. She shook the strong baby at her breast and jumped out of his chair and pulled a small revolver that she could have held the whole time.

Otto raised his hands and said that he had not been armed and she paused and then German hesitant asked was what is he thinking coming from the woods like that. Later, Otto and Klaus would hear rumors turning the last attack a few miles to the West, and they discuss how everyone seemed on the augmented guard.

When Otto explained who he was, Thora dropped the gun and Otto dropped his hands, then gave the message of his Klaus. Torah believed that the gun closed and pulled closer to Otto and told him to repeat what he had said more slowly. He has broadcast the message again and then even we could hear Heg rising from the cellar next to the House and then Otto really withdrew to the Woods.

Otto would have naturally supposed that Torah had asked the message twice because his German was poor, but it wasn't even half the reason. The reason was this: the morning after the Torah was given on the day and even Heg had a good look at the child in the light of the day, it was quite obvious, as it would be to someone, the father was and even Heg must have lost the

compass briefly then, even when he held the baby in one hand he turned to Torah and it was punched on the side of his head with such force She said that something in his ear has to be broken and she lost her hearing in that ear. He was just starting to come back, and it was why, whenever she left the House now, she always carried a revolver - that she is not suddenly caught of guard.

By this time even Heg had long used to retire early and sleep deeply through the night. During this time Torah was awake at all hours taking care of the baby. The child was a troubled sleeper and frequently shouted. So this night - the night after his meeting with Otto - when Thora slipped in front of the bedroom of his father with the swaddled child against her breast and he pushed the Cree at the worst possible time, even Heg went really no more than on his side.

Thora followed the directions given to him by Otto. It was a clear night and the Moon was out. She went through the field quickly, cooing to the baby as she went. Klaus was waiting for him when she reached the far end of the field where the Woods began. He had sought Torah when she slipped out of the House and across the field under the bright moon and noticed about the glow of the revolver to Otto. Otto said simply, "I told you, she's got a gun."

Otto continued in front of them. Klaus offered to conduct Torah by hand but she had the gun and finally he persuaded her to return it to him and he slipped it into his belt. When they came to the cabin at the bottom of the ravine, Otto was hanging back while Klaus and Thora went inside and soon a small flame wavered in. Otto has waited longer time to apologize and work its way back above the ravine and through the Woods to the cabin.

The previous night, Klaus told Otto on this what he had stumbled in the Woods and that night they slept in the cabin, the door blocked if a visitor. But things had been quiet and the

morning Klaus had said that he did not believe that there is a lot of risk of the owner, if it was the right word, by returning anytime soon. In any case, he said, it was a risk he was willing to take - to love, he said and gave a wink.

38. Three of them met again the next night and the night after, but after Otto remained especially up to the cabin. From time to time, however Klaus would invite him along if, as Klaus expressed, nothing interesting has been planned. On such nights three of them could gather around the table in the dark glow of the candles and share a meal, courtesy of the cellar of even Heg.

A time when it looked like things might return interesting Finally, Otto apologized sooner, but it was barely beyond the door when the baby started screaming and Klaus reminded. Torah then showed him how believe the child calm and Klaus gave him a wink and an all ready on the shoulder and told him not to walk away, then close the door. And that was how things stood between them for some time.

39. Last one night, not long after, Klaus came to see Torah at home and just hit by the hut where Otto slept. He came and woke Otto and told him a little bit of that Torah had shared with him - of the gradual withdrawal of his father, his rage seizures, other things in which he would not go into any details, things that Torah was addressed briefly and had dropped then quickly.

Otto asked what he planned to do. Klaus said he still didn't know. He said he needed a little more time to think. Something, however, he said something should be done.

The next night Klaus went to the cabin quite early and said that Torah was not manifested at their appointed time. He said that he did not admit it, but he had grown very worried her forward and did not now know what he must do.

Otto asked if he was worried about the investigation at home and Klaus said yes, of course it previously estimated, but he wouldn't risk getting caught by the father of Torah. If even Heg knew that Klaus was there so he would surely find a way to keep him from seeing Thora, just at the moment where he had done before - and then there was no narration this what else he could do.

The reason for the absence of Torah that night was that when John Wesley Owen had last stayed with Hegg, even Heg had been very impressed by what the pastor said and told him that he would like to see him again before he left. But first he would need some time to think about things. And so Owen Revere despite his desire expressed support on, accepted the invitation of Heg make and spend the night.

When Reverend Owen arrived, Heg said he believed that the baby should be baptized by a true man of the cloth - and also, maybe with enough conviction, Torah could become a Methodist. Thora acted quite indifferent to all this and willing the whole to be finished business and her father and invited her to go to bed. But even Heg was resolved to discuss some theological points more perfect with Reverend Owen and they sat at the dining room table Cup after cup of coffee cooked in water - Owen was a teetotaler and has even not stored tea - until the sweat to be assembled both on their foreheads they became very animated. They remained in this discussion late into the night, long before even Heg would have gone to bed normally and Torah would have crawled before him with the baby.

40. Once again Otto has agreed to replace his brother. He came from the Woods and has hobbled across the field to where the House stood strangely candlelit. He went first to the window of Torah but here everything was dark, so he continued to the next window. The Earth had collapsed there because waffles and the height difference forced him to support its staff against the House and suspended from the edge of window and the kick himself upstairs. When he did, the threshold, which had already begun to rot any rain, tore free in his hand and he fell to the ground with a big thud.

Had same Heg was one he would not have heard it and it was Torah just was there with him, she might have said that were the new squirrels, but Owen Reverend had sharp eyes and ears and he jumped from his chair and went to the window and looked down and said, "It seems that you have a visitor."

When they brought Otto inside even Heg showed his gun to a Chair and told Otto to sit. HEG and Owen have been made starting from too much coffee and could not keep quiet. HEG kept the shotgun aimed in the general direction of Otto, but continued to move his weight in his arms. Maybe his age was recovering informed him. He asked what the young man was snooping around his house at such an hour. Otto said nothing and Heg asked again when Otto did not always, Thora, who had entered the kitchen, spoke to him in German and Heg and Owen for him to deal with.

She held the baby with one hand and the gun with the other. HEG returned to Otto but to Torah, then back to Otto and repeated his question, this time in German. When Otto was always reluctant, Heg raised the gun and has laminated back the hammer.

Klaus could not have been safe if he had heard one or two shots. He might have had air two, one right after the other, but that could have hit him like his ears playing tricks on him. This

might have been the first resonant sound of the wall of trees, the fact to ask things of warp to Earth until he reached her.

He had already left the cabin some time ago, after Otto was gone a long time. He skirted the treeline, already pushing down the steep slope where the forest gave way to fields of Heg, when the gun has suppuré. So Klaus is entered into a full race. He entered the House through the back door that slammed behind him and went through the kitchen, from the bedroom of Torah and Heg and stopped in the living room where they all were to separate corners. They turned to face him.

Thora was the closest, trying to calm the baby. Not far from his feet pose the revolver and not far from that a small hole in the lath. Otto was against the wall by the window, behind a Chair. Same Heg stood on the mantelpiece and must have been in a State of profound confusion. Owen Reverend, that Klaus must have recognized perhaps, was near the front door holding a rifle. When he saw Klaus he looked at it and tipped his head from one side to the other, then smiled. "Well", he said, "we meet again."

41. The first blow had been insanelly brand, much to the relief of everyone. He had come from the rifle and was gone somewhere through the roof. They discover exactly where till morning next where it was raining again. If even Heg had meant to draw, or if his finger is was just skinned the trigger and how big a role had been played by the interference of Reverend Owen when he grabbed the gun and he has suppuré and he pulled it out of the hands of Heg, could not be said. In any case, the ball had missed and Thora gun was suppuré, she said, without her equal understanding that his finger was on the trigger and the result of all this was that no one had been hurt.

Person other than even Heg, who when he saw Klaus here beside Thora and Otto nearby against the wall, must have assembled something in his mind that made him the sudden movement in their common direction, by catching the tip of his boot on the hearth and sending to the floor with such force that it went completely quiet a while and everyone believed him dead. He was not dead - yet - but he had hit his head quite hard against the floor and in the next few days he would have problem remembering things and spend many hours in bed asleep.

But before this happened, Reverend Owen explained how very odd this entire episode has appeared to him, because when they refused Otto in the House and Owen had had a chance to get a good look at him, him has it came to mind that he had seen the boy somewhere before. And it was strange because the boy seemed to say an Owen saw a few years ago and again very recently. And it was even when Heg was questioning him and Otto had such difficulty in responding, that image, Owen said he realized now, Klaus placed on the railroad must have shone through his mind and he was already moving to disarm Heg when Heg was ajar the hammer on the gun. And then when Klaus came in the rush and was there it seemed to Owen that he saw with a kind of double vision, both past and future, United in the present. Yes, he said, it was very strange indeed.

Reverend Owen remained at Hegg for another week, helping Torah to treat his father. And when it seemed that things would probably not improve for him, Owen ran a brief marriage ceremony between Klaus and Torah, for both of them is was entrusted, first separately and then together, what had occurred between them and the difficulties even Heg had done for them. And if we could say that their stories were not aligned in every detail, what story could? And if it seemed that Torah Heg was not entirely live with Klaus, it was true that Owen

Reverend was basically a man pragmatic, concerned more with what was better than what was best, with what was good, rather than what was right.

And so he got married with them one morning, since this was what they both claimed to want and since there wasn't anyone expressing its objections. The Lord was merciful and although this is covered there was no rain and the ceremony occurred behind the House in the field even Heg. It was over in ten minutes and then Reverend Owen picked its effects and he went on. By noon the rain had returned and it must have been grateful for a first start.

42. Same Heg died at the end of September after several weeks in bed. They buried him at the edge of the back field by the treeline, where the ground rose suddenly in the Woods. It was a quick ceremony.

Then things were quiet for awhile and nothing interesting has happened for years except during the warmer months Otto went to the cabin that Klaus had stumbled on before even the fall of Heg. Klaus has teased him because, even if the danger was small, there was a night in this House when, for a brief moment, Otto was sure he would die. Thora said Otto was just respectful and gave space to a young couple that they should have.

Provided that Korths had forced the truth from him, Otto could have said that everyone was right in part, but not in all, finally he had known since the arrival in America, he found that he had the problem in breathing though he spent too much time inside. Maybe not only even Heg House but every house was difficult to take now and the cabin itself was not much more than the hut where Klaus and Otto had hunkered down when they arrived first, like the off-the-laws, better. And, of course, at home would be the child, who always seemed to find its way into the arms of Otto whenever Klaus and Torah took a bit of time together.

Klaus and Otto have reaped what Heg and a little of his hired help had planted, but it wasn't much for three and they have established plans to plant more come spring.

Person of Skaun or went anywhere else to bother them this fall. Provided that someone was here, he might have said that the brothers of Korth seemed to have stumbled into a Kingdom all their own.

43. The winter of 1860-1861 was the like of which none of them had seen. Torah said that she had heard stories of such winters, the stories that his mother had spoken to Torah when she was young of his own youth in Norway, as well as transmitted stories of the grandparents and great-grandparents. She said that she wondered how those winters would have been comparable.

From time to time when they ventured into the city, as they called it, they hear a new misadventure: the snow so wet and strong as a roof collapsed; so cold and fierce winds killed livestock; a man who wandered, headed home from jobs and found weeks after when the wind knocked down a snowdrift low enough to reveal the corpse - the worst part being that he was in the cry of the distance of the House. Old cars said it reminded them of the storms made fly in from the sea, men swallowed up by waves and coughed up on the shore the day after.

A woman has lost her way back latrines and ended nine poor fingers. A child has lost half of its toes and the end of nose. After that, it was popular to run the wire to a back door to a secret. They tried it in the place of Heg, but could not receive enough tight wire and when the wind raised wire fouetterait against the House and Alma, the girl, wailing.

It was a hard, lean winter.

44. The spring of 1861 brought two new home of Korth, as was now called the House of

Heg. The first, which came in April, was the war between the States, began on the twelfth, but the news was another week by reaching Skaun, then still a breach of Korths. Even then, not many in Skaun have claimed to understand what it was, or where it might lead.

Where it led, eventually, was Klaus proposing for the 2nd Wisconsin, part of the so-called Brigade in iron that stood out to many commitments over the next two years. It seems that Klaus volunteering had nothing in common with patriotism or slavery, or even the desire to see the world, but rather with the second new, arriving a month after the news of war, which was that Torah was pregnant.

At the beginning of the war a married man with a family could count on thirteen dollars per month of active service, the premium of \$ 100 after the war. His wife or family received five dollars a month to the County and still five State for as long as he was in the service. Should he fall in battle, his wife or family saw a pension.

Klaus pulled the X next to his name in June just after the last of the spring planting was made and he gathered in the service the morning of June 11 to La Crosse.

Among the last things he could have seen this morning, before getting on the train to Chicago, there were twenty and a few Ojibwe Indians in full Royal regalia performing a dance of war on land of operation accompanied by shouts and whistles and not a bit of boos from the spectators. Some were volunteers. A good portion came as substitutes for whites, attracted here by what some brokers of the flesh well think about it. When they were finished, Ojibwe took their war bonnets and breastplates and fell in line. Then their uniforms were different no other man.

Their first engagement came several weeks later in Northern Virginia along a Potomac tributary called the race on the rise.

Otto might have preferred to stay in his cabin in the wood, but Klaus had ordered anything but join Torah in the House. Torah, Klaus said, he would not ask itself. Thora asked, in fact - before that Klaus is never brought up to Otto, but Otto was not mentioned. He put away his cabin the day before that Klaus is left to La Crosse and moved her things in the old part of even Heg at the back of the House.

From time to time, however after Torah had gone to bed, beside her, Alma Otto would steal the back door, packed against the wind and see the fields along the treeline and in the Woods to the old cabin to sleep.

Maybe he had to avoid a dream which has continued to visit, one he could thank Klaus, a dream Klaus said he woke from the morning of his departure. Otto would not have been able to tell just how closely his own dream resembled the one that Klaus had shared, because after enough of recurrences they placated together. That was how it went:

There were a lot of men going through a forest and they were all dressed alike. There were two women, a rather older than the other, although both are young has seemed quite nice despite nobody in the dream with a face. And the youngest was one way or another marked for death, while the oldest was marked for life. And in the dream he was among riders approaching women in their home and when other riders have charged that it was along them and him and the other riders have mounted the two women down under their horses and have mounted them. And soon there was other women and men, also and children and babies and animals all trampled down and the field they went through became a Lake of blood.

This change in sleep shifts must have been effective, as Otto kept this habit while nights were still warm enough. But soon the nights became cold and very early one morning when he woke up all kinds, there was Torah to the table and Alma in her lap and after Otto is more

mounted to the cabin at night, but remained in the old part of even Heg, as he had promised. It could if be produced with him that now he was nowhere the dream don't visit him.

45. This year winter came early, falling from mid-November to the Canada and the home of Korth hunkered down, prepared for the worst.

To the surprise of all the world, however and their considerable relief, by the new year the worst had passed and 1862 brought an early spring. February was kind of Torah and gave him an easy birth, without incident and now there were two girls in the House of Korth.

This spring has not looked like so many others, who had drowned farmers and cattle and had flooded fields. Instead he brought to the newcomers in the Steamboat of the downstream, some of them whites born by the native - singles, especially - especially as St. Louis, but the vast majority was families of considerable magnitude of the ordinary places on the ocean: the Norway, the Sweden, the Denmark. At home they had heard stories of the success that so many of their compatriots had become and if many of them arrived to meet the people who had fled the bad luck twice and had returned defeated, in the end the good stories - or, the desire to hear - took on all warnings.

There is this, too and it was quite considerable: at same time that settlers in Wisconsin have been afflicted with the storms and floods and disease, so their old compatriots have faced their own disasters. In 186 another flood on the scale of the great Christmas flood of 1717 moved still has thousands of peasants and on his back came the outbreak of cholera in the following winter. They saw almost the same thing next year and the year after and all the thousands of so-called lives were lost or destroyed. So the warnings of those returning, the horrors that they struggled so hard to pass, had no teeth they might have had otherwise. And maybe there were

some who found themselves in quite fortuitous position to find buyers for the properties they had supposed that they should simply abandon.

So this spring brought a flood finally and there were those who saw something else by chance in all this: on May 20, the deed was passed, giving a hundred and sixty acres of public land to someone who would be there for five years.

It was the beginning of the great earth fever, which has so much been written later. And was told that there were these contrary migrants who had returned to their natal country no more than half of the year that the hearing of the new Act, gave their new properties as fast they had previously and have endured the long way back again, as if all memory had been wiped out their minds in a lot of their departures and arrivals.

46. There were those, of course, for such outputs and return would thus not soon forgotten, because they had not been chosen, but have been forced on them.

In August of 1862, while Klaus, the 2nd Wisconsin regiment, saw his second defeat in the race to the rise and since the waves of new settlers swept the North demanding ever more plots of land, a party hunting four of Dakota Indians further down the Sioux Agency found five settlers by chance where they felt that the settlers must not have been. They killed the settlers and this triggered an order of strikes and contregreves, all very bloody, it lasted by the fall. The result of all this was that as much as eight hundred settlers were killed and a considerable amount of property has been damaged and the large numbers of settlers, those who had been in place for decades and them newly arrived, became refugees and fled to the East away from the border line.

