

THE ARM
OF THE
STARFISH
MADELEINE L

ENGLE

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consultant to this
series.

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FOR

EDWARD NASON WEST

KA-LIKE

OZOI TO KANONI

TOYTQ 2TOIXHZOY21N,

EIPHNH EH

⊘

AYTOYZ

The verse quoted on page 124 is from

"Two Tramps in Mud Time"

from COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST.

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KRI

A heavy summer fog enveloped Kennedy

International. The roar of the great planes was silenced
but in the air

port there was noise and confusion. Adam wandered
about, trying not to look lost, keeping one ear open to the
blaring of the loudspeaker in case his flight to Lisbon
should be called or canceled. His bags had long since

disappeared on the perpetually moving conveyor belt,
and he
was too excited to sit anywhere with a book. All he
could
do was walk about, looking and listening, caught
up in the
general feeling of tension.
An extra load of business was being conducted over
the
insurance counters and at the insurance machines. Adam
debated between a machine which would give him insurance and
one which would give him coffee, and chose the
coffee. Holding the paper cup in one hand, and his
bat
tered school briefcase in the other, he walked through
a crowd of agitated people who had come to meet planes
which were now being deflected to Boston and Philadel
phia.
The hot, sweet coffee finished and the carton disposed
of in a trash can, Adam headed for a row of phone
booths, but they were all occupied by frustrated people
whose plans had been changed by the July fog, so he
de
cided against trying to call any of his friends.
Probably no
one would be home, anyhow; they were either away for
the summer or busy with summer jobs.
So there was no point in trying to impress anyone with
his
job which had come up suddenly and gloriously
after
he and his parents had moved to Woods Hole for the
sum
mer and he was already set in the familiar routine of
sort
ing and filing for Old Doc Didymus.
Doc might be ninety and doddering, but it was he who
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had said, the second day Adam reported for work,
"Adam, I'm letting myself get dependent on you
in the summer and this isn't good for either of us. My young
friend, O'Keefe, is doing some rather extraordinary
experiments with starfish on an island off the south
coast of Por
tugal, and I'm sending you over to work for him this
summer."
Strangely enough it was almost as easy as it sounded,
parental permission, passport, inoculations, and a
ticket to
Lisbon.
Adam, like every biology major, had heard of Dr.
O'Keefe, but the scientist was only a name in the
boy's
mind. To work for him, to see him as a person, was some
thing else again. He was full of questions.
'Young' to Old
Doc meant anywhere between eight and eighty, but Adam
had early learned that one did not ask Old Doc
anything
that did not pertain directly to marine biology.

Adam's father, who had also worked for Old Doc in his day, knew this, too. He said only, "If Doc thinks you're ready to work for Dr. O'Keefe then it's the thing for you to do, and I'd be the last person to hold you back. O'Keefe has one of the extraordinary minds of our day. Your mother and I will miss you, but it's time you got off and away."

Over the loudspeaker Adam's flight was postponed for the third time. He started for an emptying phone booth, but a woman with three small children beat him to it. The children huddled together outside the booth; the eldest, bravely holding on to the hands of the two little ones, began to cry, and Adam, to his own indignation and shame, felt a strong surge of fellow-feeling with the child. He turned quickly away and walked up and down the large, noisy main hall of the air terminal, trying not to be disturbed by the loudspeaker calling, people rising from couches and trying to listen, annoyed men heading for the bar, mothers trying to coax babies into sleep with bottles of milk or juice. The main thing, he finally acknowledged to himself with a feeling of deep shame, was that he'd always had someone's hand (figuratively, of course) to hold: his family's, or Old Doc's, or the teachers', or the kids' at school, and now for the first time (for shame, Adam, at such an age), he was on his own," and just because his flight kept being postponed was no reason for him to start feeling homesick and to look around for another hand to hold.

Adam Eddington, sixteen, going on seventeen, out of high school and set for Berkeley in the winter, had better be ashamed of himself if a crowded airport, heavy with fog and tension, could put him on edge now. It was after his flight had been delayed again (but not yet canceled) that he became aware of one person in the enormous, milling crowd, a girl about his own age. He was aware of her not only because she was spectacularly beautiful in a sophisticated way that made him nervous, but because she was aware of him. She looked at him, not coyly, not in any way inviting him to come speak to her, but coolly, deliberately, as though looking for something.

Twice Adam thought she was going to come over to him; it was almost as though she had some kind of message for him. But each time she turned in another direction and Adam decided that he was being imaginative again. He started to go for another cup of coffee, then looked back across the echoing hall, and now not only was the spectacular and enticing girl looking at him, she was walking toward him, and as she came closer she smiled directly at him, and held up one hand in greeting. His palm was slightly moist against the handle of his briefcase. "Hi," she said. "I know you." Adam gave what he felt must be a rather silly grin and shook his head. "No. But I wish you did." She frowned. "I know I know you. Where?" Adam was aware that this was a rather outworn opening gambit. However, he felt that this girl really meant it; she wasn't just casting around for someone to amuse her until her plane should be called or canceled. With her looks in any case she could have had any man in the airport with the lift of an eyebrow; Adam saw several men looking admiringly at the naturally fair hair, that particular shining gold that can never be acquired in a beauty parlor, and which shimmered softly down to slender shoulders. She wore a flame-colored linen dress and spike-

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heeled pumps. A leather bag was slung casually over one shoulder, and Adam no longer felt even the smallest need to hold anyone's hand, except perhaps the girl's, and that would be a different matter entirely. He was overwhelmedingly proud that out of this vast conglomeration of people she had singled him out for her attentions. "I'm Adam Eddington," he said, "and having met you now I'm not likely to forget it." The girl laughed, with no coyness. "I admit I'm not used to being forgotten. I'm Carolyn Cutter, called Kali. Where are you off to? That is, of course, if we ever get off." "Lisbon first." "Oh, sharp! Me too. Where next?"

"Well, I'm going to be working on an island called Gaea. It's somewhere off the south coast of Portugal." As he said 'Gaea' she frowned slightly-perhaps she was thinking of Goa-but she said, "What on earth kind of work could you possibly find to do in Gaea?" "There's a marine biologist working there, Dr. O'Keefe. I'm going to be assisting him." Now the girl definitely frowned. "Oh, so you know O'Keefe." "No, I don't know him. I've never met him." Kali seemed to relax. "Well, still know him, and if you'd like the lowdown I'll give it to you. How about going into the coffee shop and having a sandwich and a Coke or something? I was counting on eating on the plane and heaven knows when we'll get on that. I'm starved." "Me, too. Great idea," Adam said. He put his hand against the firm tan skin of her bare arm and they started across the hall to the coffee shop. Suddenly Kali stiffened and veered away. "What's the matter?" Adam asked. "I don't want him to see me." "Who?" Adam looked around stupidly and saw a middle-aged clergyman holding on to the hand of a gangly, redheaded girl about twelve years old. "Him. Canon Tallis. Don't look. Hurry." As Adam ran to catch up with her, she said, under her breath, but with great intensity, "Listen, Adam, please take this seriously. I'm warning you about him. Watch out for him. I mean it. Truly." Adam, startled, looked at her. Her lovely face was pale with emotion, her pansy eyes clouded. "What-what do you mean? Warning me? For Pete's sake why?" She tucked her arm through his and started again toward the coffee shop "Maybe the simplest thing to tell you is that he's a phony." "You mean he isn't a-a-was" "Oh, he's a canon all right, you know, a kind of priest who floats around a cathedral. He's from the diocese of Gibraltar. But I didn't really mean that." She turned her limpid eyes toward him, and her hand pressed against his arm. "Adam, please don't think I'm mad."

"Of course I don't think you're mad," Adam said. "I'm just-well, for crying out loud what is all this? I don't know you, I don't know your canon or whatever he is, I think you've got me mixed up with someone else." "No," Kali said, leaning rather wearily against the wall. "Let me tell you about myself, and then maybe you'll understand. But first I want to know something: how do you happen to be working for O'Keefe?" "I'm majoring in marine biology," Adam said. "My father's a physicist, teaches at Columbia, but we've always gone to Woods Hole for the summer and I've worked for Old Doc Didymus there ever since I was a kid." "Didymus?" "You've probably read about him in the papers and stuff," Adam said with some pride. "He's one of the most famous marine biologists in the country, and he's still going strong, even if he is ninety. Anyhow, he got me this job. It's a marvelous opportunity for me." Four people at the head of the line were beckoned to a table and Adam and Kali moved up. Kali looked around at the people ahead of them and behind them, then said in almost a whisper, "Oh, Adam, it's terribly lucky I met you! I've absolutely got to talk to you. But there's no point here-you never know who might be listening. Maybe on the plane-. Anyhow, I'll tell you something about myself

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now, because at this point if you thought I was a kook I certainly wouldn't blame you." Looking at Kali standing beside him, at the pale radiance of her hair, at her hand resting lightly on his arm, Adam did not think her a kook. As a matter of fact, it didn't make the slightest difference whether she was a kook or not. She was a gorgeous girl who for some unknown and delightful reason had chosen him out of all this crowd, and what she was saying was only a soprano twittering in his ears. Most girls' conversation was, in his opinion. She chattered away, looking up at him confidently, and he sighed and tried to give a small, courteous amount of attention to her words.

He had always, with a degree of arrogance, considered himself sophisticated because he had grown up in New York, because his friendships cut across racial and economic barriers, because he could cope with subway

shuttle at rush hours, because the island of Manhattan (he thought) held no surprises for him. But, trying to listen to Kali, he saw that his life, in its own way, had been as protected and innocent as that of his summer friends who lived year round at Woods Hole, and with whom he had always felt faintly worldly. Kali, it seemed, crossed the ocean as casually as Adam took a crosstown bus. She knew important people in all the capitals of Europe, and yet she talked about them with an open candor that kept it from being name-dropping. Her father had extensive business interests in Lisbon and on the west coast of Portugal; they had an apartment in Lisbon and were intimate with everybody in the American and British embassies. Because Kali had no mother she acted as her father's hostess-for all his entertaining. "And we do lots and lots of it," she said. "Daddy's a sort of unofficial cultural attache", only lots more so. I mean he's ever so much more important. Good public relations and stuff. Fine for business, and fun, too." As Adam listened, his mouth opened a little in admiration and awe. Her light, rather high voice, fine as a silver thread, spun a fine web about him. He felt that at last, here in the international atmosphere of the great airport,

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he was truly entering the adult world- in which Kali already trod with beauty and assurance. She gave him a sideways glance, and her fingers pressed lightly against his arm. "I do love being daddy's hostess," she said, "and I really do very well by him. I mean I have a flair for it. I'm not bragging or anything; it's just what I'm good at." Adam could easily picture her being gracious and charming and radiant and having every man in the room at her feet.

There was a group of six young people ahead of them, three boys and three girls. Adam felt that the boys were conscious of Kali's exotic beauty and envious because it was his arm she held, and that the girls were conscious of the boys' consciousness, and annoyed by it-Those jerks, he thought. I wonder what they're doing here anyhow? The harassed coffee shop hostess moved through the crowded room toward the line and held up her fingers. "Two?" "Oh, good, that's us," Kali said. "Come on, Adam." They were taken to a dark table in the corner. A waitress wiped off the wet rings and crumbs and stuck menus at them. Kali ignored the menus. "I just want a cheeseburger and a Coke. That okay by you, Adam?" "Sure. Fine." Kali waved the menus and the waitress away with an airy command that just barely missed rudeness. She leaned over the table toward Adam. "This was luck, getting a corner table like this. I guess we can talk a little if we keep our voices low. This-what's his name?-Diddy-was "Didymus." "You're sure he's all right? You can trust him?" "Of course! We've always known Old Doc. He's-he's like my grandfather." She pressed the tips of her long, lovely fingers together thoughtfully. "I wonder." "What?" "I wonder how well he knows O'Keefe. If he's ninety-was "There are no fleas on Old Doc. You'd never take him for over sixty."

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"O'Keefe has a reputation all right," Kali said. "I mean, he's a scientist. That's no front." "Why should there be a front?" "Oh, Adam, it's so complicated! We are on the same flight, aren't we?" They were not. Adam was going to Swissair and Kali, Alitalia. She looked at him blankly. "How long are you going to be in Lisbon?" "I don't think at all. I'm being met there and flown right

on to Gaea."

The waitress plunked then* orders in front of them, slop ping then- Cokes. Kali looked at her sweetly. "I'm so sorry to trouble you, but would you mind wiping the table, please? Thank you so much," Then she looked somberly at Adam. "This is bad. I've got to see you somehow. Do you think you'll be coming to Lisbon at all?" "I don't know. I rather doubt it." "Then I'll get to Gaea. I'll manage. Because I can't-was She held up her hand for silence as the loudspeaker blared. "That's my flight, Adam! The fog must be lifting. Come with me quickly, and I'll tell you what I can." They left then- untouched food and Adam picked up the check. Kali waited impatiently while he paid and got change. They hurried along the echoing corridor. "Listen quickly," she said. "I can't really tell you anything now, but just watch out for O'Keefe, Adam. He's hi thick with Canon Tallis. That's O'Keefe's kid with Tallis now." "Dr. O'Keefe's!" "Yes. I told you they were in cahoots. He has dozens of kids. O'Keefe, I mean. O'Keefe and Tallis are against us, Adam. Don't let them rope you in. I'll try to get you to meet daddy somehow or other as soon as I can. I'm not being an alarmist, Adam. I know what I'm talking about. Believe me." Adam almost believed. In spite of the wildness of Kali's words there was something about her that carried conviction. And Kali, with her sophistication and beauty, did not need to invent stories to get attention.

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They reached the Alitalia gate and" through the window Adam could see the big jet waiting in the rain that had driven away the fog. Kali took her ticket out of her bag, turned anxiously, and, to Adam's surprise, kissed him quickly on the cheek, saying again, "Believe me." Adam stood watching as she hurried through the door. People brushed rapidly past him. He looked vaguely for the canon and the redheaded child, but did not see them. Oddly enough he felt excited and elated as well as bewil dered. He did not have the faintest idea what

Kali had been talking about, or what she was warning him about, but this was adventure, adventure in the adult world. He had graduated, all right! He stood watching, bemused, as Kali's plane wheeled around and moved like a cumbersome bird down the runway. He could hear the blast of the jet as it slid out of sight into the rain. Slowly he walked from the Alitalia gates to the Swissair waiting room. There he saw Canon Tallis and the tall, gangly child, Dr. O'Keefe's child, standing with silent concentration licking ice cream cones, side by side, each bowed seriously over the ice cream.

Adam studied the clergyman and the child surreptitiously. The only extraordinary thing about Canon Tallis was the fact that he was completely bald, even to having no eye brows, and had the look, somehow, of an extremely intelligent teddy bear. The girl seemed to Adam no different from most children who have suddenly shot up in height and not caught up with themselves in any other way. Only the flame of her hair and the open clarity of her blue eyes hinted that there was something for her to grow up to. She looked at him over her ice cream cone and Adam shifted his gaze, for he wanted neither the canon nor the child to know that he was observing them. He took a book out of his briefcase and pretended to read it until his flight was called.

He started to the gate, and saw out of the corner of his eye that they were following him. Because it was the height of the tourist season the plane was crowded. Adam had been assigned a seat by the window in the tourist section, and though the wing partly obscured his view he would still be able to see a good deal. Across the aisle, next to the window, sat the child, the canon beside her, and a lady with lavender hair in the third seat. The places next to Adam were occupied by two businessmen with attache cases.

It was ten o'clock at night by Adam's watch when they took off. He had flown in from the Cape in the morning, but this was his first trip in a jet, and the pull of the gravities took him by surprise as momentarily he seemed to be pinned back in his seat. Then, with a smoothness he had never felt on a prop plane, they were airborne, rani

drenching against the windows. And suddenly there was a star, and then another and another. Adam tried to watch

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as the plane flew high and clear of the clouds, but the lights in the cabin turned the windows into mirrors so that

he saw his own reflection thrown back at him.

He looked warily about the plane, trying not to let his

gaze linger on the dark figure of the canon, who was talk

ing to the child, his face quick with interest and intelligence.

But was it a malevolent or a benevolent face?

Adam could not tell. The child laughed,

openly, spontane

ously: Dr. O'Keefe's child. Adam gave a

shiver of excite

ment. Already, and before he had even met Dr.

O'Keefe,

the job promised to be far more than a summer job

with a well-known scientist. Adam, crossing the

Atlantic for the

first time, dazzled by the international atmosphere of the

great jet, felt ready for anything.

There was the click and buzz of the loudspeaker, and,

while an attractive stewardess demonstrated,

a voice ex

plained in English, French, and German, the

emergency

use of oxygen and how to put on the life belts just

in case

the plane should have to be ditched in the middle of the

Atlantic. The captain, also using the three

languages, intro

duced himself, and described the flight route and the

alti

tude at which they would be flying. All of this and Adam

hadn't even noticed that the

no smoking

and

fasten seat

belts

signs had blinked off. Feeling a little foolish,

he un

did his belt, noting that his companions had already un

fastened theirs, and tried to relax and look

world-traveled.

But he was too keyed up for the tautness to leave his

body.

Dinner was served, a full and delicious meal in

spite of

the hour, and Adam, having had none of his

cheeseburger

in the coffee shop with Kali, ate ravenously. After

the trays were cleared the stewardess came around with

pillows and blankets, and Adam, like the older men

beside

him, leaned back in his seat, loosening his tie and

belt. He

knew it was important to try to sleep as soon as
he could
because the difference in time would make it a short night.
When they landed in Lisbon at eight-thirty in the
morning
it would still be only three-thirty in New York.
But his mind would not shut off. He found himself
remembering a trip to the Hayden Planetarium.
He loved
the Planetarium and went there often to see the dome

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come alive with star?. He thought now of a lecturer who
had said, "Of course you never see stars like this in
New
York. If you want to see stars you must go out into the
country where there are no lights to dim them. But if you
really
want to see stars then you must be out in the middle
of the ocean. Then you can see them as the sailors and
navigators saw them in the days when stars were known
as very few people know them now."
Adam, wakeful, remembering these words, glanced at
his seat companions. Both had their eyes closed, so
very
gently he drew back the curtains at the window.
The lights
in the cabin had been dimmed; the window was no longer
a mirror, and he saw that the Planetarium
lecturer had spoken the truth. Never had there been
stars as he saw
them now, not at Woods Hole on the beach, nor
even out
in a sailboat at night. The stars-how many miles
out over
the Atlantic?-were clearer and more brilliant than
any
thing he could have imagined, glorious myriads pulsing
and throbbing about the plane. With his face turned
toward the window he dozed, never sleeping soundly, but
over and over again opening his eyes to the stars.
Then, very slowly, in the east, straight ahead of him,
the
sky began to lighten faintly, the stars to seem just a
little
less clear. A pale red warmed the horizon, but
what made it different from sunrise seen from the land,
or even from
a ship, was the plane's great altitude, and the most
ex
traordinary sight came surprisingly from behind the
plane,
in the west They were flying east into sunlight, but the
western sky was a strange, deep blue,
with a haze of rose
spreading out below and pulsing slowly upward.
By now he was completely awake, looking out the win
dow before him, behind him, below him. The plane was
so high that he did not see the ocean as ocean, but as

great patches of purply-grey darkness among the scattered whiteness of clouds. As the light brightened, so that he was afraid his seat companions would ask him to draw the curtains, the clouds thickened beneath the plane, though it was flying in dazzling sunshine. He leaned back in his seat, saturated for the moment with beauty, and looked around the cabin. Most of the

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passengers were still asleep. A portly gentleman moved stiffly up the aisle past Adam to the washroom. Across the aisle the canon and the O'Keefe child were eagerly peering out the window, the priest leaning over the child, his arm around her. He seemed very avuncular and not in the least sinister, and for a moment Adam wondered if he could have dreamed Kali and her warnings. In the aisle seat next to the canon the lavender-haired lady snored delicately. Then, at three o'clock in the morning New York time, all the lights were turned on in the plane cabin, and break fast was served, which, Adam felt, must have been a little hard on those passengers going on to Geneva and Zurich, though he himself was more than ready for food, and the hot, fragrant coffee made him forget his lack of sleep. He was starting to wonder why they were not beginning the descent for Lisbon when he heard the buzz of the loudspeaker: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain. We have just passed over Lisbon. Because of weather conditions we are unable to land and will proceed to Madrid." The same message was repeated in French and German. The man next to Adam rang for the stewardess and asked about visas in Madrid; if they were being forced into Madrid he wanted to do some sightseeing; he wanted to go to the Prado. It would be perfectly all right, the stewardess assured him; if the plane was held in Madrid for any length of time those passengers wanting visas would be issued them. This struck Adam as an unlooked-for piece of luck; a glimpse of Lisbon and then the island of Gaea were all he

had expected to see. A day hi Madrid was a wonderful and added adventure. The Prado, he knew, was a museum; if that was the place to go, go to it he would. Within a few minutes the clouds dispersed as they started their slow descent, and he could see the country side of Spain beneath him. It was all he could have hoped for in his most romantic dreams: it was as though the plane had taken them centuries instead of miles out of their way. In the distance were snow-capped mountains. Below him were fields of all shapes and patterns and in all shades of green and brown. He thought he recognized ol-

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ive trees, but the plane was still too high up for him to be sure. There were hills with ancient forts built around a square; there were hills with turreted castles. He had heard of castles in Spain; now he was seeing them. Suddenly he saw great bare circles of some kind of modern military emplacements; he was not sure what they were; perhaps Nike sites. Strange, bleak pockmarks on an ancient rural landscape, they jerked him out of the middle ages and into the present. fasten seat belts flicked on. Across from Adam the canon and the child slowly sat back in their seats. The landing was effortless and the great plane taxied down and around long runways until in the distance Adam could see a large, cold-looking modern airport; there were many men in military uniforms moving about. As soon as the plane had stopped, the rolling steps were pushed up and the passengers herded out and into a waiting bus, although the jet was only a few yards from the terminal. Probably, Adam thought, they're taking us to some other entrance where they can fix up our visas and tell us when we can get to Lisbon. The bus was all part of the adventure, it was so definitely not an American bus. There was something almost institutional about it, as though it were not a bus for which one ever voluntarily paid a fare to take a ride; it was like a bus in a dream into which people were thrust, as the jet passengers were now, like it or not, and taken to some impersonal destination, probably unknown. About half the passengers were able to sit on the seats which ran the length of the bus; the rest of them,

includ
ing Canon Tallis and the O'Keefe child, and, of
course, Adam, stood as the bus jounced the few
yards to the air terminal: no more. They were as drenched
by the rain
that had suddenly started as they would have been if they had
been allowed to run the short distance between plane
and port, and why they hadn't been Adam could not
fathom; but since nobody else was remarking on this
he
kept his mouth shut.
From the bus they were urged into the terminal where

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one of the stewardesses smiled with professional cheer
and
confidence and said, "Wait."
This must be tough, he realized, throwing the whole
flight out of schedule; for the plane personnel it was
not
the adventure it was to Adam and to some of the passen
gers who were already making sightseeing plans; others
were yawning openly and talking about getting to a hotel
and catching some sleep. There was also some speculation
as to what kind of hotel they were being taken
to, and one
of the more traveled passengers said that probably it
would be the Plaza, since the Swissair offices were
in the same building, and that, though there was nothing wrong
with the Plaza, it bore no resemblance whatsoever
to the
Plaza in New York and no one had better
expect any
such luxury.
The interior of the terminal was as modern and cold
and bleak as the exterior, and as filled with men in
uniform, though these at least were keeping dry. As
Adam
looked at their dark, stern faces he felt some of
his op
timistic sense of well-being and grownupness beginning
to
fade, but shook himself, remembering that he had not had
much sleep for two nights now, and lack of sleep
always tended to make him edgy and apprehensive-one
reason
he never sat up late studying for exams. If he
didn't know
it he didn't know it.
In the big, chill room some of the passengers
sat wearily
on wooden benches, others chatted desultorily,
making
tentative plans. Canon Tallis stood
holding the hand of the
child, who was beginning to look white with fatigue, but
neither of them spoke. It seemed a long time before one
of the stewardesses reappeared and said that they would now
be given visas and would then be driven to a hotel hi
Madrid. She herded them into two lines, telling

them to
have their passports ready for inspection and stamping.
Adam asked her anxiously, "I'm being met in
Lisbon.
Will they be notified there?"
"Certainly, sir, but we'll be glad to send a
telegram for
you. To whom?"
"I'm not sure who's meeting me. Could you just
notify
Dr. O'Keefe on Gaea? My name's Adam
Eddington."

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"Of course." She made a note, smiled
again, and ex
cused herself charmingly.
In the other line, with his passport already being inspect
ed, stood the canon, and Adam realized that the older
man had overheard him and was now looking at him in
an
intent and curious way. As the priest took his
passport and
the child's and walked off toward the exit he turned and
looked back at Adam.
The lines moved quickly. The passport was given
to one
man, who checked it. Then the passenger was moved
along to another man who stamped the passport with the
required visa and returned it. It was all brisk
and uncom
plicated.
Until it was Adam's turn.
The officer at the window took Adam's passport
and
flipped casually through it, then turned back to the begin
ning and began to go slowly over each page. Finally,
in
heavily accented English, he said, "Your name,
please."
"Adam Eddington." Then the boy spoke in
Spanish, since he had had four years of it in
school, and Juan, one
of his closest friends was a Puerto Rican, school
track star
and prize chemistry student, whose family spoke
no English. "Aqui tiene usted todo escrito
en el pasaporte."-
It's all there, right in the passport.
The officer looked at him sharply. "You have been in
Spam before?"
"No, sir," Adam said.
"Then why do you speak Spanish?"
"I learned it in school."
The officer had looked at him unbelievably.
"Americans
do not make a study of languages."
"Oh, yes, sir. Some of us do." Adam made the
mistake
of smiling as he remembered Juan's initial

struggles with
English.
The officer stared darkly at Adam with hard black
eyes;
his hair, too, was black, wavy, and
highly polished. His chin had a dark shadow on it that
would never disappear no matter how recently he had
shaved. Looking at him
Adam began to feel distinctly uncomfortable.
Maybe

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speaking Spanish had been the wrong thing to do, but he
had only intended to be polite.
After giving Adam the silent treatment for almost a
full
minute the inspector returned to the passport, his
eyes
flicking from Adam's photo to his face to the
photo again.
Finally he said, in deliberate English, "Your
destination?"
Adam did not try Spanish again. "Well,
Lisbon."
"And from there?"
"Gaea."
A cold flicker seemed to come into the man's eye.
"Why
Gaea?"
"I have a job there for the summer with a Dr.
O'Keefe."
"O'Keefe," the inspector said thoughtfully,
tapping
Adam's passport against his teeth. Then he
slapped the
passport sharply on the palm of his hand and stood
up. He
spoke to two other officials who were behind him, but in
Spanish so swift and low that Adam could not catch
it. He
turned to the boy: "Be so kind as to come with me."
"Now, look here," Adam said indignantly,
"what
business is all this of yours? I was supposed to land
in Lis
bon, not Madrid. The only reason I'm here is
the fog, and
I didn't have anything to do with that. If you don't
want to give me a visa to go into Madrid, that's
your business. But I'm not trying to get a job or
anything in Spain and I
don't see why any of this has anything to do with you."
The inspector listened impassively. Then he
jerked his
head. "Come," he repeated.
Adam opened his mouth to protest again, but something
in the inspector's visage made him keep
quiet. Stomach
churning, he followed the inspector past the line of
passen

gers, through the airport hall, down a corridor. Until the corridor turned he could feel the eyes of the other passen gers on him. He had a moment's impulse to shout at them not to let him be taken away like this, but he con trolled himself. It was probably something not quite right about his vaccination certificate, at which the inspector had glared for several seconds, or something silly and simple like that. The inspector led him into a bare room painted a dark,

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oppressive grey. There was an unshaded light glaring from the ceiling, a desk with a chair before and behind. The one small, high window was barred. Adam, his knees sud denly feeling weak, went to one of the chairs and sat down. "Stand," the inspector snapped. Adam stood. "What is this-was he started to protest again, but the inspector cut him off. "Silence." Adam shut his mouth. The inspector went with deliberate pace across the room, behind the desk, sat down. He looked at Adam again from head to foot, as though he did not like at all what he saw. With a gesture of his dark chin he indicated that Adam might sit. This time Adam decided that he was happier standing on his own two feet. "SIT," the inspector barked. Adam sat. For a full minute the inspector looked at him in silence. Then he said, "Why are you working for Dr. O'Keefe?" "Well-it's-it's just a summer job," Adam said. "I've just graduated from school and I'm going to Berkeley-that's in California-in the winter." "So why a summer job? Why is this necessary?" "Most of us kids have to work in the summer to help out some with our education. Besides this was a big oppor tunity for me." "Opportunity? How?" Adam tried not to let his eyes falter as the inspector pinned him with his stare. He thought of saying that one does not treat law-abiding American citizens in this way, but decided that it might just get him into more difficulty, so he said nothing.

Because of the placement of the chairs the sharp light fell directly on Adam, but the inspector did not entirely escape the glare which glinted against a gold tooth in his stern mouth and threw back a tiny gleam of light.

"Oppor
tunity,
how?"

he asked again.

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"Well-to work with Dr. O'Keefe-and I've never been

in Europe before-was

"And now that you are here you intend to do what?"

"Well-just work for Dr. O'Keefe."

"What kind of work?"

"I don't know exactly. Just whatever I can to help out, I suppose."

"Such as?"

"Well-there may be experiments with starfish or some thing I could check on."

The inspector looked at him sharply, as though the boy

had said something unexpected. He opened his mouth to speak but was stopped by a knock on the door. He snapped, "Come in."

The door opened and in came one of the uniformed men, followed by Canon Tallis, looking grim.

Adam suddenly remembered with horror all of Kali's

warnings. He realized that they had seemed part of an ad

venture that was somehow make-believe, he had not taken

them very seriously.

He took them seriously now.

The canon did not look at Adam, but went straight to the inspector, bowing and saying, "Good morning." Then, in

precise British accent, he said,

"But yield who will to their separation

..."

There was a pause as the inspector looked at the canon.

His visage, too, was grim. Finally he replied,

"My object in living is to unite ..."

The two men remained looking at each other, not speaking, until the inspector got up from the desk, nodded

at the canon, came around to Adam, and handed him his passport. "I find your papers are quite in order after all,"

he said. "You may go. I believe the bus is still waiting."

The official who had escorted the canon opened the door, making a respectful obeisance. The canon looked at

the inspector, bowed slightly, turned to Adam, saying, "Come."

Adam followed him. The priest moved with the ease of familiarity through the maze of passages until they were at the glass doors. Outside the bus was sitting greyly at the curb. The driver opened the doors. The canon got in. Adam climbed in after him. Someone had given the red headed child a seat and she was asleep, her head down on the shoulder of a middle-aged, motherly-looking woman, who looked at the canon, saying, "She's all tuckered out. Let her sleep."

The priest smiled at her. "Thank you, Martha." Adam knew that he, too, ought to say, "thank you," since in some way the canon had been responsible for the escape from the inspector's inquisition, but the boy's mind was in such a turmoil that he could not speak. It was obvious that the passengers, who had been kept waiting in the dark bus all this time, were intensely curi-

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ous. A young man turned to Adam. "What on earth happened? Why did they drag you away like that?" The canon answered quickly for him. "Just the usual passport confusion. There's one in every busload. You'll get used to it."

Now at last Adam said, "Thank you very much, sir." But he was not sure just how grateful he was. Although the canon had an easy and relaxed expression, reminding Adam once again of the intelligent teddy bear, there was still the memory of the grim look with which Tallis had greeted him in the inspector's office. The bus started with a grinding of gears and a series of jolts. Adam felt surprisingly weak in the knees and would have liked to be able to sit down, but he clutched the aluminum pole firmly and braced himself so that without bending down too far he could look out the window. The trip into Madrid somehow surprised him. Spain seen from the air had been, except for the emplacements, everything that he had pictured in his imagination; the outskirts of Madrid were a strange and unexpected conglomeration of old and new. There were many bleak housing developments like the projects in New York or those pictured

in
articles about Russia. Ugly apartments crowded
upon
beautiful old houses with walled gardens. Some new
build
ings were finished as far as the scaffolding, but seemed
abandoned. Outside both the old buildings and the
new,
laundry was flapping in the breeze. There were many
bill
boards, well over half of them advertising
American prod
ucts, Pepsi-Cola, Coca-Cola,
toothpaste. Singer sewing
machines. The city itself was modern,
commercial-buses,
trolley cars, taxis, booths advertising the
National Lottery,
priests, nuns, young people on bicycles, old women
with long black skirts and black shawls over their
heads, girls
with bright skirts high above their knees, newsboys
calling,
lottery boys calling-Adam's mind whirled. The
im
pressions were coming too thick, too fast, events had
been
too confusing from the moment he had reached the fog
bound airport in New York for him
to assimilate and sort
out any of it.

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Canon Tallis reached down and wakened the child.
"Poly. We're here."
She opened her eyes and yawned as the bus drew up
in
front of the Hotel Plaza with another sickening
jerk that almost threw Adam and all the standing
passengers off their feet. As they surged
toward the exit Canon Tallis
said to the boy, "I'll see you."
A pleasant Swissair representative was
waiting for them
and herded them quickly out of the bus and through the revolving
doors into the hotel. The Hotel Plaza, at
least, seemed to hold no startling surprises for
Adam; it was
very much what he had imagined a middle-class
European
hotel would be like.
The passengers were lined up at the desk, where their
passports were collected. Adam's was given no
more, no less attention than anybody else's.
They were assigned
rooms. The man from Swissair explained that, because
of
the fog that gripped Lisbon now as it had New
York the day before, they would not be able to leave
Madrid until

five in the afternoon, when weather conditions were supposed to improve. Precisely at five they were all to be in the lobby of the hotel and would be driven back to the airport where a plane would be waiting for them. Meanwhile they were free to sleep or to do some sightseeing around Madrid. Adam went up in the elevator to his room not knowing exactly what he was going to do. He was wavering with the desire to sleep, but he was determined not to waste the day. He decided that a shower and some food would refresh him, and then he would find a bus or trolley to take him to the Prado and maybe some other places of interest. His room, a small one with an enormous bathroom, faced the back. If the view from the front of the hotel was definitely twentieth century, the view from the rear flung him into the Middle Ages. He looked down into a courtyard filled with strutting black geese. In the center was a stone fountain. The rooftops, in a confused jumble of levels, were warm red tile. The houses were oyster white, with crooked, unmatched windows. The geese strutted about, their heads jerking awkwardly in and out of the

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downpour. An old woman, almost completely covered by an enormous black shawl, came out of a door and threw the geese some grain, toward which they scurried, gabbling. The woman stood, one hand holding the shawl about her face, watching them; then she disappeared into the house. Adam felt his eyes gritty with sleep. If he didn't take that shower and get some more coffee and some food he would succumb to the temptation to lie down on the brass bed, and that he was determined not to do. Who knew when he would ever have another day in Madrid? The water was hot and he steamed happily, then turned on the cold; he was shivering under its stinging needles when he became aware of a tapping on his door. He turned off the shower and called out, "Just a moment, please." The hotel towels were fluffy and white and voluminous enough to wrap around him as a kind of bathrobe. Some instinct-or was it Kali's warnings?-made him call, before he opened the door, "Who is it?" A pleasant British voice replied, "Canon Tallis." Adam fought down a desire to say, "Go away."