Not all were so lucky. A considerable number ended up wounded, crippled and maimed; Some were kidnapped and violated some and some lost limbs and heads. An old man was tomahawked in bed. A child was torn from her womb and nailed to a tree. A woman was abducted and held captive for days and when she wandered back in civilization she seemed to have lost the ease for the language and soon thereafter be hanged.

Among these regulations the hardest hit by the conflict in short, double the Sioux uprising, was Skaun and among those who haven't fled not intact by these events were the household of Korth.

It was believed that something like the next thing happened: early in the morning of August 6 several Dakota warriors entered the settlement of Skaun and set fire to the houses and barns of dozens of settlers. They took the settlers especially unawares, for there had been no report of conflict nowhere near Skaun. Those who tried to escape from the different conflagrations were on when they ran out in the first dark light and were dispossessed hands, arms, legs and heads. The Warriors took their ears of removing time, languages, eyes, ends of each kind. They have mastered men and took their genitals and put them in the mouths of men and pushed then their daggers by the hearts of men or ripped their throats or simply opened their intestines and left them to bleed. While some of the men were still breathing and forced to watch, the warriors have done things to women who for a long time after no survivors could be done talking.

It happened as the previous night, Otto Korth had escaped from the House and was mounted to the cabin in the Woods. He must have slept quite firmly, because many had already occurred while it occurred.

Thora has been exceeded quite easily when she tried to flee the field back to the Woods. A trio of Dakota warriors ran down and took his revolver and separated her Alma and snatched the baby from her arms and threw it back and forth from one to the other, by putting more distance between themselves with each jet and lobant the child both sub - than from the top until one of them tired of the game and is left abruptly since the child sailed ahead.

When Torah yelled something that one of the Warriors made her fall and it has thrust so hard that his head bounced of the Earth.

Otto was the witness to all this when he came out of the Woods. He had no weapons on him save a knife and of course he was unable to move fast--his leg had disturbed her in recent days and was why it was mounted to the cabin the night before.

Alma was left unscathed. When the warriors came into the House and ran after Torah, chasing it out in the field, Alma sat at the kitchen table next to a window that must have offered a clear view of everything. If the warriors have even noticed it there, it seems that whatever interest it could have offered was not enough to divert them from his mother.

The warriors set fire to the House, the back shed, barn - all structures. They were quick to this and are not worried to do anything before the fire. When Otto reaches the House of Alma was always at the kitchen table. The kitchen was already filled with smoke when he came and took her by the arm and led her out into the field where Torah are, not far from the dead baby. Torah was twenty minutes or more in the return of consciousness. Otto could be wondered if she, too, was dead, but then she sat up quickly and turned to Otto and Alma and the burning house, as if she had no memory of what was happened.

When she saw the baby nearby in the grass she looked at it for a very long time, then folded his arms and began to make a sign of head and after a while she turned to Otto and she

laughed.

47. That night they went to the cabin. There was nowhere else. Otto has not slept, but Thora slept a lot. She lies on the bed where Alma could be designed. The laughter was the last thing to come from his mouth before she fell silent.

Alma, too, had said nothing. There was no crying, no tear - just a distant stare. She sat on a Chair against the wall with his back straight and his hands folded in his lap as if it was the company.

Otto is sitting by the door being careful in the dark. He had his knife and he had the gun. He had found the gun in the grass not damaged. From time to time he would address his head and listen and out stealthily then out a little. When he came back, Torah would still be asleep and Alma would have remained unchanged and it would look.

It rained that night and all the next day and they have not left the cabin. The day due to the rain stopped and they picked up their things and went down to the regulation.

Some fires were still burning and the smoke has meandered up in different places among the trees. The smell could have been the soot. They spent a body facedown at the edge of the track and slowed Otto, but the past so rushed. He had the knife and he had the gun. It could have considered due to come home for the rifle, but thought better.

He left them in the cemetery and walked up and down the road with a bag on his shoulder and the gun fired. He went from House to House, looking in the windows blown out, knocking on doors before the entrance. After a while he left knocking, emerged just in the way and shouted is someone here. There was no one.

In the letter he sent to Klaus he included only the most naked of details. He said only that there was an attack, that many people had been killed, a lot of property and homes destroyed and he should know that when he came back he would find that regulation, Skaun, especially party. A small number, some of those whose homes had escaped the fire, returned, he wrote, but most of the people brought the East and went elsewhere. Finally he said in passing that the baby did not survive. It was all that he said. The young office worker who wrote the letter for him was also called Otto and they have managed to get a brief chuckle.

48. The letter never reached Klaus, who a week after it was sent was at Antietam. They say that he had managed to survive every battle since the race upside without so much as a scratch. After a while he has earned a reputation and there were some men in his unit who made it a point to stick close to him because we thought he should be preferred in one way or another. But at Antietam he shot a rider and his horse, in which appeared later as madness, climbed into the saddle.

They say that he sat up there pulling the enemy from above and killing many men. But then without warning the horse stood up and threw the saddle and he landed very hard on his back and was stunned. Those who saw it happen said once they were sure that he must be paralyzed. The injury was not that bad, but it ended up being the kind of thing that makes sending a man to the infirmary. And it was while he was recovering there that a new batch of reinforcements was introduced and Klaus was given leave to visit his family.

So Klaus knew nothing of what had happened until the train reached Chicago and some men sat nearby in discussing the latest titles. And it was especially always ignoring details until it is on the led North from a boat of La Crosse. When he reached Skaun noted that it was almost

entirely abandoned without a small contingent, who had decided to return, maybe from time to time pure obstinance, but also probably because they couldn't see how they were to go anywhere else for any reason.

He stayed there for a few days, learning what he could from what had happened and little talking spoke to bury the bodies of those who had been given. A few months later he would be difficult always to say with certainty how many had been killed, because a body could feel somewhere unexpected, or a piece of someone who had already been buried. Klaus helped where he could, but in his condition, he did much in the way of turn and disappear, he was pretty fast on his back.

So Klaus is mounted the road of regulation at home who with the Heg barn, had burned to the ground. He sought among the ruins, then crossed the field in the Woods and came down to the cabin. The cabin was clean, but not damaged. The oil lamp has disappeared and there was that a candle placed on the table by her own wax and burned almost to the bottom.

Klaus had matches and with his knife he fished the wick in the wax and caught a brief flame, then came out on the porch and sat and listened to the forest. When the game of mosquitoes on him he lit a pipe, a habit of the army and when it has more kept them at Bay he returned inside and asked and slept.

49. A few weeks later Klaus entered the village of Plainview along the River Black where a number who had fled Skaun were gone. The Mule in which he went on he had loaned to a man called Olson provided that he makes in two weeks. Klaus said that he hoped that it would not need two weeks.

Klaus described Otto and Torah and Alma and said there was a baby that he still did not know the name and he was sent to a farmer called Grigg on the edge of town, who took in a number of such people. By the end of the afternoon he was on a strike by the barn of the farmer with Otto.

Otto had gone to meet him while Torah remained inside. Otto began to tell him of the State she was in, not much different than the day of the attack, after she came back to consciousness and Alma and how she had spoken since that day either. Grigg was very nice of them, Otto said, also had everyone, even what they themselves had little to spare. Grigg took in more people that it should have probably, Otto said and who was to his credit.

Klaus made a nod of the head and was silent for a while. Eventually he put his hand on the shoulder of Otto and thanked him for what he had done. Bad as things were, he said, he would not believe how things could be parties had Otto not been there, it was just Torah were and Alma and the baby.

Klaus paused and said, "The baby - a boy or a girl?"

Otto frowned. He has said, "it was a girl."

Klaus well took the news.

Otto waited outside while Klaus entered the barn, in the improvised where room they stayed and talked with Torah. He tried to finish by telling him how it happened, but she would not talk to him. She lies on the bed facing her and after a while she turned on its side and faced a stone wall.

Alma was little receptive. She sat down in the Hay with her legs folded under her and his hands folded in his lap and stared at a space about a foot beyond his nose.

Klaus went out and went to Otto. His breaths were quick and shallow. He held a hand to the small of his back and placed his other past staff of Otto, just under the hand of Otto and held it there. Then he extracted staff to Otto and used it at the same time to give him a little push. Otto has stumbled, but grabbed her himself and then Klaus turned and went down the lane under the trees, leaving Otto in a cloud of flies made intervene with the Mule.

50. Otto did not Klaus again for three days. A few times he would ride in the Mule and would ride the channels, looking for it, but couldn't find any trace. He would try to spur on the Mule in the Woods but the Mule is not dropped by the trees. The third night, returning to the barn, he spent his walking staff supported against a fence. There was smoke just inside the doors.

The uniform of Klaus is piled up in a corner of the barn. He had put one of Otto shirts and a pair of his pants, but always wore his military boots. He held the pipe in one hand and the barrel of the gun of Torah in the other. The rest of the gun is in pieces on a stump by his knee. There was a cloth and an oil next to him. The balls were arranged in a net rank with their points referred to the top.

Otto took his staff and led the Mule in the barn.

51. Who was at the end of August. A few smaller incidents like that at Skaun occurred over the next few weeks and we couldn't say with certainty later which was triggered by the Indians or settlers seeking punishment.

In October the Federal soldiers were made to enter and attacked the District of the suspected perpetrators and in November in Mankato army hung 38 Dakota men.

It was not enough to stifle the clamor for retribution. Settlers to Minnesota to Wisconsin demanded expulsion of all Sioux Indians Dakota territory, with all the Ho-chunks which, despite contrary evidence, were supposed to have been the co-conspirators in the massacres.

At the end of this year a secret society formed in Mankato. It is called the Knights of the forest and its members were devoted to the removal, by all means necessary, of all the Indians of Ho-Chunk and Sioux of Minnesota. The company was so popular that within weeks several satellite pavilions, as we called them, formed in neighbouring regulations on both sides of the Mississippi. The last Pavilion this year was at a place called the Whitehall on the river Trempeleau, where some refugees from Massacre Skaun settled.

Klaus Korth, officially a deserter and on the run since September, was one of his members melting.

52. Once the new year was again a wave of migrants back in Norway, which meant another blessing for those conservation. Grigg had offered initially for Korths to stay as long as they needed, but when, because buyers could not be found, several houses were suddenly abandoned, Otto and Torah and Alma went to live somewhere a few miles down the road, closer to other settlers, along a Brook still called.

They moved here a day so cold that their votes might have been audible for a mile had any one of them uttered a Word. But the only thing that has escaped the mouth of Thora was more a kind of laughter and Alma was still dead silent and Otto seemed oddly at ease in a world shorn of discourse. Maybe's it even preferred.

Sometimes however a desire for a little voice may have overwhelmed the need and Otto would go hiking at the top to visit Grigg or go down to the village to hear the news. This could

be a simple need, as yeast for bread or corners for an axe and then perhaps Otto was grateful that his solitude did not seem too obvious to others. And sometimes, when he visited Grigg spoke with villagers, or has simply strolled to the back of the haberdashery shop, he could hear, strewn between war news and weather conversation and speculation of the next season, rumors of foresters, as some have called the Knights when they hoped to be circumspect. Rumors could center around the head counts, but the conversation would come in low tones, so that Otto has found it hard to receive a well read on all departures on.

From time to time, however when the villagers leaned close and have lowered their voices when Otto was within earshot and threw a glance over their shoulders, it must have seemed that they held a secret that they feared would come out stealthily and would roll in his attention. If he thought that they were speaking of Klaus, terrible things they had heard that he had done and how happy they were to hear it, it would not be wrong.

53. Sometime in February an army man is brought to Plainview to Klaus Korth. He said that Klaus was a deserter and he had a warrant for his arrest. At one point man suggested to the farm of Grigg and this must have been Grigg who directed him to the place of Korth.

The man went the piece to the piece by the House. When he had sought the House he came out to the shed and barn and searched there too. Otto waited on a stool by the front door. When the man returned, he told Otto to spread the word to his brother of his situation. Otto said that they would certainly do so, when they saw him.

They have never seen him, it seems, but they have probably heard of him.

Later, people have said that Klaus must have been crazy. By all accounts he killed, personally, more of twenty Indians of Ho-Chunk and Sioux, most of them the Ho-chunks without

connection to what was happened to Skaun. Klaus Korth, the Indian killer - this was how he was known. There were even write up in the paper.

Knights of the forest were intended to be secret that they were, but the names have been disclosed, associates found. People wanted to know who the heroes were.

Once a reporter manifested himself to the place of Korth, but returned to Plainview in saying that the House was full of dumb. Another reporter came while Otto cut a wood, a thin man in municipal clothing, book in hand.

When the reporter was in the range, Otto shot the gun - the gun of Torah, that Klaus had cleaned and had seen him - and had fired on the ground between them. The reporter turned on his heel and no one has bothered them after that.

54. Last Otto would have heard, Klaus had turned the outlaw and the game of Minnesota for the territories. It seems that one of its type Foresters had delivered him for reward money and when two officers have tried to understand the Red Wing he killed an and crippled the other somehow. It was 1863 and Klaus used to violence. He always skated along its edge and now he kissed him. Perhaps it seemed to Otto that his brother became a man to be counted.

A year later, when the war fell, Thora tore his wrists one night while in the bath. For some reason she had opened the window wide before climbing into the water. Otto has not discovered it until morning. An exceptional cold front had descended from the Canada that night and when he found her all of his nose on was down under saving pink ice. He used the heel of his shoe to divide it.

Otto and Alma stayed in the House in the spring and half of the summer and then they moved again, this time to little milltown called explored a few miles to the North on the Black

River. Otto has found a job in a sawmill that had just opened and, ten years later, when she was old enough, Alma took the job a half mile upstream to a mill knitting. As far as the work went it seemed to him to be fine - she worked alone and never to say a Word.

55. 1874 was memorable.

For years after their transfer to the territory of Dakota was there reports of small bands of Indians of Ho-piece walking from one place to the other in the border of the State. It was believed that some of them have started to drift back as soon as they reached their newly designated houses and were the eyes of the cavalry as American. Others traveled even not in the West, but had entered into hiding in the forests of the North where they were sometimes although not always approved by other tribes. Winter in 1874 a huge group of Ho-chunks was seen trekking to the North along the Black River. Memories and said that memories of 1862 came in brimming in and soon there was an uproar among settlers. Such a threat to peace and domestic public order, they said, must ultimately be addressed. The applications were heard in Madison and not long after Washington and into fall the last "misguided groups", the authorities announced, had been collected and returned to their designated houses.

These same firestorms of summer torn land well-defined, so noted - and dotted with notch that travellers have said she was like tripping over a desert. About two thousand souls and two million acres were mounted in a conflagration along the Green Bay three years earlier, the same day that Chicago burned. Came here now of days when the sky turned black with smoke and soot, and each staggered by a mist due to lack of sleep. Accidents and injuries in the mills became more frequent when they were already widespread and men and boys made it to the home of the missing fingers, hands, arms. A Swede in America less than a week was beheaded

by a circular saw; It appeared that he had fallen asleep. Above the trees at night the horizon would circulate and vacilleraït.

Finally, they came in droves. Wisconsin Central Railroad Company, indicating selling his adjacent landholdings North of Mosinee, leased land and immigration officers to promote the land of cutover from the North to the potential settlers in Europe. Twenty thousand brochures sent to Germany only this year have increased risk of Prairie, with their lightning and tornadoes storms and snowstorms and the benefits of forests to putting away. Some of those who stood by the train, when they saw how things stood with the so-called forest land, really have bought their way back the same day.

Many others wanted to stay. For them it was a miracle to have done so far on so little. There were those among them who are left with nothing because there is nothing. It was the moved. In November of the previous year the Baltic overflowed again, the coast of Denmark to Pomerania flooded. Entire towns had been flooded and rubbled. Three thousand homes were destroyed, three hundred drowned or otherwise killed, fifteen thousand homeless. The Eckernförde, the border region for the years between the Saxons and the Danes, was cleaned in an afternoon.

There these newly arrived immigrants, perhaps on their way to North always filled with hope and anticipation, or was the head of the South back guessing that they had been duped, that would have been the witness to a view very unusual, although few if any of them could have known what they were seeing. Around this time some communities began to form small historical societies and clubs of old settlers; the border was almost gone, changed to the West and there were those who found it. A collective effort by some of these associations had gathered a group of old people, the last of their kind, for a long drive to train dedicated to the evocation of

memories and wonder all the progress that the railroad introduced. The Stevens Point Journal reporter joined them and recorded a few of what they said. Some came from the Canada by canoe in the early years of the century. Some of these men have said that they were quite impressed by the changes that they had witnessed and were witnesses even now.