You're dangerous. Kali warned me." But after all the canon had, by no matter what devious means, rescued him. So he said, "If you'd wait a minute, please, sir, I'm just out of the shower. I'll throw on some clothes." He dried and dressed as quickly as he could, then cautiously opened the door. Canon Tallis was standing, hands behind his back, staring upward through the ceiling at some inner vision. He smiled, the faint ridges where he should have had eyebrows rising slightly, followed Adam into the small room and sat on the one chair. Adam sat on the bed. The canon looked at him for a moment; Adam was getting distinctly tired of being looked at. "So you're the young man who's going to be working for Dr. O'Keefe this summer." It was a statement, not a question. Adam responded with a terse "yes." He was giving out no information. He began to wonder if Old Doc might not be getting senile after all, letting him in for this kind of

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thing. And as for his parents, they had no right to allow him to go off into the unknown like this. Of course there had been correspondence between his father and Dr. O'Keefe, and a couple of transatlantic phone calls, but Adam felt that none of the disagreeable things that had happened should have been allowed by parents who took a proper concern for their offspring. He forgot that he had been elated at first by Kali and her warnings. "Tired?" Canon Taffis asked. "No." He bit the word off and did not add sir or father or whatever it was one was supposed to call an English canon. "Not much sleep last night." Adam could not help adding, "Nor the night before." "Planning to catch up on it today?" "No," Adam said briefly. "I'm going to the Prado." Then, because his training in courtesy had been thorough, he added in a more reasonable voice, "I've never been hi Spain before and I don't know when I'll get another chance. I didn't think I ought to waste it." Canon Tallis nodded. "Poly's taking a bit

of a nap, but
then we're going to the Prado ourselves. Meanwhile I
need
a cup of coffee and a bite to eat. How about you?
Dr.
O'Keefe's a friend of mine, and maybe I can
brief you a
bit. Also I want to ask you a favor. I find
I am going to
have to stay in Madrid for a few days on
business that
would be very dull for Poly. She's the O'Keefes'
daughter
and a bright child, and perfectly capable at this point of
traveling alone, but I'm responsible for her, and
I feel rather badly about cutting her little vacation
short, so I
thought, since we've happened to run into each other, that
I'd ask you to be kind enough to let her travel back
to Lis
bon with you."
What was there to say? There were no possible grounds
for refusal of this perfectly reasonable request, so
Adam
nodded with a mumbled, "Yes, sir."
The canon stood up and yawned amply. "Two
sleepless
nights haven't given you the best preparation in the world
for seeing the Prado. Nevertheless you may find it rather
impressive in its own modest way."

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When they reached the lobby the priest, instead of head
ing for the revolving doors, went to the desk.
"Passports
for Canon Tallis and Adam Eddington,
please," he said in
fluent Spanish. There was a brief wait, during
which
Adam felt himself getting nervous again. But the
passports
were handed to them without question.
"Be careful of it," the canon said. Adam did not
mention that the advice was unnecessary. "Let's just go into
the dining room here, shall we? No point in getting
soaked
again before we have to."
They went into an almost empty dining room with
whitenaped tables, and the canon ordered cafe au
lait and
an omelette.
Adam told the waitress, "Esta bien para mi,
tambien."
As she left the canon said, "You speak excellent
Span
ish."
"I had it in school," Adam found himself explaining
again.
"Any other languages?"
"A bit of French and German."

"Portuguese?"
"No."
"Too bad. Russian?"
"No. I'd have liked to, but they stretched a few points for me with the ones I took."
"Poly's our linguist," the canon said. "She speaks all of those, plus Gaean. Now she wants to tackle Chinese. Sometimes it's a bit hard to hold Poly down." He seemed to be looking at Adam as though searching for something. "Poly's the oldest of the O'Keefe children, and she helps her mother a great deal. This is the first real vacation she's had. I had to give a couple of lectures in Boston and it seemed a good chance for her to get away. Then I was to have gone to Geneva for a few days and I'd planned to take her with me there, too. Too bad this fog had to come up and spoil her little treat for her. I must ask you, Adam, please to stay close to her. It is not that Poly isn't capable of taking care of herself. But there are some-shall we call them undesirable characters?-who are far too interested in Dr. O'Keefe's experiments. I will see to it that you

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both get on the plane, and Dr. O'Keefe will be at the airport to meet you. But please do not let Poly out of your sight. Will you promise me that?"
"Well-yes, of course," Adam said. "But I don't understand."
The priest looked at him thoughtfully. Adam looked back. -I'm going to do some of the staring, too, he decided. Grey eyes looked steadily into grey. Finally the canon said, "Adam, I wish I could tell you the things that would make you understand. When you start working for Dr. O'Keefe you'll realize for yourself the importance of his work, and its implications. But for now I must simply ask you to trust me, as I must, in my turn, trust you." His face again looked grim, though it was a different kind of grimness from that in the stark and frightening room in the airport.
-But I don't trust you, Adam thought. Not after Kali. Not after you seemed to be so in cahoots with a fink like the inspector. People you can trust simply aren't in

with
secret police kind of people.
The waitress brought their coffee and omelette, and
crisp, crunchy rolls each wrapped separately
in tissue-like
paper. The omelette was delicious, though the
coffee was
bitter, and stronger than any Adam had tasted before.
He watched the canon take the hot milk pitcher
in one hand,
coffee pot in the other, and pour simultaneously,
and so he
did the same for his second cup and found it
considerably
improved.
Finally, leaning back and lighting a cigarette, the
canon
said, "There. That's better. I hear that you have the mak-
ings of a fine scientist."
"Well-it's what I'm interested in," Adam
said. "Marine
biology."
"Yes. I saw the letter Dr. Didymus wrote
Dr. O'Keefe. You will, I trust, like working with
Dr. O'Keefe, Adam. He's a very great
man, far greater than Dr. Didymus, fine
though he is-was
"Old Doc-was Adam started indignantly.
"Old Doc would be the first to acknowledge it," the
canon said sternly. "If he didn't think you had
the mak-

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ings of-somebody worthwhile, he would never have sent
you over here."
Adam flushed with pleasure, then remembered
Kali's
warnings, superimposed on a few Grade B
movies. -Flat
tery, he thought. -He's trying to get around
me with flat
tery. And just because he looks like Winnie the Pooh.
. . .
Yukh: I've got to watch it.
Canon Tallis pushed back his chair. "Let's
go wake
poor Poly up, and then we'll be off to the
Prado. You'll
come with us, of course." This, again, was a statement, not
a question.
Adam's first instinct was to say, "Of course I
won't."
But then he thought, -If I go with him I can keep
an eye on him. And if I have to drag this kid
to Lisbon with me I
might as well see what she's like, too.
So all he said was, "That will be fine, sir."
They went up in the elevator together to the top
floor.
As he reached for his keys the canon whistled the first

few measures of a melody. Behind the closed door
the melody
was returned. Adam recognized the tune, but in the
fa
tigue and confusion of the moment he could not
place it.
Canon Tallis unlocked the door.
Poly was sitting on the edge of the bed, reading. She
looked up, indignantly. "You locked me in."
"No, Poly darling," the canon said. "Just others
out."
"Oh. Oh, okay, then."
"Adam, this is Poly O'Keefe. Poly, this
is Adam Ed-
dington, your father's new laboratory assistant."
Poly stuck out a lean brown hand and shook
Adam's.
Her grip was firm and confident. "Hello,
Adam. Actually
my name's Polyhymnia. Isn't that an awful name
to give
anybody? And it's all Father Tallis' fault.
He's my godfa-
ther and he christened me. It's surprising that I still
love
him, isn't it? I tell you all this so that you'll know
that if you ever call me anything but Poly I'll
jump at you and
kick and scratch like a wildcat."
"All right: Poly it will be," Adam said.
Canon Tallis said, "Get your coat and hat,
Pol."
Poly looked out her window, which faced front on the
modern street. "Nasty, stinking, foul old rain,"
she said,
crossly, wheeled and took a navy blue
burberry and a
beret out of the closet.
They stopped off on Adam's floor while he
picked up
his trenchcoat, then went out into the street where the
canon hailed a taxi with his furled umbrella.
"A lot of good it does us
that
way," Poly remarked.
They got in the taxi and the canon began pointing out
places of interest. "If we have time this afternoon we'll
go
to the Plaza Mayor and you can walk around a bit."
"That's where the Spanish Inquisition started,"
Poly
said, "and bullfights, and all kinds of icky
stuff. It always
gives me the shivers. Do we have to go there, Father?"
"Don't you think Adam ought to see it?"
"Oh, I suppose so. But I always seem to hear
screams
still quivering in the air. And smell blood." She
looked
defiantly at Adam. "I am

not
morbid."

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"It's
all
right," Adam assured her. "I think that places
hold atmospheres, too."
"You're nice," Poly said. "I shan't mind
flying to Lisbon
with you after all. At least Father said that that's what
I'd
be doing if it's all right with you."
"It's fine with me," Adam said. She was a queer
kid and
he couldn't very well hurt her feelings. Something in
the
tone of his voice, though, seemed to make her
dubious, so
he added, "Now I won't have to worry about
recognizing
your father."
Poly laughed, a warm, deep chuckle. "I
look
exactly
like daddy. Stringbean aspect and all. Some of
daddy's as
sistants have called him a long drink of water.
That's me."
"The red hair and blue eyes, too," Canon
Tallis said,
"andwitha little bit of luck the looks of your mother and
maternal grandmother."
"Oh, I don't really care about being beautiful,"
Poly
stated. "At least not yet."
As they neared the Prado, which was a longer drive
than Adam had anticipated, Canon Tallis
explained that
although the museum was now in the city of Madrid, it
was not too very long ago that it had been out in the
country in the middle of fields.
It was not at all what Adam had expected of one
of the most famous museums in Europe. Not only
was it utterly
unlike the Guggenheim or even the Frick, which was
only
natural, it also bore no resemblance whatsoever
to the
Metropolitan, either in the building itself, or in the
display
of pictures. He was amazed to find it an
enormous, dirty,
badly lighted place, the light even worse than
usual now
because of skies dark with rain. In room after room there
was a great jumble of masterpieces, El Grecos,
Murillos
(many of these looking like cheap religious Christmas
cards), Velasquezes, Goyas, Raphaels,

lesser known painters, unknown painters, early work, middle work, later work, good painting, middling painting, bad painting, finished and unfinished painting, all thrown at the wanderer in one great saturating splash. Canon Tallis was obviously familiar with every inch of the place, separating, sorting, explaining, ostensibly to Poly, but also for Adam.

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Poly stood in a roomful of El Grecos and turned round and round, slowly. Then she stopped in front of a large painting of St. Andrew and St. Francis, the two of them standing together in obvious and direct communion. "I'm staggered," she said, "absolutely staggered, Father. Why haven't I seen it before?" She contemplated the picture again for a time in silence, assuming a junior version of Canon Tallis' stance, her legs braced slightly apart, her hands behind her back. "Of course it's impossible," she said.

"What?" Adam asked.

"That they should be there, like that, standing, talking together when they lived eleven hundred years apart. But I'm so glad they are. It does make the time seem unimportant, doesn't it?" She turned to Canon Tallis and smiled. "I'm sorry I was horrid about not going to Geneva with you. But we'll do it another time, won't we?"

"Yes," he said gently. "Yes, we'll do that, Poly."

Just as Adam felt super-saturated, they paused for lunch in the museum cafeteria. This, at least, Adam found not unlike the cafeterias in the Met or the Museum of Natural History, except that it was much smaller, and most people automatically ordered a bottle of wine with lunch. Here, for some reason, the canon and Poly switched into Spanish, so Adam joined them. Poly smiled at him warmly, "Oh, good, I'm so glad you aren't one of these Americans who refuses to speak anybody else's language.

You speak awfully well."

"Thank you."

"Adam, do have a hamburger. Spanish hamburgers are the funniest things. The meat even is different. People who want some good American food order them and then go into a state of shock. Then they say it's bad meat cooked in rancid oil." She grinned at the canon and slapped her own hand lightly. "I'm being judgmental again, aren't I? I'm sorry."

But do try one, Adam. I find them absolutely cordon bleu."

The hamburger was indeed unlike an American hamburger; Poly's milkshake, too, bore little resemblance to anything Adam had had at home. He and the canon had

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coffee; without it Adam by now could not have stayed awake, and fatigue multiplied the already existing confu

sion in his mind. Poly, like the hamburger and the milk-

shake, was unlike any American child Adam had ever

met, but she had evidently spent most of her life abroad.

It was obvious that she adored Canon Tallis, and he, in his

turn, seemed to love her deeply, but Adam was still very

unsure of the canon. After all, a man in ecclesiastical garb

could get away with murder—well, perhaps not murder, exactly—a lot more easily than anybody else.

After lunch they wandered around the museum for a while longer. Adam's legs were beginning to ache with fa

tigue. He now felt only irritation at some of the pictures

which were so badly hung that they could hardly be seen for the glare; at others Adam found he was squinting, one

eye closed, his nose almost touching the canvas. In many

of the rooms were smocked art students copying paintings.

The canon stopped by a young girl who was copying a baroque Annunciation. She turned around and smiled at

him, brilliantly and warmly, in recognition.

He pressed

one hand briefly against her shoulder, but neither of them spoke, nor did he seem to consider introducing her to

Adam or Poly. They moved on into a large rotunda full of

statues watched over by a uniformed guard. As

Adam and Poly followed the canon in, the guard moved over to them

quietly, saying in English,

"My avocation and my vocation—his

"com

As my two eyes make one in sight,"

the canon re

plied. The exchange was so swift, the voices were so low,

that no one but Adam, and perhaps Poly, was aware that

anything had been said.
Adam's retentive memory, the envy of his friends
at
school, came to his rescue now. For a moment he
seemed to be back in the secret police room in
the airport with the
grim-faced canon speaking to the inspector.
-They rhyme! Adam thought suddenly. -What he
said with the inspector then, and with the guard now. I
don't remember the words, but I'm sure if I
could get
them and put them together and make four lines of them,
they'd rhyme. An
abab
rhyme scheme.

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He looked at the canon. The canon looked at
him. nei
ther of them spoke.
-It's familiar, Adam thought. -It's vaguely
familiar.
Maybe something I had at school. If I could
only figure
out what it was I'd know more what I think about him.
The canon pulled out a very plain gold watch with a
Phi Beta Kappa key on the chain. Something
clicked in
Adam's mind. -But he's English. He shouldn't
have a Phi
Beta Kappa key. Not unless he went to an
American uni
versity as an undergraduate. Not likely. So then
he
must
be a phony, the way Kali said. Unless-well, it
could
be
honorary, like Churchill's. I don't know.
His eyes flickered back over the canon.
For the first time Adam noticed that the plain black of the
priest's
clothing was broken by the tiny red sliver of the French
Legion d'Honneur ribbon in his lapel. This was
possible.
Old Doc had one, too.
"Time to go," Canon Tallis said briskly.
Perhaps because of Poly's words Adam was not too
happy with the Plaza Mayor. Then again it may have
been
simply the rain which dripped down the collar of his
trenchcoat, though Canon Tallis tried to shield
the three of
them with his big black umbrella as they walked
slowly
about. The Plaza Mayor was a great, beautiful
square,
cobblestoned, with magnificent buildings, horses
sadly pull
ing wagons, arches leading to narrow, winding streets

with
shops and restaurants and laundry hanging out even
in the
downpour; perhaps it was the sullen stream of rain which
was responsible for the dark aura that Adam
felt as he
looked across the vast, echoing space of the square.
It was almost five when they got back to the hotel, and
Adam went up to his room to collect his things.
When he
opened his briefcase, which he had not taken to the
Prado,
he was quite sure that someone had gone through it while
he was out, that his books were not as he had left them.
His first thought was to rush to Canon Tallis with this dis-
turbing news. Then he realized, with a sudden jerk
of the
stomach, that the trip to the Prado might have been en-
gineered by the canon simply to get him out of the room.
Adam went through the briefcase again, carefully.

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Nothing had been taken, but he was quite certain that its
contents had been examined and then replaced as
accurately as possible. -When I get
to Lisbon, he thought,
-I'll make some excuse at least to telephone
Kali. If I see
her again now maybe I'll be able to sort things out.
Downstairs the Swissair man and almost
all the other
passengers were already assembled. Those who had been
going on to Geneva and Zurich, with the exception of
Canon Tallis and Poly, had left, so it was a
smaller group
gathered together in the lobby. The perpetually pleasant
Swissair man told them that the bus was waiting, that
they
would be taken to the airport and flown to Lisbon, and
would be there in time for dinner.
Since the canon was staying in Madrid instead of
going
on to Geneva, as originally planned, or even
to Lisbon,
there seemed to be some question about his being allowed
to go in the bus with them to the airport. Adam felt like
saying that he could take care of Poly perfectly
well by himself, but at this point he thought it wiser not
to cross
the older man who was talking in a quiet but most
deter-
mined way to the Swissair man, who finally smiled
and
nodded, shook hands with the canon, and then ushered the
passengers out into the rain and onto the bus.
At the airport the Swissair man, still smiling,
but begin-
ning to look tired and harassed from all the questions
being thrust at him, took them into the dining room where
he told them to order refreshments, compliments of

Swiss-
air. Adam sat at a large, round table with
Poly and
Canon Tallis and five other passengers, so that
conversa
tion was perforce general, and mostly about the weather.
Bits of gossip flitted from table to table as the
Swissair man would appear, speak to one group,
then hurry off:
the airport in Lisbon was still closed; the airport
in Lisbon
was open; the airport in Lisbon was open but might
close
at any moment; the airport in Lisbon was closed
but might
open at any moment. Strangely enough the downpour in
Madrid never seemed to be any concern.
After a little over an hour had gone by the Swissair
man came hurrying in and told the entire group, in
voice now slightly hoarse, that they would be served
din-

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ner since the airport in Lisbon was definitely
still closed
down.
There was a small, smug, middle-aged couple at
Adam's
table who decided that they would like to stay on in
Madrid and were furious when the Swissair man
wouldn't
pay for their hotel or passage to Lisbon unless
they traveled with the rest of the group. Adam was
embarrassed by their rudeness, and ashamed that they were
American. Poly leaned sleepily against Canon
Tallis who
sipped at a small glass of Tio Pepe.
The Swissair man disappeared again and the table was
quickly set and a full dinner served, soup,
omelette,
chicken, fruit, cheese. Adam discovered that he was
starved. They were finishing their coffee when the
Swissair
man appeared again, beaming like the Cheshire cat. A
Spanish plane would take them to Lisbon where the
air
port was at last open. He hurried off; in a
few minutes the
plane was called and everyone trooped to the gate where
they were completely unexpected. Canon Tallis
was trying
to sort out the situation with the Iberian Airlines
official When the Swissair man came panting
up. Wait! A plane
was being flown in from Geneva for them.
It was well after ten when they were finally herded through the
gate. Canon Tallis stood watching after Poly
and Adam as they paddled out into the rain and onto the

bus, stood watching until the bus was driven off.
This time
it was more than a few yards to the plane. The bus
began
to gather speed and although the rain was letting up and
the atmosphere was lighter it was not long before the dark
figure of the canon had disappeared.
Poly turned anxiously to Adam. "You
will
stay right
with me, won't you?"
"Yes, if you want me to. Why? Are you
nervous?"
Adam asked, hoping to get some information out of her.
Poly contemplated him as the bus jolted along
over the
wet ground. Finally she said calmly, "I have never
traveled alone before, and, after all, I am still a
child."
Adam felt like crying, -Okay, child, why are
you
hold
ing out on me, too?
But if he ever wanted to get anything out of Poly it

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would not do to antagonize her now. Granted she was
an odd kid, but she was obviously a bright one, and
he liked
her, and he knew that she liked him, despite the
deliberate
evasiveness of her last answer. Sooner or later
she would
talk to him, as long as he didn't push her. Most
people did
seem to talk to Adam, which may have been one reason
he wasn't more surprised at Kali's confidences
or at any
thing else that had happened.
Giving him a wary look Poly put her hand in his
as
they left the bus, and held it firmly until they
were safely in the plane. "A caravelle," Poly
said. "You don't mind if
I sit next to the window, with you on the aisle, do
you,
Adam? It's just because I like to look out."
"Is that the only reason?" he asked her, stowing her
small blue case and his briefcase under their
seats.
"Isn't it reason enough?" she asked as he sat
down
beside her.
It was to be a short flight, they were told, about
forty-
five minutes. After they had been hi the air less
than half
an hour Poly said, "I have to go to the washroom,
Adam."
He moved his knees to let her go by. At

the aisle she stopped, started to say something, walked on for a couple of rows, then came back. "Watch after me, Adam, please," she said tensely, then hurried up the aisle and disappeared into the washroom. Adam had looked over the passengers and a more normal lot, he felt, could not have been found. The original group was all American, vocal, and eager to be on the way. Only a handful of new passengers had been added, and none of these looked in the least sinister or even curious. The only figure—who was even faintly colorful—was a rabbi with a long, luxuriant growth of brown beard. He had a look of quiet dignity, and sat, isolated in contemplation, until he turned to a book which Adam could see, by straining, was something by Martin Buber. Poly's small voice as she had turned back toward him made him a little tense, but after all she was only a kid, and a girl, and girls are apt to be hysterical, and that dog-gone canon had evidently frightened her about something. He shook himself and settled back to read an article

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on starfish which Old Doc had stuck into his hand that last day in Woods Hole. Adam could usually concentrate but his eyes now kept flickering to the face of his wrist-watch. After Poly had been gone a couple of minutes he began to look back toward the washroom door every few seconds. After the hands showed that five minutes had passed he put the starfish article aside and did nothing but look at the washroom. After another minute he felt a distinct queasiness in the pit of his stomach, and went to the back of the plane. The steward looked at him, saying courteously, "The other washroom is empty, sir." "Yes," Adam said. "I'm traveling with a little girl and she's been in there several minutes and I'm afraid she may not be well."

The steward tapped lightly on the door. Nothing happened. Adam knocked, rather more loudly.

"Poly!" he called.

Nothing.

"Not so loud, please, sir," the steward said. "We don't want to disturb the other passengers. Just a minute and I will unlock the door from this side."

He took out a key and after a certain amount of manipulation the door swung open.

The washroom was empty.

"You must have been mistaken, sir," the steward said.

"I saw her go in."

"Then she must have left without your noticing it"

Wildly Adam looked round the plane, but his hope of seeing Poly safely in her seat vanished. "Find her for me, then," he said, angrily.

"What does she look like?"

"A tall, thin child, about twelve. Red hair and blue eyes."

The steward went methodically up and down the aisles, even looking into the pilot's cabin. When he came back to Adam he spoke soothingly.

"Are you absolutely certain, sir, that any such child came onto the plane?"

"Get the stewardess to check the records," Adam suggested.

The steward summoned the stewardess, speaking in Spanish. "This young idiot," he said, "seems to think he brought some kid on the plane with him, and now he's lost her. He had a wild idea she's been flushed down the toilet or something. Just another American crackpot. But check your records."

Turning to Adam he said, in English, "Her name, please."

"Polyhymnia O'Keefe."

Adam stood, seething, until the stewardess looked up from her papers. "No O'Keefe got on the plane."

Adam burst into Spanish. He had learned a good deal of picturesque language from Juan and his family and he let it all out now. Up and down the cabin passengers roused from snoozing and turned their heads in curiosity.

Adam thought he saw the steward press some kind of signal. In any case the fasten seat belts light flashed on and the stewardess moved briskly through the cabin,

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seeing that the passengers, many of whom had risen at Adam's flow of invective, were seated and their seat belts

snapped on.

The steward turned to Adam. "We are going through some turbulence, sir," he said, though this time in Spanish,

seeming not at all abashed that Adam must have under

stood his words to the stewardess. "You will have to go to your seat"

Adam did not move.

'Tomorrow

going through turbulence all right. I was put in charge of the child and I am responsible for her. I saw her go into the washroom."

"Sir." The steward sighed in resignation at Adam's idiocy. "No child came onto the plane

with you. You saw us

check the passenger list. I must insist that you sit down,

and in Lisbon-are you being met, sir?"

"Yes," Adam snapped.

"Then perhaps you should see a doctor." The steward's hands shot out with unexpected suddenness and strength, grasped Adam's arms, and forcibly propelled him down

the aisle. He was put into his seat with a quick shove, and

the belt tightened around him.

The loudspeaker coughed. "This is your captain. We are

now beginning the descent to Lisbon."

The stewardess walked up and down the aisle, adjusting

a pillow here, asking a passenger to put out a cigarette

there. The steward stood lounging by Adam's seat.

"Listen," Adam said, "if you don't believe me, the blue

case under the seat belongs to Poly. How did it get there if

she didn't come onto the plane?"

The steward spoke gently. "There is no blue case under

the seat"

Adam looked down. His briefcase was there, but not Poly's little blue bag. "Hey!" he called

wildly, looking up

and down the plane. "I

did

get on with a redheaded kid, didn't I?"

The steward's hand pressed against the boy's mouth as he explained apologetically to the passengers that

Adam

wasn't well, that a doctor would be found as soon as they

had landed in Lisbon, that there was no cause for alarm.

No one need worry. Over the steward's hand

Adam looked

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frantically at the passengers, but nobody said anything or moved to rescue him. He heard one woman say, "I thought I saw a child, but maybe it was at the hotel with that priest. I'm so tired I just don't remember which way is up."

The steward removed his hand. If Adam had thought it would do any good he would have started a physical battle with the man. But that course would, at this point, seem to lead into worse trouble than already surrounded him. "If you will stay quietly where you are until we land," the steward said, "everything will be all right." He walked back the length of the plane to his post. Again Adam looked up and down the cabin, though he did not move in his seat or turn his head more than necessary. Surely they must have heard him; surely someone must have noticed Poly and would come to tell him so. The rabbi was sitting with his hands in his lap, his book evidently put away in his briefcase. His head was back against the seat rest and he appeared to be contemplating the ceiling. To Adam's surprise he began to whistle thoughtfully.

Adam almost jumped out of his seat. It was the melody Canon Tallis had whistled for Poly at the Hotel Plaza. He kept his eyes fixed on the rabbi, but the rabbi continued to look upward. Although Adam still could not place the melody it was familiar enough to him (had he sung it in school? in choir? was it something his parents knew?) so that he in his turn could whistle a measure. The rabbi stopped. His eyes moved slowly from the ceiling. He turned, looked at Adam, nodded almost imperceptibly, then turned away and studied the ceiling again. Adam was too upset and confused to look out the window as the plane descended toward Lisbon. He kept looking up and down the cabin, with his gaze coming to pause again and again on the rabbi. But the rabbi did not move. Adam felt, after a while, that he should not stare, that he should not let the other passengers, and certainly not the steward, know that he had had any kind of communication with anybody in the plane since Poly's disappearance.

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He was startled to feel the touch of wheels upon run way, to know that they were earthbound again. The loud speaker buzzed and the passengers were told the disembarking procedure. It would all be very simple.

Ex

cept, of course, for Adam.

The

fasten seat belts

sign blinked out, though the

no

smoking

sign remained lit. The passengers rose and took coats and bags and began moving to the door. Adam pushed forward as quickly as he could, almost knocking into the rabbi who was just ahead of him. As they waited to get out Adam touched the dark sleeve gently and the rabbi moved his head just enough to let Adam know that he was listening.

"I

did

have the child with me, didn't I?"

The rabbi gave an almost imperceptible nod.

At this quiet confirmation Adam was again able to think coherently. By the time he reached the exit he knew what he was going to say and do. He spoke to the steward

with cold control. "I will have to report this to the authori

ties. I have taken your name and that of the stewardess."

The steward shrugged indifferently. "As you like, sir.

You will be yourself again soon, I am sure."

The stewardess simply smiled blandly at him as she had

at the other passengers, saying, as though there had been

no trouble, "I hope you enjoyed your trip."

Adam brushed by her and down the steps after the rabbi.

At the passport counter, despite, or perhaps because of

his hurry, Adam found a number of passengers ahead of

him; he was in the middle of the line. He looked ahead

and saw the rabbi collecting his passport and disappearing.

Adam was shocked and disappointed at this complete abandonment. For a moment he had felt that the situation was under control, that everything would be all right as soon as the proper authorities were spoken to.

Now he felt

blind panic.

The line here in Lisbon moved more slowly than it had

hi Madrid. When Adam's turn came he handed

his pass

port across the counter saying, "I want to report a miss-

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ing child. I got onto the plane with a twelve-year-old girl and she went to the washroom and never came out." The official looked at him incredulously. "But sir, that is impossible."

"Yes," Adam said. "Nevertheless it happened."

"Why didn't you speak immediately to the steward or the stewardess?"

"I did. They were not very helpful."

"Oh, but sir, the personnel is always--was Adam interrupted. "They said the child had not come onto the plane with me."

The official relaxed. "Well, then, sir--was

"But she did get on the plane with me. If you will get in touch with Canon Tallis in Madrid--was

"Yes?" the official asked helpfully. "His address, please?

Or perhaps you know his phone number?"

Adam realized that he had no way of knowing where in that enormous city the canon might be. He thought quickly, then said, "I don't know where he is staying, but if you call the English church they would be able to tell you there."

"Sir," the official said, shaking his head sadly. "I'm afraid I cannot possibly help you. I will see that you are conducted to my superior, and you can tell your story to him." He summoned a young boy in a page's uniform, and spoke to him in rapid Portuguese. Adam had hoped that Spanish and Portuguese would be close enough so that he would be able to understand, but they were not. The page said, "Kindly follow me, sir."

Adam started to move away from the window when a voice said, "Don't forget your passport."

Startled, and furious with himself for having almost done exactly that, Adam wheeled around and there was the rabbi, together with a tall, blue-eyed, redheaded man.

The resemblance to Poly was plain; it could be none other than Dr. O'Keefe who came up to the window and spoke in slow, clear English. "Mr. Eddington's passport, please. He has had an unfortunate experience and is a little-upset. I will take care of everything."

Adam started to turn on Dr. O'Keefe in indignation,

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but something in the older man's expression stopped him. The official at the window handed Adam the passport, saying, "Certainly, and my sincere thanks, Dr. O'Keefe."

Adam found himself hustled out of the airport and into a waiting taxi. As the door was slammed and the taxi pulled off he realized that he was alone with Dr. O'Keefe;

the rabbi had again disappeared. "But Poly-was he started.

"Not now," Dr. O'Keefe said. Adam looked at him and could see that the older man's face was white with strain. His complete quiet and control was costing him an enormous effort.

After a moment, as though to break the silence, he said, "We managed to get your bags. Fortunately

nately you had them well labeled. They're in the trunk of the taxi."

"Where are we going?" Adam asked.

"The Hotel Avenida Palace. We will have to stay there until-was

"Sir," Adam started, "sir . . ." and then stopped because he found that he could not go on.

Dr. O'Keefe said quietly, "You are not to blame yourself for this in any way. It was nothing you could have prevented. We thought getting Poly away would be the best thing. But-was again he broke off.

Adam saw little of Lisbon as they drove in, though, in

order to gather himself together, he turned his face toward the window as though he were looking out. Lisbon was, even to his confused eyes, completely different from Madrid. Madrid was a cold city, Lisbon a warm one, full

of buildings painted sun yellow, deep blue.

There were squares with fountains, statues, gardens, a sense of space and color everywhere.

The Avenida Palace was an old hotel, a beautiful building

which at any other time would have delighted Adam; but he was now so tired with the events of the past hours as well as with lack of sleep that he followed Dr.

O'Keefe like a small child. A porter took his bags out of the taxi's

trunk, and Adam went with Dr. O'Keefe into the hotel.

"Your passport, please, Adam," Dr.

O'Keefe said, and registered for him. The passport, as in Madrid, was retained,

but Dr. O'Keefe explained that this was

routine

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procedure, and, unless there were trouble with the police they would get it back shortly.

They were taken to a great square corner room with four shuttered and curtained windows. There were twin beds, an octagonal table with easy chairs, a desk, a crystal

chandelier. The bathroom was large and all of marble.

"We look out on the Place dos Restauradores and the Rue Jardim do Regedor," Dr. O'Keefe told Adam as the page put

down the suitcases. "There's a rather interesting view of the Fort up on the crest of the hill." He gestured to one of the curtained windows, but made no move to pull back the draperies. He locked the door carefully, checked the cupboards.

"Poly-was Adam started desperately.

Although Dr. O'Keefe's rigid control had not lessened, he dropped, now that he and Adam were done, the public manner, answering with the one word, "Kidnapped."

"But-was

"But why? Old Doc may have told you something of my research."

"Just that it was interesting, and-unusual."

"I've stumbled onto something; Something that is

unusual, desirable to many people, and important. It was wise of Old Doc not to tell you anything about it. What you don't know, you can tell no one. Therefore, if you will forgive me, I will not tell you yet. But Poly knows too much for her own good. Therefore, Adam, I will have to ask you to stay here in this room until I return. Are you hungry?"

"No, sir."

"But tired, I imagine."

"Yes."

"Then this will be a good opportunity for you to sleep. You should answer the telephone if it rings. But under no circumstances open the door, and when I go please double-lock it from the inside. The best thing you can possibly do now is to catch up on your sleep.

When I find Poly and we get to Gaea I will be able to explain things more fully to you."

Adam said, "But, sir, what are you going to do?"

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"There are only certain things I can

do. First ni go to

Interpol-the International Police. But there is only so

much, at this point, that they

can do. Then the Embassy.

Then to a man I know and trust in the police here.

But
for Poly's sake nothing must be done wildly or
without
thought. Don't be worried if I'm not back
immediately."
Adam nodded numbly, taking courage from the fact
that there was not a hint of a suggestion that Poly might
not
be found.
When the older man had left he undressed and
took a long, hot bath, followed by a shower, as
though to wash off the evil aura of the steward and
stewardess who had
tried to make him believe that Poly didn't
exist. He put on
his pajamas, turned down one of the twin beds, and
got in.
The telephone, a rather old-fashioned instrument,
stood, silent, on the table between the beds. Adam
looked at it,
felt his eyelids sag. He had thought, while
bathing, that he
was much too upset to be able to sleep, but the moment
his head touched the pillow his exhausted body took
over and he blanked out
He did not know how long he had been lost in
sleep,
sleep so deep that it was dreamless, when he became
aware at the edges of his consciousness of a soft but per
sistent tapping on the door. He had no idea where
he was,
his sleep-drugged body feeling that he was back hi
Woods
Hole and that his mother was trying to rouse him to get
him to Old Doc's on time, "All right, Mother,
all
right,
I'm
up,"
he mumbled irritably.
The tapping continued.
Finally it penetrated into Adam's mind enough so that
he knew that he must drag himself out of his stupor and
do something about it He pulled open his eyes
to absolute darkness. His room at
Woods Hole, many-windowed and
curtainless, had always been full of light He could
not be
there. Where was he? Slowly his tired mind began
dredg
ing up the events of the hours since he had first gone
into
the airport in New York, though it was several
moments
before he was able to waken sufficiently to remember that
he was in Lisbon, in a hotel called the
Avenida Palace,
that the windows were heavily shuttered and curtained,

and that this accounted for the sultry darkness. He fumbled around until he found the bedlamp and turned it on, a bulb of wattage that would be thoroughly inadequate for reading but did suffice to show him the face of his watch. It was almost four o'clock. In the morning or in the afternoon? He looked across to the other twin bed and it was empty. In this closed-in room there was no telling the hour of day or night. The tapping on the door persisted, never getting louder, just going on and on, like a branch in a light breeze knocking constantly against a window. It should have made him afraid. Alone in this dark, timeless place with someone-who?-softly trying to penetrate his consciousness and then his room, he should have been weak with terror. But he was too tired to feel any thing but regret for his lost sleep. "Wait!" he called, shoving back the sheet, getting out of bed, crossing to the nearest window, dragging back heavy folds of curtain, opening creaking white shutters. A well come breath of cool, damp air came in. Street lamps shone waveringly onto dark, rain-wet pavement. Four in the morning, then. He went warily to the door, put his hand on the knob, then drew back as if the door were hot, and called softly, "Who is it?" He half expected to hear the voice of the steward from the plane, or even Canon Tallis; but it was a girl's light voice. "Adam, it's Kali. Let me in." Adam felt weak with relief, but just as he started to unlock the door his hand drew back again. "Just a minute." He stood there in the dimly lit room, trying to marshal his thoughts. He was still not all the way out of sleep; his mind circled and would not focus. "Adam, what's the matter?" Kali's voice came softly, urgently. "Just a minute," Adam said again. If he could have slept a little longer he would know better what to do. In spite of the urgency of the moment he could not control an enormous yawn. Finally a question that seemed reasonable came to him. "How did you know I was here?"

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"O'Keefe always stays at the Avenida

Palace. Adam, let me in. I have to talk to you. We have work to do." "Just a minute," Adam said for the third time. He went into the bathroom and splashed cold water on his face, over and over again, until his thoughts began to clear. If Kali was right, then Canon Tallis was wrong. This was the primary fact he had to work with. It was not difficult for him to believe that Canon Tallis was wrong. But if Canon Tallis was wrong, then so was Dr. O'Keefe. This, too, was perfectly possible to believe. Hadn't Dr. O'Keefe acted in a rather strange way at the Lisbon airport? Wasn't this whole setup at the Avenida Palace peculiar? But then: if Canon Tallis and Dr. O'Keefe were wrong, then so was Polyhymnia, and right or wrong, Adam was responsible for Polyhymnia. He went back to the door. "Kali." "I'm waiting, Adam." "Why are you here, and at such an hour? It's the middle of the night." "I'm here because of you, of course. And I had to come while O'Keefe was out." "How did you know he was out?" "I was at a party at the Embassy with daddy, and he came in." "To the party?" Adam's voice soared and cracked as though he were an eighth grader again. If Dr. O'Keefe, with Poly vanished, could go to parties, then there was no doubt on whose side Adam had to align himself. But Kali said, "To see someone, silly. I don't suppose he'd even been invited to the party. Adam, I can't help you if you keep me out here in the hall. Someone's bound to come along." "How are you planning to help me?" Adam asked. "Don't you want to find the redheaded kid?" "Why should I need to find her?" "Because you know as well as I do that she's been kidnapped. Adam, I'm not going to stand out here any longer. Either you open the door and let me in, or I go and you can just get out of this mess on your own."

You should answer the telephone if it rings,
Dr.

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O'Keefe had said.

But under no circumstances open the
door.

"Wait," Adam said sharply to Kali. Never had
his mind

functioned at such a snail's pace. He usually
made deci

sions quickly; sometimes too quickly. At school he
had

been president of Student Council and often
decisions had

been forced on him, and occasionally decisions that
seemed on first sight to go counter to the rules.

"Rules are made for people, not people for rules," he had
once said in defending one of his actions. "If you

accept any position of authority you have to know when
to break or circumvent a rule. It's the knowing

when

that's

important"

But now he was in no position of authority.

No. But one of responsibility. He was still
responsible

for Poly. She had been hi his care when she
disappeared.

He pounded one fist into the palm of his other hand.

Then he unlocked the door.

Kali came in. She was dressed for evening, and
Adam drew in his breath sharply because he had

forgotten how

beautiful she was. Her shimmering hair was drawn
softly

back with a filigreed gold tiara. Her dress,
of a material

that Adam, being a boy, could not place, was the color

champagne. Her feet were in gold sandals. She

gave him a scowl which managed not to wrinkle her

brow. "And about time, too," she said, going over to the
octagonal table and sitting in one of the easy

chairs. "Now tell me

everything."

Adam sat on the side of his rumpled bed. "You
seem to

know everything already."

Kali sighed with resignation. "I know your plane was
rerouted to Madrid. I know you didn't get

to Lisbon till

tonight. I saw O'Keefe come into the Embassy and go
off

with the Ambassador. I happened to walk by the door
of the library, looking for the ladies" room, when

O'Keefe

mentioned his child. That was a lucky break, hearing that;

it gave me some ideas of what we're up against and

how I

can help you. Get dressed and I'll take you to daddy."
"To help me find Polyhymnia?"
"Of course."
"But why me? Why didn't you go right to Dr. O'Keefe?"
Kali sighed again. "Adam, you are really very slow. It's in O'Keefe's own interest that the child be gone. Don't you see he's in on the whole thing? What we have to do is get her to daddy. Then he'll take care of everything."
"Okay, I'm slow," Adam said, "but even on not enough sleep that's logic nohow contrariwise. Why under the sun would Dr. O'Keefe be in on the kidnapping of his own daughter?"

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Kali got up and went to the one uncurtained, unshuttered window, and stood looking out. "Adam, my sweet, you aren't in your little backwash of a Woods Hole now, or your ivory tower of school. This is Lisbon. Lisbon."
"Yes," Adam said. "I'd figured it might be."
"Has it never occurred to you that we do not live in one world? That there are certain nations interested in the private businesses of certain other nations? If this primary fact has never occurred to you, living in New York-and for heaven's sake, kid, haven't you ever even taken a tour through the UN?-IT can hardly escape you in any of the capitals of Europe. Don't you know we're in a war, Adam? Aren't you aware of it?"
Adam had taken College Boards in Modern European History. But that was history.
Kali continued: "Of course his going to the Embassy was a front, and a rather clever one. I must admit that But never make the mistake of thinking O'Keefe's a fool. He isn't. What he wants to do is keep the child out of the way until. . . . And he's ruthless, Adam. If something happens to her then something happens to her. When I think of daddy and me-Well, O'Keefe gives me the shudders.
Now come on, Adam. Get dressed and let's go.

I hope I
have made myself clear."
"As mud," Adam said. "But I'll get
dressed. Let me take a quick shower. It'll
help me wake up a bit." It
seemed he had been doing nothing but take showers to
wake up since the bus had taken him to the Plaza
Hotel in
Madrid.

When Adam and Kali emerged onto the sidewalk
dawn was beginning to lighten the sky; the dim street
lamps be
came even dimmer. The rain had stopped but the air
was
wet and heavy. A dark limousine was waiting in the
court
yard of the hotel and Kali walked quickly toward it.

A
uniformed chauffeur climbed out and opened the door for
them.

'Take us home, Molec, please," Kali said.
She sat back
in the upholstered seat as though she were very tired. "I
don't know why I'm taking so much trouble about you,
Adam, I really don't"

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"Well, why are you, then?" Adam demanded.
"Not for your own sake, I assure you. At least not
to start out with, I wasn't. But you're like a
half-grown puppy. There's something endearing about your
clumsiness. I have to admit that I
am

doing it for you, too. But that's wrong, of course."

"Wrong?"

"Adam, we simply
cannot

let people matter to us or we won't get anywhere.
Letting people matter is nothing but
sentimentality."

-Then I have become rather quickly sentimental about
Polyhymnia, Adam thought. -Only there's something
wrong here. 'Sentimental' is not the right word. If
only I

could have slept a few hours longer.

He tried unsuccessfully to stifle a
yawn.

Kali put a hand on his arm. "I'm sorry I
had to wake you up. But you do see, don't you, how
desperately urgent
it is?"

Yes, he saw, though there was something wrong with
this, too.

The limousine drove a narrow and winding way. Some
streets were barely wide enough for the car. Others were as
steep as San Francisco. They went under arches,
into streets wide enough for buses, under more arches
into alleys, finally drawing up before a whitewashed
wall. The chauffeur, Molec, got out and opened the
door, and Adam climbed out after Kali. She
opened a gate in the wall and went down a steep

flight of steps to a pale pink house with a deeper pink door which she unlocked. As she shut the door behind them she held her finger to her lips and took Adam down a softly carpeted hall. The room into which she led him was already beginning to fill with light which flooded in from a great sweep of windows overlooking the harbor and the dawn. The view was so enormous that at first Adam did not notice the room itself, a room striking in stark blacks and whites. The long wall of windows was curtainless, but the opposite wall was hung with black velvet. Against the background of velvet was only one thing, a picture, an unframed portrait (for the great sweep of velvet was the frame) of the

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most handsome young man Adam had ever seen. It was a young man with the bearing of an angel, hair the same pale gold as Kali's, heavily fringed eyes, the mouth slightly opened as though in eagerness to meet life. "Adam," Kali said, and he turned from the portrait to follow her across the black marble floor. Silhouetted against the dawn was the dark figure of a man who stood, motionless, staring out across the bay, a man big hi both height and bulk. "Daddy," Kali said, and the man turned around. Because he stood between Adam and the light he was still only a silhouette as he stretched out his hand in greet ing. "Adam, you're safely here." He took the boy's hand in a grip of steel. His voice was high, and light for the bulk of his body, but it, too, had the quality of steel, the steel of a spool of fine wire. He dropped Adam's hand and crossed to a desk made of a great slab of black-and-white marble, and sat hi a black leather chair, leaning back so that at last the light struck his face. It was a powerful face: there were pouches of fatigue under the dark eyes, and the thin lips were closed in tight control. He impatiently pushed back a strand of thinning, pale gold hair. Involuntarily Adam glanced at the portrait. "That's daddy," Kali said, with pride. "Wasn't he beau tiful?" The man laughed. "Yes. Nothing of Dorian Gray about Typhon Cutter, is there, Adam? I am marked by the in roads of time. Time and experience. And this

is something
you lack, is it not?"
"I'm getting it," Adam said, warily.
"And learning from it?"
"I hope so."
Typhon Cutter looked thoughtfully at the
portrait. "The
years make their marks on ordinary, hardworking
mortals,
and I can assure you that my work is hard. And now you
have become part of it." He looked from the portrait
to
Adam, and Adam looked back, saying nothing,
swaying
slightly with fatigue.
Typhon Cutter picked up a black marble
paperweight
and appeared to study it. He crossed his legs, and as
he

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did this Adam realized that although the great body was
ponderous with weight, the arms and legs were thin and
bony, but again giving the effect of steel. Typhon
Cutter,
sitting at his desk in a black satin dressing
gown, was one
of the most extraordinary men Adam had ever seen.
"Tired?" Cutter asked in his surprising tenor
voice.
"Yes, sir. I haven't had much sleep."
Typhon Cutter motioned to a stiff ebony chair
on the
opposite side of the desk. "You may sit there as
long as
you stay awake. I'm sorry not to be able to let you
sleep,
but there's no time now for anything but business. And we
do
have business, you and I."
In a daze of fatigue Adam staggered to the chair.
Typhon Cutter leaned across the desk and snapped
his f*in
gers in the boy's face. "Wake up."
"I'm sorry," Adam mumbled.
"Kali, see about coffee."
"Yes, daddy." In quick and loving obedience Kali
slipped from the room.
"Now, Adam."
"Sir?"
"How much has Kali told you?"
"That you'll help me to find Poly-Dr.
O'Keefe's
daughter."
Typhon Cutter nodded, for a moment speaking almost
absently. "Yes. We'll cope with that." Then,
sharply,
"Wake up. What else?"
"About what, sir?"
"How much has Kali told you? Perhaps you may have

thought that she seemed a little wild, or even a little hysterical, but she never does so without cause."
"I didn't think she seemed hysterical, sir."
"Good boy. I assume she warned you about Tallis and O'Keefe?"
"Yes, sir."
"Did you take her warning seriously?"
"Mr. Cutter, I'm too confused to know what to think. I'm too tired."
Again the fingers were snapped in Adam's face.
"Wake up. Why did you come with Kali now, then?"

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"Because I have to find Polyhymn-"
"Yes. All right, Adam, try to stay awake while we get down to business. You are to be working as laboratory assistant to O'Keefe this summer."
"Yes, sir."
"O'Keefe is a great scientist. In that respect you are very privileged."
"Yes, sir," Adam responded automatically, knowing that each time Typhon Cutter paused he was expected to make a response to prove that he was awake, that he was listening.
"Do you know what your work will be? I mean by that, do you know the experiment O'Keefe is involved in?"
"I believe it's the regenerative process of the arm of the starfish, sir."
"Explain yourself."
"Well, if a starfish loses an arm it can simply grow one back."
"How?"
"That's the point. No one knows. I mean, the starfish is still pretty much a mystery even to the people who know most about it."
"That is true. I, for instance, know as much about the starfish as any layman, and I am the first to admit that this is not much. But I fancy you'll find that the starfish is less of an enigma to O'Keefe than to anybody else in the world."
The door opened and Kali came in followed by a white-jacketed servant bearing a silver tray which he set down on the desk. Typhon Cutter waited until the door was closed again, then picked

up a silver coffeepot and poured. He handed a cup across the desk to Adam. "I don't know how you usually drink it, but this time it will have to be black. You must wake up."
"Sorry, sir."
"All right, Adam. Now tell me something. If O'Keefe is learning new things about the regenerative process of the arm of the starfish, why is this of such importance?"
"Well, sir, in the evolutionary scale man comes pretty directly from the starfish."

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"Go on."
"Well, man is a member of phylum Chordata, and we developed directly from the phylum Echinodermata, or the starfish. We both had an interior spinal column and the same kind of body cavities."
Typhon Cutter pressed his thin, strong fingertips together, nodding in satisfaction. "Good. Good. Of course one goes on the assumption that if O'Keefe is willing to employ you, you must have a certain amount of intelligence. Let us proceed to the next step. What is the implication of O'Keefe's experiments?"
"Well, sir, that anything he finds out about starfish might also apply to people."
Kali perched on the arm of her father's chair. "Why? Just because we have the same great great great grand-pappy? I should think you'd need more than that."
"You do," Adam told her. "We have the same kind of complex nervous system, and we're the only ones who do-echinoderms and chordates-people and starfish."
"So?" Typhon Cutter asked.
"So if someone could find out how the starfish regenerates then maybe this knowledge could be used for man. But-was
"No buts," Typhon Cutter said. "Don't try to evade what you've said. The implications are so staggering that most people will tend to turn away from them or refuse to face them. You're a bright boy, Adam, and a brave one, or you wouldn't be here in this room, now. You can be of great help to mankind if you will."
Adam's mind was gritty with fatigue, but he said,
"I think I have to know how I am to help."
"A perfectly reasonable attitude. Kali has perhaps told you something about me?"
"That you have business concerns in Portugal-was

"And-was Typhon Cutter reached across the desk and poured more coffee into Adam's cup.
"That you know a great many people at the Embassy."
"There's the key, boy. My business is-business.
And a
very lucrative one, I might add. But it is also
more than
business. Just as you are in a position to be useful
to me, I

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am in a position to be useful to the Embassy. More
than that, I have been asked by Washington to assist the
Em
bassy and to keep my eye on a group there whose
loyalty
is not entirely unquestioned. There is nothing I care
about
more than my country and I hope I am not wrong in

suming that you feel the same way."

"Well, of course, sir-was Adam started, and
stopped.

Abruptly. Listening.

From somewhere deep in the house he thought he heard
a faint, thin wail. A child's wail.

Typhon Cutter held up his hand. "It's all
right, Adam.

She's here. We have her, safe and sound."

"But-was

"Wait." The word lashed at Adam like the flick
of a whip. "You will see her in a few minutes. But
there are certain things you must know first. Drink your
coffee. Wake up."

The wailing continued.

"She is all right," Typhon Cutter said. "She
has only had a frightening experience. She is
caught in a web of events that she is too young
to understand, and she is being used as a pawn. You will
take her back to her fa
ther, but you will not say from where."

"But-was

"Be quiet. Listen. I have told you that
O'Keefe is a

great scientist."

"Yes."

"But, like many other great scientists, his wisdom
does not extend beyond his work. You yourself know of
scientists who have been spies, who have sold their
country
down the river."

"Well, yes, but-was Abruptly the crying stopped.

"Please,"

Adam was determined this time not to be cut
off. "Why is Poly here? How did you get her?"

Typhon Cutter held up his hand, speaking
tolerantly.

"Hold it, boy. One thing at a time."

"But how did you get her? Did you get her from the
plane?"

"Not very likely, is it? Has it occurred to you that you may not be the only one interested in her safety?"
"Her father is! He must be out of his mind with worry."
"Oh?" Typhon Cutter gave a thin laugh.
"I hardly think

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so. It was her father and his inconsistencies we were talking about when you interrupted me." He paused, as though to give the boy a chance to say, 'Sony,' but, as Adam was silent, he continued, "Let us simply say that we managed-and with no little difficulty, I might add-to rescue her."
"From whom?"
"Don't you know?"
"No, sir. I don't."
"Then you'll have to find out, won't you? I can hardly spell it out for you more clearly."
"But-was
"This is not, at the moment, the point. The point is what it means-what all of it means- to the United States. To do O'Keefe justice, I do not think that he would betray his country deliberately. But I have been instructed to see that he does not do it even inadvertently. I am asking you to help me."
Adam nodded, and took another swallow of coffee. Typhon Cutter looked at him and smiled tightly. "It has come to my attention that I am sometimes compared to a spider. I do not find the comparison entirely invidious. It is my intention to spin a net and to pull it tight around anyone who does not put the interests of our country first
As for you, my boy, the moment you were chosen to work for O'Keefe you became important. You were important enough to be watched by both sides-our own, and the enemy's-from the moment you entered the airport in New York. I sent Kali as my personal emissary. I have every faith in my daughter; she has never let me down.
I hope that I will be able to say the same thing about you.
You do care for your country, don't you, Adam?"
"Of course, sir."
"Then you must do as I say." The thin cry came again, and ceased. "I have told you that O'Keefe's child is being used as a pawn. For the moment she is safe. She does not

know where she is, and she is being blindfolded. This is for her own protection as well as ours. And yours. You are far more useful to us alive than dead, my boy, and I think perhaps you are not quite aware of how many

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people are aware of

you,

and the fact that you are going to Gaea. If you will do as

I say I think that I can protect

you. If not-was Typhon Cutter shrugged.

-I am half dead with sleep, Adam thought. -I

don't

understand anything. I don't want to understand. I want

to

sleep.

Typhon Cutter's high voice probed like a

needle into his

fatigue. "Are you going to help us, Adam?"

his

T...

his

"Think. Think about the child."

"I am."

"If you could not trust me, do you think I could trust you with the child?"

"But she's not your child."

"No, she's a pawn of dangerous, ruthless men.

As I

have said, I do not think that O'Keefe is fully

cognizant of

what he is doing. But there are others. Men like the

egre

gious canon."

"Well, what about him, sir?"

"Do you think highly of someone who would deliberately send a child onto that plane?"

"But if she hadn't gone into the washroom-was

"Don't be naive, boy. That simply made it a

little

easier."

Adam looked at Typhon Cutter. Yes, there

was indeed

the resemblance to a spider. Then he thought of

Canon

Tallis, the body portly but firm, the piercing

grey eyes, the

bald head....

-But you can't go by people's looks, he thought

grog-

gily. Just because I prefer teddy bears

to spiders....

"Why does Canon Tallis have no eyebrows?"

he asked

without thinking.

"I believe he does what he can to broadcast some story

of losing all his hair after some extraordinary

physical

bravery in Korea; this kind of thing does happen
occasion
ally, I believe. However, I am inclined
to doubt it. Tallis,
you will find, likes to take the easy way and to receive
credit for daydreams. If he has done anything
braver than
kowitz to the bishop of Gibraltar I have yet to hear
of it. Now Adam: I know that you are tired and so for the

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moment my instructions will be simple. You are to take
Poly back to her father at the Avenida Palace.
You will be driven to a central point from which you will be able
to find your way to the hotel without trouble. I
cannot risk taking you directly there, since my
chauffeur, Molec, who
is one of my key men, would be recognized. You will
tell
O'Keefe that you were half asleep when you opened the
door to loud knocking, that you were grabbed and blindfolded,
that you were taken you know not where, and in
terrogated. Since you knew nothing-and what you know
is
nothing, I assure you-there was very little you could tell.
You were not in any way abused. You were put into a car,
and when you were ungagged and unblindfolded
you stood on the street with Polyhymnia
O'Keefe. Under
stand?"
"Yes, sir."
"Take her immediately to the Avenida Palace. From
there I presume you will proceed to Gaea.
Kali or I-
probably Kali-will get in touch with you there and give
you further instructions. In the meantime you are to learn
as much about O'Keefe and what he is doing as
possible.
Since you will be working with him directly on the starfish
experiments this ought to be a good deal.
Don't be afraid.
The Embassy knows where you are. If you do as you are
told you will be perfectly safe. If you do
not
do as you are
told I cannot answer for the consequences."
Swaying, Adam finished the bitter dregs of his
coffee. -But I have
not
done as I was told, he thought. -I opened the
door. I let Kali in. And whether I did right
or
wrong I don't know. Whether this man is right or
wrong I
don't know.
His eyelids started to droop.
Typhon Cutter rose. 'Take him to the car,
Kali. The
child is already there."
"Am I to go with them, daddy?"

"No. Molec will take care of it. Goodbye,
Adam.
Remember what I have told you. We will be in touch
with
you soon."
"Yes, sir," Adam said. "Goodbye."
As he and Kali reached the front door she stopped
and

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turned to him, putting one hand lightly on his arm.
"Adam—was Then her arms were around him, her face
tilted upward, her lips against his.
Kali was not the first girl he had kissed, but now he
was
no longer a schoolboy; he was a man. His arms
tightened
around Kali's slender body.
She turned her face away. "We have to go now,
Adam."
Holding his hand, she took him out of the house, and up
the steps to where the limousine was waiting for them. The
chauffeur murmured something to Kali, who turned
to Adam, saying, "You are to sit in front with
Molec. The
O'Keefe child mustn't know you're in the car until
you're let out." She paused, and then whispered,
"Adam, oh,
Adam darling, you must

move or speak or in any way
let her know you're in the car. Molec will silence you
if
you do, and Adam, you wouldn't like it."
The chauffeur opened the front door of the car and shut
it on Adams with efficient quietness, climbed in
behind the
wheel, looked darkly at the boy, and put his finger
in
warning against his lips.
Kali echoed the gesture, then turned her hand and
put
the tips of her fingers against her lips.
There was a grinding of gears and the car moved off.
Molec drove swiftly, skillfully, turning,
winding, so that
Adam was convinced that no matter how complex the pat
tern of Lisbon's streets might be Molec was
deliberately
making them more confusing, so that the boy would never
be able to retrace his steps.
As they moved deeper into the awakening city there
were more people abroad and Adam heard the hawking of
lottery tickets. Molec swerved around a
cumbersome, dou
ble-decker bus, down a dark alley lightened
only by high-
flapping laundry. As Adam turned to make
sure that Poly
was truly in the back seat the side of Molec's

hand came down with a sharp thwack on his knee. The pain took him by surprise but he managed not to cry out, though tears rushed uncontrollably to his eyes and he blinked in fury, gritting his teeth. He tried to listen for any sound from behind him, but could hear nothing. He became certain that Poly was not in the car. Out of the cor-

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ner of his eye he glanced at Molec. The face under the visored chauffeur's cap was set and sullen; the hands on the steering wheel were enormous and covered with curling black hair. Perhaps Molec was a useful person to have working for one, but he gave Adam no sense of confidence in the present situation. He had a feeling that it would not displease Molec to bring that massive hand down in a clip on the back of his neck, that causing pain would incite rather than deter the chauffeur. Adam determined not to move or make a sound no matter what happened. "Ritz," Molec grunted suddenly, and pulled the car over to the curb in a quick stop. As Adam saw the great modern bulk of a luxury hotel ahead of him the chauffeur leaped from the front seat with the powerful swiftness of a Doberman Pinscher and opened the door to the back. Adam turned to see him snatching a blindfold and gag from Poly and thrusting her out of the car and onto the street, where she gave a strange, strangled moan. "Go," Molec said between his teeth. Adam did not need urging. He pushed the handle of the door down and out, and, as he slammed it, Molec shot off down the street Adam caught Poly as she started to fall. "Adam," she cried in a choked gasp. "Adam." He held her firmly, disregarding the stares of people walking down the narrow mosaic sidewalk and having to step around them into the street in order to pass. "Are you all right? Poly, are you all right?" The child gave a great, shuddering sob and managed to stand on her own feet, though Adam continued to support her with his arm. "It's all right, Poly, you're all right now," he kept saying. Poly continued the great, choking sobbing breaths, and her hand clutched Adam's frantically, although he could see that she was making a great effort at

self-control. Her set, white face was disturbingly reminiscent of her father's. "Poly," he said, "I'll get a taxi and we'll go to the Avenida Palace." Poly shook her head, and managed to say through shudders, "Not a taxi, it isn't safe. We're right at the Ritz. Take me in. I know the concierge."

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"But your father's at the Avenida Palace."
"We can't go there alone. They might . . . Please, Adam, take me into the Ritz."
In order to calm her Adam nodded in assent and, with his arm still holding her, for he was not at all certain that she was able to walk alone, led her down the hill the short distance to the hotel.
"Good, it's Joaquim," Poly said, as they came up to the doorman. Her voice came stronger, and she said, sounding almost cheerful, what Adam recognized as "Good morn ing" in Portuguese. In the great lobby she turned left to the concierge's desk. Behind it sat a man reading a news paper.
"Arcangelo!" Poly cried, her voice rising in a note of hysteria.
The man looked at her, said something in Portuguese, said "Wait," in English, and picked up his phone, breaking into Portuguese again. In a moment another uniformed man came into the concierge's booth, and Arcangelo left, without a word, to join Adam and Poly.
"Upstairs," he said, and walked ahead of them to one of the elevators.
"But we shouldn't-was Adam started, as the elevator doors shut on them.
"Wait," the concierge said again.
There was no point now in telling Poly that they should be going, whether by taxi or on foot, to the Avenida Palace. There was no point in telling Poly that they might be walking into some kind of trap. There was no point in doing anything but keeping his mouth closed and seeing what happened next Never before in Adam's life had situations constantly been taken out of his hands as they had ever since he had left the known safety of Woods Hole.
Never had his personal decision seemed

to mean less, his intelligence and his will shoved so to one side. Indeed the only decision he seemed to have made hi this entire adven-
ture was to open the door of the hotel room at the Aven-
ida Palace to Kali, and whether this was the best or the
worst thing he had done he still had no way of knowing.
The concierge led them down a wide hall and unlocked
the door to one of the rooms, holding it open for them.

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Poly entered, taking Adam perforce along with her. They were hi one of the most luxurious and beautiful rooms he
had ever seen, but very different from the ancient gran-
deur of the Avenida Palace. Here everything was modern
and costly; a great window wall of glass looked
over the park, but the concierge quickly swept the gold
brocade
curtains across, then turned on the lights, which, again

contrast to the Avenida Palace, were soft but powerful.
Arcangelo shut out the light of day at the Ritz with
gold

brocade. In the Avenida Palace Dr.
O'Keefe was barricaded with white shutters and dark
green damask. Only Typhon Cutter, standing
at the window that overlooked
the harbor, seemed to have no fear of being seen. Or was
that the entire explanation?
The beds were covered with the same rich material as the
curtains; there was a chaise longue padded with pale
green velvet, and pale green velvet easy
chairs at the round
table in a small alcove. The floor was carpeted
in what
seemed to Adam to be gold velvet; modern
paintings hung on the walls; the telephones, one
for each bed, were lemon
yellow.

Poly let go of his hand, flung herself at the
concierge, shouting, "Arcangelo!" and burst into loud
sobbing. He
held her closely, not speaking, rubbing gently between
her
shoulder blades, kissing the top of her
head, waiting until
the sobs had spent themselves. At last she looked up
at him, saying, "We must speak English because of
Adam.

Or Spanish, if you like. He's fine with
Spanish."
"Not Spanish," Arcangelo said absently, still
soothing
her.
"French might do," Poly babbled. "I think

Adam's all
right with French."
"English will do,
meu hem,"
Arcangelo said gently.
"Hush, now, Polyzinha, hush." He cupped her
chin in his
hand and looked at her, at the red marks showing where
the blindfold and the gag had been. "What have they done
to you? What has happened?"
"Hold me, Arcangelo," Poly said. "Tell
him, Adam."
Arcangelo sat down on one of the pale green
velvet chairs and pulled Poly up onto his
lap; her long legs

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dangled to the floor but she leaned against Mm as though
she were a very small child. He looked inquiringly at
Adam, and now Adam was able to look back at the
con
cierge, at a dark, powerful man, perhaps in his
fifties,
though it was difficult to tell, with a nose that looked
as
though it had been broken.
The story Tybbon Cutter had prepared was for
Dr.
O'Keefe; it did not work here in this luxurious
room at the
Ritz for a Portuguese concierge whom Poly
treated as
though he were a beloved uncle.
"Tell him, Adam," she said again.
"It was on the plane from Madrid to Lisbon.
Poly went
into the washroom and didn't come out, and when the
steward opened the door she wasn't there." He
looked at
Poly. "What happened?"
She shuddered again, and reached frantically for Arcan-
gelo's hand.
"Not if you don't want to," he said gently.
She shook her head against the blue of his uniform.
"No. It's all right He came in and grabbed me.
The stew
ard. He put his hand over my mouth before I could
yell.
He had some kind of canvas sack with air holes
in it, and
he put me into it The washroom was so small that I
couldn't fight or kick and he was strong, and he
stuck
something sweet and
sicky-smell
ing
on my nose and it
made me all sleepy. He gagged me, too,
did I ten you?

And it was all dark and horrible and I was too much asleep to try to wriggle or anything and I think I was just dumped on top of the luggage. And then I was in a car and then in somebody's house, I don't know where, because the curtains were drawn. They took off the gag and gave me something to drink and it put me all the way to sleep and then I woke up and I tried to get out but the door was locked and I started to cry. And then that man, the one who drove us, Adam, came in and told me to be quiet and I wouldn't get hurt and I knew he meant business so I was quiet, and he just sat there and watched me, and I sat there and watched him, and I had a headache, and he wouldn't talk or tell me where I was or anything, and then he put the gag back on, and blind-

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folded me, and told me not to move or I'd get hurt, so I didn't move even when I felt the car start. Arcangelo, please call the Embassy for me." She climbed down off the concierge's lap and went and sat on one of the beds near the phone. "Get them, 'Gelo and ask for Joshua Archier. I don't want the switchboard people here to hear my voice." Adam felt that he ought to assert himself, now that Poly's tears were spent and her hysteria gone. "Polyhymnia," he started firmly, but she interrupted him. "You promised never to call me that." Adam sighed. "Poly. I don't know why you want to call the Embassy, but I think the thing for us to do is to get back to the Avenida Palace to your father. Or, if you want to use the telephone, call the hotel and ask to speak to him." Poly looked at him as though she were a teacher trying to explain something to an unexpectedly stupid student who fails to understand a very simple problem. "Adam, daddy won't go back to the Avenida Palace without me. He might be at the Embassy. If he isn't, Josh will know how to get hold of him and what to do. We can't go back to the Avenida Palace alone anyhow, and Arcangelo can't get away to take us. Please call, 'Gelo."

Sighing again, Adam waited while the concierge asked for the American Embassy, then for Mr. Archer, then, several times over, evidently to different people, for Mr.

Joshua Archer. Finally he held the phone out to Poly.

"Josh," she said. "Yes, it's me. I'm at the Ritz. . . . Yes, he's here . . . well, he was in the car with me when we were dumped here.

...

I was blindfolded, I don't know. . . ." She looked accusingly at Adam. "Were you at the Avenida Palace with daddy?"

"Yes," Adam said.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"You've hardly let me finish a sentence, you know," Adam reproved her.

Poly scowled at him. "If you were at the Avenida Palace with daddy why did you leave?"

"I can't tell you now," Adam said.

"Poly, I'm half dead with sleep." This was not only clever evasion. It was hot

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now that the sun was higher in the sky, and the air-conditioning unit in the room was not turned on; the heat pressing down on Adam seemed to be pulling on his eye

lids. "I haven't had any sleep for three nights," he said.

Poly turned back to the phone. "Where's daddy? .

. .

Can you get to him to tell him I'm all right? . . .

Okay. . . . Okay, Josh. . . . Yes,

Arcangeloll answer. . . . Okay, Josh,

"bye." She hung up, turned back to Adam, demanding.

"Why

haven't you had any sleep?"

Adams spoke with heavy patience. "The last night I was

in Woods Hole there was a party that lasted until the kids

put me on the plane for New York. Then we didn't sleep

much on the plane to Madrid. That's two nights. Then last

night I'd just gone to sleep when I was waked up."

"How were you waked up? How did you get in that car with me?"

Adam looked around the luxurious room. "I can't talk

to you now. I have to sleep. I have to think."

"Do you want some coffee?"

"I've had coffee. Coffee can't keep me awake any longer."

"Do you want a shower or something?"