The reporter wrote later that one of the men, who had been quite reluctant everywhere in the trip and had seemed to be actually quite skeptical of the case to this day, after they had crossed the noted - the lands that timber companies had purchased from the railroad and saw fires here and still smouldering there in the charred Earth without sorry men has refused to speak English then and went wrong rather completely to the Canadian french. At the beginning he was the only one, but after a while, by seeming to come to the same conclusion, the guy next to him did the same. They talked to each other in french for a while, lowering their voice incrementally old travellers, who continued to converse in English, throw away ever more heated eye shots in their direction. Finally their voices have become so low, the reporter wrote, nobody could make out their words except themselves, when they have looked carefully at the window and showed from time to time something of interest or displeasure and made a nod, made a nod. Finally they went silent and said nothing in English or french and it seems that it was the last anyone outside their company has heard this language.

56. After the floods a large number were unable to go to America or have felt no desire at all for a long trip and start again in a strange land. Maybe their own land were strange.

Among the displaced by recent floods who emigrated was Adolph Beck family, the son of Adolphus Beck, the brother of Rudolf Beck notorious. It was believed that the clan of Beck

had descended from Blekinge in the South Sweden when Pomerania was under Swedish rule and have lived near Stralsund for awhile before emigrating to Schleswig.

Adolph Beck had been quite unlucky in marriage early in life. His first two wives had died both in labor with their first children. It was only his third wife who survived long enough to carry the son, Konrad, in 1874. Three years later, after they were forced from their home on the Eckernförde Bay, they went to the East rather than the West and left to Rügen, where the daughter, Klara, is born who has kidnapped his mother. After that Adolph Beck not married again. Some said he endured some accuse his misfortune, as he married only with women small framed, delicate, knowing the reputation of children of Beck, boys and girls alike, to be much larger than most.

57. Karl König was the name of one of the new neighbors of the streams when they went live on Rügen. Because of their name, men of the clan of König, who had a reputation for bragging, relatives claimed with any number of older and newer German kings. The connection seemed to them and even to a few others, quite reasonable. But in fact it seems that the first on the record of their line was an actor with a troupe of medieval travel, a man called Taddeusz Krol, which in Polish means "King". He had earned this name because a King was the part that he has performed more often. And when he gave up acting and went into the service of a German Duke in another capacity, his name must have been translated into König, much in fun of the Duke. During this time, Karl's mother, Ludmilla, came from a family of Kashubian took root long West of Danzig. The family name was Niemec, which means "German", so there is not much in the history of the König line without complication.

Karl König was married with Anna Korth, the youngest of August and the children of Amelia Korth. They had two sons who survived to adulthood, both called as their father. We called the oldest, Karl Friedrich, Fritz; the youngest, Karl Wilhelm, was initially called Willi, but later went by Wim. It was believed that Fritz has taken after Karl, a man a little haughty and too sure, given the fact of speaking her mind too without hesitation. It was said that Wim resembled more Anna, a quiet, perceptive woman. Eight years have separated, yet their bond was strong.

Since they lived on adjacent lands, streams and Königs saw much of the other. Wim, Konrad and Klara were all very close in age, and as children they often played together. For several years Wim and Konrad were inseparable, but the time they came to see things differently and have grown apart. But Wim and Klara remained very close and shared a lot with the other.

It has been said by some and Anna König was among them, that August Beck also loved her daughter Klara. Some have said the same of his brother Konrad.

58. In 1888 Klara Beck gave birth to a son. She had inherited part of his mother, who became more evident as she aged, so that the son, like all boys of Beck, was very large and made its taxation of labour. A doctor who came to examine left quite worried about his situation and the result was that after he did a survey on it from time to time.

This same year Fritz König, now twenty and one years, left for America. He and his father Karl had been fools for a long time and none seemed very sad to say goodbye to each other. But we said that Wim, now thirteen, admired his brother very much and he looked at the ship of Fritz go until it disappeared from view. The brothers were still allies against their father.

Fritz arrived in Baltimore and went by the train entirely in Wisconsin. He stayed for some time with his mother's brother, Otto Korth. Anna had recommended that Fritz go home first. Otto then had forty-eight years and lived alone. He was a lifelong bachelor.

A man name Sven Holm, a Danish widower, had proposed marriage to Alma Korth the year before and had been accepted. Alma was of thirty well gone now and Holm was the first man ever to show her interest. Holm said he enjoyed his silence. He had a daughter called Eva, which was quite good during the conversation. All agreed that she would someday be a great beauty and she was full of life very.

This year in Germany was later called the year of three Kaisers. Wilhelm, who had reigned over Prussia for almost 30 years, died in early March. His son Friedrich, who had distinguished himself in the second war of Schleswig, died in June after just ninety days to rule. Then the throne has passed to his son William, who had turned twenty-nine.

Eight years have passed and things were mostly quiet.

59. In April of 1896 Wim König, now twenty-one years old, got into a steam ship in Hamburg tied for America. Klara Beck and his son Klaus went with him.

Their ship, the Dresden, has bypassed the Frisian Islands East and West before installing to Ramsgate in England to take on more passengers. When they crossed the law of Dover Klara remained below the bridge while Wim and Klaus went above watch the cliffs by the fog. Klaus, who had heard lots of America, mistook the cliffs of Dover with the cliffs on Rügen and believed that their ship had turned and was conducted at home and it turned suddenly very worried and started screaming. It took a lot to Wim to clean this misunderstanding.

A few days later, Klaus turned eight places on the shoulders of Wim. A whale had been seen, dead or death and many people went to the rails see the supposed to sharks. Klara might have been out near the stern with a hand on her stomach, watching the darkness cut water. She was nineteen years old and eight months pregnant.

60. They have been treated in Baltimore and were then transported West by the railroad in Ohio and Baltimore through Pennsylvania and Ohio and Indiana, Chicago up spent, before be dumped in Milwaukee lakefront. Perhaps it seemed that they are returned to the sea. Here they would have been swallowed up by another train that took them first the West then north up through the silted Plains cut by streams and rivers, which have gradually turned to the swamps, then great swaths of land of cutover with only the first traces of future wood. Eventually they would pass through the dark corridors of pine and FIR where the Sun withdrew as they were in the dark. The darkness will retain when they arrived at their destination, a milltown on the Black River called explored.

Fritz met them with a forklift and a mule. Dinner was potatoes and leeks, a loaf of rye and the milk. Fritz had prepared a bed to himself in the shed.

That night the child came. The cause might have been shutdown suddenly after so much transit. There was no time for preparations or find a doctor.

The morning they dug the hole. They chose a spot back at the edge of the field by a few pines. It took them several tries because of all the roots and rocks and because, after a winter hard, the Earth only has been still not entirely thawed. The brothers exchanged between the spade and choice while Klaus sat watching them up in a grafted maple top.

They had packed Klara in a flax she had brought from home as if for the occasion and they had asked him close in the shadow, in the expectation be fast. The baby lies next to her on the hand.

The Earth has been fighting them all morning. When they received the hole as good happen it is asked. Wim called up to Klaus to descend, but the boy climbed higher. Then Fritz called, too, said they buried his mother and could use his help. Klaus continued to go higher and higher, the decline of members when he went. He kept them his back as they ride dirt and there gave a tight slap.

Klaus remained up in the tree by dinner and remained there long past dusk after the brothers had gone to bed. Come the morning he was still there, his legs hanging the limp, her head dropped.

Wim came out to the tree, calling out his name when he went. He was just under the tree, calling to him, when Klaus's eyes are open and he lost balance and dropped head first from the tree. He met the Earth with his elbow and all his weight behind him and arm needs to be folded under him with a huge slam.

61. They gave Klaus an old Bohemian down the road called Novak. It wasn't exactly a doctor, but they agreed that he should do.

At a table of pine forest Novak held the arm of Klaus, muttering in a hodgepodge of German and Czech. When he finished he asked Klaus in his own bed and fed him the brandy and closed the door.

In the kitchen he has removed his metal edges, then took a SIP of brandy and gave it to Fritz. The bottle has worked its way around.

Novak made a nod to the table, where the swaddled baby. He asked if it was a boy or a girl. Wim said that it was a boy. Novak was asked if he had a name, and Wim did not say, not yet. Novak took a shot closes the bottle, then another and hit the baby's head. "No hair", he observed, "just bald." He asked his other past his own forehead and made him slide up on his head and down the back of her neck. "Like me."

He spent the bottle to Fritz. "Maybe you call it Pavel", he said, and when Wim was asked who was Pavel, Novak smiled, in drumming his fingers against his chest. "It's Pavel", he said. Then he handed his glasses on and leaned the child. "Pavelka", he whispered, "Pavelka".

62. They found Pavel for a while, but agreed that it never stopped feeling strange about their languages and finally they bequeathed to Paul.

Wim wouldn't Klara, but he would take long walks alone at the top the way and back down and sometimes it would disappear for hours in the forest. For some time, Fritz enabled him to walk.

One day, however Fritz said Wim they should find another arrangement. Soon enough, he said, he would lead the North back to the camp of timber. Then it would be just Wim alone.

Wim said that he wondered what he could do for work. He said that he had hoped when he left Hamburg, to find work in the notants camps like Fritz, but the way things were parties who seemed more possible. Fritz said that there might be work in the sawmill. They should go and ask together.

They went, but the answer was not, the mill was not renting. The mill was surpourvu staff, in fact and would probably be so in winter. There was a lot of newcomers and it took longer and longer for the logs to the mills. It was not like used to be.

They asked around if any such necessary additional hands of farmers, but farmers said they did not. There was more than enough hands lately.

Eventually Fritz said he had an idea. They should go visit their uncle Otto. Perhaps it might help them, one way or another. And so they did. They left Klaus and Paul with Novak and when they were gone, Novak, trekked in the city and had brought Paul Blanka daughter for her to heal.

63. Part of the difficulty was that the arm of Klaus had not healed as everyone had hoped. Novak said he had made the sound better doctoring in amateur, but it was not enough. They could not know it yet, but in time the arm will wither and would be useless. It had been a few years occupied for Fritz and he had not returned to see Otto. When they reached the cabin of Otto they found she opened but empty and they agreed that it seemed abandoned. He had taken all day to reach the cabin and stayed there that night on beds of reduction of branches of pine woods.

The next morning they went to Sven and Alma Holm. Fritz says that Otto has become finally solitary being, living all alone without Alma and has left his cabin and left to live with them.

It was only another ten more miles west and they arrived late in the afternoon. Fritz had not seen Sven or Alma since he had last seen Otto.

Sven and Alma were both at home, with Eva, but Otto was not there. Otto, Sven told them, had passed a few months ago and said he was going to the North. Sven, he said, had asked why and where and do what, but Otto was not interested to discuss such details. This had grown to be increasingly the case in recent years, Sven said.

Alma said as usual nothing. She was about forty now and might have said that many words in all his years of marriage.

Sven said that he regretted that he does not tell them what had become Otto, but it was their uncle had said before that he's gone. They had heard nothing since.

Eva returned to care at the goats and immediately Fritz has distributed his surprise. Eva had grown a lot since he had last seen it. She was a young girl more, but on the heels of femininity.

While Alma and Eva have prepared dinner, men have waited out on the porch and Fritz explained the situation. Sven said he was sorry to hear of the loss of Wim. Fritz asked Sven if he had any words of advice for Wim, seeing as he had been in a similar situation once.

Sven said that it seemed to him that his situation was not so bad. He went there to have a child, he said, and Eva was no longer a baby. Fritz agreed that if many were certainly true.

Whenever Eva heard his name his ears erect.

Sven took his hat and ran his hand through his hair. He said that he assumed that the proper thing to do would be to help them. He recognized, however that the perspective of a child, let alone two, is not exalted him. But, he said after a little hesitation, there was what he could do: they could treat Klaus and Paul until another arrangement could be found - I hope, he said, efforts have been made to find them. As soon as Wim had incoming money he would need to send a portion to them. Fritz said it was just only.

So all three are shook and Eva, who must have listened to indiscreet manner by the door, left, smiling ear to ear and said that it was all very exciting, she couldn't wait. So she put we can put the shoulder of Wim and one on Fritz and gave them both a Pang closes. To this, Sven rested and watched from beneath his brow.

That night they stayed with Holms. The next night they came back to the old cabin of Otto and the following afternoon they returned to explored. All along the way Fritz has continued to report their conversation to Eva Holm.

64. Soon after they returned to Holms with Paul, but Klaus stayed with them until it is time to go to the Woods.

Fritz camp boss had hired Wim based on Fritz's reputation as a good worker, although he added that he hoped that Wim was less of a provocateur than his brother. Fritz laughed, but the man said that he was not laughing.

When it came time to leave, however, Novak came to see. He talked with them privately, and he said that if it was fine with them, he offered to treat Klaus winter. He said that he had not stopped bothering him, how poorly the arm had healed. They resisted at first, but Novak said please, it was a part he could do and they caved.

So Klaus returned to Novak, and it was where he stayed in winter and part of spring.

Meanwhile, Novak has depressed more Klaus to the haberdashery shop owned by his son-in-law Hahn, to place the boy in the company of others. Novak Blanka daughter was always there with their son Viktor, and for some time the two appeared to leave. But not long after that Klaus began to frequent the store, the cat, who never left the window, took to cover up under the shelves and then one day Viktor increased with a large Welt on the side of his head. Viktor said that it came from Klaus, that's why when Novak was next in, Hahn took him aside and asked that Klaus is not here unless Novak is with him. In any case, Hahn said, using a broom to remove the cat from under the flour, it will really the boy not to repeat so much knowledge.

Winter Novak and Klaus have left almost never home, and there are those who have said that during all this time alone with Klaus must have led Novak in the Earth, because at the end of this winter his heart has distributed and he died.

So Blanka and Hahn have taken the responsibility of Klaus until Fritz and Wim are out of the Woods. And the next time Blanka tried to rebuke them, because Viktor said that Klaus had pushed him into a wall, Klaus hit her on the side of his face with such force that she said she saw stars. Klaus had used his good arm, obviously, who had already become very strong. And it was no coincidence that what he struggles came after Viktor had teased him about his other, withered arm.

Hahn then found himself in the position to need to use a cane against the behind of the Klaus repeatedly and her resentment at the need to do might have found relief in the Act.

That was how things stood until after the spring race, when Hahn spoke with Fritz and Wim and told them that things as they could not be.

65. The next time they went to visit Holms, the brothers brought to Klaus with them. They spoke with Sven and although he has hesitated, he said that its initial offering always, rose provided that Wim increases the portion of his wages he sent. While they were discussing these details they have noticed that Eva had taken Klaus out on a walk and held his good hand and Klaus spoke to him of something. They seemed to have a conversation. And as they looked, none of them could have helped noticing that she was now a woman.

That autumn Klaus went to live with Holms and Fritz and Wim returned to camp noting. Before they left, Eva told them, "it will be good, the two brothers finally together under one roof."

66. And so things have gone rather slowly for a number of years. Each became older and accustomed to each others rhythms and habits. In summers Wim would help his brother to improve his small firm and after the harvest, when the weather deteriorated, they would leave Klaus with Holms and would go to the Woods.

At this time Klaus had become quite attached to Eva, and each agreed that she appeared to have a calming, civilizing him. In Summers he wrong turn to his sullen, irritable me and still Holms demanded he behaved himself rather well at their house.

Increasingly, Fritz would speak to Wim of Eva and one day while they are déridaient a large pine Fritz acknowledged that he had a plan in the works, which have involved to accumulate enough money so he could buy a better plot of land and build a suitable House and he believed that he could leave the conversation to Sven and tell him of his interest in Eva.

Wim listened carefully, then asked how much Eva was aware of these intentions. Fritz, smile, said that he believed that she had a notion. He wouldn't say any more than that.

Wim said that he assumed he could work. Fritz swelled up his chest and said, of course, she would work - she couldn't say no. Wim has set an end of seeing, which meant that Fritz had to address an end. Wim has said that with a woman like that, one would think there will be someone else in the drawing. Fritz said he was quite right and still he has not seemed to be the case. Wim said there should only be so lucky.

67. When Fritz and Wim then came from the Woods they were Fred and Bill. It occurred because for some time there was a man in the camp who, when he learned that they had Karl Friedrich and Karl Wilhelm in their workplace, took the appellation of them Karl, who had

successful briefly, but did not last. Then he began to call Kaisers. Others might him calling them in on the joke, but the man was a big huge pole of a part of the Poland long under Prussian rule. He was told to go with a chip on his shoulder and an axe to grind and was very aggressive about that.

He and Fritz had come almost to backwards the proper way to edit to see and fast enough it came down in the calumnies and slander and no one quite knew how things would go between the men except that they could not finish.

In fact, however, nothing happened much after that, except that one day the brothers of King stood in front of each and asked that they are called by their newly chosen names and everyone should respect it, even the great Polish. He was part of the code by which all woodsmen endured him we should call a man no matter what name he has chosen for himself. All took this code quite seriously and they respected him even when they did not like.

There was also this, freely admitted - although only one to another and after only after a fair amount of brandy: none of them never liked his name a lot and thought of the peeling and the admission of a different name, formed a new life in a new land, was something that they both have found quite charming.

So Fritz and Wim, now Fred and Bill, went to visit Holms when they came out of the Woods and the situation they found it wasn't since they left.