"I've had a shower. All I want to do is go

to sleep."
"Are you hungry?"
"Polyhymn--Poly-all I want to do is
sleep"
Poly looked at Arcangelo. "Can he sleep
here?"
Arcangelo nodded.
"We have to wait until Josh calls back. He
could sleep
for a while, anyhow."
Arcangelo rose and pulled the golden coverlet
down off
one of the beds. In a fog of sleep, Adam
flopped down,
not feeling the softness of the mattress, not even aware of
his cheek touching the fine linen of the pillow. Through a
haze of sleep he seemed to hear the phone ringing,
to hear
voices, but he could not rouse enough to listen. He was
engulfed in a black sea of slumber.
He woke up slowly, not because anybody was knocking
at
the door or in any way trying to disturb his rest but
because he had at last, finally, had enough sleep.
For a mo
ment, remembering nothing, he stretched, his eyes
closed, his body languid, his mind soothed by his
body's comfort.
Then the events of the past three days came sliding
back into his relaxed and unsuspecting brain, so that
his body
stiffened with the shock of recollection, and his eyes
flew
open.
He was still in the golden room at the Ritz. Poly
and
Arcangelo were nowhere to be seen, but a fair young
man
was sitting on a green velvet chair, reading. As
Adam moved, the young man's gaze flicked
alertly toward the
bed.
"So you're awake," he said.
Adam sat up, every muscle tense and wary. "Who
are
you?"
"Joshua Archer, of the American Embassy, at
your ser
vice."
"Are you the Ambassador?"
The young man laughed, easy, spontaneous
laughter. "I'm not sure the Ambassador would
appreciate that
Hardly. I'm the lowest of the low."
Still lulled with sleep Adam thought that Joshua Archer
must be a friend of Kali's and Mr. Cutter's, one
of their Embassy crowd. Then he remembered the
call Poly had
made Arcangelo put through to the

Embassy. How was it possible that both Kali and Poly should assume the protection of the Embassy? He looked warily at the young man.

"You're the one Poly called?"

"Yes."

"Where is she?"

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"On Oaea with her parents. They phoned the Embassy when they reached the island, and the Embassy in turn was kind enough to call me here."

"It seems to me," Adam said slowly, "that I heard the phone ring several times."

"You might have." The young man leaned back in his chair and smiled pleasantly at Adam. Adam stared back

and waited. Joshua Archer was a nicely made young man with a lean face, but with nothing in any way conspicuous

about him. All Adam saw was light brown hair, greyish

eyes, a Brooks Brothers-style suit, a young man who

looked like any nice, normal American.

Adam's scowl and

stare deepened; the only thing he felt might single Joshua

out from anyone just through college and starting to make his own way in the world was a look of sadness lurking in the eyes, and this Adam did not consciously identify; all

he knew was that there was something about the young man's steady gaze that invited confidence, and this very face put him on his guard.

his

Well

the young man said, still smiling.

his

Well his

Adam asked back.

"Would you like something to eat?"

"Yes. I suppose so. Thank you."

The young man came over to the lemon-yellow phone by the second bed, and called, speaking his Portuguese, so

that Adam did not have any idea what was being ordered, or even, indeed if the young man were really calling room

service. Perhaps he was reporting that the dumb kid, Adam Eddington, was finally awake; perhaps he was get

ting something else awful lined up for Adam's further confusion. If the boy had not had such a full and uninterrupted sleep he would probably have felt very sorry

for himself. As it was, he simply tensed up so that he would be ready for whatever happened next Joshua Archer went back to his chair and continued to smile questioningly at Adam. Adam became more and more uncomfortable. Finally he said, "What time is it?" Joshua Archer looked around the room. The golden draperies were still pulled across the windows and no light filtered through. "Around nine in the evening. You went

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to sleep yesterday morning, so you've had about thirty-six hours. Feeling better?" "Yes, thanks." "The bathroom is there," Joshua said. When Adam returned he continued, "Now the problem is what to do with you. You are rather a problem, Adam." "Sorry." The Ambassador was all for sending you back to Woods Hole immediately." Without stopping to think Adam responded bitterly, "You mean I should crawl right back into the Hole I crawled out of?" Joshua laughed again. "Is it as bad as all that?" "It might help if someone would tell me just what is going on." Joshua's voice was smooth as silk, his face as expressionless. "Didn't Typhon Cutter?" "What about him?" Joshua shrugged. "Oh, nothing much. Or is there?" Adam was silent. "The last time I saw him was at a party at the Embassy the evening Poly was kidnapped." "Oh?" Adam asked politely. There was a knock. Joshua shot a sharp glance at Adam, then unlocked the door. Arcangelo came in rolling a dinner cart. He looked at Adam but he did not smile and he did not speak. He wheeled the cart over to the table and spread a tablecloth, put out silver and plates. From covered dishes a delicious smell rose. When the dinner was set out he looked over at Joshua, who simply nodded. Arcangelo glanced again at Adam, then left, closing the door quietly behind him. Joshua locked the door from the inside, came back to the table and sat down, beckoning to Adam. "Come on. You'll feel better after you've had some food." "I'd feel lots better if I knew more about

what was going on."
Joshua looked at him thoughtfully. "Yes, we all would. But I can't be open with you unless you'll be open with me."
Adam was sitting on the side of the bed still in his

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travelling suit, which was by now thoroughly wrinkled.
He
leaned down and reached for his shoes, put them on. As he walked, rather stiffly, to the table, he said, "I'm sorry, but I'm so confused that I don't think I can be very open with anybody." He pulled out his chair, deliberately trying to curb his instinctive liking for Joshua. "I'm just a dumb American kid and the things that have been happening are beyond me."
Joshua ladled some interesting-smelling soup into Adam's dish. "Fair enough. We'll try to clear up what we can. Mind if I ask you a few questions? You don't have to answer if you don't want to, but I'd appreciate it if you'd try. Then I'll know better what to do next. Do you want to go back to America?"
Oddly enough Adam wasn't even tempted. He was in the middle of this thing, and it was a mess, and he hated it, but he knew that he could not deliberately walk out on it until he knew what it was all about. "No."
"Then what do you think you should do?"
Adam swallowed some of the soup; it was delicious and delicate, with a faintly sour, sorrel taste.
"I think I should go to Gaea to work for Dr. O'Keefe the way Dr. Didymus wanted me to do."
"And Dr. O'Keefe?"
"What about him?"
"Do you think he wants you?"
'That was the understanding when I left Woods Hole."
"But things have happened since then. Do you think he can trust you?"
"Why not?" Adam asked warily.
"He told you not to open the door of your room at the Avenida Palace, didn't he?"
"Yes."
"Yet you opened it."
"Yes."
"Why?"
"It seemed to me that it was the right thing to do."
"Why?"
"I was alone, and Poly was kidnapped, and I was responsible for her."

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"Did you think opening the door would help you find her?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I just did."

Sighing rather absently Joshua removed the soup plates-Adam had not quite finished his soup-and put them on the serving cart Raising the metal dome from a platter of fish Joshua asked, "Did you just open the door of your own accord and go blundering off in the dark in the middle of the night to look for Poly? Or was someone on the other side of the door? Did you let someone into the room?"

Adam did not answer and Joshua deftly placed a sauce-covered fish on his plate, then handed him a bowl of little, wrinkled olives.

Adam took an olive and it was ten der and delicious.

With the pit still in his mouth he said, "I don't think I can tell you." He looked at Joshua and fought down the temptation to spill everything out to him. Putting the olive pit hi his plate he said, "I'd like to tell you. It's just that I have to know more about whafs what."

Joshua nodded. "Yes. I see that. From your point of view this is perfectly reasonable. But under the circumstances this entire situation is too potentially explosive for me to be able to do anything until I know more about what happened from the moment you opened the door. I am going on the assumption that you opened it to someone. Unless I can find out where you went and who you were with I shall have no alternative to sending you back to the States." With an expert stroke of his knife he re moved the backbone of his fish.

Adam asked, "Do you know what happened up to the tune I opened the door?"

"Yes. I have talked at length with Poly, with her father,

and, on a closed Embassy line, with Canon Tallis in

Madrid. I completely understand how confusing all of

must be for you. And Father Tallis is inclined to trust you, and he's a perceptive old boy. I have a lot of faith in his judgment. He's never blinded by sentimentality. If I'd

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put Poly in your charge and you'd let her disappear I'd have you on the next jet to New York.

Sorry, Adam. I know it wasn't your fault.

All I mean is that I'd have blamed you, fault or no, out of my own guilt, and Canon Tallis didn't."

Adam said excitedly. "But then you see why I had

to open the door, why I

had
to try to find Poly. It was the
only way I knew."
"Yes," Joshua said thoughtfully. "I see that.
Okay. After we've finished dinner we'll go to my
flat; your luggage has
been taken there. You can change into fresh clothes, and
then maybe it might be a good idea if we go to the
Embassy. If there's anyone you'd like to talk to it
can be ar
ranged from there."
"Who would I want to talk to?"
"Canon Tallis?"
Adam shook his head.
"Your parents?"
"I don't want them upset."
"Dr. Didymus? I think it might help if you
talked to
him."
"I don't know," Adam said. "I just don't
know."
"Eat your fish," Joshua told him. "Brain
food, my
grandmother always used to say."
"You mean you think I need it?"
Joshua laughed. "Don't we all." He
removed the fish
plates to the serving tray, and helped Adam to meat,
rice,
carrots. "Still hungry? I've never managed
to get used to two seven-course meals a day, so I
get around it by not eating any lunch. It's been a
couple of days since you've
eaten, hasn't it?"
"It probably has," Adam said. "I
don't remember. But I
am
still hungry, and this is very good." Then, feeling that
perhaps he had been too friendly he picked up his
knife and fork. If only he did not have this
instinctive feeling
that Joshua Archer was someone to be trusted he could be
more objective. But if Typhon Cutter and
Kali were right
then Joshua was the last person in the world to trust.
"Adam," Joshua said, "have you seen Carolyn
Cutter

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since you went into the coffee shop with her at the
airport
in New York?"
"How do you know I saw her then?"
"I happen to know it from several sources," Joshua
said.
The one that might interest you most is Typhon
Cutter.
He mentioned it at the dinner table at the
Embassy."
"You mean the night Poly was kidnapped?"

"Yes."
"You're
sure
Poly is all right?"
"I told you she's on Gaea with her parents."
"How do I know that you're telling me the truth?"
"You don't. You're just going to have to follow your in
stincts about me one way or the other."
Adam glowered across the table. "But I don't trust
my
instincts any more, Mr. Archer."
"Call me Josh."
"Okay."
"What's wrong with your instincts?"
"They're just not working," Adam said. "I
do
have a feeling that somebody has to be right and somebody
has to
be wrong, but I haven't a dream who is which."
"Would it help any if I tell you that I trust
you?"
"I don't know. All I can tell you is that if
I needed to
be taken down a peg I've been taken."
"Because Poly was kidnapped while you were in
charge of her?"
'That," Adam said, "but mostly because I can't
trust my own decisions or my own thoughts. I used
to be pretty sure of myself. I thought I could handle
just about any situation."
"You handled some pretty rough ones
in
New York, didn't you?"
"Well," Adam said, "yes. How did you know?"
"Dr. O'Keefe was kind enough to let me see his
dossier on you."
"How did
he
know?"
"His work is too important for him to take any
chances.
You weren't aware that you were being investigated?"
"No. I guess I wasn't I thought Dr.
Didymus" recom
mendation was all that was needed."

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"Not even Old Doc's word is enough for something as
vital as this. What I liked best of what I read
about you was the time you and your Puerto Rican
friend-Juan,
wasn't it-was
"Yes."
"comthe time the two of you managed to stop a rumble from
starting. Maybe that's what makes me trust you,
makes me know that you're fighting on the same side
I am. But I think I'd trust you even if I
didn't know any
thing about you. Have some salad?"
"Yes, please." Adam watched while Joshua

served.

"Could I ask you a question?"

"Fire ahead."

"You say you know I went into that coffee shop with Kali-was

"Yes."

"She told me her father has businesses here."

"That's right. He does."

"And that he knows lots of people at the Embassy."

"Correct."

"Do you know him?"

"Slightly. I'm not important enough for him to bother with."

"What do you think of him?"

"That he's a very clever man."

"Do you trust him?"

"As far as I could throw the bathtub."

"Is this instinct, or do you have reasons?"

"Both."

"Could I know the reasons?"

Joshua seemed to ponder. Finally he said, "He cares

more about money than he does about anything else.

Money and power. And he doesn't care who's

sacrificed as

long as he gets them."

"Is Dr. O'Keefe powerful?"

"Not in his own mind, certainly, and only because his mind can run circles around any other mind I've ever met.

But power is always subordinate with him.

Manipulating

people is the last thing in the world he'd want."

"So what do you think about power?" Adam demanded.

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"Power corrupts," Joshua quoted.

"Absolute power cor

rupts absolutely."

Adam sighed.

Joshua stood up. "You don't want any

dessert, do you? We'll have coffee at my place.

I've made my decision

about you, Adam, whether you trust me or not"

For a moment Adam felt only relieved that the

decision had been made, that it had been taken out of

his hands. Then he knew that if Joshua Archer were

to try to send him back to America he would have

to escape him some

how and go back to Kali and her father.

But Joshua said, "I'm going to take you to Gaea."

They left the hotel without speaking to anybody, without

giving in keys at the desk, without further

communication

with Arcangelo. Joshua turned to the right and they

walked briskly for about ten minutes through the sweet

summer darkness. They stopped before a narrow house

faced in gleaming blue-and-white patterned tile.

"Ever

seen the Portuguese tile before?" Joshua asked

absently, not waiting for Adam to respond. "It's quite famous." He put his key in the door. "I have the top floor. Modest, but mine. I love this stairway. Pink marble. Beautiful, isn't it?" "Yes." Adam followed him up three flights. At the top was a blue painted door, which Joshua also unlocked, saying, "Gone are those innocent days when I didn't worry about keys. I got awfully tired of having my things gone through. So "Gelo very kindly helped me fashion a lock that is impossible to pick or duplicate." "Who is Arcangelo?" Adam demanded. "My very good friend." Joshua flicked a switch and in the ceiling a crystal chandelier sparkled into life. Adam looked around. They were in a fair-sized room, a room that smelled of tobacco and books. It was, indeed, more of a library than a living room, as there were books not only on all four walls but piled on tables and window-sills. Adam saw in a quick glance a record player and shelves of records, a sagging couch covered with an India print, an old red rep easy chair, a large desk that looked as though it had been discarded from an office. It was a good room, the kind of room Adam had dreamed of having some day. He looked at a Picasso print over one of the bookshelves, a sad-eyed harlequin on a white horse. The harlequin reminded him of someone, and suddenly he realized that it was Joshua himself.

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Joshua pointed to an open door. "Bedroom and bath. Go in and make yourself at home. Your stuff's all in there. I'll make us some coffee. I don't have a proper kitchen, just a hot plate, but it does." Adam nodded and went to the bedroom. It was a small, bare room, furnished only with a narrow brass bed, chest of drawers, a straight chair. The walls were white and absolutely bare. The room was cold and austere in comparison to the cluttered warmth of the living room.

Adam washed his hands and face. He was not being sent back to America. He was going to Gaea. He could not help liking Joshua. But if he should see Kali again how would he feel? So far he had managed to tell Joshua nothing of any importance, and Joshua did not seem to be going to pursue his questioning. -Play it cool, Adam, he seemed to hear a voice in his ear. Kali's voice. As long as nobody knew that it was Kali who had come to him at the Avenida Palace, that it was to Kali's apartment he had gone, that he was expected to work for Typhon Cutter as a-what had Mr. Cutter said? Patriotic duty, wasn't it?-then he had not yet committed himself to either side. And as long as he didn't commit himself he couldn't do anything too terribly wrong. Could he? -I wish things were black and white, he thought savagely. -I wish things were clear. He remembered his math teacher back at school, a brilliant young Irishman, telling of his personal confusion when he first began to study higher mathematics and discovered that not all mathematical problems have one single and simple answer, that there is a choice of answers and a decision to be made by the mathematician even when dealing with something like an equation that ought to be definite and straightforward and to allow of no more than one interpretation. "And that's the way life is," the teacher had said. "Right and wrong, good and evil, aren't always clear and simple for us; we have to interpret and decide; we have to commit ourselves, just as we do with this equation." As though reading his thoughts Joshua came and

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l lounged in the doorway. "Don't hold off too long, Adam. The time comes when you have to make a choice and you're not going to be able to put it off much longer. Unless you've already made it?" "I don't know." Adam rubbed his face with a clean, rough towel. "The trouble is," Joshua said, "that I can't guarantee you anything. If you decide to work with Dr. O'Keefe I

can't in any honesty tell you that anything is going to be easier for you than it has been for the past few days. I can tell you that nobody expected things to start breaking quite so soon, or we wouldn't have let you come. You were never supposed to be hi any kind of danger. It was pure coincidence that it was this summer that Old Doc decided you were worth sending to Dr. O'Keefe to be educated. Of course neither Canon Tallis nor Dr. O'Keefe believe in coincidence. I'm afraid that I do, and that we're often impaled upon it Then, on the other hand, I can't help wondering if it was pure coincidence that made Canon Tallis finish his work in Boston at just the moment he did so that he and Poly were on the plane with you." "But if he was lecturing there," Adam protested, "he'd know when he was going to be through." "Oh, did he tell you he was lecturing? Well, probably he was," Joshua said somewhat vaguely. The main thing is that if you're worth educating then I suppose you ought to be up to facing whatever there is to face, oughtn't you?" "What is there to face?" Adam sat at the foot of Joshua's bed. Joshua did not answer his question. Instead: "Maybe it'll help you if I tell you that it wasn't easy for me, either. I don't know about you, Adam, but I can't look forward to pie hi the sky. I'm a heretic and a heathen, and I let myself depend far too much on the human beings I love, because-well, just because. I guess the real point is that I care about having a decent world, and if you care about having a decent world you have to take sides. You have to decide who, for you, are the good guys, and who are the bad guys. So, like the fool that I am, I chose the difficult

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side, the unsafe side, the side that guarantees me not one thing besides danger and hard work." "Then why did you choose it?" Adam demanded. Joshua continued to lean against the door.

"Why? I'm not sure I did. It seemed to choose me, unlikely material though I be. And it's the side that-that cares about people like Polyhymnia O'Keefe." He wheeled and went back into the living room. In a moment the sound of music came clear and gay, Respighi's The Birds, Adam thought, following him into the living room. Joshua grinned. "It's the fall of the sparrow I care about, Adam. But who is the sparrow? We run into problems there, too. Now let's have our coffee." He picked up a battered white enamel percolator from the hot plate on one of the bookcases. "Want to go to the Embassy when we're through?" Adam watched Joshua pour the dark and fragrant brew. "Why? Do we have to?" Joshua handed him a cup, indicated sugar and milk. "No. Not if you don't want to." "I'm not sure it would make things any clearer." Adam put three heaping spoons of sugar in his coffee. "I don't want to telephone anybody. I mean, why bother Old Doc? I think he feels about me kind of the way you feel about Poly, if you know what I mean, so it would just be upsetting to him to have me ask him to help make up my own mind. I mean, I have to do it myself, don't I?" "When you get right down to it, yes," Joshua said. "And the whole idea of the Embassy business is very confusing to me. I mean, you working there, and then both the O'Keefes and the Cutters seeming to know everybody, and everybody thinking the Embassy's on their side and it can't be on everybody's side. I think I'd rather stay clear of any more confusion for a while." "Okay," Joshua said. "I follow you. I thought it might help, but I see your point. What about your passport, by the way?" Adam felt the by-now-familiar jolt in the pit of his stomach. "I suppose it's still at the Avenida Palace. I'd forgotten all about it."

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L'ENGLE

Joshua reached in his breast pocket and handed the thin green book to Adam. "Here. But it's something you'd

better remember from now on. Think you could do any more sleeping?"

"You wouldn't think I could, would you?" Adam asked, yawned, and laughed.

"Good. Let's just have our coffee and maybe listen to a little music and go to bed. I'll take the sofa in here; I'm used to it. In the morning we'll go to Gaea. I hope you won't mind flying with me.

Actually I'm a pretty fair pilot-

Without knowing why Adam realized that he would feel perfectly safe with Joshua at the controls of plane, boat, or car. It was an instinct that the wariness acquired in the past three days could not shake, no matter how little at the moment he trusted his instincts.

Although Adam protested briefly at the idea of taking Joshua's bed he found to his surprise that he was very happy to get undressed and stretch out. In the living room he could hear Joshua pattering around, changing records, cleaning up the coffee things. The last thing he was conscious of was the strains of a Mozart Horn Concerto. Then Joshua was shaking him; sunlight streamed in through the open, uncurtained bedroom window; and the smell of coffee came from the living room. Joshua, unlike Dr. O'Keefe or Arcangelo, seemed to feel no need to close himself in behind shutters or draperies; or was it just in knowing when and where?

They had coffee, bacon and eggs, all of which Joshua somehow managed with ease on his single hot plate; then they took a taxi out to the airport. This was not the huge state-owned field at which Adam had arrived, but a small, private field with a couple of rickety-looking hangars. The waiting room was a Quonset hut, with a few desks behind which sat the inevitable uniformed men, a row of phone booths, and a speaker system loud enough for Grand Central Station, so that each time a voice came through it the few passengers waiting in the hut were almost blasted out of their seats.

Joshua walked in his usual casual, almost lounging way

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over to one of the desks, where he stood smiling and speaking fluent Portuguese to the uniformed man behind it; they seemed to be old friends and after a few minutes

Joshua turned, smiling, to Adam. "Everything's just about

ready for us. Five minutes to wait, that's all.

Okay?"

"Sure." What would Joshua have done if he'd said,

'nope'?

Joshua led him over to an uncomfortable but empty wooden bench and began to talk lightly about Embassy

life, of his own job of filing and checking and being gen

eral errand boy, all of which, he said, could perfectly well be done by a ten-year-old. Every once in a while he would have to stop as his narrative was punctured by the braying of the loudspeaker. Adam almost laughed as Joshua would shut his eyes against the blast, his sensitive ears seeming to quiver in pain. Adam's own ears pricked up as he heard, "Joshua Archair. . . . Joshua Archair. . . ." followed by a message in Portuguese. "I seem to have a call from the Embassy," Joshua said, sighing. "Please wait right here for me, Adam. Please do not move, I beg of you." Adam gave a rather lopsided grin. "I won't open any more locked doors." "Good boy." Joshua ambled off, never seeming to hurry, but covering the distance to the telephones in an amazingly short time. Adam leaned back on the bench, stretching his legs. Perhaps it was catching up on his sleep that was responsible for his feeling of calm and certainty. -I can't help it, he thought. -I couldn't feel this way about Joshua if he weren't all right. And Poly. They've got to be the way I want them to be. And Dr. O'Keefe and Canon Tallis. I'm making up my mind to be on their side whether I want to or not. It's making itself up for me. Just the way Joshua said it did for him. "Adam." He jerked upright, his thoughts knocked out from under him. Standing before him was a man in ecclesiastical garb. But it was not Canon Tallis. It was a younger man, tall-

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er, extremely handsome, with a head of luxuriant black hair.
"Adam?"
Adam looked but he did not speak. It probably was, it must be a friend of Canon Tallis'. But even if his mind was being made up for him there was no being certain of anything any more. Even if it was somebody who knew his name.
"It

is
Adam Eddington, isn't it?" the man asked, in
one
of the most mellifluous voices Adam had ever
heard.
He could hardly pretend to be a deaf mute.
"Yes."
"I'm Dr. Ball." Adam looked somewhat
startled, and
the man repeated, "Dr. Eliphaz Ball,
rector of St.
Zophar's, the American church here in Lisbon."
A hand
was held out toward Adam, a white, clean,
well-manicured
hand. The grip was strong, man-to-man.
"How do you do, sir?" Adam murmured.
Dr. Eliphaz Ball, smiling pleasantly,
sat down beside him.
"Your young friend, Joshua Archer, and my friend,
too, I
am happy to say, has had to go back to the
Embassy. Poor lad, when his superiors call
he must jump, no matter what
previous engagements he may have hoped to fulfill.
So
he's asked me to see to it that you get to Oaea.
I'm afraid I'm no pilot myself, but I've
made arrangements for one
of the local men to hop us over." Dr. Ball's
beautiful voice was smooth and pleasant, his manner
easy, as he smiled at Adam. "Poor laddie,
we're all more sorry than we can say
for everything that has happened to you. It must all have
been more than confusing. But once you get to Gaea and
settle down to work with the good doctor you'll be able
to relax and forget all the unpleasantness. Thank
God our
darling Poly was returned unharmed, the precious
child."
Adam looked at the handsome, friendly face of Dr.
Ball and was not happy. For some reason his instinct was
tell
ing him not to trust Dr. Ball, but he no longer
trusted
his instinct. For a brief moment he contrasted the
doctor
with Canon Tallis. Canon Tallis was
brusque, stern,
businesslike, formidable. He would never have called
Poly
a precious child, but Adam knew that it was to the canon

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that Poly was precious. He knew it. At least
he went along
with his instinct that far.
"I'm afraid we'll have to hurry," Dr. Ball
said. "I think
we can manage your bags between us, don't you?"

Joshua had told Adam not to move. Adam had promised to open no more locked doors. "I'm sorry," he said, courteously, "but I'm afraid I'll have to wait here for Mr. Archer."
"But my poor dear boy, I've just explained to you that poor Josh has been called back to the Embassy, and has put you in my charge."
Adam shook his head stubbornly. "I'm sorry. I have to wait here."
The velvet smoothness of Dr. Ball's voice did not alter, nor the friendly look fade from his features, as he said,
"Adam, don't you think you've caused the O'Keefes enough trouble already?"
"I'm sorry," Adam said for the third time. "I don't mean to be difficult, but I have to wait."
"Poor lad, I hadn't realized just quite how confused you are, in spite of what Joshua told me. Joshua is not coming back. Please try to understand this. He has been called to the Embassy. Do try to realize that it is absolutely essential for me to get you to Gaea at once. Won't you be a good boy and come with me?" Adam shook his head. "It will be so much easier for both of us if you'll come of your own free will." Adam shook his head again. Dr. Ball sighed and cast his eyes up to heaven. "Dear Lord, be patient with the boy." He looked down at Adam. "I'm sorry, truly sorry, laddie, but I'll have to take you with me. Please do understand that it's for your own protection." He glanced behind him, snapped his fingers lightly, and a burly porter moved up to stand beside him. Adam braced himself. With a wild and irrational stubbornness he was determined not to move from the bench where he had promised to wait for Joshua. A second figure appeared beside the porter. It was Arcangelo. Adam did not move. Arcangelo spoke in a low voice to the porter, who looked at Adam, at Dr. Ball, shrugged in

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a vague kind of apology, though Adam could not tell to whom, and trotted off to a baggage cart.

A shadow seemed to cross Dr. Ball's brow, but his pleasant expression did not change. He smiled again at Adam, showing his even, white teeth. "We do seem to be running into problems, don't we?" He turned to Arcangelo. "And who are you, my good man?"

"A friend," Arcangelo said.

"Of whom?"

Arcangelo jerked his head in Adam's direction. Then he pointed across the room. Adam looked and saw Joshua coming toward them. As swiftly as he had appeared, Arcangelo left.

Dr. Ball put his hand on Adam's knee.

"What an unfortunate incident I will speak quickly, Adam. I am a friend of Typhon Cutter's."

"He wanted me to go to Gaea," Adam said.

I am aware of that. Why do you think I am here? I was sent to help you. And to help you to help your country."

"Thank you." Adam turned his eyes to see Joshua's progress across a floor that now seemed endless.

"Not a word to Archer. We'll get a message to you as soon as possible." Dr. Ball's hand pressed harder against Adam's knee. Joshua reached them. Dr. Ball removed his hand, rose, and greeted Joshua. "My young friend, the charming Mr. Archer! How fortunate to meet you here this morning! And how is life at the Embassy?"

"Splendid, thank you, Dr. Ball," Joshua said coolly.

"Keeping you busy?"

"Enough."

"I've had a delightful time talking to your young protégé

here. Do take care of him for us."

"I'll do that," Joshua said.

"And give my warmest regards to the O'Keefes."

"Certainly."

"A brilliant mind, O'Keefe's. Brilliant. Our country needs more men like that"

"Right," Joshua said.

"I trust I'll see you around the Embassy, my boy."

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"Very likely."

"Do have a safe and pleasant trip. Small craft warnings are out, I believe." Still smiling, Dr. Ball moved off.

Without a word Joshua picked up one of Adam's bags. Adam picked up the other and his briefcase and followed

him out of the Quonset hut and onto a runway. A
small
plane was waiting several hundred yards away.
Trotting
behind Joshua, Adam could see only a tense,
angry line of
jaw.
-He said he trusted me, Adam thought
resentfully,-so
what right does he have to go jumping to conclusions now?
As they came up to the plane Adam saw that it was
an
old, single-engine, British Hawker
Hurricane converted to
a two-seater. Arcangelo was standing beside it
Silently he
handed Adam, then Joshua, leather jackets,
goggles, hel
mets, and helped them up and into the seats. Joshua,
still
without speaking (and silence from Joshua, unlike
silence
from Arcangelo, seemed completely out of character),
turned around and showed Adam how to strap himself in,
then clipped on his own webbing. Suddenly his face
relaxed and he looked at Adam and grinned.
"Feel like
something out of a World War
U
movie?"
"Kind of," Adam said. And then, "This guy
Ball-was
"Wait
till
we get going. Silence is golden and all that
stuff." Joshua's experienced hands moved over the
con
trols; the engine coughed, choked, finally caught The
blades of the slowly circling propeller merged into a
swift
blur. Joshua leaned out and waved down at
Arcangelo who waved back, then turned and walked
toward the
Quonset hut. The plane slowly taxied along
the runway.
"She's a bit bumpy," Joshua shouted above the
noise of
the engines. "Hold on tight"
Adam held on. After a moment he closed his
eyes and gritted his teeth. The plane seemed
to buck and strain, to
refuse to leave the ground: how could it possibly
expect to
fly at such an advanced age? The only fit
place for it was
a museum.
Bounce. Bounce. Jerk. Bounce. A jerk that
threw Adam
back against the seat. Then a straining upward and a
pleased laugh from Joshua. Adam opened his eyes.

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They were nosing up, up, higher, higher. They circled the small airport. As Adam looked down he could see Arcangelo leaving the Quonset hut, getting into a car, and driving off.

This seemed to be what Joshua was waiting for. He turned the plane away from the port, away from the land, nosed further and further up. Ahead of them over the rooftops Adam could see water.

"Okay, kid," Joshua shouted back to him.

"Everything under control."

Adam shouted in return, "I hope that's not the over statement of the year."

"I never go in for famous last words," Joshua called.

"Don't mind talking in bellows, do you?"

"I'm a good bellower," Adam bellowed.

"Good. Me, too. Nobody listening in but sea gulls.

We're over the Tagus now." Adam leaned over and looked down at the rim of Lisbon sprawled along the river.

"That's the Jeronymos Monastery," Joshua called back.

"It's just about my favorite piece of architecture in Lisbon, except for the Sad Juan Chrysostom Monastery which is even better. I'll take you there someday." He flew along the coast, pointing and calling. "There's the Balm Tower.

Famous Portuguese Manueline architecture. Moorish influ

ence heavy. Makes you think you're in Africa, doesn't it? Lots of Portugal will." And, a moment later, "That monstrosity is the monument to Henry the Navigator, but I've become very fond of it Now what about Ball?" he asked

without transition.

"Who is he?"

"Rector of St. Zophar's."

"Friend of yours?"

"I never make friends with the pious."

"What about Canon Tallis?"

Joshua snorted. "He's not pious."

"Did you send him to me?"

"Who? Canon Tallis?"

"No. Dr. Ball."
"Did he tell you I had?"
"Yes," Adam shouted, glad at last to be able
to be open

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about something. He looked down and they were flying over the harbor which was speckled with ferries, small fishing vessels, pleasure craft. "Does he really have a church and stuff?"

"That's right. Very popular gentleman of the cloth. Ladies swoon."

"You don't?"

"I'm no lady."

"Is he a friend of Canon TaUis' That"

Joshua roared. "Hardly."

"But I thought-was

"Adam, my son," Joshua howled over the sound of the engines, over the blasting of the wind, "don't expect any group of people to be all of a kind. The church is no exception. And it is not only because I am a heathen that I say this. So what did the old black crow say to you?"

"That you'd been called back to the Embassy and had sent him to take me to Gaea."

"And you didn't bite," Joshua said. "Good boy."

"I thought you thought I had." Adam looked away from Joshua, over the side of the plane, down at the open water of the Atlantic. Land was only a dark shadow behind them, almost lost in haze. The water was unusually dark, with occasional brilliant flashes as it was caught by sun light.

"Because I got all furious?" Joshua asked.

"Not at you. I thought you'd had about all you could take and I could have strangled him with my bare hands. There wasn't any phone call for me from the Embassy or anyplace else, by the way. He'd bribed somebody to page me to get me out of the way." After a pause Adam said, "I think Fm shocked."

"Because he's a churchman and stuff?"

"I guess so."

"I had that kind of being shocked knocked out of me when I was in knee pants. Also thinking that anyone in my government's employ necessarily has the interest of my country at heart. This is one of the few reasons I'm of any use in the Embassy. Don't let it get you, Adam. People don't compartmentalize. One bad guy in a group doesn't

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make everybody else bad, and one good one doesn't make everybody else good."

At that moment the plane dropped. Adam flew up

from
his seat and was kept in the plane only by the webbing of
his harness.
"Whoops," Joshua called, pulling at the stick
and nosing the plane up again. "We're going into a
spot of turbulence.
I can't get above these clouds; we'll have to go through
them."
He opened the throttle and the little plane shot into a
great, churning white mass. Adam
remembered Dr. Ball's
smug comment about small-craft warnings. The plane
jolted and jerked, dropped and steadied, so that
Adam's stomach leapt from his toes to his mouth and
back. The noise of the engine seemed accentuated by the
swirling cloud, by the unexpected pockets of air
into which they
fell like a stone.
Adam felt absolutely calm at the same time
that he
knew that he was as frightened as he had ever been in his
life. With each jerk and leap he expected the
plane to plummet into the ocean, but Joshua always
managed to
steady it.
In front of him Adam heard an unexpected
sound. It was Joshua. Joshua was singing, his head
flung back, his
mouth open, bellowing the joyful last chorus from
Beethoven's
Ninth Symphony.
Joshua, Adam realized, was enjoying the battle
with the cloud. Beside this supreme
happiness Adam's own fears fled. Holding on
tightly to his
seat, trying not to be thrown about any more than neces-
sary, he watched the young man rather than the blind fury
of the cloud.
And then suddenly they were through it and into the blue and gold
of the day again. The plane choked and
steadied. Joshua turned back to Adam and grinned.
"Scare
you?"
"At first."
Joshua patted the controls fondly. "She's a
good old
crate. I'll get you there in one piece. I
hope."
They plunged into another cloud and dropped headlong
toward the ocean.
It was not precisely a relaxing trip, but Adam
caught
Joshua's exhilaration; he held on tight and the
thought that
they might not reach Oaea left him.
"This is better than the roller coaster at
Palisades Park,"
he shouted.
"Rather!" Joshua called back, then burst into song
again.

Adam did not know how long a routine flight
to Oaea
ought to last; it took Joshua, battling through the
clouds in
the little plane, the better part of two hours before the
sky cleared again and here below them was the green of land
with a great, curving, golden beach. "Gaea,"
Joshua
called. "Hold on tight, Adam. Tide's out,
all's clear, and
I'm coming down on the beach."
Joshua accomplished the landing with skill and grace.
The wheels touched the hard-packed sand gently and
rolled along the water's edge to a smooth stop.
He sat for
a moment over the controls, breathing deeply, flexing
his
hands, deliberately relaxing. Then they unstrapped
them
selves, took off helmets, goggles, leather
jackets. As Adam
climbed out he realized that his legs were stiff and that,
unconsciously, he must have been bracing them against the
footboards during most of the trip.
"That was a great ride," he shouted, though the
noise of
the engine had stopped. "I loved every minute of it."
Joshua stretched, a great wide gesture of
well-being. "I
love to fly. Heaven, as far as I'm concerned.
Adam-was
Adam was looking about, at the ocean, the sand, the
dunes, and beyond the dunes to scrub and pine.
"Hm?"
Joshua was looking at him directly, questioningly,
bring
ing him back from the excitement of the flight to this mo-

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ment of the arrival on Gaea, so different from the
arrival
he had anticipated when he left Woods
Hole.
"Josh," he asked, "this Eliphaz Ball
creep: what was he up to?"
Joshua stared out to sea, his eyes squinting a little
against the brilliance. "I'm not sure. My guess
is that he
wanted to-well, you might call it indoctrinate
you-be
fore you had a chance to talk to Dr. O'Keefe.
To get you firmly sewed up in the Cutter camp."
He paused, again looking at Adam questioningly, then
said, "Before I take you to the O'Keefes do you
want to tell me who you
opened the door to at the Avenida Palace?"
Adam, too, stared out to sea, his eyes almost closing
against the radiance of sun and water. "I haven't
told
you, have I?"

"No."

"Oh, Joshua-was Adam started, then trailed off.

"You can't make only part of a decision," Joshua said

gently. "You have to go all the way."

"I

have

decided," Adam said.

"I know you have."

"Do you know

what

I've decided?"

"To work for Dr. O'Keefe."

"How do you know that?"

"Because you wouldn't come here to work as his as
sistant and work against him in any other way."

A cloud moved across the sun; its shadow slid
murkily

over the beach, draining the gold from the sand; the
blackness was reflected in Adam's mind. He

looked down

at his feet, the city shoes darkly incongruous
against the damp sand. "Do I have to work

for

him in order not to work

against

him? You don't understand, Joshua. Or still don't
understand. I don't see why I have to take sides

at

all. I know I couldn't work against you, and if that
means

not working against Dr. O'Keefe, then I won't work
against him. But I didn't come over here to take

sides

about anything. I came to assist a scientist in some
experi

ments in marine biology because that's what Dr.

Didymus

wanted me to do. You said yourself he didn't know about
anything else."

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Joshua shoved his hands into his pockets. The cloud
moved past the sun and the sea was again dazzled with

brilliance. "That's quite true, Adam. But you

are

involved,

whether you want to be or not. In the end you'll have to
take sides, and it'll be easier for you if you

don't keep put

ting it off."

Adam scowled. "It would help if somebody would

tell

me what I'm supposed to be taking sides about."

"Adam," Joshua said with heavy patience, "if

you're as

bright as you're supposed to be you ought to know without
my telling you that it's because Dr. O'Keefe has,

in his

work, come across certain far-reaching discoveries that

certain irresponsible people are trying to steal."
"But you can't keep scientific discoveries
secret," Adam
protested.
"You have to try to keep them from being misused."
"You can't do that, either."
Joshua gave a rather wry smile. "That sounds more like
jaded old Josh than a kid fresh out of school
who ought to
have all his illusions intact If you'd been working for a
scientist who was in charge, say, of antibiotics
for a hospi
tal, would you have sat back while self-interested men
stole them, diluted them, and sold them for high
black-
market prices to doctors who gave them to children who
died in agony as a result?"
"I've read
The Third Man,"
Adam said, "and I've seen
it on the Late Late Show."
"So don't you see that it's not a joking or a
casual mat
ter? You
cannot
be uncommitted, Adam, believe me, you
cannot."
Adam's jaw set stubbornly. "I have to be dear
about
things."
Suddenly Joshua shrugged, and wheeled around from
the ocean, kicking at the thin remains of a broken
golden conch shell. "Okay. Forget it Come on.
We have a three-
mile hike to get to the O'KeefesVery
Adam's scowl settled into stubborn sullenness.
He did
not understand his own blind lack of decision, but he
knew that he hated having Joshua disappointed in
him,
and he knew that Joshua was disappointed. He was
strid-

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ing across the sand to the dunes; on the crest was a dead
and rusty palm toward which he headed. One branch of
palm, brown fronds drooping like feathers, seemed
to
point inland. There was nothing for Adam to do but fol
low, feet slipping as they reached the deep, soft sand
at
the foot of the dunes.
Supporting himself on coarse tufts of beach grass
Joshua climbed the dune, standing, waiting until
Adam
caught up. Then he started ahead, moving slowly
through
what seemed to be no more than an animal track in
the
undergrowth. Thorny branches stretched across their

way,
and these Joshua held aside for Adam. Forest
creepers
looped from tree to tree, and although machete scars
showed that the path had recently been cleared, the
creepers were tenaciously starting to block the way
again.
Joshua untangled them, pausing occasionally to see that
Adam was behind him. Above them were intermittent
flashes of brilliant color, scarlet,
orange, gold, and the
alarmed shrieks of birds. Shadows moved
constantly as the
leaves stirred in the slightest breath of air.
Joshua was
caught in a shifting pattern of shadows, so that his
sandy
hair, his white shirt, his tanned skin flickered with
green,
purple, gold.
After a half mile or so of jungle they reached a
clear
ing, a wide savannah of golden grasses. At
the edge of the
clearing a cloud of multi-colored butterflies
hovered. One
brushed against Adam's face, startling him so that he
jumped. A herd of small animals was grazing
placidly in the distance, but ran pelting through the
grasses and into
the underbrush at the scent of human beings. At the far
side of the savannah was a grove of palms, and beyond
this a hill, which Joshua climbed without slackening his
pace. At the top of the hill there was a plateau where
monolithic slabs of stone caught the full blast
of the sun,
glinting with gold. A large flat slab like a table
or altar
stood in the center, with smaller stones circling it.
Joshua
went up to the table stone and put his palm on its sun
baked surface, asking in a low voice, "Not going
to be a
Mu
rdered
, are you, Adam?"
"I've read King Arthur, too," Adam said. The
sun beat

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down on his bare head; his upper lip was beaded with
sweat.
Joshua looked at him, seemed about to say something in
reply, instead straightened up and spoke in his
conversa
tional, social-young-man-of-the-Embassy
voice. "This is the
highest point on the island. Over there, to your left,
you can get a glimpse of the Hotel Praia de
Gaea. It's getting a bit of a reputation as a

resort in spite of the heat. Sun
bathing and tennis, and dancing at night if there's enough
breeze. Straight ahead, where you can see a kind of
prom
ontory, is the native village. They're a
gentle people, a
mixture of original islander and Portuguese,
with a touch
of African thrown in. Some people think these stones were
brought here by their remote ancestors and
represent a kind of primitive religion. On
your right, through the
trees, that flash of white is the O'Keefes'
house and labora
tories. By the way, Dr. O'Keefe happens
to be doing his
work here with the blessing of the President of the United
States, though not many people know this, or are supposed
to know."

"Why are you telling me?" Adam asked.

Joshua answered quietly, "To try to counteract
some of
the things I am going on the assumption you have been
told."

"By whom?"

"The people you were with from the time you opened the door at the
Avenida Palace to the time Poly fell into
your arms on the sidewalk hi front of the Ritz."

There was
no longer any censure in his voice. "Until the
hotel was built a year ago there was complete
privacy here and
ideal conditions for Dr. O'Keefe's experiments.

After this
summer it will probably be necessary for him
to move
again. Pity."

"Joshua, don't hate me," Adam said.

"I don't."

"I promise you I-are you going to be staying here in
Gaea at all?"

"No. I have to fly back to Lisbon tonight."

"In-in
that?"

"Wind's quieting down. It won't be a bad
flight."

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"Is there any way I-I could get in touch with you
if I
needed you?"

"Yes. I'll give you my phone number at
home and my
special extension at the Embassy. They're both
pretty clas
sified, so keep them to yourself. I don't think you're
apt to
need me. A few days with the O'Keefes will clear
things up for you. I was wrong to try to push you. This is
all

very new for you. I had no right to expect you to leap into understanding."

"I'd still like to have those numbers," Adam said.

Joshua pulled a small pad out of his shirt pocket, a stub

of pencil, and wrote. "Here. But please don't lose them.

Keep them with your passport."

"Okay."

Joshua took another sweeping glance around. "All right.

Let's go."

A footpath, only slightly wider than that leading through the scrub, took them down from the hill. The sun was heavy and hot and pressed on Adam with tangible weight. It seemed that they were walking far more than three miles. Then, suddenly, they were at a series of low,

rambling, dazzling white bungalows, joined together by

breezeways.

Joshua whistled, the melody Canon Tallis had whistled

in Madrid, the melody the rabbi had whistled on the

plane.

"What

is

that?" Adam asked.

Joshua grinned. "The Tallis Canon, of course."

Without being able to control himself Adam burst into laughter. "Of course! What an idiot I

am! I

knew I

knew it. We used to sing it in choir when I was a

kid." Now that memory had returned he did not

see how he could have forgotten. The simple melody

Thomas Tallis had

written in the sixteenth century had been one of the choir

master's favorites, and singing it in canon had been like singing a round, so the boys had enjoyed it, too.

But

Adam's choirboy days had ended in the seventh grade, so

perhaps it wasn't too strange that Thomas

Tallis' canon

had not been remembered.

Joshua joined him in laughter. "Polyhymnia's idea.

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Naturally." He sobered. "That's the way things come clear. All of a sudden. And then you realize how

obvious

they've been all along."

Before Adam needed to reply a bevy of scantily dressed

children came bursting around the corner of the bungalow and Joshua, calling, hurried to meet them. Behind the child

dren, carrying a baby, came a tall, strikingly beautiful woman, smiling in greeting. Children were climbing all over Joshua, inspecting Adam, and then Poly came running out of the bungalow, holding the hand of a very small child she had evidently been tending, since he was dressed only in a torn white undershirt, and she carried a diaper in her hand.

"Josh! Adam!" she cried joyfully. Joshua was kissed with exuberance, then Adam. "You're late! We've been waiting for ages and ages!"

"We ran into a bit of weather," Joshua explained. "Mrs.

O'Keefe, this is Adam Eddington."

Mrs. O'Keefe shook hands warmly, laughing.

"Poor Adam, this must seem a formidable welcome. But it is

a welcome. We're all happy to see you, and that you'll be with us this summer. Poly's told us so much about you. Come on in and I'll show you your room. Are his things still in the plane, Josh? Good. I'll ask one of the boys to ride over and get them." She explained to Adam, "It's twice as long by the beach, but you can't ride a horse through the brush. I expect you found it rather scratchy walking. We're much more primitive on our part of the is

land than they are at the hotel, but we like it." She led

Adam along a breezeway and into the largest of the bun

galows. They went into an enormous white room with comfortable and shabby-looking chairs and sofas. One wall was filled with books, another was all windows looking out

to sea. At one end was a huge fireplace faced with the

same lovely blue-and-white tile Adam had seen in Lisbon. The floor was rose-beige marble. Everything was light and open and clean, and a soft ocean breeze blew through.

"The living room," Mrs. O'Keefe said,

"obviously lived

in." She went through an arched doorway into a hall off

which Adam could see a series of cubicles. "We don't go

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in for large bedrooms, but everybody has his own. This is the boys' section. Then the doctor and I have our room, and then there's the girls' wing. Your room is nearest the living room. It's a tradition in our family that the rooms go up in age, the youngest being nearest our room. Of course each time we have a

new baby the rooms have to be shifted, but that's part of the fun for the children."

She preceded Adam into the first of the cubicles. There was a gayly embroidered spread on the bed, a chest of drawers, a chintz-covered armchair with sagging springs. A small, empty bookcase waited by the bed with a lamp on it, and a bouquet of beach grasses in a glass jar. "Poly's offering," Mrs. O'Keefe said.

Adam looked at Mrs. O'Keefe's tranquil, lovely face.

"Is Poly really all right?"

"Yes, Adam. She's fine. And she's very fond of you."

Was there a question in the way this was said?

"She wasn't hurt at all?" Adam asked.

"You're sure?"

"Quite sure. Only frightened. And you mustn't blame yourself. You had no way of knowing that there was any danger when Tom-Canon Tallis-put you on the plane."

"Is his name really Thomas Tallis, like the composer's?"

"No. It's John. But his last name really is Tallis, so of course he gets called Tom.

Do you know the Tallis canon?" Again: was there more to her question than the words?

"Yes, but I'd forgotten what it was until just now.

Joshua was whistling it and I asked him. It was very stu

pid of me; we used to sing it in choir."

"Like to sing?"

"Sure, but I've been a bass now for quite a while, and a

sort of rumbly one."

"Oh, splendid, we need a bass."

Out of doors Adam could hear the children calling and laughing and then they trooped into the house and in through the living room. "May we come in?" Poly called.

"Adam hasn't been properly introduced."

"Maybe he'd rather wait and get his breath for a few minutes first."

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"No." Adam smiled at the crowd of children clustered in the doorway. "I'd like to be introduced."

"May I do it?" Poly asked her mother.

"Go ahead."

"We'll go down in age this time," Poly stated categori

cally. "After Father Tom gave me my horrendous name mother and daddy wouldn't let him name any of the rest of us, so don't worry. Charles comes

next; he's ten, and we're the redheads; we'd given up on having any more

carrot tops till we came to the baby, but we haven't come

to her yet as far as introductions are concerned."

A stocky, freckle-faced boy in tan shorts
and a white
shirt shook hands with Adam.
"Hello, Charles," Adam said.
"Sandy comes next." Poly paused for handshaking,
"and
then Dennys. This is Peggy. She's four; and
Johnny; he's two. And there's the baby on
mother's shoulder. Father
Tom was determined he was going to name her, and if he
had it would have been something awful; he has a weird
sense of humor. We all call her Rosebud,
because that's
what she is, aren't you, Rosy? But she was
baptized Mary.
Lots better than Polyhymnia, don't you
think? Isn't it,
Rosy?"
The baby opened her toothless mouth in an ecstatic
smile and held out her dimpled arms
to Poly. The soft fluff on her head was rosy
gold and she did indeed have the look of a tiny,
perfect bud. Looking at the baby and the other children
Adam felt a pang of envy: it would
have been nice to have brothers and sisters.
"Not now, Rosy," Poly said. "Mother, may I
take
Adam out to the lab to daddy?"
"No, Poly, let Josh do it. Come help
Maria get some
lunch ready."
"But Josh already is
in
the lab."
"We'll just point it out to Adam, then. It's not very
diffi
cult, Pol."

For a moment Poly scowled; then she took the baby
from her mother, holding it up and gently rubbing noses,
which apparently delighted Rosy, who crowed with soft
laughter.

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"Come, Adam," Mrs. O'Keefe said.
"I'll show you the way."
The bungalows, the boy realized, formed three
sides of a square, with the fourth side a cement
sea wall. The center bungalow contained living
room, dining room, and kitchen. The right arm was
bedrooms, the left the lab. Through all of the
rooms the salt sea wind blew, and the sound of the slow
breakers was a constant background. Adam left the
living quarters and walked through the breezeway into an
enormous cluttered room; it had the messy maze of
tubes, retorts, pipes, files, bottles,
acid-scarred counters with which he was familiar in Old
Doc's lab, and the same smell of the sea beneath and around
the acrid odors of chemicals and Bunsen burners.
One wall was lined with tanks, and Dr.
O'Keefe and Joshua were

looking soberly into one of these.
Adam cleared his throat. "Dr.
O'Keefe-Josh-was The men turned from the tank, which
Adam could now
see contained two lizards. The sunlight was caught
and re
flected in Dr. O'Keefe's hair, in the
brilliant blue of his eyes. Joshua might be
able to slip, unnoticed, in and out of a crowd. Dr.
O'Keefe would always stand out. Now he
smiled at Adam, and his smile had much of the open
warmth of Poly's. Adam realized that up to this
moment he had seen the older man only at night,
only when his
face had been pulled tight with anxiety.
"Adam. Good to have you back with us." He made no
reference to the Avenida Palace, to Adam's
disobedience.
"This afternoon I'll show you the setup of some of our
experiments, and how you can help me with correlating.
Too
near lunchtime now, and I'm hungry. Take him
for a quick swim, Josh, while I clean up, and after
we've eaten we'll set to work." It was a
suggestion, but it was also an
order.
Joshua looked at him sharply. "Macrina?" he
asked.
Dr. O'Keefe gave a barely perceptible nod
of assent.
"My bathing trunks are in my suitcase,"
Adam said.
"That's all right," Joshua told him. "There are
plenty in the bathhouse. Come on." He led the boy
through the big room, into a smaller room,
also lined with tanks, and then into a cement-floored
room with several showers in stalls. A pile of
bathing trunks lay on a wooden bench. Bottles
of
solution and extra lab equipment were stored in
corners.
"Help yourself," Joshua told Adam, sorting through
the bathing suits and coming up with zebra-striped
trunks.
"My favorites. Aren't they repulsive?"
Adam took a pair of plain navy trunks,
disregarding
several violent-looking outfits.
Joshua laughed. "One of the native bath
attendants at the hotel is a friend of the cook's.
Whenever someone leaves the island, forgetting his
trunks-bathing suits, too, for that matter-he
brings them over to us. It's very
handy."
They emerged from the dim coolness of the bathhouse onto
a cement ramp leading to the sea wall, into a blast of
sunlight. At the wall stood Poly, in a faded
red woolen
bathing suit which clashed with her hair.
"Hi!" she called. "I thought maybe

you'd take Adam for a swim before lunch and I didn't want to miss out. What about . . ." she paused and looked questioningly at Joshua.

Joshua nodded. "Your father said yes."

"Oh, good! May I call her?"

Joshua sighed, looking troubled. "Of course. She comes better for you than for the rest of us."

-I have no right to ask questions, Adam thought.

He jumped off the sea wall

into

this

e

deep

san

d which burned against the soles of his feet so that he hurried, stumbling,

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across the beach to the damp, hard-packed sand cooled by the waves. Poly was already splashing through the shallow breakers; she threw herself down and started to disswim, diving under the waves until she was beyond the pounding of the surf. Adam and Joshua followed. Adam had spent

much of each summer in the water, but he had to swim al

most to the extent of his energy to keep up.

"Is this okay?" he called to Joshua as Poly continued to

cleave her way swiftly and cleanly through the water, out

toward the open sea.

"Yes," Joshua called back. "Poly's not allowed to go out

this far alone, but she's a natural swimmer and this is as safe a section of beach as you'll find

anywhere. They've had trouble with sharks at the hotel, and with undertow, too." He dove under the water, sending up a stream of

bubbles.

After a few more yards, Poly stopped, rolled over onto

her back and floated for a moment, catching her breath, then started to tread water. She glanced back at

Adam, as

though about to say something, then seemed to change her mind. Looking out to sea she began to make a series of

strange, breathy noises, which she repeated over and over again.

"Look." Joshua pointed out toward the horizon.

Adam thought he saw a flash of silver, then another flash. Then there was the unmistakable joyous leap of a

dolphin, coming in toward them.

"Watch," Joshua said.

The dolphin came, leaping through the air, plunging into the water, leaping again, until it had almost reached

them. Then it swam directly toward Poly, who swam to meet it with a glad cry. "Macrina!" She, too, seemed to leap out of the water, and then she was flinging her arms about the dolphin in the same way she had greeted Joshua and Adam, and the two of them were rolling over and over together, splashing, Poly shouting, the dolphin making a high-pitched whistle that was a greeting as radiant as Poly's own. The dolphin started swimming in a slow, graceful circle,

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with Poly swimming beside her. "Show me your flipper," she commanded. Obediently the dolphin rolled on its side, waving a sleek, wet flipper. It was a perfectly ordinary dolphin flipper, but Poly kissed it with exuberance, crying, "Oh, Macrina, darling, you're wonderful!" For a moment Macrina seemed to nuzzle up to her. Then she leaped in a great shining arc and plunged under the water out of sight. It was evidently her goodbye because Poly turned away, back toward Adam and Joshua. "Does he know about Macrina?" "Not yet," Joshua said. "I don't know a thing that's happened since Adam went to sleep in the Ritz," Poly complained. "Every time daddy talked to you on the phone he went out to the lab and wouldn't let me come in. He wouldn't even let me talk to Father Tom." "You're a very inquisitive child," Joshua said. "We'd better swim in now, Poly. You know your father doesn't like to be kept waiting for lunch." "But isn't anybody going to tell me anything?" Poly wailed. "Adam's done practically nothing but sleep," Joshua said. "Come on, race you." It was a close race, Joshua first, then Poly, last Adam. Poly grinned in satisfaction at beating him. "You swim very well, Adam," she said condescendingly, standing on one leg in the shallow water, shaking her wet hair out of her eyes, then jumping up and down to get the water out of one ear. "That, my dear Miss Polyhymnia O'Keefe," Joshua said, "is how to lose friends in one easy lesson. When you're a few years older you'll know better than to beat a young man in a race."

"Like Diana with the golden apples," Poly said.
"Come
on, kids, I'm starved."
In the bathhouse they showered, sluicing off the salt,
then dressed, still half-wet. Poly and
Joshua were filled with such gaiety that Adam found
himself relaxing, think-

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ing, -If Dr. O'Keefe asks me about opening
the door I'll
tell him.
He could not feel, bathed in Poly's and Joshua's
high
spirits, that there could be any danger here.
As they went in to the central section of the house
Charles was standing in wait, calling,
"Hurry,"
and they went directly to the dining room. The dining
table was round and the rest of the family was already seated,
Johnny in a high chair, and Rosy nearby in a
playpen. Mrs. O'Keefe called Joshua
to sit at her right, and Adam was taken in hand
by Poly who pulled him into the chair by her. Dr.
O'Keefe said grace, and then Mrs. O'Keefe
and Poly got up and served lunch, helped by a
tall, lithe woman with straight black hair and
dark skin. The meal
consisted of an enormous tureen filled with tiny
shellfish, still in their shells, bits of meat
and sausage, and the broth
in which it had all been cooked.
"One of Maria's specialties," Mrs.
O'Keefe said. "Peggy, how about getting us a
couple more bowls to put
our empty shells in?" She watched after the little
girl,
who went to the sideboard and brought two blue bowls
to
the table. "Joshua, when are you leaving?"
"Low tide."
"About eleven tonight, then. So we can get in some
singing before you go."
Joshua laughed. "If Adam can stay awake.
I've never
seen such a man for sleeping."
Poly defended Adam quickly. "But he was
tired,
Josh,
he hadn't had any sleep for three nights."
For a moment there was an uncomfortable silence. Then the
phone rang. Maria looked inquiringly at Mrs.
O'Keefe, who said, "It's all right, Maria,
I'll get it," ex
cused herself, and went into the living room,
returning to
say, "It's for you, Adam."
"But-was Adam started in surprise, pushing back his
chair.
"It's Carolyn Cutter," Mrs. O'Keefe

said.

"Oh." Adam stood up. "Excuse me." He went into the living room and picked up the phone. "Adam," came Kali's light, high voice. "I've come to

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Gaea for a few days, and I'm at the hotel. Isn't that splen did?"

"Yes," Adam said, politely.

"Adam, you don't sound glad to hear from me."

"Well, I am." But he was not.

"Are you where we can talk? I mean are you private or are you surrounded? If you're surrounded just say yes."

"Yes."

"I thought so. Your voice sounds all funny and closed in. Do you think you could escape and come over to the hotel for dinner tonight?"

"I just got here," Adam said, "so I wouldn't think so."

"I was afraid of that. Don't worry, Adam, it'll be all right."

"What will?"

"Everything. I do know it must be awful for you. Come tomorrow night, then. I'll have daddy call and make it all

proper and everything. We can't talk now, so I'll say good

bye." Without waiting for him to reply she clicked off.

Adam walked back to the dining room and sat down again, murmuring, "Excuse me."

"I don't like that girl." Poly offered him an orange from

a bowl in the center of the table.

Mrs. O'Keefe shook her head, warningly. "You don't

know her, Poly."

"I've met her at the Embassy when

I've been there with

Joshua. I don't like her."

"Poly." Her father looked at her sternly.

"Oh, okay, I'm sorry, but I don't. What did she want,

Adam?"

Mrs. O'Keefe said, "If she'd wanted

to tell you, no doubt she'd have called you to the phone instead of

Adam."

"She wanted me to come to the hotel for dinner tonight."

Poly wailed, "But you're not going!"

"Poly!" Dr. O'Keefe said.

"No, of course I'm not, Poly. Not my first

night here."

"Well, thank goodness. I'd have gone green with jealousy."

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Dr. O'Keefe rose. "Ready to come to the lab, Adam?"

"Yes, sir." The boy excused himself to Mrs. O'Keefe

and followed the doctor out.

In the big lab Adam sniffed hungrily at the odor of fish

and chemicals and burning gas in the Bunsens, for there was safety for him in this smell. It was home, it was comfort,

and it was, for the moment, escape from confusion.

In this familiar room the decisions he had to make would

be about what went on in the tanks of starfish, and not choosing between spiders and teddy bears, or between two groups of people, both of whom seemed convinced that they spoke for the American Embassy and therefore for America.

Dr. O'Keefe sat down at a large and ancient rolltop

desk. The sunlight struck his hair, firing it.

The eyes that

looked at Adam were the clear and open blue of the sky. There was, in the smile, the warmth and welcome Adam

had come to respond to and to love so quickly in Poly.

Dr. O'Keefe looked around the lab, at the tanks of star

fish, at the scarred working counter. "It's a good lab," he

said. "I've learned a lot here. I'm sorry to be leaving."

"Because of the hotel?"

Dr. O'Keefe leaned back in his creaking chair.

"Yes. This will be our last summer here. It's time to move on."

He took up a pipe and filled it slowly.

"Sit down."

Adam perched on a rather wobbly stool and waited while Dr. O'Keefe lit his pipe, drawing on it thoughtfully,

as though thinking what to say. In the tanks the water murmured and there was the occasional scrabbling sound of an animal moving around.

"We came to the island," Dr. O'Keefe said at last, "because

it was, at the time, one of the few places left in the

world where I could bring up my family and work undisturbed. We've almost finished what we came for.

What we

have to do now is to finish it quickly and get out in time."

"In time?"

"When the resort hotel was built here about a year ago

it wasn't just because the world is running out of new playgrounds, and it wasn't just one of Typhon Cutter's business ventures-though, as usual, it's been a successful

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one. It was largely-no false humility here-because of me. Everything I've done in this lab for the past months is now open knowledge." Adam looked at him in a startled way, and Dr. O'Keefe explained. "Therefore everything that's done in this lab is nothing that couldn't have been done by any scientist anywhere in the world: China or Russia, for instance. The important part of my work is neither kept nor recorded here. All right, Adam, enough for now. Let's start you on the tanks and what's going on in them. Your job is to take care of the tanks and keep the daily reports."

Dr. O'Keefe pushed back his chair which gave a loud and protesting squeak. Adam followed him to the first tank in which were several perfectly normal-looking starfish. "Funny," Dr. O'Keefe said. "Here we come from the same family tree and we know so little about these creatures. Presumably," he gave a wry smile, "they know as little about us. Somewhere, a few billion years ago on the evolutionary scale, we chose to develop different directions. I wonder why."

"Well," Adam remembered unwillingly his interview with Typhon Cutter, "I suppose Darwin would say it was survival of the fittest and stuff. And mutations."

"Just happenstance?"

"Well, in a way, sir. We developed the way we did because we began to use our forepaws as hands, and stood up on our hind legs."

"Just by accident?"

"Well, I don't know, sir. Dr. Didymus used to talk a lot about free will and making choices and stuff."

The doctor nodded, then pointed to the starfish in the tank. "Do you know how one goes about working with them?"

"Well, it's not easy, sir, because if a starfish feels that an arm is being hurt or threatened in any way he drops it and grows another. So if you want to work with starfish you have to put an anaesthetic solution in the water."

"Standard procedure, yes, and where we've made our

first changes. Now, what happens to an isolated arm that drops off?"

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"It can't regenerate. There always has to be a piece of

central disc, or the starfish can't regrow."

"So one wonders, doesn't one, what is in the central disc

that isn't anywhere else? What would your idea be?"

"Well, sir, Dr. Didymus says it's been shown that nerve

is very important in regeneration."

is taking nerve animal and trans-

"Right. So what we have been doing rings from around the mouth of the planting them to isolated arms."

"Wow!"

"Not so spectacular. Not even a very new idea.

But it

works."

Adam looked not at the starfish in the tank but at

Dr. O'Keefe's face, his own face

reflecting the doctor's interest

and excitement. "What happens?"

"The arm produces its own central disc, and after

about four months the familiar five-rayed form is

back again. Look. The starfish here have all

developed from arm frag

ments. Perfectly normal, ordinary starfish."

"Wow," Adam said again.

"They've been here a year and we'll continue

to observe them until we have to leave the island. You

do

see the im

plications of all this?"

"Well, yes, sir. If it could be applied to people-was

"Yes. But not too soon. The dangers are so

horrifying they hardly bear thinking about.

If unscrupulous men got hold of this it would be like

letting loose the power of the atom for devastation, for

death instead of life. The tiniest thing in the world is the

heart of the atom, and yet it's the most powerful.

What we are learning from the starfish is just as powerful,

and, like the core of the atom, can be either destructive

or creative. Misused-it could be like dropping the

bomb on Hiroshima." He moved on to the next

tank. "Here we transplanted nerve rings about

three months ago and you can see that regeneration is

well on the way. In this tank we started two

months ago but you can see that the starfish is going

to grow, that life is going to win. Now here in the first

tank you might think nothing is going to happen, but if

you'll look carefully you'll see that regeneration has

begun."

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Adam stared eagerly into the tanks, his excitement

at

what Dr. O'Keefe was saying pushing the thought of Kali's unwelcome phone call out of his mind. "Why hasn't any body done this before?" he asked. "I'm sure other scientists have. Now here in these tanks are frogs and lizards. It's quite openly known that augmented nerve supply stimulates arms to grow on frogs and legs on lizards. The files are here, and I'll show you the file not only for each tank, but for each animal, and it will be your job to keep these up to date daily." "Yes, Dr. O'Keefe." "This kind of work interests you, doesn't it?" "Yes, sir. It excites me more than anything in the world." "But the exciting things always have implications that we don't foresee. Always, Adam." "I wish they didn't," Adam said. "As Poly would remark, if wishes were horses, beggars would ride. Poly has the making of a scientist, and she's been working with me on this all along. As a matter of fact, I have to keep her out of the laboratory. It's better right now for Poly to help my wife than to work with me here, so I seldom allow her out here until after the younger ones are in bed." "Is that why she was kidnapped?" Adam asked. "Because she knows what I'm doing? Yes. But also I think the idea was to use her as a hostage. Then, when you opened the door at the Avenida Palace something new came into the picture. You became more important than Poly. At least this is my guess." He looked at Adam, but Adam looked down at his feet. Dr. O'Keefe sighed. Adam, still looking down, mumbled, "But you said that none of this was really secret." "It's not. Most of my lab isn't in a building at all. What's done in here is only the beginning, the going back and working out reasons and proofs. It's the other things, the things that are not here, that are really important. Did you see Macrina when you were swimming?" "The dolphin? Yes, sir." "She'll almost always come for Poly. Poly's greatest tal-

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ent is for loving. She loves in an extraordinary way for a twelve-year-old, a simple, pure outpouring, with no looking for anything in return. What she is too young

to have learned yet is that love is too mighty a gift for some people to accept."

"Does she- does she love everybody?" Adam asked, rather desperately.

The doctor laughed. "As you may have noticed at the table Poly is quite capable of dislike, reasonable or no.

Being judgmental is something she knows she has to fight against. But when Poly loves, it simply happens. She loves her family, all of us. She loves Tom Tallis. She loves Joshua. And she loves you, Adam."

At last the boy looked directly at the older man. "Sir. I love Poly, too."

Dr. O'Keefe returned the gaze. "Do you, Adam?"

"Yes, sir. I don't quite know why. And I don't-I don't have any idea why she would love me. She was-she was in my care when she was kidnapped. I was responsible for her."

"We don't blame you for what happened. Tom says he didn't warn you properly."

"But I was responsible," Adam said. "And I failed. This is why-was

"Why what, Adam?"

Adam looked down and spoke in a low voice. "Why I didn't obey you when you told me not to open the door."

Sir. I am very confused."

Dr. O'Keefe put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "All right, Adam. I think you'll do."

"Do for what, sir?"

"Let's just say that I don't think you'll ever betray Poly."

"Dr. O'Keefe, if you ever needed to trust me with her again-if you ever would-I wouldn't fail again."

Dr. O'Keefe nodded. "Yes. I believe you. But you know that I can't trust you with her now, don't you?"

"Why, sir?"

"You must know why, Adam."

"Sir," Adam said, "just let me have a few days to sort

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things out. If I can just work here quietly in the lab for a while-if nothing here is really secret then I can't hurt Poly or you or anybody else, can I? If I

can just get a few things straightened out in my own mind ..."

"All right. We'll have to let it go at that."

Again the boy looked directly at the older man.

"This Carolyn Cutter-was

"What about her?"

"She wants me to have dinner with her at the hotel to morrow, since I said I couldn't tonight. She's going to have her father call you or Mrs. O'Keefe about it. But if you'd rather I didn't I'd be glad not to."

Dr. O'Keefe shook his head. "No, Adam. If you want to make up your own mind, you'll have to make it up, won't you?"

Adam stayed in the laboratory the rest of the afternoon. He worked with happy concentration on tank and file: here was work he knew; here was safety. He was loath to leave when Dennys, changed to clean shorts and shirt, came to call him.

After dinner the two babies were put to bed. The rest gathered in the living room, Sandy, Dennys, and Peggy in their night things. Poly and Charles were staying up to see Joshua off.

"May we sing until time for Josh to go?" Poly asked.

"It's a must," Joshua said, his arm lightly about Poly's waist. "What first?"

"The Tallis Canon, of course, so Father" 'll know we're thinking of him. You start, Mother."

Mrs. O'Keefe leading, they sang it in canon, one voice coming in after another.