In winter, Sven told them, Klaus had become suddenly very cold to everyone in the House other than Eva. He refused to talk to someone but he and Eva have refused to listen to someone, but Eva. The situation had become quite dreadful.

Wim - i.e. Bill - Klaus pulled aside and asked to know what was wrong with him, but Klaus refused even to look at. And Bill could let him down again and have brought his arms had

Klaus not due to launch a furious look to where was Fritz - Fred - and Eva was placed next to the other having a conversation. Bill began to berate Klaus for his attitude and his behavior, but maybe more he threw a glance to Fred and Eva, he had the impression that himself has participated in any feeling Klaus must have had just then. And this could only be increased when Fred, by detecting maybe it was stared at, threw a glance - with a look in his eyes that would not have been visible before. The eyes may appear to be innuendo about how glad they were to see how things were going. So in the end the conversation would go nowhere, except that Bill could have seen things with new eyes and see them from a different angle. And he would not know quite how things were different between himself and his brother, except that they were.

68. When they returned to camp, he did not have one great desire of others noted how the Brothers appeared to be less able to take each others company for a long time.

Bill went finally to the boss of camp and has talked with him and camp boss said that he would make arrangements for that Bill is moved to a different crew, but that he should wait at least a day while he discussed the case with other men and found someone willing to make a change. A lot of men, he said, have made attention very with which they would go and do not work.

Before that Bill is gone, the camp boss said that he was asked how long it would take. The brothers, he said, could never work together for a long time. Something always managed to wedge his way between them.

As it happened, some complications occurred the next day involving a pair of horses and then he had an injury, a foot crushed, which seemed to come from nowhere and when the camp

boss sought Bill approaching him after dinner he told him that he should wait, life came in the way.

And so another day spent without a change and later the morning after Bill and Fred were once against at the opposite purpose of seeing.

They would drop a red pine and they seemed to work against the other, unable to receive their rhythm down, or who wanted to maybe - could not repeat for sure. Just when Bill settle into a rhythm and a corner, it seemed that Fred expels him faster or slowing down, or by moving the angle of seeing and pushing when he should have shot only and will be allowed to be fired, since it was the only way to do. And finally it seemed that Bill had had enough and he began to make what he must have thought that he had arrived. And almost immediately Fred seemed to respond by making the fire. Any Viewer might have said that at any time both had certainly come to blows.

They were on a considerable slope with Fred on the end of descent of things. When they had bequeathed to this tree Fred acted hesitatingly at first, because, as everyone knew, he avoided getting into the positions of feeling awkward as far as possible. It was one of the reasons why so many men have preferred not to be on the other end of his seen - it had a reputation for being surprudent. In case he was forced to drop a tree on a steep slope, he would still have faced certainly in the best position.

This morning Bill saw the tree and had walked up to him with seeing on his shoulder and began barking from him. Fred had been out watching him for a while until that Bill has paused in his work long enough to wipe his brow and give a look forward. With a fury, Fred had dropped his package and had removed the second handle and had tied him up and took custody of tooth, and received the loan. Then he turned his back and wet.

When Bill has finished barking he crashed in the best position, slightly uphill and waited. Fred was looking at it for a few moments and then reduced eyes and he leaned and spit. His mouth was curled into a smile as he wiped with the back of his neck and he looked away.

Fred entered the position, waited for the short time, then said, "Me" and pulled. The teeth have cringed in the Woods and they were disconnected. He went slowly up to about a third of the way through and it was when Bill needs to be convinced that Fred was struggling against him.

At any time any one of them could have stopped to shoot, having dropped its handle and have declined. To see would go anywhere for it was plenty deep here. Rather they continued to fight against the other, back and forth, saw him chewing deeper and deeper, in front at halfway point, the kerf spitting on the snow first as the perfect fries and dust, sliding so suddenly in the exuberant blond curls - surely nice to see - before no matter what, it seemed, recorded the sound something from deep in the belly of the tree, a loss of signal of groan, then a series of noises hard-hitting since timber exploitation yielded. Then the tree swung the right very quickly and jumped from the strain and came down with its strength on Fred.

Later, everyone remembered how things had seemed to become quite heated between the brothers. And some even said that must have there more of an effort to separate them. It wasn't that others have suspected foul play - although perhaps some greenhorns, without a good of how difficult he should murder one man at the other end of your saw, could have suspected him. In the end, all we could say was something between the two had come to a head, and it led to carelessness on both their parts. Fritz - Fred - had simply come to a very unlucky end.

Asked Bill, after that was given him some time alone, what should be done with the body. When he took knowledge finally the offering of his answer, it was that Fred had been a

Bachelor who lived alone, with no one, but his brother in America, so there no sense in transporting him to the Woods in his condition just to put it in another piece of land. It would be a process in disorder from one end to the other.

This time of year the Earth below the humus layer was hard as rock. The men discussed the trial to cut a shallow grave next to the body, but in the end they dynamited a few smaller trees nearby and have piled it around and on the body and they have scraped up as much soil and rock that they could and added it also. The result, he said, looked like a little old mounds of funerals one by accident sometimes were in the forest.

They placed rocks around the perimeter to trigger it and make it clear to someone that could happen this way again. There was always good wood in the vicinity to be had, so it was only a matter of time.

69. When Bill left the camp a few months later, at the beginning of the spring tour, it is not stopped in explored, but went directly on Holms. He spent a night at the Otto booth along the way. The cabin was now at home now to several mice and he woke up a lot at night.

When Bill came, Sven was out in the field with its new plow horse and he paused in his work and found the field coincidentally with his hand raised in greeting. That was shortly before he asked Fred.

Bill gave him a rough outline.

They went to the House and were on the porch for a while. So they went inside.

Sven waited until dinner to share the news with others. When he did, Eva has pushed back his chair and was and wiped his hands down her apron and is is dispatched to his bedroom and closed the door. Everyone watched her go. Klaus, for his part, sat down as he did not long

enough - calmly and with his good hands on the table spread apartment.

70. In 1906 Bill married Eva Holm. He went by Bill now for a few years, but always signed his name Wim or William and since there is red tape and the Government already involved, he must have decided to do everything immediately. It is officially Bill - that is, William - the day before he and Eva have signed the marriage license. He also went to be King a King, that Eva had supported. She said they could also ring both the American 100%, even if just on paper.

Bill has installed another case, also involving paperwork: he and Eva have officially adopted Paul, who was now ten years old. At eighteen, Klaus had been on his own two years already and therefore took the name of his mother - the Creek.

Klaus has not been seen much in explored. With a few extra hands, he had built a small cabin for himself in the North of the city, along a broad task in the river. He worked in lumber camps in the fall and winter, and despite his withered arm he had a reputation for exceptional strength and endurance. Was told that he could easily do the work of one and a half men and that was he using his other arm, probably he would have done the work of more than two.

It has not been lost on people as a first generation Klaus could not have lasted long in the woods with his bad arm, for this was the era of the axeman, but this era was on his way. It was the era of the Cup crosswise, and despite his disability to see was something that he had been able to master. It was considered a great Sawyer even though other men have avoided working with him. It was because of what others have seen as a threatening surly character. But at this point it was just noted on, not yet considered indicative of her character. There is not a lot of people who themselves are recalled to what he was like as one child, other than Hahns and Holms. Anyway, he was just eighteen years and says its rougher edges wear out eventually.

As for Paul, he grew tall, thin and pretty and everyone liked it very. The only thing that can be said against him was that he was too sensitive.

It has been said that the two brothers have shared very little in the way of common ground, otherwise: growth, they had shown both the great affection for Eva Holm, now Eva King.

71. Nothing much of note happened over the next ten years. Things continued pretty much as they had before, although many have said that the note was not what it had once been. We said the same of how things stood with the crushing.

The year 1910, however, was memorable for two reasons. The first was that August Denckman died two years to front. Denckman Lumber Company had bought several operations smaller notantes, distressed systematically along the rivers black and Chippewa over the years and although some are opposed at the beginning, at the end of the said it was good for almost everyone involved. The death of Denckman would have been quite remarkable, except that in his will he gave a large sum of money to the city, by stipulating that, among other things, a portion of his property riverfont be used for the construction of a small theater and an opera house. Denckman, who was quite old when he died and who had been brought up in poverty and worked his way up to a relatively confusing level of success, had discovered the opera and the theatre quite late in life, particularly the work of Wagner, which he had become an immediate enthusiastic. It was one of his dreams that one day in the humble milltown explored future would be famous for its opera house and its honest citizens and those of nearby communities, would be able to meet Wagner just beyond their front Stoops.

Wagner was not to be, but by the end of the summer 1910 theater was finished and its first exhibition was production stage of Owen Wister's the Virginian, then in its seventh year. As

part of its grand opening, the audience was free to the public. The turnout, according to the papers, was considerable, and later said that it could have been anyone within a radius of 30 miles this month who had not seen or the show itself or had heard that he told.

Another memorable event this year has involved an argument, a few years in the realization of Denckman Lumber Company and a man called Arnold Zwerg. Amused had bought the land along an important tributary of the Black River in 1902. It didn't take him long to discover that a dam noting important, MacConnell, was on his property. He asked while the relevant Denckman subsidiary pays a toll for all logs flipping the river range. The subsidiary and later company of Denckman himself, tried to amused as acquiescence but brutal he had managed to hold them off for years under the threat of a weapon and avoid arrest.

Things came to a head at the beginning of September, in the hours before dawn, the detachment of a sheriff, where downstream by boat, crawled on his property and surrounded his house. But amused was a first riser and arrival had heard them in the son of amused to deadlock resulting from and was killed while amused killed a Congressman and three seriously injured others. When the detachment finally took the House they found the amused woman and the girl both injured as low on ammunition and amused himself fled and disappeared.

Some have said that amused was a hero for standing up to aggression of powerful interests, which had the law in their pockets. But when the amused woman and the girl were both convicted and sentenced for their participation in the resistance of amused and always amused has not shown his face, there were some that have changed what they told him.

Later, the young people all have desired such excitations were more ordinary, while old cars said he'd go them perfect if nothing so exciting was never happening again. But no matter how they felt, each must be enjoying conversation.

72. Since the four next years young people have said that old cars were what they have wished for, since nothing much of interest happened. It was true that there had not been much rain in recent years, the rivers were low, there was one last jam of a huge log at the top North, that in 1913 on the St. Croix Island, where there was always logs to run. None of this was comparable to the thrill of an outlaw of real life maybe somewhere in their middle, or just at the edge of it.

The final log race on a river in the State is entered in 1914, on 12 June, when the master of Rumble in Stillwater tied the last log by. Observation of old cars recalled to another massive trees they knew in their youth and had tried against which remained - trees the pure inches in diameter, stem blanchites, all that was left of the old Giants they were depressed, the land burnt and posed naked, one spouse to sudden flooding which in the end gave up river levels even more.

But it was the conversation of old cars. The conversation of others this day there was news of Europe, this war came finally.

73. The United States are really entered the conflict until the April of 1917, but there was not a little of those in Wisconsin and neighboring States, who felt the impact of the war more closely than those in other parts of the country. In fact the Kings and Korths were quite specific in it for generations their families had been much smaller than average and they had no immediate blood tie to anyone fighting now on the other side. Sven Holm, for example, including three sisters and two brothers were all left at the Denmark, had two grandnephews fighting in Belgium with the German army. one of the sisters had married a merchant from Hanover. He had an another

grandnephew, whose parents were left in London, in the British army. But all have said, there were many more who had some connection to those with the son who, like it or not, had sworn loyalty to one or the other of the Kaiser.

This April Paul King turned twenty-one. Klaus Beck was twenty-nine years old. They appeared before the Council to review the same day in the same place, but managed to get missed. They had managed to get missed for some while.

When Klaus underwent his physical examination he took very little time for him to be declared unfit for service. His card was stamped, it moved with a tape and he returned to his cabin, alone, tonight.

Paul, when it was his turn, expressed quite ready to fight against Kaiser and ship in France this afternoon. When the examiners had finished with him, they said to Paul that he should wait a week, but otherwise they were in full agreement with him.

74. Two days until he had to leave, Paul traveled up the Black River to see Klaus. He pulled out his father's boat and put very early before dawn, when there was not even a little bit of color over the trees and the River could be fair value to its name.

When he spent the third turn in the River he drove the right boat and in a feeder stream. The water was low and banks were stiff and clogged with the willow, and he had to leave several times and drag the boat through the shallows.

The sun wasn't yet up when Paul pulled up along the cabin of Klaus, but there must have been enough light by what see Klaus sit on his porch, already at the top for the day and smoking.

Klaus rose and came at the end of the porch and paid attention. He asked who was there. Paul gave an greeting and Klaus asked what he could do for him. Paul said he believed that

they could have a conversation and Klaus said okay, then have it. Paul asked whether Klaus would invite him upstairs, but Klaus said he would not bother someone and Paul remained in the boat and told Klaus that he had come to tell him.

When he had finished, Klaus asked who had heard on the other. Paul said that person again, Klaus was the first. He had planned to tell the others that night, he said, because they might try to stop him and then it should go fast.

Klaus said that he could not see why Paul was disturbed completely coming to tell him this. For a while, Paul said that he could not see why either. Then he dropped his oars in the water and turned and returned downstream.

He was at the House by the end of the morning. A week later he was in France. It was the last time that the brothers have talked.

75. Klaus has spent this summer as he always did, by speak by its wages of winter and its fishing and its traps and the small garden that he treated.

In the fall he made camp. There are not as many crews and there was a lot of new faces. Most of the young and able had already shipped and those who have left were mostly older men. Klaus might have been now the youngest in the camp and still he must have felt suddenly quite old.

76. At the end of may, Paul was in England almost a week. The boats at head of Dover were amazed. Across the Canal itself and a few others watched carefully by a window a full and square-rigged schooner redoing a heel in the bright sun, moving fast. A sailor said that the ship was Danish.

The village in Normandy where they trained was distant and made of stone, and all agreed, as something imported from another age. They were mostly women in the village and most of them were widows and mothers bereaved, all dressed in the Negro.

They were kitted and have published Springfields with bayonets and they spent their days in plunging their bayonets into the bags of straw and shouting them. The night they were accounts read of atrocities and made to watch movies of what the other side did. They practiced the tactic from hand to hand while all day a bugle said another funeral. In one day a simple chaplain presided over 20 funerals, dawn to dusk.

In the meantime to be called, Paul and others would look up trains and a time a piece of paper fell from the window of a train as he withdrew and one of the Americans waited until he disappeared and is mounted next to the slopes and collected paper and accompanied him. It was a postcard of a bridge. At a corner on the back a hand had written Please send. Thank you. There is no postage and the address has been tainted and unreadable. The soldier folded it and put it in his pocket.

They went by the car of cattle late in the afternoon, forty men to a car. The horses were packed in eight separate cars when going. They have moved at a snail pace. When they went, they would train on the other track packed with the injured were at the head of the other lane. Some of them waved.

Ten miles from the front they came out and went by foot. They walked down a slippery cobbled lane with dew. They sank communication trenches, moving by dusk along the narrow and have piled up underwater passages. It was dark when they reached the front lines.

Their first work was fixing the trench. A man named Bob has distributed choices and shovels and gave instructions on how how to dig the trench. They were given bags to fill

sand. They were shown how to stack the sandbags so that they stay put long enough to be made fly apart. They were shown how to the barbed wire and how to fix it. They did not bury their shit in the trenches because the rats her dig. Rather they should piss on their shovels or, if they had the races, in the boxes and do appear on the edge. They should give a warning first and be very bloody sure to aim.

The softness that they have felt, who was the dead - men, mules, rats. The spicy smell was mustard gas. Their next job would bury the dead. They stood just after a battle, so there were a lot.

Sometimes they heard the planes buzzing overhead and from time to time they might see a battle of top dogs above. One time, they saw a zeppelin in the distance. They would try to spy on the Huns with periscopes and the glasses of pence affixed to their bayonets, but the Huns still canarderaient them and send sprays of glass everywhere so they leave.

Sometimes instead of grenades they would trade their lunches with the Huns. They could lobbing cans of beef or potatoes on the line and receive boxes of cabbage or pork in Exchange. They could be watching a division of Tommies taking off a football match and at those times the Huns allow them to be.

The night they could hear the infantry walking up a road, the clapping horses before. Since three nights a train burned away, illuminating the horizon. Houses were on fire to watch enemy movements.

In the trench the darkness would be seen by the flicker of cigarettes and pipes, a line of them disappearing around a corner. There is the Crackle of race of candles and cigarettes along the seams of shirts and pants where lice have laid their eggs.

One night they heard the song of a distant Church hymns and nearby the Huns singing the same hymn in German. Some of them formed a patrol and came out, crawling through the barbed wire of Hun and listening for a long time. Finally a voice interrupted the song and said, very low and with a faintly English accent, "If you don't leave soon, we will be forced to shoot you."

77. The rain is coming in August. They said it was the worst in 40 years, an almost constant drizzle that filled every crater muddy silt. The Sun is never gone, the Earth is never dried up.

The horses would go deep the size by the mud. Then the men would spend next up to their armpits. Sometimes they went further. A man was caught in a suck-hole and was trapped for days. No one could pull it off. He went slowly as, due to become crazy, begging to be fired.

With the flood, the walls still collapsed. The water could burst suddenly behind someone's back and hit him face first into the mud. During the shelling of the injured often drowned.

There was water everywhere but they always thirsty. They were supposed to boil their water but it was often difficult to keep a fire going and they should drink water from the cold of the shell holes. Anything could be in these holes, they agreed.

They buried the dead in the walls. When the ground would move, a hand or a foot, or the part of a face, would sometimes.

Jack of bad luck was what they called the man, John, who gave them their orientation that first night. Him and Paul became close. This Jack has collected memories and loved highlight them to Paul. It allowed Paul to admire Pickelhaube he found lodged in a tangle of barbed wire. He showed her a dagger of Hun, a pair of poorly matching boots, a sword sheath less the

sword. It showed him what he said was a Prussian Guard belt, with GOTT MIT each on the loop and a little Acorn. Jack, everyone agreed, had a lot of random junk.

Sometimes Jack has awoken in this whole thing and would strike a pose and would write at any speed a German of the nonsense that made everyone laugh.

What Jack would not share and what Paul had to receive someone else, was why everyone called him Jack Hoodoo. Why, the man said, was that whenever Hoodoo Jack had a strong feeling that someone was just killed, you could be sure that not long after you hear news of the death of this man. He did Hoodoo Jack, the man said, a nervous wreck.

78. The first man, Paul could have been sure that he had killed was on a night raid. A huge Hun charged down on them from above and asked Paul atop with the bayonet of Paul by his chest. The Hun was much too big to deny the trench and for two days they left him where he had fallen, using it as a stool when they have smoked and ate.

Paul was not gone near the Hun after, but Hoodoo Jack dug by man's pockets and found a small Bible inside his coat. He sat on the pagination of Hun by that and trying to interrogate the words without much success until Paul came and offered to pull of embarrassment. All the others were busy playing cards and in drowsily.

The verse he felled, Paul said, was the twenty-fourth Psalm. Jack became briefly excited, saying he knew, it was the shepherd in pastures green and so on, the famous. But Paul did not, not completely, which was the twenty third - the twenty-fourth was a little different. Jack asked Paul to read him. Paul would not read German aloud but he translated several verses while Jack looked at the postcard he had found folded and slipped to the back of the Bible. After that, Jack said that he was not much for the Church thing, so Paul could keep too. It was his by right,

finally, since it was her killed. Paul said he wasn't much for the Church thing either and in any case, he said, he would not a memory of a man who was dead on top of him.

79. This winter the Russians surrendered and 40 German divisions were transferred to the West. By the end of January the division of Paul saw heavy losses and lots of replacements. In February the Jinx Jack was killed. There is no way of knowing if the bad feeling that he always had when someone died had come to him, or if he had, how soon before he was struck.

Moments before they came under fire, they had smoked and had listened to the songs of meadowlarks. When the mortars started blowing, maybe they seemed only to sing louder. The high up in the sky came a same rumble to a train followed by a whistle, then an explosion, then smoke and flames. They were howitzers.

Jack had crawled to the top of the trench to unload a few strokes, but immediately his head snapped back and he went down. He took off his helmet and argued and there was a deep dent in the front and Jack argued for everyone to see. It must have been a little stunned. While he was crouched there broke the back of his head in a spray of red and he rolled down the side of the trench at the bottom and that was for him.

Near where he fell there was a young soldier, brand new to the front, is nestled with his helmet cradled like a baby, smiling and laughing. Paul's legs were shaking and shivering quite visibly. During this time a man whistling a few lanes down the trench and nearby was an old veteran, always trying to catch a few winks of sleep, which was very disturbed, he shouted, by all the racket was the whistler.

The evening after the battle came some of them near wood. There wasn't much intact even trees, especially just stem and wire tops all tangled up and the body dotted with. Someone

pushing through the undergrowth fell on a Hun died with his entire hip distance. When the soldier backed into a tree, a leg fell on his head, and while the others laughed he vomited - but after he laughed, too.

While they were at the top in wood, a policeman appeared with a mule and cart. He said that he saw a cart of reserves of Hun and was up there and had passed the driver bayonet and had found that it was packed full of schnapps. They helped him to the cart up to the line and this night they drank the schnapps and smoked the cigars they arrived to find in the mailbag.

Provided that Paul had passed through the pockets of Bob he would have found the Bible. He could put it inside her own coat, where for the rest of the war he would stay. From time to time, when no one paid attention, he would withdraw her and to read a few lines, or unfold the postcard on the back and watch. The great Hun or someone, should have increased the price of a lot of pages with little notes and underlinings. On the inside cover, in large letters for printing, would be the name of the Hun and what was perhaps his home address in a place called Clausdorf.

80. Spent winter and then the spring. In July their battalion commander has made them visit and repeated load of French Cavalry at wood Soissons. The Huns had mowed down in the minutes with their machine guns, he said, the Huns aiming high and hitting jumpers, or low and tearing the legs horses and horses that crossed left on the fields for hours. One of them must have made splurge, because just when it had passed the danger he pitched up and came charging back only through the lines and an entire division of Huns stood along the edge of their trenches then pushed screams and laughed as he came and then aimed and has reduced it. It was awful and beautiful to watch, the commander said.

Some have said that the commander must have added that the part of the horse rewind down the line to give them an exciting image to rally around. The reason he came, finally, was it because that morale was down. There was an increase in the number of desertions and which could be only voluntary injuries. It was amazing how many fingers had been fired by cleaning guns.

Others said, however they could not see how the addition of the part of the horse at the end was going to rally much. If anything, they said, he should have the opposite effect.

81. The summer advanced. A man disappeared and was found a few days later thirty miles away, watching a football match. Another was found walking behind enemy lines, pretending to be disoriented and complaining of pain in his head. When asked, he was supposed to have said that he did not know what he was doing most of the time. The two men were fired for treason.

One night Paul crawled on top of his canoe and went walking alone. Each had been drinking brandy that night and he could not have taken him long to be completely lost, walking around and around in the fog which came while he was out. At one point he fell asleep supported against a small tree, because early in the morning until the Sun was on the horizon, a police officer found him like that. Later, he was tied to a wagon wheel, an Eagle of the spread with the wheel hub in his back and has been hanging there two hours right and four hours backwards. There is more no disciplinary problems after that.

82. At the beginning of September the division came under heavy bombardment which lasted for days. Nights, the planes have bawled somewhere above. Workers became heavy and the line

was cleared by pounding away and their unit has abandoned their trenches and withdrew into the darkness.

He did not have a great desire of them become confused and disoriented. The units were separated and scattered and during the following days many men assembled at random with others also bewildered and they formed their own units of scoundrel.

It was how he stood with Paul unit when, fleeing across the open ground overnight a line isolated trench to another, they have been overtaken by a much greater enemy strength.

83. This fall an argument occurred between Klaus and another man who finished well for either one or the other of them. It occurred like this: a Polish name of Wiktor Burda had rented on the end of October to the Klaus camp. He was descended from one of the camps in the North where he had worked for a number of years and known as a discuteuse person. We called him alternamnt Long Vic or the wick. There was a problem on his feet which had kept him out of the war and he deplored it still it would not have the chance to kill some Krauts. He was a part of the Poland which came under Prussian rule during the Partitions and it was no secret that he hated Germans.

He had a nephew in Chicago who had gone to the Canada to train with the Legions of Polish and who was just at that moment there, he always said, by being on the point the tip of the head of a Kraut breath. We called him the bit because he had a tuft of hair orange when he did wind in the wind they did resemble a burning candle. He preferred to be called Long Vic or simply Burda.

When he talked about the war, this Burda, even more than most, loved to talk about different women he had or would have. It was how he put it. He never said "would have"

because, he said, in this Kingdom all he loved early or late he had loved. Some have considered him spiritual but there were not a few who said they would not work with him.

Not long after he came to camp Burda began to make comments on some of the women he had sought since he was going through. One of the women to whom he continued to come back was Eva King. Soon Klaus heard by chance what he said to her, and when he did he said at Burda that he should be careful or the problem would find it.

Burda was not the sort to let being spoken to love him and after he sought opportunities to get under the skin of Klaus. He began to call Klaus as "claws" because of his arm and he put Klaus loyalties questioned. He said that he found it interesting that the war Department had been unable to find a use for a man who made his living as a lumberjack. When Klaus responded that same could be said of him, Burda said he wasn't exactly a young man more and it wasn't his country against which they were struggling and in any case that there was not a soul, dead or life, which put properly questioned his patriotism. Klaus said that there was at least one who did.

He continued like this in the fall and winter and someone might have said that the words they have launched in both directions were on the edge to be more than words. Klaus asked that they be sent to separate crews, but there was someone willing to make a change. He happened to be so that nobody would be around any one of them and the result was that they were alone together more often than was recommended.

One morning, when their crew was set to work, Burda created with his ordinary conversation. Klaus warned him that he had no intention of need to hear the mouth of Burda run all day. Around noon where men were reunited for their lunch Burda began to not talk to anyone especially erotic prospects and Klaus, who elaborated the edge of his axe of feeling, dropped its

stone to sharpen in the snow and jumped and buried the hatchet in the tree near the head of Burda. More than half of the head of the axe was entered in the wood.

Late in the afternoon Klaus and Burda arrived alone on a ridge overlooking a wide spot in the river. This part of the River was always called a lake due to its sudden circumference. Ice forming there tends to be much thicker than what forms above and below this task, but in the Center where the water is at its deepest ice is thinner.

Klaus and Burda came to fill another tree. It has been said that when they kept their mouths shut they worked quite well together. They were to begin to cheer up the tree when Klaus dropped his end of seeing and told about it who had to take a leak. He was and turned and began to shake down the side of the Ridge when Burda, whose timing turned the pervert, said something that related to Eva King.

The words were barely out of the mouth of Burda when Klaus turned and urinated on him. Burda swore and jumped and grabbed his axe of feeling and tossed it to Klaus. Klaus dodged the blow and the axe has ricocheted on the side of a log and went rattling down the hillside. Klaus pulled his own axe of a close strain and stole from Burda. Burda rolled in clear and on the log and speed brought him down to the river. He managed to grab his axe when he slipped. Klaus was right on his heels.

When he met the ankle of the Burda River attached on the ice and he gave a cry, but was already at the top and current on the large part of the river. Klaus landed squarely on his feet with the speed of all the hillside behind him and he went sliding on the ice directly to Burda and hit him with the blunt of his axe end. He grabbed Burda on the elbow and broke the bone and sent Burda sliding towards the middle of the river.

Burda had managed to be suspended on his axe by all this. He tried to use it to lift, but he continued to drag and click on the ice. There were already dipping by the arm of his shirt of wool and blood turning the ice beneath him rose.

Klaus has walked up to him, but stopped when he saw how thin the ice was.

Burda sunk his axe blade into the ice and used it to get on his knees. When he saw how thin the ice around him was there said, "that's wrong" and just so the ice under it caving and it entered in the water. The current was rapid and he was pulled under the ice and downstream.

Klaus withdrew on the thick ice and pushed downstream seeking a sign of Burda, but he has never seen this one. Finally he walked back to the place where Burda was entered, thinking about what he would say.

Burda blood was visible at the edges of the hole and Klaus are out carefully and cut the stained pieces until they entered a jump in the water. The last piece had fallen when the rest of has seen that the crew came down the Hill on the Bank and then ice. They asked what was it the action. They asked where Burda was.

Klaus said that he and Burda had a disagreement, and that he had told Burda he must be sent in a river. He said he had not counted on Burda following his advice.

Later, when we told her to give a real answer, Klaus reiterated that he and Burda had had an argument, but what happened was that Burda had raged from down the Hill. When Klaus was gone after him, trying to reason with him, Burda had walked directly through the wide part of the River because, Burda said, he was so furious that he needs to put something big, like a Lake, between them. Klaus said that he is warned Burda of the ice, but that at the time Burda was too bloodied and willing to listen.

"He looks of Burda," said the boss of camp, "Although I wonder if you look not too innocent."

Klaus said he had his moments.

"I'm sure", said the boss of camp, "I just wonder if this was one of them."

84. Some time has passed and all was quiet again. No one said that they missed having Burda around to cause the problem. Nevertheless people tended to keep a distance between themselves and Klaus. Klaus has not objected.

One day Klaus had to return to camp because he was completely out to the work site without his axe. He had forgotten and had given about things quite regularly since the accident of Burda. When he reached the camp he saw three reputation of men with the boss of camp and cook outside the dormitory where Klaus slept.

Klaus dodged behind a pile of wood and tried to hear what was said. He could distinguish only every two or three words. What he seemed to come was that the body of Burda had been increased by the reapers of ice downstream and had been recognized. The Sheriff suspected foul play.

Klaus has waited until that men are scattered until he snuck in the dorm and picked up the corners and the axe. Before that he's gone he dug up his stash of money below the floor, with the Bowie knife that had belonged to Burda and that a week ago Klaus won playing cards.

85. This evening Klaus did not camp out with others. He was absent in the Woods at the edge of camp long before dark, awaiting to see what kind of movement would be made against him. It must have been sure that a trap was laid or was already laid for him and that was why everything

seemed to continue as normal. Just at this moment there could be members of hiding nearby in the darkness, in the meantime to pounce.

He must have thought he needed a diversion, something to bring everyone to the same place so that the woods are open to him, because this is what he did: he waited until dinner is over and the Cook and the help of the Cook had taken retirement. So he snuck into the kitchen. He found two pans full of pork fat always warm from the kitchen and he has overturned them and struck a match and ran. They say he has hung up the Bell dinner brutally on his way.

It was well beyond the camp and in the Woods led to the river while they spread the fire. The lawmen, who had had a first start this morning and has not been accustomed to so much fresh air, had already gone to bed.

86. The details of what happened to Klaus after that remains uncertain. They say he should have followed the River all night and into the morning, certain that the law was right on his heels, sure of an ambush. There was still snow on the ground then and that night the Moon was out and he would have been easily seen.

He should have followed the River to the length of the day and the following night, stopping only briefly from time to time, to avoid detection as he did. By noon the next day he may have left the River because it had become too winding and, if this is the case, would come soon afterwards at the edge of the Woods on the steep bluffs that fall into the Mississippi.

It can be entered in a town called Buffalo where he bought a sandwich of ham - a clerk at a delicatessen here gave a description that suggested as much - and he could have eaten him walking on the iron bridge there, it must have crossed. Across the River in Winona he could have

bought a ticket on a train headed by Chicago and North Western Transportation Company that has been directed at the West.

In all likelihood this is what he must have done, or something very like it, for about this time there was a young man matching reports closely to the description of Klaus at different points west to Winona. He or someone like him altogether from, looks like crossing Owatonna and Mankato Minnesota and again in beautiful fork, South Dakota, at the edge of Wyoming but finally once more, and later to the Bonners ferry, Idaho, near Alberta. He may have simply moved randomly, following a gradual Northwest trajectory, or it may have targeted the Canada. When the official investigations have been made and a bit of family of Klaus has been questioned, it was discovered that a parent, also called Klaus, had crossed the same way years of front. It seems that younger Klaus may have known something of the old, that has been said have founded a small operation notante North of Vancouver.

In any case, Klaus Beck nothing is more known with certainty and it will not appear again.

87. The night that Paul King unit has been exceeded, fierce firefight broke out and several of his comrades were killed outright. Maybe one or two has managed to escape, but most non killed were seriously injured. After the Huns swept the region and took the prisoner those whose injuries were not fatal of course. Workers who have really seemed fatal have been or left to die or were mercy shots administered. Paul was among a few who were placed on a cart and pushed away.

Later it would be loaded in the car of a train that ran from the front to a POW camp in Lower Saxony in Salzwedel. By then his head would be bandaged with his chest, and when the

train reached the camp soiled bandages are removed and new ones applied. He would put in a bed among many other beds where he would sleep for a long time.

When the bandages were removed we gave him a mirror so he could see that the shrapnel had done. It was not bad, really, the doctor told him, at least not as bad as it could have been. There will be a scar on the eyebrow to the cheekbone, but he should heal. The nurses and the doctor said, thought it was too pretty anyway. It was better this way.

It might have some permanent hearing damage, but this should be minor. The eye was a loss; There was nothing to do but get it out. A nurse gave him a piece of eye - optional, she said, but recommended.

The camp held prisoners of several nations: French, English, Scots, Poles, Russians, Australians, even a few Africans and Indians. The Americans were newcomers. They continued to be confused with Canadians.

88. There were two guards at the camp of Salzwedel each called Niedermayer twins. They were both middle age spent each agreed that he showed. Otherwise they were nothing alike, and as much as the twins knew, they said, they have not been attached. But they shared a name and both knew English and this was considered sufficient. Hermann had worked as a server in London. The other, a man known as Bill Sauvage, had spent some years in America. Wild Bill was not popular among the prisoners, especially Canadians. He was always trying to ask them to America.