All praise to thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light.
Keep me, O keep me, king of kings Beneath thine own almighty wings,

Poly's voice finished alone, light and clear, and full of trust. Adam remembered, unwillingly, the empty washroom on the plane, and thought of Poly drugged, gagged, dumped roughly onto a pile of luggage. He was grateful when Mrs. O'Keefe started the gay "Arkansas Traveller." From this they went into a conglomeration of familiar hymns, madrigals, folk songs, even Bach chorales. Adam had played the guitar at school parties and he knew the bass to much of the music. Joshua and Dr. O'Keefe were both tenors, so he was a welcome addition.

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"You're absolutely wonderful, Adam," Mrs. O'Keefe said. "I'm sick and tired of singing bass an octave high. If Old Doc had only told us you could sing it wouldn't have mattered whether you could work in the lab or not. How about "Come Unto These Yellow

Sands"?"

During the singing Peggy, nightgown trailing, came and sat in Adam's lap, at first a little rigid, as though not quite certain of her welcome, then relaxing softly against him, her head on his chest, her breath coming more and more slowly until Adam realized she was sound asleep. He put his arm around the small, warm body, almost afraid to sing lest he disturb her, then relaxing and singing fully.

Across the room Joshua, sitting with Poly, smiled at him.

Just as Adam began to feel that he must shift his position, and knew that he didn't want to move, despite his discomfort, for fear of waking Peggy, Mrs. O'Keefe rose and came over to him, saying, "Will you carry her to bed for me, please, Adam? Come on, boys, time for bed."

Adam stood up with the sleeping child. He realized that all evening he had been happy, he had forgotten about Kali, he had felt only pleasure in the children and in the music. He did not want the peace of the evening to end.

He did not want Joshua to fly back to Lisbon.

But when the boy returned to the living room Joshua said, "You're coming to see me off, aren't you, Adam?"

"Well, sure."

"I put some riding clothes in your room. Same source as the bathing suits."

Dr. O'Keefe laughed. "It's really not as bad as it sounds. We do make every effort to get the things back to their rightful owners. We'll be waiting for you outside."

Mrs. O'Keefe stayed home with the younger children. Adam set off with the doctor and Joshua, who were both riding stocky, golden-brown horses which Joshua told Adam were an island breed. Poly was on an elderly bay who seemed enormous for her, but was obviously gentle and reliable; Charles rode a shaggy pony, and Adam himself was given a large, white, matronly looking beast, apparently first cousin in disposition to Poly's bay.

The night was bright with a three-quarter moon, and the

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horses moved softly along the damp sand at the edge of the water, their hoofbeats almost silenced by the slow, steady sound of the sea. Against the dunes fireflies glinted. Poly rode beside Adam. In the moonlight the brilliance of her hair was turned to silver. She sat, tall and erect, her height making her seem more than her twelve years. Ahead of them rode the doctor and Joshua;

Charles

led the procession, a solitary, small figure.

The two men

were talking and their voices, though not then- words, were blown back on the wind.

"Daddy wants to talk to Josh," Poly said, "and I can

see he'd rather I didn't listen. And Charles is in one of his

hermit moods. I want to talk to you anyhow.

Josh and I

went for a long walk this afternoon while you were in the lab working, and he didn't tell me one single thing."

"About what?"

"About anything. Adam, I know children are not supposed to be curious, but life isn't as simple as that any more, and I

am

twelve, and after all, I

was

kidnapped."

Adam's sense of relaxation vanished; he felt himself

stiffen hi the saddle. "Yes, Poly, you were."

"Well, then, don't I have a right to ask a few questions? I don't think Joshua thought I did. Had the right. I mean, it was okay for me to ask him

questions, even if he wouldn't answer any of them, but I got the idea that he didn't think it was all right for me to ask

you

questions.

Why?"

Adam looked not at Poly but at the moonlight dazzling the surface of the ocean. "I'm not quite sure," he said at

last.

"Then is it all right if I

do

ask you some questions?"

"You can ask me anything you want to," Adam said, "though I may be like Josh and not be very good at answering. But how about letting me start off by asking you a few things first?"

"Of course." She was so willing, the face she turned to

him in the moonlight was so open, that Adam winced.

"Poly, on the plane, when you went into the washroom,

you were afraid, weren't you?"

"Yes."

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"Why?"

"Father Tom had told me it wasn't safe for him to keep

me with him."

"Why?"

"Because of the pa---" she stopped herself. "Because they'd know I was daddy's daughter. And they know I know about what daddy's doing."

"About starfish regenerating their arms?"

"Yes."

"But that's not a secret, Poly. Your father said himself that he was sure other scientists were doing the same experiments."

Poly leaned over her horse with a caressing gesture, put

ting her head down on its neck. After a moment she sat

up straight in the saddle again. "But it's more than that."

"What is it, then?"

"Didn't daddy tell you?"

"He doesn't trust me," Adam said starkly.

"But Adam-was

Adam's voice was savage. "He has every right not to

trust me."

"I trust you," Poly said.

It was all Adam could do not to kick his heels into his horse's ribs, to gallop away. He

growled, "You're much

too trusting for your own good."

"Oh, I don't go around trusting everybody, the way Peggy does. I'm not that much of a child. I know there are people in the world you

can

trust, and people you

can't."

"How do you decide which is which?"

"You know with people, or you don't. I don't trust that Kali. I wish you weren't going out to dinner with her."

"So do I."

"Do you have to?"

"Yes, I think I do."

Back in the brush an owl screeched, a shrill, terrifying

cry. Poly shuddered. "And I didn't trust the steward on

that plane. He was weasely."

"When you went to the washroom-were you afraid of being kidnapped?"

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"Not exactly. I didn't really know what I was afraid of.

After all, I'd never been kidnapped before. But I guess it

was really sort of in the back of my mind."

"You're sure it was the steward who put you in the canvas bag?"

"Adam, if you're kidnapped you don't forget the person

who kidnaps you."

"But did you really see him?"

"Yes. I was washing my hands, and I heard the

knob of
the door turn, but I'd locked it, so I didn't
expect it to
open. But when it did I saw him hi the mirror.
He put his
hand over my mouth before I could scream. He was so
much stronger than I am, in spite of being weasely,
that I couldn't even make a noise fighting. And then
he put that
stuff over my nose and got the gag on me and got
me in
the sack." She began to tremble.
"I'm sorry," Adam said. "I'm truly
sorry to have to remind you of it. Will you let me ask you
just a couple
more questions?"
"If you need to."
"I do need to. I wouldn't do it to you otherwise,
I
promise."
Poly gave an oddly grown-up laugh. "Don't
sound so
agonized, Adam. It's all right."
"Well, what about the steward," Adam asked, almost
savagely. "Is he just floating around loose? I
mean, he
might try to come here or something."
"Really, Adam." Poly sounded impatient. "You
must think daddy's very careless or something. Interpol
went
right after him."
"Have they got him?"
"Yes. Last night. Father Tom called from
Madrid."
"But-was
"I don't want to talk about it. I don't want
to think
about it. It's all over." Tension tightened her
voice again.
Adam sighed. "I'm sorry. Just one more thing. When
you got to the house, they took you right out of the sack?"
"Yes."
"Who took you out?"
"I don't know, Adam. Don't think Josh and
daddy

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haven't asked me this one over and over again, too.
I was still groggy and it was so dark in the room all I
could tell was that it was a man, and I couldn't really
tell about him, because at first I thought he was terribly
fat, and then I
felt one of his arms, and it was skinny."
It was Adam's turn to shiver. The moon rode
placidly in a cloudless sky, the stars dimmed by the
brightness. The sea, too, was calm, the waves
rolling in gently, rhythmically. Up on the dunes
the grasses and the great wings of the palms were almost still,
though the fronds made their incessant scratchy
whispering. The air was warm and they rode without

sweaters or jackets. But Adam shivered.
Poly looked over at him. "He gave me something
to drink. I told you that. And it put me back
to sleep. And then, later on, whenever it was, when
I was awake and it was all dark and horrible and I was
frightened and the
door was locked and I started to cry, that man came
in-was

"Which man?"

"You know, Adam, I told you at the
Ritz, the man who drove us, that beast. And then he
blindfolded and gagged me and put me in the car and I
knew he'd hurt me if I tried to cry or do
anything. And then there I was in front of the Ritz, and
you were there, too, and you held me,
and I knew it was all going to be all right."
In front of them Adam could see Dr.

O'Keefe and Joshua talking quietly, their
horses close. Charles was still in the lead, sitting
up very straight, a stocky shadow on his little pony.
A firefly flew across the beach from the dunes, lit
for a moment on Charles's shoulder, then disappeared
into the moonlight.

"Adam," Poly said, "why haven't daddy or
Josh told me
anything about you?"

"I don't know."

"How did you happen to be there on the sidewalk?
were you in the car, too?"

"Yes."

"Were you kidnapped, too?"

Suddenly, almost without his volition, Adam's heels
kicked and his horse broke into a trot. He
kicked again. The horse started to canter.

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As he came up beside Joshua he called out, half
chok

ing, "It was Carolyn Cutter I opened the door
to!"

He pulled the horse up. Joshua dropped behind,
then

came up on Adam's other side, so that the boy was
riding

between the two men. Dr. O'Keefe, at the water's
edge, was looking straight ahead, not at Adam, not
even at the

small figure of Charles placidly riding along
a few yards in front. Adam turned toward
Joshua who smiled at him brilliantly but did
not speak.

Behind them there was a thudding, and Poly's bay came
ambling along with what was obviously all the speed it
considered suitable.

"Hey!"

Poly called.

"I'm sorry," Adam said. "I have to talk to your
fa

ther."

"Poly," Dr. O'Keefe said, "go

ride with Charles,
please."

"But Charles wants to-
was
"You don't need to talk to him. Just go ride beside
him."

In the moonlight Adam could see Poly glower.
But she responded obediently. "Yes, daddy," and
trotted the large,
disapproving bay so close to the water's edge that an
in
coming wave rippled against its protesting hooves.
Charles
turned to her and spoke, at which Poly flung her
arms up in the air in an abused fashion and
trotted the bay around
the pony so that the little boy could be next to the water.
"All right, Adam," Dr. O'Keefe said
quietly. "And then
she took you to her father."

"You know?"

"Yes. But you had to tell us yourself."
Joshua turned to Adam. "Had you ever seen
Carolyn

Cutter before you met her in the airport in New
York?"

"No."

"How did you happen to speak to her there?"
"I suppose," Adam said slowly, "you might
say she picked me up. But it all seemed
perfectly natural. What
with the fog and everything and planes being canceled and
flights deferred, all kinds of people were talking who
wouldn't have if everything had been perfectly
ordinary."

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Dr. O'Keefe asked, "Was it just casual
chitchat between
you?"

"No. She warned me about-about Canon Tallis.
And
about you, sir."

"Warned you about what?"

"Well-not anything particular. Just a warning in a
vac

uum. I don't think I really took it very
seriously at first. It
all just seemed kind of exciting and an adventure."

"And you thought she was attractive?"

"Yes, sir."

Joshua reached over and patted the neck of Adam's
horse, as though in this way he could communicate com
fort directly to Adam. "And so she is. So when
she

knocked on the door ..."

"She told me she'd help me find Poly."

"You believed her?"

"Well, Josh, I

did

find Poly. She was there, at the Cut

ters' house."

The older men exchanged glances, and Dr.

O'Keefe

said, "Yes, Poly's description of the man in the dark room

could hardly have been of anyone but Typhon Cutter.

But

we had to be sure. Now, Adam, will you go back to the

moment you opened the door and tell us in as much detail

as you can everything that happened until you and Poly were put out of the car in front of the Ritz?"

"Yes, sir. I'll try. But I

terribly tired, so I may not get it exactly right. I'll do my best." He looked out over the ocean. The moon made a wide, shining path from water's edge to horizon. Carefully he tried to tell the two

men the events of that night that seemed far more than three nights behind him. In spite of the fatigue that had

kept him from thinking clearly or acting reasonably his ac

curate memory again helped him, bringing the events and

words of that night up from his subconscious. He looked

at the bright swathe of moonlight on water and recalled small details he hadn't even known

he remembered, or that, up to this moment, he hadn't remembered. He saw

again with his mind's eye the black-and-white room, saw

the obesity of Typhon Cutter's body in such repellent con

trast to the thinness of arms and legs; he saw again the ex-

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traordinary beauty of the young man in the portrait, the

young man who had grown into a middle-aged spider.

"If you didn't know it was the same person-how could

anyone change so completely?"

"The odd distribution of weight is glandular,"

Dr.

O'Keefe said, "but I don't think it's as simple as all that. He also reflects all the choices he has made all his life long."

"Why," Adam asked, with the abruptness with which he had asked it of Typhon Cutter, "why did

Canon Tallis

lose his eyebrows?"

For a moment the strained look tightened Dr.

O'Keefe's

face again. "It was in Korea. He not only

withstood torture himself, but he helped the men with him to stand up against it. This was what left the greatest mark on him, not his own suffering, but the pain of others."

"Adam," Joshua said, "when we didn't know where Poly was, and then when we didn't know where you were-if he'd had any hair left it would have turned white."

"Stop, Joshua," the doctor said quietly.

"Don't make this any harder for Adam than it is already. Go on, boy."

"Yes, sir." He sighed deeply, unconsciously, talking in a voice so low that several times he was asked to repeat himself. Finally he said, "I think that's about it. I'm glad I've told you. But I think I have to tell you that I'm still confused. I'm still not certain or secure about anything."

Again Joshua patted Adam's horse, saying softly,

"That's all right, Adam. Who is?"

"So of course I won't have dinner with Kali tomorrow night. I don't ever want to see her again."

Dr. O'Keefe spoke quietly but firmly.

"But I'm afraid you'll have to. When you opened that door to her you started a chain of events for yourself that you can't end quite this easily."

Ahead of them Poly called out, "There's the plane!"

Charles's clear voice came, "Race you!" and his little pony tore across the sand. Poly's bay broke into a resigned trot.

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The plane lay on the beach ahead of them like a strange, prehistoric bird in the shadows. Again Adam felt a sense of irrational panic at the idea that Joshua was going to leave. Charles reached the plane the pony's length ahead of Poly. They dismounted and walked their horses over to the softer sand where there was an old barnacled pile that could be used as a hitching post. Dr. O'Keefe turned to the children, leaving Joshua and Adam side by side.

"Adam-was

"Yes, Josh?"

"Feel better?"

"I don't really know."

"You will."

"Okay, if you say so."

"Not if still say so. But you will. Even though it's not going to be easy."

Adam set his jaw stubbornly. "I will not have dinner

with Kali tomorrow night. I will not have anything more to do with the Cutters."

Joshua spoke tranquilly. "Oh, yes, you will

."

"I will not."

"Listen," Joshua said, "I'll bet you anything you like that you will."

"I wouldn't put money on it if I were you."

"I'd put more than that on it. When I whistled the Tallis

canon you said you'd sung it in choir."

"Till my voice changed."

"I was going to say something, but I'm not. Instead—did you ever hear Tom Tallis use a kind of password phrase?"

"Yes. In Madrid. Twice."

"Recognize it?"

"No. It was poetry, that's all I could tell."

"Yes. Robert Frost.

Two Tramps in Mud Time.

A simple sort of little poem it starts out to be, with the poet

out chopping wood and two tramps coming along and resenting it because he's doing for fun what they figure they

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ought to be paid for. Then comes the last stanza, whammo, a lower cut right to the solar plexus.

But yield who will to their separation,

My object in living is to unite My avocation and my vocation As my two eyes make one in sight.

Only where love and need are one,

And the work is play for mortal stakes,

Is the deed ever really done

For Heaven and the future's sakes.

I'm not sure about heaven, but I do feel I have to do my best for the future, and if you're any kind of scientist you

will, too. And if that means going out with Kali tomorrow you'll do it."

Adam still sounded stubborn. "As far as I'm concerned,

Carolyn Cutter is the past."

"Listen, you told us tonight because of Poly, didn't you?"

Adam sighed again. "I really don't know why I told

you. I don't know why anything any more."

"It was Poly," Joshua said with certainty. "At least it

would have been for me, and I'm willing to bet it was for

you. Adam, I don't know about you, but I can't do

anything except because I care about people, because I love people. I can't do it for love of God, like Tom

Tallis, or for heaven's sake, as Mr. Frost

said. But because I love people I have to act according to it-to the fact that I love them. Maybe this doesn't make any sense. But it's the way I am, and you'll just have to accept it."

Adam said softly, "The way you accepted me?"

"I failed you on that this morning, didn't I? I wanted to push you too far, too fast."

"Don't push me now, then," Adam said.

"Touche. But I have the feeling that there isn't much time. That I don't have the time to give you time. Okay, kid, come on, it's time I shoved off."

Adam, Poly, and Charles stood at the hitching post while Joshua and Dr. O'Keefe checked the plane. When all was in readiness Joshua climbed into the cockpit; as the motor coughed and the propeller began to spin, making the little plane vibrate as though it must fall apart, the doctor came and stood beside the horses, a little away from Adam and the children. The plane wheeled and moved slowly across the sand, gathered speed, bounced once or twice, and then began to climb.

"Sir," Adam asked, "is that plane really safe?"

The doctor laughed. "Doesn't look it, does it? But yes, as safe as the latest jet. Particularly with Joshua piloting it."

They watched the plane as it gained altitude, flying, it seemed from where they stood, directly along the path of moonlight on water, flying further, higher, smaller, until it lost the reality of being an elderly, battered Hawker Hurri cane piloted by a young man, and became a silver bird in the night flying to the moon. Standing beside Adam Poly let out a low, startled cry.

"Charles! Don't!"

Adam turned and saw in the moonlight that Charles's face was contorted in a vain effort at control, that tears were silently squeezing out of the tightly closed eyes and down the little boy's cheeks.

Dr. O'Keefe knelt on the sand in order to bring himself to the child's level. "Charles."

Without opening his eyes, Charles moved into his father's arms.

Poly stamped. "I hate it when Charles cries."

"Charles," Dr. O'Keefe said again.
Poly whispered fiercely, "He
never
cries unless ..."

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Adam asked, "Unless what?"

"Unless something is awfully ... wrong."

Charles stood, leaning against his father, still crying
silently. Finally he said in so low a voice that
Adam could

hardly catch the words, "I wish Josh hadn't
gone."

Dr. O'Keefe's voice was quiet. "He'll
be back in Lisbon

almost as soon as we've had time to ride home. He
has a

good tail wind and the weather is clear all the way."

"Will he call when he gets back?"

"He always does. And I will come in to you and tell you.

I promise. He has no important papers

on him this time. I have to correlate and code everything
he brought

me. Come, now, Charles, it's late and you're
tired and we

must go. You'll ride with me."

Obediently Charles mounted his pony.

Dr. O'Keefe and the little boy led the way,

Joshua's horse ambling along just behind them, with
Poly and

Adam in the rear. They did little talking. Poly was
frown

ing, seeming unduly disturbed, Adam thought, by her
brother's behavior. After a while she began

to droop in the

saddle, saying, "I'm half asleep. Pick me
up if I fall off."

Ahead of them both Dr. O'Keefe and Charles
sat

straight and still and somehow stem. The moon moved
across the sky.

As they neared the bungalows Adam saw that someone
was standing on the sea wall, waiting, and for a moment

fear leaped into his throat, but Dr. O'Keefe
raised his arm

in greeting.

"It's Jose, Maria's husband," Poly said.

"He takes care
of the horses."

They went directly to bed. As Adam

drifted into sleep he heard the phone ring, and then
he heard Dr. O'Keefe pause outside

Charles's door. "That was Josh, Charles.

All's well. Go to sleep now."

In the morning Adam was wakened by Poly coming in

with a breakfast tray. His room was flooded with light
and

warmth and he felt a sense of pure well-being he
had been

afraid would never return.

"Sit up, lazy," Poly said. "I let you sleep as long as possible. I'm not spoiling you. Breakfast in bed is one thing

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we always do. I'm going to take Charles his tray and then

I'm coming back to talk to you."

Adam grinned at her. "Okay. Forewarned is, I hope,

forearmed, though I have only two."

Poly turned at the door. "And the starfish has five. You

will have exactly time to wash your face and stuff. you

hurry." She made a quick exit, and Adam heard her say,

"Move, Sandy."

"Does Mother know you're bothering Adam?"

"She said I could ask him, and he

said it was okay."

Their voices continued in friendly argument as they went into the living room.

Poly returned, saying, "Daddy's out in the lab.

You're to go on out as soon as you're ready. Then I'll come for

you a little before lunch and we'll go for a swim."

Adam poured hot milk, hot coffee. "Will we see-what's

her name?"

"Macrina? Yes. If she comes." "Doesn't she always?"

"Usually. But not always. Then, after lunch, we'll take

you to the village."

"What village?"

Poly sat, crosslegged, on the foot of Adam's bed. "The

native village. Where Maria and Jose come from."

Adam said, rather uncomfortably, his mouth full of croissant, "I don't have to be taken

sightseeing, Poly. I've

caused enough trouble for all of you already. I'd really rather stay in the lab and work."

Poly frowned, then gave him

a.

stern and piercing look.

"It's not sightseeing, Adam. I assure you that's not our

purpose in taking you there."

"Are you going too?"

"If daddy'll let me. He usually does."

She got down off

the bed. "Okay. I'll come over the lab and yell for you

when it's time for our swim."

When Adam went out to the lab Dr. O'Keefe was sitting at the rolltop desk, writing, but he

looked up at the boy's step, saying without preamble, "I want to show you something." He took Adam into the small side lab and to the first of the tanks. In it was a starfish in the process of

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regeneration. It was not a starfish with part of its own central disc; it was an isolated fragment of arm into which

Dr. O'Keefe told Adam he had transplanted nerve rings as

he had done with the starfish the boy had already seen. The difference between the starfish in this tank and those in the main lab was that this starfish was not developing normally. This particular combination of arm and nerve ring seemed to be generating into a strange, lumpy, three-armed creature.

Without speaking Dr. O'Keefe moved to the second tank. Here was a lizard who had lost a leg.

Something was

growing where the leg had been; it was not a lizard leg, but a deformed stump. In the third tank was a frog who had lost a forearm; this, too, was growing back abnormally.

Dr. O'Keefe went into the main lab, sitting down at his

desk. Adam stood, waiting. For some time Dr. O'Keefe appeared to study a pencil. Finally he said, "Back in the

early sixties scientists were able to start babies, actual hu

man fetuses, in a test tube. For a while they developed

normally. Then, and no one knew why, their development

went awry. They became deformed; monstrosities.

You've

probably heard about this."

"Yes, sir."

"Why did this happen?"

"I don't know, sir. I don't think anybody does."

"Why is regeneration a normal thing for starfish?

Why,

if we transplant nerve rings from the central disc can an isolated arm fragment then organize itself? Why is this

also true of frogs and lizards?"

"Well, it's because the augmented nerve supply provides the stimulation."

"Why were the animals in the little lab developing ab

normally?"

"I don't know, sir. Mutations?"

"In a very small percentage, yes. But usually, no. Where

do you think I get my experimental animals from, Adam?"

"Well, from the beach, from around here ... I used to collect specimens for Old Doc."

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"Yes. The children find a good many for me. They bring me any animal they see, marine or land, that has been injured. The villagers bring me some, too, for which I pay them one escudo for twenty-five specimens. I made it absolutely clear that they were to bring me only the animals that had been accidentally hurt. Then, after the first abnormalities began to develop, I learned that two of the men who work at the resort hotel had been deliberately mutilating the creatures. I had thought that the smallness of the payment would avoid this, an escudo being three and a half cents, you will remember. But it didn't. There always have been and there always will be people who have been corrupted into enjoying any excuse for cruelty."

For some reason Adam thought of the Cutters" chauffeur. He could quite easily imagine Molec tearing the arm off a lizard.

Dr. O'Keefe continued. "It is from these deliberately mutilated animals that the deformities have come. But it isn't even that simple. I had, for a brief while, a lab assistant who was a brilliant man. He was also one of the most evil human beings I have ever encountered. Every animal he tended, every starfish arm into which he transplanted nerve rings, every frog or lizard into whose wounds he injected augmented nerve supply, developed malformations that were malignant and that devoured the creature on which they grew."

"Why-was Adam asked, "why was he evil?"

"You remember the story of the Third Man?"

"Yes. Josh mentioned it."

"Antibiotics diluted and sold on the black market, and innocent children suffering and dying through this incomprehensible greed. This kind of thing doesn't happen only in fiction. You don't have to read the book or see the movie to come across it. This man, with a brilliant

and utterly warped mind, grew fat on underworld black-market corruption."

"Then why did you employ him, sir?"

"I was asked to. In order to convict him."

"Did you?"

"With Joshua's help."

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"What happened?"

"He's in Leavenworth."

Adam said, slowly, "So I guess this kind of thing

makes
enemies?"
Dr. O'Keefe looked at him. "They
are
enemies, Adam.
You don't have to
make
enemies of them."
Adam got his stubborn look. "But what about
Poly?"
Dr.
O'Keefe did not answer, and Adam continued.
"If you
didn't-if you didn't
make
enemies, I mean, even if they
are
enemies anyhow, then would anybody have wanted to
hurt Poly?"
The older man's face tightened. "Nothing is
easy,
Adam. Nothing. And we're all of us in danger from
the moment we're born. You've grown up in New
York. You know that if you cross a street a
truck can run you down. If you ride in the subway
and there's a spot of trouble a bullet meant for
someone else can find its way
way into your heart. And if my research, which I had
an
ticipated as a quiet and hermit-like life, so that
I could
bring my children up in a peaceful and natural way in
the midst of an unpeaceful and unnatural world,
has, instead,
led them into added dangers, then I must
accept this for them, as well as for myself, if I
believe in what I am do
ing."
"I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean ..."
"That's all right. I just want you to understand clearly
why it is so important that what I am doing does
not get
into the wrong hands. Remember the deformed babies that
came of thalidomide being used before enough was known
about it? We're just at the very beginning of this, and it
cannot be taken out of our hands and misused."
"It's like what you said about the atom?"
"Yes. Like splitting the atom. We're just beginning
to learn why the regeneration is sometimes abnormal and
malignant. We're just beginning to understand that you
cannot change stones into bread. This is not the way mira
cles are worked, but it's always been a temptation.
If what
we are doing is taken over by the unscrupulous it can
cause unimaginable horror and suffering. Here is
power to give life to people, or to devour them. What I
am trying to

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do is to go back about two thousand years in

my thinking. Somewhere in the last two thousand years we've gone off. When we began to depend on and to develop things in the western world we lost something of inestimable value in our understanding. There's something wrong about trying to heal with a surgeon's knife. There's got to be an alternative to cutting and mutilating and I'm trying to learn it from the starfish. But I'm just at the beginning. And I'm afraid, Adam. If it gets out of my hands-I'm afraid." Dr. O'Keefe clenched his fist and pounded it softly against the papers on his desk. Then he smiles. "All right, Adam. I have work to do here at my desk. You get along with your job until Poly comes to take you for a swim." It was several minutes before Adam could concentrate on his care of the tanks, but as he began to put the day's observations down in the files, the discipline of the work took hold of him, and he was able to keep his mind on the job at hand. This was a task that fascinated him, that engrossed him utterly, and he was surprised when he heard Poly's voice and realized that the morning had passed. Poly stood in the lab, wearing a black two-piece bathing suit that did nothing for her still undeveloped figure. "Daddy," she asked, "what are the specifications for a fashion model?" "Oh-thirty-four, twenty-two, thirty-four," Dr. O'Keefe replied absently. Poly sighed. "Oh, dear. I'm twenty, twenty, twenty." Her father laughed. "I really think you look better in the red wool, even if it does fight with your hair." Poly sighed again. "Yes. Okay. I'll change, while Adam's getting into his trunks. Mother says time will take care of this particular problem, and I suppose it will. Was mother gorgeous when she was my age," "Frightful," Dr. O'Keefe said. "Much worse than you." "That's encouraging, at any rate. And I suppose it's a good thing about time, because right now I'd have an awful time choosing between Adam and Joshua, even if Josh is too old for me." Her father laughed again. It was a good laugh, warm and open and loving. "Time seems to be making its inroads already. A few weeks ago you were announcing that you were never going to grow up." "Oh, I'm over being Peter Pan. Maybe it's jealousy. Knowing that that Kali has her hooks

into Adam. Come
on, Adam, let's go. I told Maria I'd be
back in time to help
serve lunch."
It was another golden day, the sand was gold; gold
shimmered from the sun into the blue of the sky, touched
the small crests of waves in a calm ocean.
Adam and Poly
swam out, side by side, until Poly stopped and
began to tread water, making the strange, breathy
whistling noise
that was her call to the dolphin.
It was longer this time; Poly's calling began to sound
tired, and Adam had given up and was just about to sug-
gest swimming back, when silver arched out of
water in a
swift flash, and Macrina came leaping, diving,
flying, to meet them. Again there was the ecstatic
greeting, Poly
with her arms about the great, slippery beast, Macrina
giving her marvelous, contagious dolphin smile, so
that Adam
felt that he was grinning like a fool. After a while
Ma-
crina left Poly, came over to Adam and gave
him a gentle,
inquisitive nudge. For a moment he was frightened.
He knew that dolphins were friendly and gentle, that
sailors
rejoiced at seeing them because they kept away sharks, but
Macrina was so large, so alien, that it was all he
could do
to make himself keep treading water quietly, and
to say,
"Hello, Macrina."
Macrina nudged him again, then flashed out of the water,
dove, disappeared, and came up on Poly's other
side.
"She likes you!" Poly cried joyfully.
"Macrina, show
Adam your flipper."
As she had done the day before, Macrina obediently
rolled over and waved her sleek, wet flipper.
At last Adam realized. "The flipper-was he
said. "Did
she-was
Stroking Macrina, Poly nodded. "Yes. We
don't know how it happened. I found her on the
beach, flipper torn

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off, bleeding to death. I ran and got daddy, and he
was able to stop the bleeding. Of course we didn't know
her then, but she seemed to know that daddy and I wanted
to help. Daddy has some big tanks in the
village. They're not in a building; the village
is around a cove, and there are some pens in the cove.
Luckily Father Tom was here, and he helped, and we
managed to get her to the village and into one of the pens.
Daddy and Father Tom stayed with her all night. As

a matter of fact, we could hardly get daddy away for weeks, he ate there with Virbius, he's their chief, and I guess you'd call him their medicine man, too, he's a hundred and forty-nine years old, and he prayed over Macrina and it all worked, the augmented nerve and stuff, and isn't she marvelous and good and beautiful and virtuous and wonderful?"

Macrina rolled over in the water and smirked.

"Okay, Macrina," Poly said. "We've got to go in to lunch now, I promised Maria. Give my love to Basil and Gregory."

"Basil and Gregory?"

"Her brothers. They're very intelligent. Of course dolphins are, but we think Macrina's family is more so. It's quite obvious they are, isn't it?"

Macrina waited for no further goodbyes. Down, down she dove, and then, a hundred yards away, Adam saw her

flash through the air.

"By the way," Poly said. "While you were in the lab that Kali's father called and talked to mother. They're sending the hotel helicopter for you at seven-thirty. I don't know why daddy wants you to go there for dinner. I think it's just awful. But I suppose if he wants you to go you'll have to go."

"Yes." The pleasure ebbed from Adam's limbs. "If he wants me to I have to."

Poly stopped treading water, rolled over onto her back, blew a jet of water upward like a small whale, and floated.

"Promise me one thing."

"What?"

"Don't go without saying goodbye to me. I have some-

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thing to give you, and you mustn't

leave without it.

Pronrse."

"Okay," Adam agreed. "I promise. What is it? A charm?"

"No," Poly said. "A weapon."

After lunch Jose brought three horses around to the bungalow, and Dr. O'Keefe, Poly, and Adam set off for the village, riding uphill to the plateau with the monolithic slabs of stone. As Joshua had stopped by the great central table the day before, so did Dr. O'Keefe, although he did not dismount. Poly and Adam reined up beside him.

Adam's spirits soared, despite the fierceness of the sun.

The doctor was sitting erect on his horse, as though waiting. He caught Adam's inquiring gaze

and said, "Virbius, the chief of the village, wished to meet us here. Visitors aren't encouraged there. The people from the hotel have brought only disease and trouble. But you are under my aegis, and he will escort us."

Adam nodded. Dr. O'Keefe continued to sit straight and tall, and Poly was in one of her rare silent moods. Adam looked around, at the great stone table, above which a large golden butterfly was fluttering. The flash of a bird's scarlet wing led his gaze beyond the encircling stones and through the trees that edged the plateau and into the clearing. In the clearing were a few small, white slabs, with light moving over them, and leaf shadows, green, mauve, and indigo.

Again Dr. O'Keefe followed Adam's gaze. "Yes. It's a cemetery. A small one. The villagers have their own, and if anyone does anything as inconvenient as dying at the resort hotel they're whisked back to the mainland as inconspicuously as possible." He held up his hand for silence, and they could hear a rustling in the brush. A yel-low-and-black bird flashed across the clearing, followed by a wizened old man on a horse, a dark and shriveled old man, with a few strands of soft, silvery hair. Adam had no doubt that this was Virbius, the chieftain. Poly had said

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that he was how old? a hundred and forty-nine? Adam knew that the villagers' way of counting time was probably different from the way he had been taught in school, but if Virbius was not a hundred and forty-nine he was certainly the oldest man Adam had ever seen, far older than Old Doc, who, after all, was ninety.

Dr. O'Keefe raised his arm in greeting; Virbius responded, the gesture full of dignity despite the fact that his hand was tremulous with age. Without a word he turned his horse and headed into the brush again. Dr. O'Keefe followed, with Poly and Adam in single file behind him on the narrow path.

They rode through the low brush along the spine of the plateau; the sun was high and hot, so that their shadows were small dark blobs moving along the scrub.

Somehow

Adam was grateful for the golden warmth that seeped through him, even though his shirt began to cling damply to his body. The blue, almost cloudless sky was so high that there seemed to be between earth and sky a golden shimmering of sunlight. The red of Dr.

O'Keefe's and Poly's hair was touched with gold; gold, gold, everything glinted and glimmered, and light as well as heat penetrated

Adam's pores.