One night Bill Sauvage went to Paul when he was paging through the Bible of the Hun. He asked if he could take a look. When he saw that they were in German jaillis eyebrows

and he asked where Paul had come by that. For a while, Paul said he was to enter a jump in her lap a day.

Two of them have talked together briefly in German, but Bill Sauvage went wrong in English. He wanted to practice, he said, because he thought the fact to return to America after the war. As a young man he had worked in several U.S. cities, but had never done it in front of Cleveland, and he regretted it. He was a big fan of the westerns of Karl May. He always wanted to be an engineer on one of the major railways ranging is to West. This way it could see the country and be paid to do it. It might not be too late for him, he said. Or, if it is not involved, he might try the work of the police. It might come up as a detective.

While he spoke, Bill Sauvage has flipped through the Bible. When it came to the postcard he stopped talking and supported her and watched her. After a few moments he said he recognized the painting on the map. It was Friedrich. Caspar Friedrich, he said, was of Greifswald, hence Bill Sauvage's father was. His father, he said, had wanted to be a landscape painter, but had never been more than an amateur. But it was a decent copyist. He would visit museums and would do everything possible to reproduce what he had seen. Grows, the walls of their small house had been covered with such reproductions. His father was his favorite and he would paint the same painting several times, trying to receive directly from the sketches he had made and his memory.

Wild Bill ran his fingers over the surface of the postcard and said that this painting was in every room of his childhood home. His father had been so taken with it that he had made several trips, always alone, where Friedrich had represented in his painting. It was on an island not far from Greifswald called Rügen. The cliffs in painting, his father said, were made of chalk which always eroded. The every time there was a storm, parts of the cliffs fell into the sea, pulling their

fossils with them. His father would try to paint cliffs on the site, but he was still unhappy with how it went. Then he would go back to trying to reproduce Friedrich, since he could count on being the same. We called the cliffs, if he remembered the right, Konigsstuhl. He always wanted to see them for himself, he said, but they had not come to mind for years.

89. In the final weeks of the war, many guards to Salzwedel took to wear red bracelets from swimming. When a handful of prisoners have fled and he ordered the guards to shoot them, they fired well over the heads of the escapees. When the war ended, officially, on 11 November, most of the camps held their prisoners for weeks, some even for the month. Eventually Allies trains have been established with the purpose to carry thousands of prisoners to transport cities on the North Sea and the Baltic. Paul got into a train attached to the Bay of Mecklenburg and Bill Sauvage, by spreading his uniform and posing as an American, joined him.

A few weeks earlier, after they came to know each other better, Paul had told Bill how the Bible was done with him. Maybe Bill Savage has guessed that Paul is confused of the case, because he said that he would meet if, after the war, Paul has tried to find the soldier then of the family. It was why Bill joined him now...

Bill said that he could repeat only two Clausdorfs there. There was one in Schleswig around Ploen and there was a North of Stralsund on Kubitzer Bodden. In the weeks leading up to the Armistice it had sunk on what cards he could find and had reduced the possibilities to these two. View map of Friedrich, Bill said, there seemed little reason to believe that it wasn't one by Stralsund.

The trains have moved not much faster than those who had brought troops to the front in France. From time to time tracks double as channels of communication for young men of the

dissolved units who strolled the campaign and the looting and sometimes they orchestrate with small groups of young men supporting the Red swimming bracelets and Red flads of that Bill called the Revolution.

When they reached Rostok they boarded another train to Stralsund and when they landed at Stralsund they continued by foot along the Strelasund, Bill becoming quite animated when he made a move on their right to where Rügen are through sound. Finally they arrived at the small village called Clausdorf.

90. To Clausdorf they lasted not in the conclusion of the street and then home. Paul had made the Bible and the postcard to Bill, who was in the lead. A spectator might have assumed that it was Paul accompanying Bill and not the other way around.

When they came home, they both agreed that it seemed abandoned. Bill struck several times and they waited, Bill checking and double-checking the number of home against the address written in the Bible. Finally an old woman appeared on a nearby porch and asked if she could help them and when Bill explained their situation, she invited them to come for tea.

When tea was ready, she sat next to them by the fire and told them of the soldier killed Paul and his family. The soldier, called Jürgen, had been her neighbor all his life. The House had belonged to the father of Jürgen before him. It was the same with her, she said--both had inherited their homes. She knew the man's father and grandfather of the man pretty well. The family had a pretty tragic story, she said. Jürgen grandfather had bought the House when she, the old woman was a little girl. She learned history only a few years later. They had a bit of problem at home with a very concerned man by the name of Beck who always the problem of provocation

for himself and others. The old man, she said, spoke always of how much he missed his old House and how, had not been for that type of Beck, he would not have left his house.

Paul, who had not said a word yet, asked where the family came and in recital for a few moments, the woman said finally that she believed that the name of the city might have been Wolgast, or perhaps Wollin - something with W. Bill is there is perked up and said he knew Wolgast well enough, it was down just the way of Greifswald. The woman made a sign of head and said yes, that could be right, although his memory isn't so good anymore. When she asked what the object consisted of what they had come to deliver to the family of the dead soldier, Bill produced the Bible.

The woman regarded him for a few moments, then brought his hand to his mouth and asked if she could have a closer look. After that Bill had made it and she examined him more closely, she nodded her head and said it was as she had thought, the Bible had crossed once in the hands of his grandfather. She flipped him around and showed the signature scribbled at the bottom of the page. Many years ago, she said, he had been the Rector of the parish here at Clausdorf.

Then the old woman stood up and walked into the next room and when she left she held a small Bible. Someone might have confused him with that that the two men had brought.

She put it next to the other and said that her mother had gifted it to her until she had spent. It had been a gift from his father - the grandfather of the old woman. She compared the signatures for them - not quite identical, they were okay, but nearly so.

They left him with it. Paul said he never wanted it. The whole point, he said, had to give it to someone with a bit of connection to the man he had killed. As for the old woman, she said that she was not disturbed by how him and now she, had come to possess.

"Round and round it goes," she said. Until they are gone, Bill showed her the postcard with Friedrich retouching him. He asked if she knew, but she said no. When he asked if she recognized the place represented, she said that she could not be sure, that could be many places. When Bill mentioned Konigsstuhl, her eyes widened and she looked at it carefully very closely. As a girl, she said, her family had used to ride there quite frequently, there and Cape Arkona. His father loved him there, she said. The place had a certain shot.

Bill said that she was quite right. In fact two of them, he said, were conducted there very soon - maybe she would like to join them.

The old woman there nodded his head. No, she said, that the place had never been much of a draw for her - for his father, Yes, but not her. Her father, she said, had even spoken to be buried at the top here, but his mother had not admitted that - his bones were just above the track. In addition it would not be prudent for an old woman like herself to travel just so, with so many foreigners on the road. It wouldn't be no simple matter to repeat who was who or what they might want to.

She gave to the postcard a last look until they left, by examining it closely. No, she said Finally, as much as she could remember, that wasn't how it looked. Anyone who had painted this picture, she said, must not have seen the real thing, or not got it a lot in mind when he painted it.

From there they went down at the shipyard where Bill offered a bit of money to an old fisherman to bring them to the island. The fisherman threw a glance around. There is not many others in sight and he said that the water went likely be quite choppy. When Bill offered to pay him a little more money, the fisherman told them all on board.

91. On their way, the fisherman said he would let them down at Ummanz. But then he asked

where exactly they were conducted and when Bill told him, the fisherman has slowed his boat and thought a moment. Then he said that right now the train was not running on the island, so they faced a walk of ten hours of Ummanz to the Chair. But if they paid him more, he could take them entirely to Breege and then it would be just a short walk. When Bill was asked how much time was short, the fisherman said maybe five hours and Bill and Paul both agreed that seemed better than ten. The fisherman smiled grimacing and said it was their lucky day.

They went through a series of lagoons and a few hours later they reached Breege, where the fisherman left them down to the dock. The fisherman has shown the long stretch of land on their left and said to follow this saliva in the South until they came to a place called Glowe. He said that he was just a road that traversed the forest in low nine whole miles of saliva. Or, he said, we could move to the East side and go to the beach. He said that he was not sure which option seemed worse.

92. They wouldn't see anyone on the road. The trees, then as now, would be almost all of the same variety, a certain pin that holds its needles all gathered at its Crown. Along this stretch side it is said that most of the branches of the pines are turned and turned so that they look like worms or snakes. In some places the trunks are supposed to fish abruptly along the ground for several feet and fired in the same direction. Some say that a drop in hard snow could have provoked him, but others claim that the trees were manipulated generations back for use in the realization of the boats. The Earth is hidden here in the MOSS and lichen, but there is little understory to block his vision on their left Paul and Bill could see a gray band of light through the trees and hear the wave. They could have continued like this for miles, hunkered down in their coats, until Bill, saying that he had enough trees, turn sharply left and fire in the Woods and Paul would follow.

When they reached the phone Bill down to the water. He pulled out his card and flipped up the wire in the way they had come. He showed the thumb of land that protrudes. It was the Cape, he said, Arkona, where said there be a large fortress. He has protected his face with his hand and has squinted, but said that it was not visible. Behind that, if they could see only that far, he said, would be the Sweden. He extended his arm and in tampered with the meter the right a few degrees, indicating where Bornholm would be, which was Danish and he handed his head forward, but said that he could see him no more.

Paul turned and headed down the beach. Bill has accelerated its not and went back to power to her, sweeping his arm loosely and saying that he wondered what it should look like there. Paul said that maybe it would happen to learn.

When they reached the cliffs of chalk was at the end of the day. The found a crude trail leading up the beach and when they reached the high Bill sat by the edge in the grass and paid attention. Just then a storm rolled in front of them, East along the coast. The clouds were low and dark, with only a thin strip of gray sky between them and the water. Paul pressed against a tree. He said he was even too tired to sit.

Bill pulled out the card and supported her. He looked in both directions of the painting to the cliffs, and he changed positions several times, comparing the images. He gave no indication of how he felt.

Nearby was a small little house with a view of the beach. The door had a lock. Bill found a rock and broke the lock and they came in and turned. There was a table with a candle on it, two stools and a bunk at the corner. Everything was covered in dust. They agree, no one would have been there over the years.

There was a jug of water under the table and they drank to taps. Paul made a face, but Bill said that he thought that it tasted good.

That night there was heavy rain and fierce wind and a draft which continued to broadcast the candles. After a while they defeated their sleeping bags and entered their beds had nothing since breakfast except water. Paul said that he expected there to be some president. Bill may said that someone had removed it. Or maybe, he said, the name had another origin. Many things have been given by inducing names in error, he said.

The next day Paul and Bill went their separate ways. Paul said that he was ready to go. Maybe he was beginning to come in a fog that had installed on him some while. This might have been the sea air. As for Bill, he said he was not ready to leave yet. He said the night before that he had had a dream in which he woke up inside the fortress at Arkona. Maybe it was a sign, he said.

Paul said that he wouldn't want to hike back this way if he could avoid it. Bill agreed that it was indeed a long walk, but that a long walk might be just what he needed at the time. He said that he could eventually walk still further. There was nowhere he needed to be and that would probably not last. He was sure that soon enough there is someone shouting the order. It was the way of things.

They split late in this morning at the edge of the Woods, the road necessary Bill heading West back saliva, Paul road was at the head of the South to the main territory. They shook hands took a nod and agreed that they could be.

93. Until they had separated, Bill had a raw copy of his map and gave it to Paul. He sketched the outline of the island and part of the coast of mainland. Then he has labeled the cities and

some of the traits that Paul would fall along his way, both on the island than on the Mainland. When he fired, Bill looked on the road.

Paul would follow the Road South, crossing sign a receipt for Lancken and Sassnitz, then cross the other saliva with the wire and the wave on the left and a smaller lagoon on its right. If he chose wrong with a fork and walked on a narrow strip of Moor, limited by the trees at any edge, so his departure would be slow. When he found the road she would lead him to a town called Zirkow where he could buy bread and fish with a little money that Bill had given him. It would be a lot of empty fields and many farms set far back from the road. From time to time someone could appear at a distance.

Eventually he would come to the town of Putbus, Bill said that he had heard described. The road ran to the center of the city and became a large carousel with hedges and ornamental trees and the wide lanes of gravel running from the edge of the circle in the Center like spokes on one axis. It would be the circus. Paul would follow one of these lanes until he came to the center of the circus where an obelisk stood. Were he to sit on a certain bench, with the Obelisk between itself and the last Sun, the shadow thrown by the obelisk would extend to him until it is extended right on her feet, in seeming may move more quickly should it. Then the Sun would be lowered and everything would be in darkness.

94. Late in tonight in Putbus several young men, all dressed similarly and with red, picked swimming bracelets around the bench where Paul had fallen asleep. When it has not been disturbed, one of them pushed him gently awake and sat directly above and turned. One of them had the package of Paul with his bag on his shoulder and he looked down Paul and said he should follow them.

They led him to one of the large houses that double the circus here. The windows of each of these houses were shuttered. Inside they entered a high-ceilinged room with a long table at his centre lit by a candelabrum. On the wall behind the table hung a red banner closed. The man carrying the package of Paul dropped the package on the table and filed a Chair in front of it and told Paul to sit. When Paul was placed, the man pressed against the table and told Paul to tell them his story.

Finally Paul gave them a rough outline of how things stood with him, leaving a lot of details and not mentioning nothing of his travel projected in the East. As he spoke, one of the men put a saucer of coffee on the table and soon thereafter a woman entered the room and sat across from it. This woman had dark, silvery hair and eyes poached coal. She said the German of Paul was quite good for an American, and she wondered if there wasn't something of himself that he failed. When he hesitated to say more, she said that he should think carefully about how he responded, because of course there will be those who would assume it must be a spy. And so Paul finally gave the details to himself, including parts of the soldier he had killed and his reasons for wanting to get to Wolgast, where there may be a man named Beck.

When he had finished, the woman has rested and considered what Paul had said. Finally she said he must realize that his story seemed a bit whimsical. Paul said that it had not happened with him to think in those terms, but that she might be right. And yet, the woman said, she assumed that the improbability of her story might be his own defence. It was hard repeated, she said, and she should think about. Then she stood up and left the room.

She came back a few hours later. One of the men shook awake Paul because he had fallen asleep again. He had walked quite far over the past two days, the woman says - if much was

clear. So they decided that they would accelerate his trip just a little, if it was well with him. Wolgast was not too far away, right on the water and they got to have a sturdy boat.

It was still dark when they spent - two of the men, woman and Paul. The night was clear and the Moon was out. From time to time Paul could drag the card from his pocket and glance, but could distinguish nothing. Then he dozed little time and when they approached the territory main Paul woke up and the boat threw East along the outside edge of the Cape, entered an another Lagoon which is the part of the mouth of the river Peenestrom. On any Bank were edges of Woods and fields and small islands. Now it was brighter and Paul threw a glance at the map. Bill had pulled the cap and the mouth of river, but not the river. Wolgast was suspended in a connected to nothing white space isolation.

They left Paul on a dock at the edge of town next to a wooden skiff. Before they separated, the woman took the red strip of his arm and tied it around the arm of Paul. He would see a lot of people wear such bracelets swimming along the way, she said, and it couldn't hurt to harmonize.

After that they went he considered what he should do. It was very late. He created from the dock to the city, but then he turned and turned the water to the skiff and he went back downstairs and found a canvas tarp inside and held him. Then he removed his package and dropped him and his bag in the skiff and pulled the canvas tarp over himself. That was shortly before he's slept.

95. That would have been a Friday entering Saturday. Paul did not realize, when he awoke then and pushed the canvas tarp and paid attention to obscurity, that now it was Sunday, not even if a deep hunger and thirst had pulled it off sleep.

Paul has put his package on the shoulder and climbed the dock by the cold and the wind. It was some time before that he spent windows that were not shuttered. He walked in the center of the city of Wolgast, where the streets were the pad and the oil slick and went in front of the windows, looking intently in them. Finally he came to a small church and tried the door but it was closed, so he sat outside on the steps and waited for someone to pass. It was a long time until finally he dozed and when he awoke there the arrival of the Interior of the Church was singing and it was clear.

He got up and went to one of the windows and spent. There could have been a lot of people inside but the glass must have been old, making it hard to say one body of another. For some time he heard them singing, then he went to the door and tried it and it opened silently and he went quietly.

Everyone turned when they noticed him standing there at the back. Maybe it was as he realized it was Sunday and he he came to mind how long he had slept downstairs in the skiff.

People looked at him. Some must have thought he was someone else because he had a few glances of recognition, but they disappeared as quickly as they came. Were only women, young and old, with some old men and some children. If they were waiting for him to say something, he forced them and asked if there was someone there who knew someone by the name of Beck.

No one said anything in response, they watched him staring just and finally he made a nod and said thanks anyway and apologized for his interruption and returned.

To halfway down the street after which a woman came by Paul jogging and stopped. When she reached him she said she was sorry very, for they all, but he had caught everyone completely of the guard. This woman had on a long black coat and a hat with a wide

brim. The war was over, she said, but few men had yet returned and the sight of him here, suddenly, was a bit of shock. So she asked Paul if he was an American. For a time, he said that Yes, he assumed that he was. The woman said she thought so. Her husband, she said, had been an American, too.

96. The woman reported Paul to his house and fed him eggs in the shell and rye with tea. She sat across from it and peeled eggs and put them in a bowl. While Paul has eaten, the woman told him about her husband.

She said that he came to a place called Idaho, a place she had never been. He had come to Germany to study forestry because Americans admired German foresters. They had met in Berlin when she was studying languages here. He decided to stay. The war had made things complicated. For some time they had considered the departure to the Denmark or the Sweden, but her husband had a brother who had ascended to the Canada early in the war and joined here. It was a very patriotic family. They all expected that the war be over within months, at most a year. Her husband had gone to Belgium and had volunteered there, she said, and nine months later he was dead in Africa.

The woman paused, then cut an egg in half and has dipped in salt and made her burst in his mouth. Before she had finished chewing it said that there is a long time, there was actually a man named Beck in their city. There was a whole family of streams, she said, but finally there was only two and they were brothers. Their names were Adolphus and Rudolf. Something had gone wrong with Rudolf early. Some have said that he came before him, and down through the blood. In any case it ended well and did the problem for himself and for others. This could not

have been easy on his brother. His reputation, she said, was always fragile, even more that's why back then. It was always blamed for the sins of her family.

Finally this Rudolf Beck found himself on the wrong end of the law and had to go abroad. Told that he left for America, she said, and she did not doubt that a man like him has done well for itself here. Everyone agreed it was a great shame that Rudolf Beck had not left earlier, she said, for by then his brother, who we thought well, was gone.

When it was finished, the woman ate the other half of the egg and collected another and began to peel it. Paul asked if she knew what had happened to the brother, Adolphus.

There was a town East of here, she said, about sixty kilometers before Wollin on the way to Kolberg, on the coast, called deep. Some said it was where Adolphus was gone. Paul said it was where it should go.

It was a bit of a hike, she said. Paul said and a train, but she said unfortunately there was no direct route. He sighed. He said that he supposed he should just walk.

"Or," she said, "you could take a boat."

While Paul tried the pants of wool of her husband and the winter coat, the woman wrapped the rest of the eggs and the bread and put them in the package of Paul. He was in the kitchen and has modeled for her. They seemed a bit loose, she said, but he must have shed a few pounds during his hike. He would be back, finally.

Paul slept a few hours and the afternoon the woman led him back the way he came to the other side of town, but along the water. When they reached the dock by the tree and he saw the skiff he said she has jokingly.

She already took the canvas tarp and bends her. It was a solid ship, she said. He needed to be gentle with it and would have reported it certainly.

When he was located, she said that he had even not happened with her to ask if he knew how to row. Paul said he had paddled canoes. It was a little different, she said. First, he needed to return. He needed to be faced backwards, not send. Paul asked how he was supposed to see where he was going, then. She said that it should continue to examine his shoulder - which was the only way to do it.

Until she pushed him, the woman said, "by the way, the name - Creek. It's the old Norwegians, Bekkr. This means Creek or Brook."

97. The woman had added some details to his card. She added a few towns and villages and it had extended the coast. She had sketched in Stettiner Haff, really the huge lagoon that he should cross the Oder mouth, she explained, until it reaches Wollin. From there he could follow the Dievenow River to the coast and brave the sea or the wire until he came to deeply.

Given his oar, Paul could have been happy if he had done as much as the lagoon. But after about an hour he began to receive the hang.

It was long before dark when he reached the entrance to the lagoon, Haff, just below Usedom. He pulled in his oars and lie and drifted. When it became cooled it could remove the canvas tarp over himself and doze off for a while, then rest up and drop his oars and continue. Provided that he had followed the coast road it would have passed Zinnowitz, Koserow, Bansin, Herringsdorf, Ahlbeck, on the slope down to Swinemuende, but rather it was only water and stars to mark his passing.

He should have noticed something else marking her passage. On his left, just on the horizon, hanging there a slight green band since he pagayée started to move and extend and

waver. Getting this would appear a pink spot as if pulled a wet hand. He could have followed the.

He rowed and was nodding off and slept. When he woke near dawn he had drifted close to shore where the cranes and herons have waded in the shallows, dipping their beaks and looking at. By the end of the morning he came to a small Horn of push of Earth at the end of a peninsula and beyond that the end of the East of the lagoon. He entered a narrow Creek at the end of the tip of the Horn and came to rest along a few rocks and came out of the skiff and walked around and stretched. Then he climbed back in the skiff and toured at the end of the Horn and along the peninsula until he entered the river Dievenow.

He followed him through a narrow scope and in front of an island along the fishing boats have jump, have passed then under a bridge and what might have been an elevator grain and beyond that the lower groups of houses. He could see no one. Soon the river widened again and all he could see were farm fields and ordered trees that have marked channels. There was a closed now.

When he approached the mouth of the River to the town of Dievenow he came to a wide estuary and followed him until he saw an irrigation canal that turned East and he entered. When he did so, an egret is mounted water so low on his head that the spray of his wings fell on him. There had been some seagulls passing overhead for hours and they did a chorus now somewhere beyond the swamp. He could have heard the wave again.

Paul came at the end of the canal near a small bridge and pulled along the Bank and went out and buried the rope under a pile of rocks. Then he climbed the Bank and crossed the bridge.

He had walked a distance by the Woods when a bike appeared in front of him, supported against a tree. He threw a glance up and down the road, but there was no one. He has not put his

package on the shoulder and inspected the bike. The tires were a little low and the chain was rusty, but otherwise rideable. He led him by the handlebars on the road and worked in a circle and applied the brakes. Blocks were removed to the metal on the edge. He threw his leg on the seat and gave a test run using his heel to stop. Then he put his package on the shoulder and went.

98. Paul would be the only road for many miles. Every so often it could pass a sign indicating the name of a town or village on the left and then a narrow lane leave running in the trees. All regulations came out of the water.

The road was hailed with potholes and he made a lot of difference. At any time a tire could blow. From time to time there would be an opening in the trees and there is a field or a meadow but above all it was the forest to any side, the mile after mile, the dense walls of pine and beech. The edges of the road were of tall grass and poor, sandy soil. It might have looked like in Wisconsin.

We called the first village which he came to view Pustchow - just a bunch of houses of fishermen in the trees. He went on, the road veering to the left so he could hear the wave tempered behind the trees. Soon he would enter into the village of Hoff Trzesacz now called, where here and there trees are broken by fields and a thin blue strip could appear above them - the sea. A road side would open his left that he would follow down to the wire.

When he reached the Cape there is a drop sharp down to the sand. Up the track to the right would be the ruins, of which some are still and there down the bike and the descent. The reputation before that he would see that it was part of a church. The shape of the windows would circulate. The back of the wall is slanted to the inside, as are the sides which are rubbed.

It would be the bike on earth would climb on the back of the wall and standing standing on the threshold of hollowed the window and look down a drop pure. It would be the reputation, it could happen with him, in the back window of a church, by examining a church - which had been once a, a church that was where now there was nothing of the sea air. The Earth was gone, with a large piece of the coast and with that the whole front of the Church and what was in it - the pews, the altar, the body, the cross. He could not have guessed how many time it had happened, or if it had happened all of a sudden, or as was the case during many years of abrasion there.

He could take what he hoped was a shortcut back on the main road but soon enough there would be deep in the forest on a narrow side lane in worse condition than the road. It would be the forest the rest of the way, but closer to the water, where he could hear the wave clearly and see it from time to time by the trees.

99. Who was brutally. An hour in, he might have heard a noise and the bike folded beneath him and sent him on the handlebars. He was not quite bad but he was pretty scratched up and when he brought a hand to her face and back there was a blood.

He walked the bike for a mile or two and after a while he supported him against a tree and continued.

The Sun has been while he reached a crude wooden sign that said TREPTOWER DEEP 5 kms. He could barely make out the words and had to look carefully at his good eye a long time. His left another way ran through the pine trees to the beach. He followed him.

The sand was bright when he came down from the trees. From time to time the Moon slipped clouds, then withdrew. He got custody of wire near the water where the sand was

closed. He continued to fire too close and get his feet wet because he had to turn his head to the trees to see water. It seemed important to monitor the forest.

At one point the wave launched a heavy stick directly in his path and he almost tripped him. He picked it up. It was quite big and smooth like the os. He spilled his heel against the narrow end, to shorten and continued. From time to time he threw him like a club and a shell or stone would break in two would go trotting on the sand.

He became good at the assumption of the distance of the wave by the sound when the top forward on his right he saw a shadow separated from a tree and come in trimming down the beach.

He arrested him and looked to come. A dog, long and thin. He could hear clicking on his collar labels. It was moving fast.

He dropped his package and knelt and dug by the package and found bread and eggs. The dog had his ears at the top. He broke the egg in his hand and threw it a few yards in front of him on the sand. The dog slowed briefly and swung his face since he spent, but kept coming. He picked up a rock and threw it, but missed. He threw another that bounced of the sand. The dog charged up to him his low head and growled and he made jogging backwards in the wave leaving his package. He handed the stick as a weapon. The dog trotted a few feet in the water and back again.

He was there like that for some time in the frigid water with the impression his feet go numb. The dog looked for awhile and then he went to his package and has searched by this and did hang out bread and eggs and has degraded them and then tore his sleeping bag and raised the package in his jaws and took down the beach cute his head side to side until it can no longer see it.

It was at the end of the wave on the beach and stamped her feet. His feet were on fire. He pushed up the range of ways to warm up and in a minute he saw the dog again too before coming for him. He allowed himself to be chased back into the wave. The dog would not go into the water. Eventually this would become bored and would go by deleting and would disappear for a while. He tibrerait his feet and would jog a bit. The dog would come back. He continued like this for an hour or more.

He waited until what he saw another big piece of driftwood. Her feet were quite frozen right there. He stood of the wave on the beach with the stick in one hand and in the other piece of wood floating of the greatness of the femur of a man. Then he pushed up the beach looking ahead and behind.

When the dog came again it was also previously. A madness in his eyes. He slowed and was his land, and when the dog was almost on him he has lobbed the stick to the side of the dog. The head of the dog threw the good is done to break and he hit.

He left the dog in the sand, but not before he looked at the labels. He had to sit after watching them. He was sure he was seeing things. He won the pass and supported him in the Dim light. Above was the name of the dog: FAENGER. Receiver. Below, the owner: K. Brook - tr. deeply.

100. An hour later he walked almost into the mouth of Rega. The beach fell off abruptly in front of him, cut by the river and picked up on the other side. He turned and faced the sea and there was the long finger of the pier describing an arc away. Behind him was the edge of the forest and the Bank of the narrow river running inside. He turned and followed him.

On the river lay the village. He came to a bridge and through him. He went in front of the fishermen's houses. They resembled more the cabins houses, their roofs covered with thatch and their pinions crossed and carved in the heads of horses. Everyone has seemed more deformed and distorted, as if the Earth would not move.

It didn't take him long to reach the other side of the village where the fields and forests began again. He turned back and went through the channels. Each window was dark. A distance of a house he fell on a low stable and entered. Toward the back there were a few goats. They raised their heads of the straw when he entered. He climbed to the attic and gave a kick set in a bed of straw and lay and slept.

101. It was raining the morning when he woke. He waited a long time to stop and finally he crawled down and held the door and paid attention. The Earth was covered with water. The nearest road was a channel flipping his middle. The rain would not stop.

On a hook by the door he found a hat with wide brim and put. It was a bit big. It has increased the collar of his coat. The goats have considered him. He always had his cane. It was released.

He went door to door, giving tweaks with the stick. In some there was no response and to others the response was vague. He gave the name of the man he was looking for and they continued to send him closer to the sea. He took what might have been a narrow path, but was now a stream. He walked on the grass beside it. Eventually he came to a House no different from any other except its distance and separation of them. The yard was closed with the posts of wood floating bluntly casing. The fence was a door on a hinge of rope. There was an arc on the door made of two lengths bent wood put together.

He passed through the gate and up to the House and gave tweaks on the door. A great man responded. He looked at it carefully down through the round metal edges. It did not seem happy to see. He said, 'Yes?'

Paul raised his hat a little edge. The water was trottiné at his feet. He asked the man if he happened to know Karl Beck. The man tipped his head and asked who wanted to know. Paul happened inside his coat and pulled the dog collar and handed him. The man took him. He returned it in his hand, then nodded his head and looked at Paul. His eyes are narrowed and he asked Paul how old he was.

It took a while to Paul. "Twenty-two?" he said.

The man has said, "you aren't sure?"

Paul said that he had not thought in the short time. The man made a nod and his lower lip slid forward. He said that Paul has to count on him as an old man. Then it pressed closer, his voice lowered. "What are you hiding?" he said.

Paul said that he was hiding nothing. The man smiled. It was good, he said--either. Then the man was away, holding the door wide and said, "Come in, then."

102. The man took Paul's hat and coat and has hung them on a hook by the door. He has supported his cane against the wall.

The man said, so "Welcome to Konrad Beck." There was a fire burning, he said, if Paul would sit. It would be just a minute. Then the man disappeared down a narrow hall.

Paul sat down by the fire. He could hear voices downstairs to the lobby. A short time later the man appeared again and asked him his name. He gave it and the man returned down the hall again. When he returned the man waved his hand and told him to come.

At the end of the hall there was a room with a small window and curtain distilled it. Under the window was a bed and in it a man argued with his head on a pillow. There was plenty of blankets put it in heap. He had a long bearded face and it seemed old. Corner was nearby a stool with a girl, a young woman on it. She was very pale, as if she has never seen the Sun. Her hair was braided around his head. It was blond straw, almost white. The great man motioned him to a chair next to the bed. He sat and waited. The man in the bed did not look it. Finally Paul said, "Hello, Konrad."

The girl in the corner told Paul that he should speak up. She looked at the tall man. "His hearing will now, too", she said.

Paul relied forward. His voice seemed very big when he said, "Konrad". The man's head turned towards him. Her eyes walked.

Paul has told the girl, "he can not see me?"

"He can't see."

He said the name of Konrad again. He said what his name was and where he was from and roughly speaking how he had found his way here. When he said the name of his mother Konrad moved under the covers and looked away, where the daughter sat. She was and came to bed. She has said, "my father is not well, as you can see. "Why don't we allow him to rest at the moment and go the conversation by fire."

103. She held the collar of the dog, rubbing his thumb on the label and asked how he had come by that.

The great man was released under the fact to overhang, in front of the window. They were low on kindling wood, he said. They could hear the thud of the axe meeting a round.

Paul said that he had fallen on the dog on the beach. He said he was sorry, but the dog was dead. She did a nod. She did not support him more far. She said that some time ago, after the war had gone for a good while, the villages along the coast had started to have problems with the packs of wild dogs. For a long time people didn't know what to do, but many believed now that these dogs had escaped from their homes along the front and had drifted East and were attached to each other and had turned wild. Not everyone was okay because there had been many reports of dogs who had become the makers of garbage of the dead along the trenches. Others argued that just at the moment where men have responded differently to the circumstances could dogs - maybe according to race, they said, the nerves and the temperament and so forth.

In any case, she said, in just a short time these dogs to became very territorial elsewhere. It was said that they have roamed the forests nearby. Faenger went missing a few days ago and she had suspected something like this. Probably it was inevitable.

He asked how Konrad would take it.

"Oh," she said, "my father had no use for Faenger or any dog besides."

"But the dog was sound", he said, "was it not?"

She frowned. "No," she has said, "Faenger was mine." She argued the collar by the label.

"Why don't we start again", she said. "Your'e Paul King and I'm Kiara Beck." And it seems that we shared a blood."

104. We called the great man Horst. It wasn't exactly a doctor, Klara said. The doctors were in short supply since the war. It said that Horst was aware of different diseases and remedies. The diagnosis of Horst was inconclusive. He stayed with them for almost a month now. He was from

above the coast quite a ways East. He had a reputation among fishermen verbally. He was known in all the coastal villages.

Horst came inside with a bunch of kindling in his arms. It was stacked next to the fire and stirred the fire with a poker. He gave a nod and then he went down the hall in the room of Konrad and closed the door.

Klara leaned forward and spoke in low tones. She said if the truth be told the status of his father was not improved with Horst around of. If anything, she said, it had become much worse since he came. Previously, she said, the vision of his father was simply poor. Now he was blind. Previously, his hearing was starting to go. Now he was deaf all except.

"And what's more," she said, "is that a few days ago he lost his voice."

She nodded her head.

He asked why they had not asked Horst to leave. She said that his father believed that Horst told them, that things would increase for some time until they are improved. He was part of the cure.

He asked if she had consulted someone else. She said that everyone in the village has approved his father. Horst had a reputation for a reason, they said.

105. Paul was able to stay as long as he liked, of course. She would make up a bed for him.

While they have peeled potatoes soup he told her about his father. She thought it was strange that his father never told from whence he came. He said that his father was usually a way of avoiding the topic.

His brother, he said, or rather his half-brother, had been in a way or another better able to get information like this. He was interested very to the mother of his father's family, in particular an uncle who as a young man had left the West.