He had lost track of time (would time ever seem normal, countable, accountable, to him again?) when the path started to descend. Below them lay the straw roofs of the village, the large central hut, with smaller huts raying out from it, the whole village on a promontory about a perfect, natural bay. In the bay fishing boats were anchored, and Adam thought he could see others, small dark specks out at sea. While they were still a fair distance above the village Virbius stopped his horse, raised his arm, this time in a gesture of command, and let out a strange, penetrating whistle. For a moment all activity in the village seemed to cease, suspended in time. Then women and children scurried into huts; men, who were working on upturned fishing boats, on spread-out nets, moved leisurely but definitely away, disappearing either into the thick jungle growth that edged the village, or into the huts. Poly turned back to Adam. "Don't be hurt; it's just be-

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cause it's your first time here. They have to make sure. They've been so abused by the hotel people." "Poly," Dr. O'Keefe said without turning. "Sorry, daddy," Poly said. Virbius started forward, his horse moving slowly, carefully, on the last, steep downward grade. As they came into the village Adam saw that each hut was surrounded by a profusion of flowers that seemed to grow wildly; but, remembering his mother's garden on the Cape, he had a suspicion that they were carefully tended. The fishing boats were large, heavy shells, reminding him of pictures he had seen on Phoenician vessels. All were painted with strange emblems. The most startling boats were stark black or white with prows which reared sharply upward and on either side of which were painted two very wideopen eyes. Virbius led them directly to the waterfront, to the harbor. He raised his hand and two small boys came running to him, appearing, it seemed to Adam, out of nowhere, to take care of the horses. A long T-shaped wooden dock let out into the water, and Virbius, moving slowly and stiffly, his great age more

apparent than it had been while he was mounted, led the way, keeping always a few paces in front of the others. Ahead of them in the water Adam could see what he realized must be the pens Poly had told him about. As they reached the T at the end of the dock Virbius beckoned to Poly, pointed to one of the pens, and began to speak to the child. Adam stood beside Dr. O'Keefe, looking into the pen in which a dead shark floated. It had obviously been wounded, not by another fish, but by some kind of weapon; a long knife, judging by the wounds. A strange odor came from the water which Adam guessed was something to disguise the smell of blood, and the water itself was murky. Virbius' words sounded like gibberish with a touch of the Portuguese soft ssh and jjh added. Poly, head cocked, listened, frowning with concentration. "He says that this is the same shark that attacked Temis." To Adam she explained, "Temis is one of Verbius' great great grandchildren, Adam. Last night the shark attacked one of the

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children right here in the harbor, and one of Virbius' nephews went after him with a knife and drove him into the pen. The child is all right; his wounds are healing cleanly and there will be only a scar on one leg to show that anything happened. They did everything you told them to about the shark, daddy, but the shark has died. Virbius says that he has prayed neither for nor against him, but that it is justice. The shark died this morning and they only kept him for you to see." From the dock Dr. O'Keefe took a pole with a large hook and pulled the dead beast in. Then he squatted down at the edge of the pen and examined it carefully. Virbius had moved along the dock and was standing beside the next pen. Adam followed him. Here the water was a brilliant, clear green, with purple shadows. A small school of tiny fish flashed by in a swoosh of silver. At the bottom sea plants moved, their green, white, rose fronds undulating in a sinuous dance. Swimming ponderously in the pen was a large and extremely cross-looking tortoise. His head was stretched out on the leathery neck to its full length, and he glowered and blinked. Adam could see that one of the four legs had been almost, or perhaps entirely, torn off. It was healing neatly. The turtle turned his head toward Adam, put a scornful nose in the

air, and then, with an indignant gesture, retired completely into his shell.

Poly shook with laughter. "He's the snootiest animal I've ever come across. Macrina's fond of him, so I suppose he's all right, but he has no manners whatsoever."

Adam was surprised to hear Virbius let out a thin, dry cackle of amusement as he moved on to the next pen. In this was a shark whose dorsal fin had been ripped off in some kind of marine battle.

Small, ugly lumps were appearing where the fin had been.

"Of course we don't get

many sharks," Poly said, "but we've never had one regenerate normally. I can't even be sorry for them and Josh says I'm a fool about all animals.

But not sharks. I hate them. I would far prefer to meet a sting ray coming around a corner, and they

look like bats out of hell if any beast ever did."

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Dr. O'Keefe moved up to join them. "I'm very pleased about the turtle, bad manners or no. One of our most exciting successes has been a sea-gull wing. We would never have managed that without Virbius. While the bird couldn't fly it was all right, but he wanted to use his wing

too soon, and only Virbius could control him."

Virbius spoke, and again Poly translated.

"He says his gods are very powerful, and they gave him some of their power."

Virbius spoke again, spreading out his hands.

"He says it was the way Father Tom's God gave him of His power the night he stayed up with Macrina. Virbius says they must be good friends."

"Who?" Adam asked. "Canon Tallis and Virbius?"

"No, silly," Poly said impatiently. "Their gods."

Virbius nodded. If he spoke nothing but his own native tongue he understood, Adam guessed, almost everything that was said. And if he understood English it was more

than likely that he also understood Portuguese.

Adam real

ized that the old man was no one to underestimate. As a matter of fact, he reminded the boy in many of his man

nerisms of a combination of Old Doc and Mahatma Gandhi.

There were two other tanks which were presumably empty at the moment, because neither Virbius nor Dr.

O'Keefe went to them. Virbius led the way

back up the dock to the village and to the green

clearing in front of the central hut. Around the hut and climbing up its walls were flowers of every shade of blue, and Adam noticed that none of the other dwellings

had

blue flowers; there was every color of red, orange, yellow, but no blue. Virbius squatted down, beckoning to Poly to sit on his right side, Adam on his left. Dr. O'Keefe sat crosslegged

op

posite the old man.

From the central hut came a woman and a child, a girl perhaps Poly's age, perhaps younger. They bore coconut bowls which they set down in front of the visitors. Poly

gave a warm, welcoming grin to the child, which was equally warmly returned, but neither of them spoke. Virbius raised his hand for silence, although no one was

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speaking, then bowed over his coconut bowl, murmuring in his native tongue and swaying slightly from side to side. He took the bowl, raised it over his head in a gesture of offering, then sipped from it. Dr. O'Keefe raised his bowl in a similar gesture, and Poly and Adam followed suit. Adam did not know what it was they were drinking; some thing strange and cool and sharp. Virbius beckoned to the child, who squatted down on the grass in front of the old man. Adam decided that she was definitely younger than Poly, although already more developed physically. She had straight, lustrous black hair, and a dark skin through which a golden glow seemed to shine, as though she had caught and contained the light in which the island was drenched. She smiled at Dr. O'Keefe, who smiled back, a smile of both compassion and joy. Virbius spoke and Poly translated.

"It is all right?"

Dr. O'Keefe nodded. "Tell them that Josh brought back all the lab reports Father Tallis got in Boston. Everything is perfectly normal."

As Poly spoke the child raised one golden-brown hand,

looking wonderingly at the five outstretched fingers.

Adam turned to Dr. O'Keefe.

"Yes. This is Temis, the child the shark attacked six months ago. Her body was badly slashed, and one of her fingers was severed."

Beside him Adam heard a strange sound and looked to see that Virbius was crying, tears rolling unchecked down his wrinkled cheeks.

Putting one hand on the child's shoulder the old man stood up, then raised both arms heavenward, calling out in a loud voice. With the tears still streaming he turned to Dr. O'Keefe and embraced him. There were tears in Dr. O'Keefe's eyes, too.

Temis stood quietly, smiling. Poly said to Adam, "We were sure it was all right, but it's good to have all the lab work say so, too. When the shark attacked Temis, Virbius called daddy. I've never seen daddy so upset. He said he wasn't ready, that it wasn't time. The body would heal; that wasn't the problem; it was the lost finger. You couldn't say; let's try,

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there's nothing to lose. There'd been the deformities. And there'd been the-the horrible malignancies. Father Tom came, and he and Virbius and daddy sat up all night, and then daddy said they'd try. Father Tom stayed to help. He never left Temis, he and daddy and Virbius. And then it happened, Adam, it happened, and it's all right, and Temis has five fingers again." Her eyes filled. "But Adam, if it hadn't been all right-if the new growth hadn't been natural-if it had devoured Temis the way it has some of the animals when things haven't gone right-was she choked and stopped. Her father took her hand. "Hush, Poly. It's all right." He said to Adam, quietly, "Poly's anguish during this time was making her ill. As soon as we were sure that everything was going as we prayed it would, Tom Tallis took her away with him. The trip to Boston was to take slides and X-rays to a zoologist there, but served as a needed change for Poly, too. When you landed in Madrid instead of Lisbon and had to be bailed out of the airport things were complicated, but Tom managed to get the reports to one of our friends, who in turn got them to Josh. So, in spite of a little unexpected confusion, we have all the final lab reports and clearances." "And it's all right!" Poly cried, joy driving the tension from her face. "It's all right!" Dr. O'Keefe said heavily, "Through the grace of God it's all right. I know now that I know nothing, and many men think that I know everything, and this is where the danger lies. If only we had more time-was Virbius said something, and Poly translated for her father. "He says that time is a dream, but that his gods and Father Tom's are awake." Dr. O'Keefe put his hand for a moment on the old man's shoulder. Then he and Virbius bowed in silent farewell, and the doctor moved quickly away. Adam and Poly followed him, and as they walked away from the harbor and the village the two little boys came up with the horses, which had been watered and rubbed down. They rode in silence. The sun was beginning to move toward the horizon. The long fronds of the palms rattled

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in the evening breeze, their shadows like great, dark birds.

Adam's white horse blew gently through her nostrils and her flanks lifted in a patient sigh. But to Adam it was as though everything were bathed in light, as though the golden sun of the island had at last penetrated the darkest reaches of his mind.

He understood now. All the pieces had fallen together to make a clear and unmistakable picture. He knew why he was important to Mr. Cutter, why anybody even remotely connected with Dr. O'Keefe would be important to all the Mr. Cutters. And he knew why the Mr. Cutters of the world must never be allowed to see Dr. O'Keefe's papers, particularly Dr. O'Keefe's papers on Temis. Unconsciously he heaved a sigh less patient than the old white horse's.

was "Smarter?" Poly asked.

"Nothing. I just wish I didn't have to have dinner with the Cutters this evening."

But it seemed there was no evading the dinner. When they got back his good suit had been pressed and was laid out on the bed with a clean shirt and his most colorful tie, a rather splotchy blue-and-red affair that Adam called his 'Jackson Pollock.'

Mrs. O'Keefe told him, "Maria chose the tie, so if you don't mind wearing it, Adam, it would make her very happy."

"As long as you think it's okay. I'm kind of fond of it."

He dressed carefully, but more to please Maria and the O'Keefes than Kali. He would have liked to go to Kali in his lab clothes, already slightly stained, and a symbol of his work, and somehow also a symbol of where he stood. But this, he realized, would be a rather Don Quixote sort

of gesture, and not very effective.

Shortly before time for the hotel helicopter to come for him Dr. O'Keefe summoned him to the laboratory.

"Adam, you are probably wondering why I want you to have dinner with the Cutters tonight."

"Well, sir, I suppose maybe it would be wisest if they didn't know I'd made up my mind. I mean, it might be a good idea if they think I'm still willing to work for them."

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The doctor looked at him with approval.
"Exactly. I hate to ask you to do this, Adam.
It's going to be difficult for you. One of your most
evident qualities is a direct honesty, and
prevarication of any kind isn't easy for you.
However, there is an urgent and immediate need for this.
Once the results of any experiment are in I have
to get them off the island as quickly as possible. The
papers on Temis are finally complete. I don't
have to tell you how important they are. All the lab
reports from Boston are in code, and I will now
double code them. This will take me about a week. There
is only one man-and he's in Lisbon-who can
break the code so that they can get from the Embassy
to Washington. During this week I'll keep the real
papers on me and leave others, indicating another
experiment, in the lab. Josh took a set of these
phony papers with him and will be careful to see that the
right-or wrong-people get hold of them. Now we come to the
problem of getting the Temis papers to Lisbon.
Joshua, of course, has been courier many times, but
now it's safe neither for him nor the papers. I've
used Maria once, Jose twice, but it's not
fair to ask them again. The Ambassador himself has
been errand boy on occasion. Next week
it will have to be you. If you can make Cutter think
you're willing to play along with him because you think he's
right, then you'll be under less suspicion than
anybody else. I don't think anything has been
discovered about Temis, and it must not be." He
stopped, repeated slowly, "It must not."
"I know, sir."
"So I want you to make a date with Kali in
Lisbon. I'll give you some papers to give her.
They'll look legitimate, and they'll follow the
ones I'll appear to be working on this week and that
Josh took back to Lisbon with him. We'll
talk later about getting the real papers away. The
point is that tonight you must appear to be still confused
about me: you are
not
confused any longer, are you?"
"No, sir." Adam's voice was firm and
confident.
"Let Typhon Cutter do his emotional
patriotic act for
you. It's very effective."
"Yes, sir. He's already done it. It-it
did
confuse me."

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"All clear now?"
"Yes, sir."
"You understand what I am asking you to do?"
"Yes, sir." Adam swallowed. "It will kind of
make up
for-was
"Not to make up for anything. That's over and done with,
and no real harm, thank God. You're doing this for

the future."
"For Heaven and the future's sakesThat
Adam asked
softly.
Dr. O'Keefe nodded. "This is where Joshua
has been so
remarkable. His love and need
are
entirely one. And while
the work has been play for him he has been well
aware of
their mortal stakes.
Only where love and need are one, and
the work is play for mortal stakes, is the deed ever
really
done for Heaven and the future's sakes.
Think of Joshua tonight if you like. You couldn't have
anybody better to follow." Above them they heard a
loud droning; Dr.
O'Keefe remarked, "They're very prompt," and
stood up.
The helicopter dropped clumsily to the beach in
front of
the bungalows. Poly, running with the other children to
say goodbye, called, "You'll get sand in your
shoes."
"It'll shake out," Adam answered.
Barefooted, she caught up with him, gently shoving
Peggy ahead and saying, "Run look at the
belly, Pegs." She whispered to Adam, "I have
what I told you I'd give
you. Here. Just pretend you're holding my hand."
Charles asked, "What're you whispering about?"
Poly stamped her bare foot against the sand
impatiently.
"Charles. Please. Oh, do run get Johnny
for me, quickly,
and let me say goodbye."
"Adam's just going out for dinner," Charles said, but
he went after Johnny who, fully
dressed, was heading for the
water.
Adam put his hand around Poly's firm, thin one.
"What
is it?"
"Adam, have you ever seen a switchblade?"
"Yes," Adam said, smiling. "Is that what you're
giving
me?"
Poly scowled darkly. "You're condescending to me."

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"I'm sorry; but if it's a switchblade I
don't want one
and I don't like the idea of your having one."
Poly shook her head impatiently so that her red
hair
flew about her face. "Okay, I know you coped with
gangs
on the streets of New York and all that jazz.

This isn't an ordinary switchblade."
"What's extraordinary about it?"
"It looks like a switchblade and it works like a switch blade-I'm taking this on hearsay because I've never actu ally used one. But it's really a kind of hypodermic needle."
"Poly, for heaven's sake-was
"There's a channel in the blade filled with MS-222."
"comwhat do you expect me to do with it, use it on Kali?"
Again Poly pawed the sand. "She'll probably ask you to go for a moonlight swim, and there have been sharks at the hotel beach this summer, though they won't admit it. I wouldn't put it past that Kali to send you straight into a shark's jaws, and daddy says MS-222 is still the best thing; it knocks them out right away. When the blade is released the capsule of MS-222 is punctured and it goes right in, so you don't have to aim for a vital spot or anything. It's on a belt, and it looks just like an ordinary knife. It's quite flat, so you can wear it under your bathing trunks. You've got them with you, haven't you?"
"Yes. Your mother told me to bring them along."
"Which ones?"
"Just the plain navy ones, Pol. I guess I'm not uninhib ited enough to wear the wild ones the way Josh does."
"You promise me you'll wear the belt with the knife?"
Adam knew that he could not hurt Poly by laughing at her intensity. "Well, I don't really think Kali wants to dis pose of me. But thanks anyhow, Pol."
Poly pulled at his jacket sleeve.
"Promise me you'll never go swimming without it."
"Even when I go with you?"
"Not with me, goosey. Macrina keeps the sharks away. But anywhere else. Promise."
"But, Poly-was
"Promise."
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"All right."
"Poly heaved a great sigh of relief. "Okay. I know I can trust your word. Goodbye. I suppose I'll be in

bed when
you get home. I don't really want you to have a good
time
but I'm going to be polite and tell you to have one. But
it's just courtesy. So have a good time." She turned
and
ran back to the bungalows, not standing on the sea
wall to
wave and watch him off as he had expected her
to. The
other children called and waved, and Adam waved back,
but he found himself looking beyond them for Poly.
The pilot was Portuguese, and if he spoke
English he
kept it a closely guarded secret. Adam was
glad for the
minutes of silence: no, silence was certainly not the
word,
for a helicopter is a noisy bird, but for a time of
not hav
ing to listen to new ideas, of not having to respond.
As they landed on the flat roof of the hotel Kali was
waiting and came running to meet him. She flung
her
arms around him, whispering, "Adam, help me,
help me.
I've been all wrong about everything. I know now that
daddy's doing things that aren't-that aren't right. Adam,
what am I going to do?"
Before Adam could make any response to this outburst
Kali whispered, "Here comes daddy. Hush."
Typhon Cutter looked even more like a spider than
Adam remembered. It seemed incredible that this
obese
mass with the stringy appendages could possibly be father
to the beautiful girl at his side. Then the boy
remembered
the portrait of the angelic young man and wondered if
Kali could ever be anything but young and radiant and
lovely.
She pressed her fingers quickly against his, a
gesture that was both intimate and warning. Adam did
not return
the pressure and her look flickered quickly over him
like a
flame.
"Of course," Typhon Cutter was saying, "all
the rooms
have balconies overlooking the ocean, and our guests,
in a
primitive setting, nevertheless have every modern con
venience."
Kali explained. "Daddy's part owner of the
hotel."
They walked through a rooftop bar and lounge,
Typhon
Cutter gesturing expansively with one thin arm.
"I think our service can compare with any of the great
hotels in the world. We'll stay up here and cool
off before going

down to dinner."

In the lounge, long windows opened to the terrace, and there were groups of comfortable chairs and couches around low tables. The walls were painted with lush murals of the native village, so glamorized that it was a moment before Adam recognized it. The mud and straw huts, the fishing vessels, the natural harbor, were all enlarged and garishly ornamented, and the natives themselves wore elaborate leis and looked more as though they came from a tourist's dream of Hawaii than a primitive island off the

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south coast of Portugal. In one corner of the room was a huge television set around which a group of young people was clustered. The volume was on high. Without looking around Typhon Cutter raised his hand and snapped his fingers, and a uniformed page went running over to the set and adjusted the dials. At one of the low marble tables sat a solitary man in a dark suit Adam could see only his back, but it looked somehow familiar. Mr. Cutter turned toward him, saying, "Dr. Ball hopped over with us. His busy schedule doesn't permit him to get away often, but he's badly in need of the rest. We're flying him back tonight since of course he can't be away over Sunday." Adam said nothing. Silence, as a matter of fact, was his plan of campaign: to look naive and innocent and gullible (not too difficult, he realized ruefully); to be swift to hear, and slow to speak. He caught Kali looking at him anxiously, then glancing away as her father turned toward her. Adam felt a hot surge of resentment. He had enough on his hands without coping with a confused Kali. If she'd tumbled to the fact that her father was a stinker she'd have to work it out her own way. Dr. Ball rose as they reached him, shook hands effusively with Adam, and kissed Kali. Adam found that he enjoyed this latter even less than the handshake. "Dear boy," Dr. Ball murmured,

lowering himself into his comfortable chair. "How delightful to see you again, and in less hectic circumstances than our first meeting.

What will you have to drink?" He indicated his own glass.

-Get the prospective victim drunk or drugged, Adam

thought Aloud he said, "I'm not thirsty, thanks."

Kali put a hand lightly and briefly against his knee.

"The banender has Cokes. I'm going to have one."

Dr. Ball urged, "Do join us in our libation."

"Okay, a Coke, then, thank you." Adam

realized that a

uniformed boy was hovering by Typhon Cutter waiting to

take their order. Mr. Cutter nodded at the boy, who went

to the bar.

"Now, Adam," Mr. Cutter said, "when last I saw you

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we had reached a certain understanding, had we not?"

Adam said nothing. "You did agree to help me, did you

not?" Adam tried to look blank and made a slight gesture

of his head that could have been interpreted either as affirmation or negation. An edge of impatience came to Mr.

Cutter's voice. "I believe that I made it reasonably clear to

you that I am in a position to be useful to the Embassy,

and that I feel that it is my duty to my country to help

out when I am called upon."

"Yes, sir," Adam said.

"You were understandably tired, but you did agree to help."

"Yes, sir. I would consider it my privilege to help them

at the Embassy." This seemed to be a nice, double-barrel

ed response, the Embassy, being in his mind, Joshua.

"Good." Mr. Cutter's voice spun

upward, a high, thin, plausible web. "At that time-I am referring to the time

of our first meeting-my men, in order to inspire your confidence and insure your cooperation, went to a great

deal of trouble and not a little danger to rescue the O'Keefe child from the very organization to which her

own father belongs! A great man, but you know how stupid scientists can be. I may say that I

personally under

went danger: our enemies are ruthless, so ruthless,

indeed, that they do not hesitate to use an innocent child, the child of one of their own members, for their purposes." He paused, waiting.

Adam knew that a further response was indicated here.

"I've only been with Dr. O'Keefe a couple of days and everything's all secret and hush-hush around me. Just what are their purposes, sir?"

Now Dr. Ball leaned forward, his well-manicured hands spread out on the table. "You have spent these two days in working for O'Keefe, have you not, lad?"

"Well, yes, sir, but..."

"Are you aware of the nature of his experiments?"

"Well, to some extent, sir. I mean, I knew before I ever came."

Mr. Cutter asked sharply, "You have actually been working with the starfish?"

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"Well... just cleaning tanks and simple jobs like that, so far."

Dr. Ball put his hand on Adam's knee. It felt heavy, and very unlike Kali's leaf-like gesture. Adam felt his skin crawling. He raised his eyes from the hand to the immaculate

late white dog collar to Dr. Ball's handsome, smiling face.

"Adam, dear boy," the doctor said, lifting his hand

and passing it over dark, well-pomaded hair, "you do realize what O'Keefe is doing, don't you?"

"Well, yes, sir, working on the regenerative process of the arm of the starfish."

"In the starfish-was were-Dr. Ball sounded as though he

were high the pulpit, Adam thought) "command his certain other

specified beasts, this is a perfectly natural thing. O'Keefe is

taking it beyond the point of nature. But not only is he

usurping the prerogatives of the Almighty, he is then al

lowing his work to get into the wrong hands, hands soiled with the taint of sin."

Adam tried to imagine Canon Tallis saying

these words.

It didn't work. He mumbled, "I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Un-American hands," Mr. Cutter said. "Hands that do

not have their country or its economy at heart."

Adam could think of at this point was that hands do not have a heart. He shook his head slightly to try to pull

his thoughts together. This time he did not have lack of sleep as an excuse for not being alert.

The young waiter put two Cokes down on the marble table, a fresh drink for Dr. Ball, and a drink for Mr. Cutter.

The bartender evidently knew, without being told, exactly

what Mr. Cutter wanted. "Adam,"

Typhon Cutter

said in his soft, tenor voice, "I am a very wealthy man. I

admit to you perfectly openly that I enjoy my money."

Dr. Ball broke in, "But you are a generous man, a very generous man."

"That's not the point. I try to do what I can, of course,

and if I have been able to be of some small service to you

it gives me great gratification. Eliphaz-Dr.

Ball-is on the boards of several hospitals and orphanages and old

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people's homes as well as attending meticulously to his

regular parish duties."

-It's catching, Adam thought. -Even Mr.

Cutter's be

ginning to talk in Dr. Ball's pompous pattern.

Perhaps Typhon Cutter realized this, for he cleared his throat before saying, "All I'm trying to tell you is that al

though I enjoy my money and the things it can buy, my country comes first. In fact, I love my native land so well

that I am willing to live outside it, in voluntary exile, be

cause in this way I am better able to serve.

I've been asked by people who must remain nameless to find the results of

Dr. O'Keefe's work and to get them into the hands of our

own government before unscrupulous agents grab them."

"But, sir," Adam said, trying to sound innocent and rea

sonable, "Dr. O'Keefe is an American."

"Pink," Dr. Ball murmured, "tinged, alas,

with scarlet."
Standard tactics, Adam realized. Accuse those
who
might well accuse you before they have a chance to get in
a word edgewise.
"Adam," Mr. Cutter asked, "how much do you
care
about your country?"
"Very much," Adam answered with complete honesty.
"Would you make a sacrifice for it if necessary?"
"Yes, sir." Here again he could speak with the ring of
truth.
Dr. Ball asked, "Do we have your word of honor
that you are willing to work for your native land, no
matter
how difficult it may be for you personally?"
"Yes, sir." Adam nodded mentally, comand I'm quite
sure
that this doesn't mean working for you. It's Dr.
O'Keefe
who cares about the things you're talking about, not you.
You're-you're nothing but a whited sepulcher.
Mr. Cutter put his glass down with a click.
"When do
you think you can get back to Lisbon?"
"Well-I-I think I could manage it next
weekend."
Dr. O'Keefe would have the Temis papers ready
by then;
it would be time for him to go.
"Make a date with Kali."
"Well, yes, sir, that would be my pleasure
anyhow."
Kali smiled at him and he managed to smile in
return.

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"Arrange to meet her on Friday. The hotel
taxi service schedules a routine Friday morning
flight. By then you should know more about O'Keefe's work.
And, so that you have more than my word to go on that I have my
country's rather than my own interests at heart, you
may bring
your information directly to the Embassy."
"Oh, good," Adam said with deliberate
innocence. "I have a friend there. I could go right to him.
Joshua Archer." He turned and smiled at Dr.
Ball. "He's a good friend of yours too, isn't
he?"
Dr. Ball forced a toothy smile. "Yes,
indeed. Indeed, yes. But O'Keefe's work is
too important to-if the Ambassador himself is
busy we'll see to it that you talk to someone very close
to him. This is nothing for mere underlings, no matter how
delightful they may be. This is more than a
patriotic duty, my son. It is also a very big
opportunity for you. It may make all the difference
hi the
world to your entire life."
"Yes," Adam said. "I know."

"Come to me at the rectory as soon as you reach Lisbon," Dr. Ball said. "Perhaps that would be easier for you than braving all those formidable secretaries at the Embassy."

Mr. Cutter rose. "I'll have instructions waiting for you at the rectory. We'll go downstairs for dinner. The air conditioner works passably well in the Coral Room. I don't know what they do with the air conditioners; must get an investigation going. I'll order some good American food; I imagine you're tired of these Portuguese messes. Drink up, Kali girl, Adam must be hungry." The Coral Room, too, went high for murals. These, Adam gathered, were meant to be of Manhattan, though it was only a faintly recognizable Empire State Building that told him this. The artist, if he had ever been to New York at all, had seen it last high the days of elevators; one enormous wobbly structure ran right by what appeared to be the main branch of the Public Library, since there were two lions high front of a pillared building approached by an enormous flight of steps. The fourth wall was French windows leading out to the

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tennis courts, the pool, and finally the ocean. Adam sat between Kali and Mr. Cutter at dinner, and across from Dr. Ball. Mr. Cutter ordered steak and French fried potatoes, and salad with Thousand Island dressing. "That all right with you, Adam?" "Oh. Well. Yes, sir. Fine." Anything he could agree with legitimately was fine with him. There was no longer the slightest question in Adam's mind as to who was serving his country, Mr. Cutter or Dr. O'Keefe, and there had never been any question as to who was serving God, Dr. Ball or Canon Tallis. The critical moment Joshua had predicted had definitely been passed. There could be no more holding back. He had chosen sides, whether he liked it or not. At the moment he found to his immense surprise that he was liking it. A new kind of excitement surged through his veins. He felt tingly and alert from toes to fingertips, and ready to go. There was only one hitch, and it was an unexpected one. Kali's anguished greeting had doubled all the complications. He knew that if Kali needed

bun he could not re
ject her plea for help. Joshua had said that his
side cared
about the fall of the sparrow; Kali, in her frantic
cry as
Adam climbed out of the helicopter, had become a
spar
row.
But how to help her, he pondered, as he chewed his
rather tough steak and kept one ear on the conversation.
He tried to think what Joshua would do. Joshua would
not
turn away from anyone who needed him. That was the first
thing. After that he would probably play it by ear.
Adam only hoped that his ear would come close to being
half as true as Joshua's.
What he must do now, he decided, was to manage to
sound suspicious about Dr. O'Keefe when Kali
was out of
the room. He felt a surge of anger. This whole
business
about Kali was off the schedule entirely. He had
written
her out of his life except as the daughter of the
spider, and
here she was, a new and unwanted
responsibility, and a
sparrow instead of a spideress. Canon Tallis
had put Poly
hymnia hi Adam's charge, and he'd muffed that
one.
Here, out of the blue again, he was being handed another

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problem, and this time he must not goof. He wondered if
Dr. O'Keefe would have sent him off to dinner at
the hotel
if he'd known what was going to happen. Joshua, hi
play
ing by ear, seemed to have perfect pitch. Adam
wasn't at
all sure that he himself wasn't tone deaf.
After dessert he had the chance he was looking for.
Typhon Cutter said, "Adam, we adhere to the rather
old-
fashioned custom of the gentlemen's lingering over the
port for a brief respite after dinner. We'd be
delighted if
you'd care to stay with us. You can join Kali in a
short
while. I believe she has some idea of a
moonlight swim."
"Thank you, sir," Adam said. "I don't think
I'll have
any port but I'd love to stay and talk if I
may." Kali sent
him a stricken look, and he added, "We'll have
tune for a
swim, too, won't we?"
Typhon Cutter moved his ponderous head so that the

folds of pink flesh rolled over his immaculate shirt collar.
"Certainly. I've arranged for the helicopter to stand by to take you back whenever you're ready. There isn't any hurry, at this end, at any rate."
When Kali, reluctant and pouting, had left, and the port had been brought, "Sir," Adam asked, looking from one man to the other, "this Dr. O'Keefe-was
"Yes?" Typhon Cutter asked.
"Well, sir, Dr. Didymus, the man I worked for before, you know, he's no slouch, but he didn't-well-was
"Well, what, lad?" Dr. Ball asked hi his gentlest voice.
"Well, sir, I know it's only been a couple of days, but all I've done is scrub the lab floors and clean tanks. I mean, junk anybody could do. I haven't been doing things like that since I was hi seventh grade. I mean, it's not Oliver Twist kind of stuff exactly, but it certainly doesn't challenge my mind, and he keeps the files locked, and I have a feeling..."
"A feeling?" Dr. Ball prompted.
"Well, that he doesn't trust me."
Dr. Ball said smoothly, "It's probably not personal, son. I don't think O'Keefe trusts anybody. And if a man trusts no man, then he cannot trust God."
"I've been very careful," Adam said.
"I mean, I've been

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very discreet I've just done my job, whatever he's asked me to do, no matter how silly. And I've kept my eyes open, so that I'm getting some idea of what's going on, whether he wants me to or not..." He paused, frowning slightly.
Dr. Ball raised one pale hand. "Under these circumstances, my son, do you think you will be able to get to Lisbon next Friday?"
"Well, yes, sir. Mrs. O'Keefe wants me to do some errands. I mean, shopping, knitting wool and stuff that

abso
lutely anybody could do. And they did say something
about the hotel plane. After all, I could have used
my
mind more if I'd stayed with Dr.
Didymus in Woods Hole,
no matter how old he is."
Typhon Cutter shifted position in his chair, the
top-
heavy body swinging clumsily. "Don't worry.
Well
give you a chance to use your mind."
"Yes, Mr. Cutter. I hope so."
"You know what your instructions are?"
"Yes, sir. I'll fly over to Lisbon on
Friday, ostensibly to do some shopping for Mrs.
O'Keefe. I'll manage to wangle
permission to have a date with Kali to give me the
extra
time I need. I'm to go right to the rectory to Dr.
Ball."
"How," Typhon Cutter asked slowly, "will the
idea of a
date with Kali be received?"
"Well, they
know I
like her, sir. After all, she
is
very at
tractive. I mean, any red-blooded
American male . . . And after all, they gave
me permission to come here
tonight I mean, it's not as though I were in prison or
anything. It's just that the work I've been given
seems kind of
silly for someone with as much background in marine bi
ology as I have."
Typhon Cutter poured more port "A reasonable
pre
caution on O'Keefe's part, isn't it?"
"Well, yes, Mr. Cutter, I guess it
is."
"All right, Adam. You're a bright lad. Mow's
your op
portunity to use that mind of yours. Keep your eyes
and
your ears open. You
will
be able to bring us some in
formation, won't you?"
"Yes. I think so."

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"Be careful not to arouse suspicions. What you
don't ac
complish this time can be done next, though we don't have
all the time in the world. Remember that."
"I'll remember."
"If you want your swim with Kali we'll excuse
you

now. She'll be waiting hi the lounge. Make your
arrange
ments to meet her on Friday."
"Yes, Mr. Cutter."
Dr. Ball smiled again, rubbing his hands. "Be
gentle and
understanding with her, dear boy. She's a particular pet
of
mine."
"Yes, sir. It's been very nice to see you again."
He turned with equal courtesy to Typhon
Cutter. "It was a Wonderful dinner, thank you,
sir. Just the ticket." He shook hands with both
men, first the steel grip, then the
hail-fellow-well-met one.
"Until Friday," Dr. Ball said softly as the
boy left
Outside the dining room Adam breathed deeply.
So far so good.
Kali, already changed to a scanty black
bathing suit and a
white terrycloth beach robe, was waiting for him in the
lounge. "Come on and lll show you where to dress,"
she
said. "We'll swim in the ocean, not the pool. I
want to be
sure we aren't overheard. Hurry up." She
spoke quietly,
quickly, nervously.
As Adam changed to the plain navy blue trunks
he remembered Poly's gift. He took it out
of the box and
looked at it, a canvas belt with a holder for what
looked
like an ordinary knife. He took the knife
carefully out of
the sheath and inspected the mechanism for triggering the
blade. He couldn't check the blade for the vein
filled with MS-222 without releasing both blade and
chemical, but it looked as though it would be perfectly
simple to manage.
Although Adam had never owned a switchblade he had
seen several, and he knew how they worked.
He shrugged and put the knife and belt back in the
box.
If he wore the belt Kali's keen eyes might
spot it, and the
evening was complicated enough already. He did not
worry about needing the knife; Poly was an
imaginative
kid, still frightened from the kidnapping experience, and
Typhon Cutter would hardly allow Kali to swim
in dan
gerous waters.
Then, with his hand already on the doorknob, Adam
swung around and went back for the knife. At the
corners
of his mind he felt that something was wrong with the eve
ning. It seemed as though he had done exactly what
he

had set out to do, but he had an uncomfortable, nagging feeling that somewhere, somehow, he was being stupid. And a promise is a promise. He had promised Polyhymnia that he would not go swimming without the MS-222, and

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even if it were not for that small worry at the edge of his consciousness he would have to honor that promise.

He strapped the belt around his waist. The sheath was tapered and made very little bulge under the trunks, which were slightly loose for him in any case. Then he went to join Kali.