"So this half-brother your", she said, "he had a different mother."

No, he said, the different father. In fact, he said, that was the fun part, that it was not even his own blood that interested him, just a man with the same name in which he had little connection.

He has said, "he never mentioned it, Mom?"

She nodded her head. He dropped another potato into the pot. "So, then who was his father?" she said. "The father of your brother, I mean."

He said it was a mystery. Someone she knew before she knew his father.

"I wonder how they met", she said. "And where."

He said he had hoped that Konrad could tell him, but that appeared increasingly unlikely.

106. It was three days before she asked him what had happened to his eye. They were out on one of their walks along the river. It was oppressive in the House, feverish and as if all the oxygen was established the fireplace. He found that they both enjoyed walking.

They were arrested at an elm, by watching a crow hop from branch to branch. He allowed himself a moment before he replied. It was a question he would receive much.

He has said, "I guess they thought I didn't need."

107. Sixth day Konrad went deaf. Klara was beside him with her mouth directly next to his ear

and shouted. Then she did around the bed and did the same in the other ear. Chosen Konrad to a wound on his neck.

Klara wouldn't speak to Horst. She would not sit in the same room with him. Horst was unflappable. He said that he needed to be next to his father if he would serve his purpose.

She sit beside the fire for hours and wouldn't say anything and not to turn his head.

108. He asked what had happened to his mother. He regretted the question as soon as he had asked. He thought she'd call out. But she was very of fact for this. She said that her mother had drowned. It was almost three years ago. Her brother, she said, had been killed at the end of 1914. A British destroyer torpedoed his boat U. A letter came to the House. Later, a Navy man, which left them with a medal in a box. A cross with a Crown and anchor. Prussian colours on the Ribbon. She didn't know what had happened. He disappeared with his mother. She could represent his mother wearing it when she walked into the sea. She had a flare for this sort of thing, Klara said.

Paul has said, "you must miss it."

"Should I?"

"You?"

She thought of it. She said, "If I do, it's only because she doesn't have to hate here."

He didn't say that.

109. Konrad lived another week and then he died. Horst had put away her things the day before. He carried a small suitcase, and something similar to a medical bag that is is entrechoqué

whenever it is brushed against his leg. It was drizzling, but Horst brought a light suit. He had no hat, no umbrella and no raincoat.

Things were raising the eyes, he said when he left. They should be expected to change soon. Paul looked at it be to head down the road towards the sea. He said that he preferred to walk the road of water wherever possible. Much more quickly.

Klara had entered the room of Konrad, and had closed the door. Paul knocked and waited and came then. He said that Horst is gone.

"Not soon enough", she said.

Early in the next morning Konrad was cold to the touch. Klara is located next to him with his ear on her heart.

Paul has waited her tears to come. He wanted almost for them. He would have given him something to do besides the potato skin and coals of turmoil. It would make her feel better. Get your hands on hers. Touch his hair.

She said how about a long walk. He said okay and went and went down the hall and took his hat and coat. In the meantime she closed the door again. He waited him for the long period of time until what she rose on her what she had meant.

110. He walked away in the afternoon. Whenever he did to turn he had the impression that his feet have discussed him another way. He believed that with as many times it turned around the village he could have reached the next town up the side and coming back again.

When he entered the House it was dark inside and the cold. The fire was out. It down the hall to the room of Konrad. Konrad was not in bed. The window above the bed was open and he closed it.

Rummaging through the House he discovered all open windows and them has closed one after another. He asked her as he did so, then exited and asked for it here.

He noticed that the wheelbarrow was missing and he went inside and found a flashlight and turned it on and went and sought wheel tracks. He found some across the House and followed them, backwards he realized soon, to where they started below the window in the bedroom of Konrad. There was some divots in the dirt. The grass was torn.

It has curved and followed the tracks by the yard in front of the door to where they turned right up the road. It was the way to the wire, the direction of Horst was gone.

He found her asleep on a mound of loose soil and rocks. She lies on her side with her pale hair matted and muffled and full of sand. His face appeared swollen, his eyelids wrinkled skin and raw. His hands have been badly scraped, also black nails with the grime of seem dead.

The wheelbarrow was reversed at the foot of the mound. A choice and a shovel is nearby.

Provided that someone had asked him, a few years later, when had it first knew that he loved her, he might have said now, here, but strangely no one never did.

111. It was quite some time after Konrad Beck was uncovered that the villagers of Treptower Deep learned what really had become of Klara Beck. After her sudden disappearance, late in 1918, different stories had made the rounds, but all agreed that they were little more than rumors and speculations. Some said that she had killed her father and then, filled with remorse, had killed herself, either by drowning in the sea (as her mother had done) or by some other, more violent means. Others said that she had killed her father and then fled the country, either to some neighboring land or even much farther away, perhaps across the sea. Still others said the most

likely scenario was that she had run off with the young man who had suddenly made his appearance after the war, the one with the eye-patch and the armband. Many said they recalled seeing the two of them out walking at various points, when anyone in their right minds would have been inside beside the fire. That alone, they said, seemed evidence enough of something between them.

Eventually a man named Kurtz said that he had run into Horst the last time he was on business up the coast, and the subject of Konrad Beck had come up, and Horst had let slip that not so long ago he had passed through a village far to the east, around the Masurian Lakes, where a woman had just died during labor. The funeral was being held that afternoon, Horst had said, and after he had made some inquiries he decided to delay his departure for a day. As it turned out, the woman was none other than Klara Beck of Treptower Deep. She had run off with the young revolutionary who had appeared in Deep after the war, and it would seem that at some point the two of them had married and found their way to East Prussia. Whether their first child, a daughter, had arrived before or after their marriage could not be said, but what was certain was that there was now a widower called Paul König in Masuria with two daughters who, if they took after their parents, were likely to have rather promising beginnings but quite unfortunate ends.

112. Horst was not wrong. After Klara's death, Paul König, as he had called himself since just after the war, remained a widower for the rest of his days. It was thought that this made him a much more devoted father than he might otherwise have been, and for a while things went fairly well for Paul and his daughters.

The older girl, called Nikola, was said to be sharp-witted and quite good-looking. She was very popular with everyone, especially the boys. She was tall and fair and athletic, and years

later, after the new regime had been in place for a while, some said that had she been just a few years younger she might have made a model German Girl. But even had she not been too old, Nikola would not likely have joined the League, for in spite of all her good attributes she was also very independent-spirited, some said perversely so, and would not take direction from anyone. When she was a bit older, her refusal to cooperate with her fellows grew quite pronounced, and many said they were not surprised when she left her father and sister and went to Berlin, where she was said to have fallen in with troublemakers. She might have been one of the so-called Edelweiss Pirates, some said, but that was speculation. No one saw her after she went away, not even her father or sister.

There were eight years separating Nikola from her sister Claudia, and the two had not been close. Some said Nikola resented Claudia for her role in their mother's death, but that was also speculation. No one ever suggested the same about Paul König; his devotion to both his daughters was unquestioned. Unlike her sister, Claudia was the perfect age for the League, and she was thought to have desired very much to be a member. But Claudia, it was said, was unlike her sister in as many ways as could be possible, and her application to the League of German Girls was rejected outright. Some said this rejection came at a very crucial time in her development, and that was why she turned out as she did. But others said that things were bound to go badly for her right from the start.

As it happened, things did end up going quite badly for Claudia in the end, and for many others from her village, too.

Paul König and his daughter Claudia managed to live quite undisturbed through the war, everything considered. In this respect their experience was no different from a great many others

like them. Paul worked a small farm just outside his village, Claudia helped him, and they mostly kept to themselves.

But when, in May of 1945, the German Army surrendered at the Lüneburg Heath, things had not been going well for Paul and Claudia König, or anyone from their village or neighboring towns or villages, for some time. In the final weeks of the war, as the German Army fled west, several million German civilians also fled, and Paul and Claudia König were among them. Even at the age of fifty, Paul might have been drafted in the last year of the war, but the injury to his eye from the previous conflict kept him from having to serve in the second. And what is more, his vision had started to go in the other eye, along with his hearing, and so he was really quite dependent upon Claudia toward the end.

If Paul's vision and hearing were poor by 1945, they were not poor enough to save him from having to witness some pretty ghastly things, not the least of which was what some Russian soldiers did to Claudia when the two of them, having fled their farm weeks before, were still on the run. But by then they both would have been witness to many similar things, and some things perhaps much worse, and in that regard there was nothing remarkable about Paul and Claudia König that spring.

What perhaps was remarkable was that, by the following year, after a large swath of territory passed from German to Polish administration, Paul and Claudia König had become Pawel and Klaudia Król. The two of them were living in the far western reaches of the new Poland, in a region that, after the westward flight and expulsion of so many Germans, remained depopulated and, it was said, even apocalyptic in atmosphere for years. The Poles referred to that region as the Wild West.

The Königs—that is, the Króls—had registered as ethnic Poles not long after they had stumbled through that region and squatted on an abandoned farm that had recently belonged to one of their compatriots. If the local Polish authorities doubted the story the Króls had presented about themselves—perhaps suspecting that they had claimed something not rightly theirs—it might just have been the chaos of that moment that permitted it. Or perhaps someone, somewhere, at some level of authority, simply turned a blind eye.

It bears mentioning that, at one point during their westward journey, just before the ugly thing that Claudia endured, the Russian Army had put them to work alongside a great many others removing a long stretch of railroad. For weeks they worked together disassembling a whole side of the rail and loading it onto the cars headed east. For that train, at least, there would be no journey back.

113. In Idavoll they say that, when Paul King did not come home from the Great War, his stepmother Eva took it very hard. Everyone knew that Eva was very fond of Paul, and that she had been quite distraught when he left them so suddenly and with such little warning. She and Bill had tried to conceive a child of their own together but it was not to be, and if that had strained things between them, Paul's disappearance seems to have been their undoing. It was remarked that the Klaus affair, as people called it, had certainly not helped matters between them.

Not long after the war had ended, Bill and Eva went their separate ways. Eva moved back to where Sven and Alma lived, and Bill sold the house and went upriver. He was still a young man then, just past forty, but he seemed to have aged a bit faster than most. He was said to have

taken over Klaus's cabin on the Black River and to have stayed there for many years, keeping up the seasonal rhythms of a woodsman of yesteryear.

Now and then word would drift south about another woodsman, far to the north, whom people knew had relations around Idavoll. There was no mistaking the hermit Otto Korth, people said, even when there was no name attached to the image.

Otto would have been almost eighty when Bill moved to Klaus's cabin. Otto must have lived a very long time, because toward the end of the Second World War, when Bill King would have been nearly seventy, some news came south that the old hermit who had lived for decades on one of the smaller of the Apostle Islands had finally died. And some say it was not long after this that Bill King, who had himself earned something of a reputation as a hermit, was spotted in a skiff on the Wisconsin River, motoring north. He has not been seen or heard from since.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Andersson, Theodore M. *The Icelandic Family Saga: An Analytic Reading*. Harvard University Press, 1967.
- Arthur, Max. *Forgotten Voices of the Great War*. London: Lyons Press, 2004.
- Bessel, Richard. *Germany 1945: From War to Peace*. London: Simon & Schuster, 2009.
- Brown, Malcolm. *The Imperial War Museum Book of the Western Front*. London: Pan Books, 2001.
- Bungert, Heike (ed.). *Wisconsin German Land and Life*. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 2006.
- Byock, Jesse L. (trans.). *The Saga of the Völsungs*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1990.
- Caruth, Cathy. *Unclaimed Experience: Trauma, Narrative and History*. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1996.
- Clark, Walter van Tilburg. *The Ox-Bow Incident*. New York: Modern Library, 2001.
- Clover, Carol J. *The Medieval Saga*. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1982.
- Cook, Robert (trans.). *Njal's Saga*. London: Penguin Classics, 2001.
- Conzen, Kathleen Neils. *Germans in Minnesota*. St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society Press, 2003.
- Cumbow, Robert C. *The Films of Sergio Leone*. Lanham: Scarecrow Press, 2008.
- Davies, Phillips G. *Welsh in Wisconsin*. Madison: Wisconsin Historical Society Press, 2006.
- Davidson, H. R. Ellis. *Gods and Myths of Northern Europe*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1964.
- Douglas, R. M. *Orderly and Humane: The Expulsion of the Germans after the Second World War*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 2012.
- Easterling, P. E. (ed.). *The Cambridge Companion to Greek Tragedy*. New York: Cambridge University Press, 1997.
- Fapso, Richard J. *Norwegians in Wisconsin*. Madison: Wisconsin Historical Society Press, 2001.

- Frayling, Christopher. *Sergio Leone: Something to Do with Death*. St. Paul: University of Minnesota Press, 2012.
- Fridlund, Bert. *The Spaghetti Western: A Thematic Analysis*. Jefferson: McFarland & Co., 2006.
- Gjerde, Jon. *Norwegians in Minnesota*. St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society Press, 2002.
- Grainger, Martin Allerdale. *Woodsmen of the West*. Seattle: Fjord Press, 1988.
- Guerber, Helene A. *Myths of the Norsemen*. New York: Barnes & Noble, 2006.
- Hale, Frederick. *Danes in Wisconsin*. Madison: Wisconsin Historical Society Press, 2005.
- Hallberg, Peter. *The Icelandic Saga*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1962.
- Hamsun, Knut. *Growth of the Soil*. New York: Penguin, 2007.
- Harrison, Jim. *Legends of the Fall*. New York: Dell Publishing, 1989.
- Heyman, Neil M. *Daily Life During World War I*. Westport: Greenwood Press, 2002.
- Hollander, Lee M. (trans.). *Saga of the Jómsvikings*. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1989.
- Hrabal, Bohumil. *I Served the King of England*. New York: Vintage International, 1990.
- Kildahl, Erling E. (ed.). *Westward We Came: A Norwegian Immigrant's Story, 1866 – 1898*. West Lafayette: Purdue University Press, 2008.
- Krockow, Christian Graf von. *Hour of the Women*. New York: HarperCollins, 1991.
- LaCapra, Dominick. *Writing History, Writing Trauma*. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2014.
- Laxness, Halldor. *Independent People*. New York: Vintage International, 1997.
- Lehndorff, Hans von. *East Prussian Diary*. London: Oswald Wolff, 1963.
- Leifur Eiriksson Publishing. *The Sagas of Icelanders: A Selection*. New York: Penguin, 2000.
- Lennon, J. Robert. *On the Night Plain*. New York: Picador, 2001.
- Lewis, Anne Gillespie. *Swedes in Minnesota*. St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society Press, 2004.
- Lönnrot, Elias. *Kalevala*. Trans. Keith Bosley. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1989.

- Lovoll, Odd S. *Norwegians on the Prairie: Ethnicity and the Development of the Country Town*. St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society Press, 2006.
- Luckhurst, Roger. *The Trauma Question*. Abingdon: Routledge, 2008.
- MacDonogh, Giles. *After the Reich: The Brutal History of the Allied Occupation*. New York: Basic Books, 2007.
- Magnusson, Magnus (trans.). *The Vinland Sagas: The Norse Discovery of America*. New York: Penguin Classics, 1965.
- Marlantes, Karl. *What it is Like to Go to War*. New York: Grove Press, 2011.
- McCarthy, Cormac. *Blood Meridian*. New York: Random House, 1985.
- McCarthy, Cormac. *The Border Trilogy: All the Pretty Horses, The Crossing, Cities of the Plain*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1999.
- McCarthy, Cormac. *The Road*. New York: Vintage, 2006.
- Orchard, Anthony (trans.). *The Elder Edda: A Book of Viking Lore*. London: Penguin Classics, 2011.
- Pálsson, Hermann. *Seven Viking Romances*. New York: Penguin Classics, 1986.
- Pike, Robert E. *Tall Trees, Tough Men*. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1984.
- Radzilowski, John. *Poles in Minnesota*. St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society Press, 2009.
- Ross, Margaret C. *The Cambridge Companion to the Old Norse-Icelandic Saga*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2010.
- Schaefer, Jack. *Shane: The Critical Edition*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1984.
- Sebald, W. G. *Austerlitz*. Trans. Anthea Bell. New York: Modern Library, 2001.
- Sebald, W. G. *The Emigrants*. Trans. Michael Hulse. New York: New Directions, 1997.
- Sebald, W. G. *On the Natural History of Destruction*. Trans. Anthea Bell. New York: Random House, 2003.
- Sebald, W. G. *Vertigo*. Trans. Michael Hulse. New York: New Directions, 2000.
- Sturluson, Snorri. *Edda*. Trans. Anthony Faulkes. London: Everyman Press, 1995.
- Tolkien, J. R. R. *The Lord of the Rings*. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin, 2003.

Vizenor, Gerald. *The People Named the Chippewa: Narrative Histories*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1984.

Whitehead, Anne. *Trauma Fiction*. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2004.

Wister, Owen. *The Virginian*. New York: Penguin, 1988.

Wister, Owen. *The Virginian*. New York: Barnes & Noble, 2005.

Wyman, Mark. *The Wisconsin Frontier*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1998.