She was waiting at the edge of the big pool, herself in a

pool of golden floodlight which made her tan glisten. Her

black bathing suit was sleek against her supple curves, and

cut more deeply in the back than Adam would have thought possible. As she saw him walking down the path toward her she picked up her robe and ran to him, taking his hand. "See why we can't swim here? The pool is full, and I don't dare trust anybody. Daddy has an enormous organization and I don't know half the people involved in

it, though I thought I did."

Across from the pool the tennis courts, too, were flood

lit, and a game of singles and a game of doubles sounded in the night, the ping of ball against gut, against the clay of the court. There was calling and laughter from the pool. Ahead of them the ocean lay dark and its murmur

was almost lost in the light and sound about the hotel.

As they got to the long ramp leading to the beach, and out of the glare of the floodlights, Kali seemed to relax. She held Adam's hand lightly, instead of clutching. But

her voice was still wound with tension. "Oh, Adam, every thing's so

awful

his

She moved closer to him, seeking, it seemed, the strength and comfort of his body. "Adam, oh,

darling, darling Adam, can I trust you?"

"Trust me how?" he asked cautiously.

They had reached the end of the ramp and stood on the night beach. Kali let her robe drop onto the sand, and

turned to Adam putting her arms tightly around him, lean

ing her head on his shoulder. "I need your help so terribly."

The light fragrance of her hair brushed

against his nose
trills. Kali, despite her sophistication, was just
as vulnerable
as Poly. She might be a few years older, but
she was just as helpless against the powers of evil that
surrounded
them. "How do you need me?" he asked gently.

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Kali lifted her head and looked at him. The
moonlight
fell full on her, so that her skin was milkwhite and
her
lovely features seemed chiseled out of marble. Her
eyes
were imploring. "Adam, I know you have no reason
to trust me. I wouldn't blame you a bit if you-if
you just
rejected me now. But please don't"
"I'm not rejecting you, Kali."
"Let's just sit down for a few minutes before we
swim
and I'll tell you as quickly as I can. All the
awful things
I've done because daddy told me to and
everything." She
led the way along the beach, back through the soft sand to
the foot of a high dune. Here she sat down,
pulling him
after her, and lay back. "We can wash the sand off when
we go in for our dip. Adam, what would you do if you
discovered that your father was doing things-things that
were wrong?"
This was something Adam could not possibly imagine.
If he had to choose one word to describe his father it
would be
integrity.
So he answered, "I don't know." He
did not add, "Because it would never happen."
But Kali must have caught the unspoken thought. "I
used to think daddy was perfect. I thought that no
matter what he did, as long as it was daddy who was
doing it, it
must be right. But now I know-was she stopped with a sud-
den intake of breath. "I can't tell you anything more
unless you promise me something. I shouldn't have said
this much."
For a moment caution returned to Adam. "What do
you want me to promise?"
"Oh, nothing difficult. I don't
want you to
do
anything
or anything. Just promise that you'll never, never,
never
say anything to anybody in the world about what I'm
telling you."
"Why would I want to say anything?"
Kali sat up, looking down at him broodingly.
"Adam, I

know now that O'Keefe and Tallis and their people are right and daddy's wrong. I'm sure you know it, too. You might want to tell them. O'Keefe and Tallis. But I'm not going to tell you anything they don't already know: I wouldn't put you in a position where it would be your

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duty to tell them. I promise you. But I couldn't bear- please, Adam, promise me you won't tell them. It's- maybe it's just a matter of pride. I still love daddy, you see. He's still my father. So please just promise me you'll never tell. I can't work for O'Keefe and Tallis or anything. I can't work against daddy, even-so please, please promise you'll never tell them any of what I've told you or what I'm going to tell you now." She flung herself at him, pressing her face against his shoulder, so that he could feel her tears hot against his flesh. "All right, I promise," he said, stroking her back gently as though she were Poly. She heaved a great sigh of relief. "Oh, thank you. Thank you. Adam, daddy only returned Poly to you to get you to work for him. But I guess you know that, anyhow." "Yes," Adam said. "And I know daddy's asking you to work for him again." Adam didn't say anything, and Kali continued, "I'm not going to ask you about that. That's your problem, and you have to handle it whatever way you think is right. I know it'll be the right way. Maybe you don't trust me, yet. But I trust you. Implicitly." She paused, so Adam mumbled, "Thank you." "You're supposed to go into Lisbon this week, aren't you?" "Yes." "And you're supposed to meet me?" "Well, yes, you know that" "On Friday, isn't it?" "Yes." "I know about the plans, of course, because daddy doesn't know I know about him, and I couldn't ever let him know. He might-Adam, he might hurt me. I know now that all he wants is more money and more power, and he doesn't care who's hurt as long as he gets them. There are people in China, for instance, who are willing to give daddy almost anything he wants if they can get hold of O'Keefe's findings. They think people are-what's the word-expendable-and so does daddy. It

isn't anything
as simple as communism versus democracy. It's
power pit-

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ting itself against power. So I'm-I'm trapped in the
middle. By Friday I ought to know more what I have to do.
So if we can just pretend to play along with daddy- and
it will just be be pretending-we can meet in Lisbon and
things ought to be clearer by then. The main thing is
that you

have

to keep your promise, Adam. You must

not

tell anybody, not anybody anything I've told
you."

"I'm not in the habit of breaking promises,"

Adam said.

"I know you're not. But you see, a promise
simply

doesn't mean a thing in the world to daddy. He'll
promise

anything in order to get what he wants and break it
the next minute without a thought. So I'm-so I just have
to make extra sure. It isn't that I doubt you.

You're the only

person in the world I trust."

"I'm sorry, Kali," Adam said, helplessly.

Kali was lying

back against the dune, her fair hair

spread out on the sand. The moonlight fell full

upon her beautiful face and

body. He felt a profound longing to protect

her, to rescue

her from the evil that held her in thrall.

She whispered, so that he could hardly catch the words,

"Thank you."

"For what?"

"For being you. It was the best day of my life when our
planes got held up by fog and I met you in the
airport." She turned her face toward him, then
reached out and

touched him gently on the cheek, moving so that she was
closer to him. Very lightly she put her lips against
his,

then, abruptly cutting his response, she jumped
up, saying,

"That isn't fair to you. Come on, Adam darling,
let's have

a quick dip and then you'd better get on back to the
O'Keefes."

Like a naiad she ran swiftly across the sand and into the
water, and he followed her, splashing through the
waves.

The moon was high and the ocean quiet. It was
not long

before they were beyond the breakers and into the rhyth
mic swells. Kali rolled over onto her back
and floated, staring up at the moon. "You see,
Adam, I think I can

help you now. I can't work against daddy, you do under stand that, but I think I can help you not to work against

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O'Keefe. It won't be safe for you to call the apartment when you come hi to Lisbon on Friday, so we'll have to arrange to meet somewhere. We could meet for lunch, couldn't we? That would be perfectly natural, wouldn't it?"

Adam, too, was floating, letting the water ripple gently against his body, slap lightly at his cheeks. "That's pretty much what's expected, I dunk." "Someplace large and obvious would be our best bet. There's a good seafood restaurant, the Salao da CM. Any body can tell you where it is. Meet me there at one."

"Fine." Adam looked up at the moon. He thought of Joshua in the little plane flying straight along the path of moonlight as though he were heading toward the clear, cold light of the moon itself.

"Adam, I'm so jittery about everything I could jump out of my skin. Let's have a race." She flipped over and faced out to sea.

"What about undertow and stuff?" Adam asked.

"Oh, Adam."

"Sorry, but I've learned to treat the ocean with a good deal of respect"

"For goodness sakes, Adam, I'm as used to this beach as

I am to my own bathtub."

Adam asked, doggedly, "What about sharks?"

"That's nonsense. Daddy says it's just a malicious story made up by people who'd like to see the hotel lose business. Come on. I'm going. If you're scared you can go in to shore and wait for me." She thrust her body forward in the water. After a moment's hesitation Adam followed.

Kali swam easily and well and she had a head start Adam was stronger, his arms and legs longer, but he had

to work to catch up with her.

Just as he drew even and began to forge ahead he heard

Kali scream.

They were in the path of moonlight, now, and in the water beside them he could see a large, dark body. He felt a moment of cold blankness. Then, almost without thinking, he reached for the knife Poly had given him. As Adam's hand touched the sheath he felt himself being butted. Kali shrieked. "It's a shark! Swim for your life!" He was butted again. His next reaction was not on the thinking level. He simply knew that a shark does not butt. A shark turns over on its back, white belly exposed, and attacks. The dark body bumping against him in the night water was not a shark. "Macrina!" he shouted. The moment of recognition was not conscious, it was pure and joyful instinct. Macrina kept butting at him. She was deliberately turning him around and heading him toward land. Kali was already swimming in, cleaving swiftly through the water, not looking back for Adam. "Thank you, Macrina," Adam said, loudly, hoping that Macrina would understand the intonation if not the words, since he could not, as Poly seemed able to, talk in dolphin language. He turned and headed in to shore, looking back to see Macrina's body, bright with moonlight, flash through the air and disappear into the sea. Kali stood, knee deep in water, waiting for him. She flung herself into his arms, sobbing and gibbering. "I was going to run for help-and then I saw you swimming in-it was a shark-oh, Adam, I'm terrified of them-oh, Adam, it was so horrible-oh, Adam, oh, oh, oh-was He held her, patting her gently. As her torrent of sobbing ceased he said, as calmly as he could, for his own legs were quivering and his heart thumping madly against his ribs, "It wasn't a shark. It was a dolphin." "You're crazy," Kali said. "Look." She pointed to the

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water and he could see the swift black triangle of a shark's fin moving across the path of moonlight. "That's a shark. A porpoise leaps out of the water. Adam, I don't know why it didn't kill us. You saved me." "I didn't do anything," Adam said. "We both swam in as

fast as we could." But it
had
been Macrina who had
buted him. That was it! he realized. Macrina had
been
warning him of the shark.
"Sharks swim much faster than people. I just don't un
derstand." Kali still clutched at him in a terrified
manner.
Adam tried to sound matter-of-fact.
Instinctively he
knew that he could not tell Kali about Macrina.
"Let's just
be grateful that we're here and that we're okay.
You're shivering, Kali. Get your robe and let's
go in and get
dressed." He was still acting on an automatic
level, his
brain arrested, frozen by the icy bath of terror and
moon
light.
Kali leaned against him as they walked across the sand
to where her robe lay in a small white pool by the
ramp.
Adam picked it up and held it for her as
she got into it,
shivering. Strangely enough he felt no desire
to take her
into his arms now, to hold her, to comfort her, to brush
his lips against the fair hair, the delicate mouth.
His mind
was still suspended; his emotions, too, seemed caught
and
frozen in the moonlight Everything about him was calm
and cold, but somewhere inside was a small, still voice
telling him what to do. His earlier anger at having
Kali
added to his responsibilities was gone; the moment
of joy
that had come when he recognized Macrina was gone.
He
knew that all that was required of him at the moment was
to take Kali back to the hotel; then he would be
free to go
home to the O'Keefes.
Typhon Cutter and Dr. Ball were drinking
coffee and
brandy in the lounge.
"Dear children," Dr. Ball cooed, "did you have a
pleasant swim?"
Kali walked up to her father. "Daddy, there
are
sharks.
Adam and I saw one."
Typhon Cutter's voice was unperturbed. "I
think that
highly unlikely, Kali. were you in the ocean?"

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"Yes."

"I thought you were going in the pool."
"It was too crowded."
Mr. Cutter pulled out a platinum case,
extracted a cigarette, and lit it unhurriedly. "I would suggest
that, if you
think you saw a shark, you follow the hotel rules in
future. They are, if you will remember,
my
rules, and I've
asked you before to swim in the ocean only during the day
time when there is a lifeguard."
"All right, daddy. Sorry. I just thought you'd
want to
know."
Typhon Cutter swung his cumbersome body toward
Adam. "Did you see a shark?"
"Yes, sir. I think so."
"You're not positive?"
"Not a hundred percent, Mr. Cutter. But as far
as
swimming at the hotel beach is concerned I'd
certainly go
on the assumption that there
are
sharks."
Dr. Ball stretched and crossed his legs. "A
proper scientific
attitude, my boy."
"I think I'd better go now," Adam said. "I
don't expect
anybody"!! be waiting up for me, but it's getting
late, and I
do have to get up early."
He said goodbye to the two men and Kali took him
to
the roof. Before he climbed into the helicopter she
moved
close to him. The moonlight shone down on her
face and
he could not avoid or evade her imploring look.
He took
her gently into his arms. "See you Friday,
Kali. Every
thing will be all right." She nodded, rubbing her face
against his shoulder, then lifted her lips to be kissed.
He was surprised at his reaction, for he seemed
to be
two separate Adams; one responded fully to the
physical
excitement of the kiss and to her body pressed against
his; the other, and the Adam who seemed at the moment
to be in control, was thinking only of Friday, of the
dangers and
problems involved, and that he must not let himself be
blinded by emotion no matter how badly Kali
needed him.
Indeed, if he was to be able to help Kali at
all, he must
keep his mind clear and disengaged. After Friday was

over
would be time enough to think of other things.

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He turned away from her firmly and got
into the heli
copter. As it rose clumsily straight up into the
air and then
headed east he could see her watching and waving after
him.

Again during the homeward journey the pilot did not
speak. Adam, jumping down onto the sand, called
"Obrigado," which he had picked up as meaning
"thank
you," and hurried toward the lab where he could see a
light still burning in the big room.

Dr. O'Keefe was working at one of the tanks, but
went

to his desk and sat down, rather wearily, as Adam
knocked and entered. "I'm making some hot
chocolate

over one of the Bunsen burners," the doctor said.

"I find if

I drink coffee this late at night I'm apt not
to go to bed at

all. Want to get yourself a cup from the cupboard
over

there?"

"Thank you." Adam got a cup and set it down
beside

the doctor's on the counter top. "I'll finish
making this,
sir."

Dr. O'Keefe looked at him probingly. "How
did the

evening go?"

Adam stirred the fragrant chocolate. "All
right, I think.

There's something that bothers me, and I can't put my
fin

ger on it" As he said "finger" he almost dipped his
own

into the saucepan to see if the chocolate was hot
enough,

then decided that Dr. O'Keefe might not
approve of this

distinctly unsterile procedure. There
was

something wrong

with the evening, and it was something quite unconnected
with Kali. It had been bothering him off and on all

during

the Sight home, although it had been Kali who had
been

in the forefront of his mind. He wanted very
much to tell

Dr. O'Keefe about Kali, but he had
promised. However, at

the moment Kali seemed to be on the periphery of the
central problem which was to get the phony papers

to Dr.
Ball and the real papers to Josh or the
Ambassador. On
Friday when he met Kali at the restaurant he
would make
her see that he must tell Dr. O'Keefe. He
could under
stand her feelings about this: Typhon Cutter was her
fa
ther and she must still love him very much no matter what
she had learned about his actions. You cannot suddenly

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stop loving when it has been the central emotion of
your
entire life.

"Want to
tell

me about it now?" Dr. O'Keefe asked, "or
would you rather wait until morning?"
Adam decided, from the bubbles at the edge of the
saucepan, that the cocoa was hot. "I don't think
it'll take too long," he said as he poured. "I
can tell you while we
have our chocolate."

Dr. O'Keefe reached into a desk drawer and
brought

out a tin of biscuits. He handed it to Adam, and
accepted
the steaming cupful.

"Tin not quite sure how to start ..." Adam took a
bis
cuit.

"Begin at the beginning, go on to the end, and then
stop."

That, of course, was the trouble. He could not begin at
the beginning, which was Kali's cry for help. So he
began

with going into the terraced lounge.

"So Ball was there," Dr. O'Keefe murmured.

"He's a whited sepulcher!" Adam said
vehemently.

The doctor laughed. "He may be beautiful without,
but

yes, he's full within of dead men's bones
and all unclean-
ness."

"Then how can he possibly have a church and every
thing?" Adam asked.

"The scribes and pharisees were respected by a great
many people, and a great many of them did a respectable
job. I suppose most people see only the
outside-he's a

great one for rather showy good works-and have no idea
of what's within. Go on."

Adam's memory again served him well. He was able
to

give a detailed account of the conversations in both the
lounge and the dining room.

When he had finished Dr. O'Keefe sat

twirling a pencil.

"It seems to me you did very well. What's bothering you?"

"I wish I knew."

Dr. O'Keefe continued to twirl the pencil, staring at it

with concentration. At last he said, "Do you think maybe

you feel that it was all too easy?"

Adam looked up, his face alight.

"That's it! They be-

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lieved me too easily. That I'd work for them, and that I

didn't trust you."

"It sounds to me as though you'd been pretty persuasive. Why do you think it was too easy?"

Adam said, slowly, "I don't think I'm that

good an ac

tor. I don't mean that I was bad or anything, I really think

I did all right, but-was

"You think there may be a trap somewhere?"

"Yes. But I don't know

why

I think it It's just a feeling,

and I may be an wrong."

Dr. O'Keefe swirled the dregs of hot chocolate in his

cup. "No. I think I know why you feel the way you do.

Cutter and Ball aren't to be underestimated, and they aren't easily sold a bill of goods, and

that's just what you were trying to do, and what you seem to have succeeded

in doing, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

Again there was a pause, during which Adam wished even more strongly that he hadn't made his promise to

Kali. Dr. O'Keefe took both cups to the

sink and rinsed

them out. "Tom Tallis will be in Lisbon on

Friday. That's

one good thing. I think you ought to go directly to Tom, rather than to Joshua or the Embassy."

"But what about Dr. Ball-was

"Yes, you'll have to go there first, though I hate to have you with the papers on you when you see him. I'll try

to work out a plan between now and Friday. You've blundered into enough danger since you left New York with

out my sending you into more."

Adam said, "I want to do anything I can."

"I know, Adam, and I'm grateful But you are

in my

care. If there were anyone else to send to Lisbon-was

"There isn't, and anyhow they expect me, and it would make them suspicious if I didn't

come."
Dr. O'Keefe stretched and yawned. "Let's go
to bed,
boy. Well sleep on it"
They had turned out the lab lights and shut and locked
the door behind them, when Adam said, "Dr.
O'Keefe, I
forgot to tell you one of the most important things of
all."
"What's that?"

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"It's Macrina."
Dr. O'Keefe listened, standing quiet and
unmoving, as
the moon dropped slowly behind the hills. "If
Macrina did
that for you-was
"But I could be wrong again, sir. Maybe I just
thought-was
"No. I don't think there's any doubting what
happened.
And each separate event added up makes me
realize-was
He paused, sighing.
"Realize what, sir?"
"That you
are
the one to go to Lisbon on Friday, no
matter how much it goes against the grain for me to send
you into what we both know will be danger." The older
man's hand dropped onto Adam's shoulder, but it
was a
touch completely unlike that of Dr. Ball.
Whereas Adam
had wanted to pull away from Dr. Ball and had had
to
will himself not to move, Dr. O'Keefe's hand felt
like his
father's; it seemed to be giving him strength, and determi
nation, and the courage to do whatever it was that he had
to do.
"Good night, Adam," the doctor said. "See you
in the
morning."
The next day was, in a quiet and unexciting
way, every
thing Adam had hoped the entire summer would be.
Poly
brought him his breakfast but was surprisingly reticent
and
the only question she asked about the evening before was
what he had had to eat. Adam wondered if her father
or
mother had told her to leave him alone. He did his
chores
in the laboratory, drank coffee with Mrs.
O'Keefe while the doctor was busy at his
desk; Mrs. O'Keefe knew a

great deal about her husband's work and had often assisted him.

Before lunch Poly called for Adam and he went swimming

with all the children; they did not see Macrina, which was only partly a disappointment. Macrina would have made him think about the night before and all its implications, and he wanted a day of simple, straightforward work.

In the afternoon Dr. O'Keefe rode over to the village. Adam was left in charge of the laboratory, happy and uninterrupted. Mrs. O'Keefe brought him tea, but left him alone, and he spent the time deep in concentration on the files.

After dinner they sang again, and, as Adam's mind had been held during the day by his concentration on his work, so now the music held him and he relaxed into the singing. When the younger children were in bed he walked with Poly at the edge of the ocean. Poly had slipped off her sandals on the sea wall, and walked silently, teasing her bare toes against the incoming waves, her white cotton dress blown tight against her twenty-two-year-old body.

Not quite twenty-two years any more, Adam realized.

It wasn't going to be long before Poly would be bursting

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out of childhood as she was already beginning to do out of her dress.

As it grew darker there was a glittering against the dunes and Poly ran, colt-like, across the sand crying,

"Fireflies!" and tried to catch the small sparkles between

her hands. "Sometimes I catch them in a jar, just to look

at for a little while, just to make a small lantern.

But I

never hold them for very long. I used to think they were tiny stars, but then I found out how cruel they are, and I

don't think stars should be cruel."

"Fireflies cruel?" Adam asked with tolerant good humor.

"Oh,

you

know," Poly said impatiently.

"Fireflies have been pretty much left out of my education.

All I know is that they're the only source of light

that provides illumination with incandescence."

"So far so good." Poly held her cupped hands out to him, and a small startled spark flew out and up. She put her hand in Adam's and pulled her hand down onto the dune.

"Let's sit for a while."

Adam leaned back against the soft, warm sand. How different this was from the night before with Kali. He sighed with relief at the release from tension. Ahead of them the moon was rising. Above, fireflies glittered. "It's really fantastic," he said lazily, looking at one small, moving spark. "Every light man can make is mostly heat. I forget the proportion it is in an electric bulb, but some thing like ninety-five percent of the energy needed to make an ordinary light bulb for an ordinary lamp in an ordinary house is used up in heat. If we could find out how the fireflies do it, cold light, electricity would cost only a fraction of what it does now. It would be so cheap it would hardly cost anything."

Poly lay back, looking out to sea. "The light and power companies wouldn't like that."

"I think Old Doc was working on it for a while. He used to pay me a penny, way back when I was a little kid, for every ten fireflies I caught for him in a jelly jar. I spent all evening chasing them. Didn't make much money but I had an awful lot of fun."

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Poly rolled over, leaning on one elbow and looking at Adam intensely. "Do me a favor and leave fireflies alone."

"Hunh?" Adam turned to look at her.

"Listen," Poly said, still up on her elbow so that she could stare down at him. "Did you know they're divided into different levels or classes?"

"I've told you all I know about fireflies. They don't seem much of a menace to me."

Poly did not laugh. She continued to stare at him with a serious, probing expression, so that she looked much older

than her twelve years. "Well, they are. And they mate by their flashes. A male firefly will give his flash-maybe four flashes, say. And if the female is in the same class or category that he is, she'll answer back with four flashes. But if she's in the class that has three flashes, or two, or five, she won't answer. Unless she's hungry. Then she'll give him back four flashes and when he comes down to her, instead of making love with him she'll eat him." "What a bloodthirsty fiendess," Adam said lightly. "That's exactly what I mean. Leave fireflies alone, Adam." She stood up, calling, "Race you back to the house!" and went streaking across the sand. Sunday morning the whole family went up to the monolithic stones and sat around the large table while Dr. O'Keefe read morning prayer. Then they rode to the native village, Mrs. O'Keefe carrying Rosy in a canvas sling on her back, Dr. O'Keefe carrying Johnny, and Adam riding with Peggy in front of him on the saddle. He had one arm around the little girl and she leaned back against him contentedly and slept. Virbius entertained them with a lavish and exotic meal, and Poly and Temis rounded up all the O'Keefe children and the village children for a series of dancing and singing games. Adam, sitting next to the doctor, felt lapped in peace and joy. Friday seemed a long way off. It seemed a long way off all during the week of working in the lab with the doctor, of swimming with the children, of singing in the living room in the evening, of coming to feel that this island and this family was his home. He knew that in actuality Friday

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was moving closer and looming larger with every passing minute, but he kept it out of his mind until Thursday night when all the children, including Poly, were in bed, and he was sitting in the living room with Dr. and Mrs.

O'Keefe. Mrs. O'Keefe was mending a pair of Dennys" shorts, but her face had a watchful, waiting look, and she raised her head as the doctor said, "I've arranged to have the helicopter pick you up in the morning, Adam. You have a hard day ahead of you, and it's a tiring ride by horse over to the hotel." "Whatever you say, sir." Adam's heart began to beat so that he could feel its thumping. "You should get to Lisbon around ten in the morning. The plane leaves for Oaea again at six, but you can arrange to miss it Joshua will fly you back." Adam smiled with pleasure. "Oh, great Something re ally good to look forward to." "Now, Adam, there hasn't been time for you to learn any Portuguese, has there?" "Just a few isolated words and idioms." "Here's a small phrase book you may find useful, then. This is a good street map of Lisbon which will help you find your way about In the morning I'll give you the Temis papers. Maria and Jose" report that the laboratory has been watched all week. One small paper I carefully dropped "inadvertently" has disappeared. I hope we are leading them away from any thoughts of Temis into thinking I have been experimenting on one of the horses. Josh @l has dropped hints of this to the stable boys, and one of the horses has a badly cut hoof. This nonexistent experiment is important enough to excite much interest, but what is more, in the long run it would not work. As for the papers on Temis, well try to have them on you for as short a time as possible. Maria has made a concealed pocket for you to carry them in. She has also made a slightly less clever pocket for the phony horse papers. If you are searched this pocket will be discovered first You are of course aware that you will be followed wherever you go." "Yes, sir, I figured I would be." "Know too that someone from the Embassy will have

an eye on you. I don't think you yourself will be in any danger, although the papers may be."

"I won't let anything happen to the papers," Adam said fiercely.

"I know, Adam. If I had not come to trust you implicitly I could not allow you to go."

Adam, remembering that until the promise was lifted he could not tell Dr. O'Keefe about Kali, bowed his head.

"Adam will be all right," Mrs. O'Keefe said softly.

Adam looked over at her with gratitude. Dr. O'Keefe continued, his voice quiet, calm, but containing absolute authority. "The first thing you must do when you get to Lisbon is to call Father Tallis. You will be most private in a public phone booth. Now, Adam, you have already learned that it is the unexpected that usually happens."

Adam controlled a shiver that threatened to ripple through his body. "Yes, Dr. O'Keefe. I have."

"We've tried to prepare, as much as possible, for the unexpected, to foresee the unforeseen. I think you're right in your suspicions about Dr. Ball and Typhon Cutter the other night: they're hot on the trail and you're being used as a decoy. I wish I knew what move they're going to make, but I don't. I can only guess that they'll try to keep you from getting in touch with either Joshua or Father and certainly they'd prevent you from getting through to the Ambassador. And the Temis papers are too important to go to anybody else. So, to try to prepare for the un-preparable, we have worked out alternate times and places for you to call Tom Tallis. I'm only grateful that he is able to be in Lisbon instead of Gibraltar or heaven and the bishop know where else."

"Sir," Adam asked, "how did Canon Tallis get involved in this-in this kind of business?"

"Inadvertently and unwillingly. Like most of us."

Adam nodded. "Yes. How am I to get hi touch with him?"

"He will be moving all day Friday. I cannot give you a list of where he would be, because it would be too dangerous for you to carry. You'll have to memorize the places where hell be available at each particular hour. The

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phone numbers will be no trouble since they'll be, in each case, numbers you can look up in the public phone book.

Ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Until ten-thirty the Russian Embassy."

Adam looked startled, but Mrs. O'Keefe smiled serenely, and Dr. O'Keefe continued.

"You must try to get him there, because we want the papers off you as soon as possible. Ask for Dr. Fedotov. Don't speak to anybody else."

"How will I be sure-was

"He will identify himself to you through the Frost poem, since it's the only one of the pass codes you know."

"What about the Taffis canon?"

"That's more a trademark than a code. Dr.

Fedotov will put you through to Canon Tallis. If all goes well, and there's no reason it shouldn't, you'll be able to give him the papers before you go to the rectory to Dr. Ball. But if anything should happen to prevent your calling or getting to him, after ten-thirty you'll be out of touch until eleven-it does take time to get from one place to another-but between eleven and twelve you can call the Monastery of Sad Juan Chrysostom. Ask for the

senhor

paroco,

Father Henriques."

"The

senhor paroco,

Father Henriques," Adam mur

mured, memorizing.

"If by noon you still haven't been able to talk to Tom you'll have time at the restaurant when you go to meet Kali. Between one and two-thirty call Rabbi Pinhas. Look in the phone book under the name of Senhora Leonora

Af onso. Got it?"

"Yes."

"If you haven't been able to phone by two-thirty-and you should be able, Adam, these are just emergency procedures like the life belts on a plane that you never really expect to use-then from three-thirty to five call Joshua.

You have his numbers, don't you?"

"Yes, in my passport."

"Whatever happens don't let anybody get

hold of them. I hope long before afternoon you'll be all through with your job. If, by any mischance you're not, in the evening

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Joshua and Father Tallis are going to the opera. If you

have to call them, ask for Dr. Magalhaes and say it is an emergency. Tom Tallis will have left that name, and say

that he may get a call. I repeat, Adam, this should be an unnecessary precaution. Now I'll go over the list again."

Adam listened carefully. Mrs. O'Keefe finished patching Dennys' shorts and reached for a sweater of Peggy's. "Poly's growing out of everything," she murmured. "I'll have to go into Lisbon myself soon."

"Got it?" Dr. O'Keefe asked Adam.

"I think so," Adam said. "Until ten-thirty Dr. Fedotov at the Russian Embassy. Between eleven and twelve Father Henriques at the Sa6 Juan Chrysostom Monastery. Between one and two-thirty the Rabbi Pinhas, in the phone book under the name of Senhora Leonora Afonso. From three-thirty to five, Joshua. In the evening the opera house, and ask for Dr. Magalhaes."

"Good. A friend of Arcangelo's will have the plane ready for you and Joshua after the opera. We can't use Arcangelo any more since Ball saw him with you at the airport. He's now pinpointed as one of our men, so don't try to get in touch with him whatever happens. He can't help you any more, and it would only be putting him in jeopardy."

Adam gave an involuntary shudder because he understood now just how grave the danger to Arcangelo could be. For some reason he remembered the chauffeur, Molec, and the brutality of the huge hand as it sliced against his knee.

"Arcangelo's a good man," Dr. O'Keefe said, "and absolutely loyal. We'll miss him badly."

Mrs. O'Keefe looked up. "Is it safe for him to stay in Lisbon?"

"Safer than to try to leave."

"Dr. O'Keefe," Adam asked, "is the Rabbi Pinhas the one who was on the plane--was"

"Yes. Now, Adam, you'd better get to bed and get a good night's sleep. We'll be waiting for you and Joshua to-morrow night."

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"Yes, sir," Adam said. "Good night. Good night, Mrs. O'Keefe."

He lay in bed in the small airy room that had so quickly come to seem like home. A fresh ocean breeze came in the open window. He pulled the blanket up over him, but he was not sleepy. His body was tense and ready to spring, as though he were already in the plane on the way to Lisbon. He ran over in his mind the list of the places he was to call Canon Tallis. Then he tried to project his imagination beyond the unknown quantity of the day and to the trip back to the island with Joshua. But he could see in his mind's eye only the daytime trip the week before, and Joshua sending the little plane into the great, turbulent clouds, his voice rising above the tumult of the elements. Back in the hills a night bird hooted. Dr. and Mrs. O'Keefe walked past his door on their way to bed. Adam did not look at his watch because he did not want to know how much time had passed. If ever he needed a good night's sleep it was tonight, so that his mind would be clear for whatever might happen the following day. In the next room Charles made a noise in his sleep. Adam wondered if the children would see Macrina when they went swimming, and if Poly would tell Macrina that he was in Lisbon, and if Macrina would care. There was no questioning Macrina's intelligence, but Adam wondered whether or not things mattered to her. How did a fish, even a mammal, show sadness? A crocodile might be supposed to shed tears, if only crocodile tears, but what could Macrina do to show sorrow? As he thought about Macrina the thoughts got more complicated and more confused and he was in Gaea and he was in Woods Hole and Macrina was sitting at the concierge's desk at the Avenida Palace and Adam was asleep.... Mrs. O'Keefe brought him breakfast in the morning. "Our thoughts will be with you all day, Adam," she said. "Thank you. I'm glad." Poly knocked and came in. "Take care of yourself for heaven's sake."

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"For heaven's and the future's sake," Adam quoted.

"For my sake," Poly said.

Charles slipped into the room. "Just take care of your self."
Peggy came running along the corridor, calling for her mother, plummeted into Adam's room, and was barely stopped from leaping up onto the bed and spilling the breakfast tray. "When will Adam be back?"
"Tonight," Poly said tightly.
'Tonight,' Charles said, looking at Adam.
Mrs. O'Keefe pulled Peggy up onto her lap. "But late, Charles. Very late. Long after midnight. They should arrive with the dawn."
Charles looked at his mother, at Adam, nodded without speaking, and left the room as quietly as he had entered it.
Mrs. O'Keefe put Peggy down. "Come along, Pol, Peg. Let's give Adam a few minutes to eat breakfast in peace."
The whole family stood on the sea wall and waved as he left in the helicopter. -It won't be long, Adam thought, -before I'm back here and everything will be all right.
It was the same silent pilot who had taken him to dinner with the Cutters, and they whirred across the island with the pilot scowling out the windshield, seemingly wishing to avoid even looking at Adam. They circled the hotel, then flew over the pool and tennis court, and down the beach to a small cement landing strip. The taxi plane was there, and Adam was allowed to get on and settle in his seat, although he was early. There was room for twelve people in the compact cabin, but not much leg room. A pleasant-looking stewardess offered him coffee, but he was suspicious of all stewardesses and not at all sure of anything offered him to drink. He thought he could handle himself and protect the papers in Maria's special pocket as long as he was wide awake and alert, but he did not want to risk a Mickey Finn and someone searching him between the island and Lisbon. So he smiled politely and said, "No, thanks, I've just had gallons."
"Would you care for a magazine?" she asked in her

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charming accent. "We have the latest American magazines, Esquire, Mad-was
"No, thanks, I've brought some work." And he did have a sheaf of magazines Dr.

O'Keefe had given him, some American, some English, some European, in a number of which Dr. O'Keefe had articles. The first magazine he opened, an Australian one, had a lead article by T. S. Didymus, and Adam felt that this was somehow a propitious omen.

He read the piece by Old Doc, smiling affectionately at the old man's individual quirks of phrasing. Then he managed to lose himself in various other articles that caught his interest, grateful for the discipline of concentration he had learned at school. Dr. O'Keefe's writing style was spare and clear, with unexpected, vivid illustrations, and a quick sense of humor. -How could I ever have thought he wasn't okay? Adam wondered, and then remembered that his doubts were all seeded before he met the scientist, and that if it had not been for the New York fog for which Kali was so grateful, he might not be heading for Lisbon and danger now.

But this was purposeless thinking. He shook himself and returned to the magazine, reading until the passengers from the hotel came aboard. A portly, porcine man with a briefcase settled himself beside Adam. The boy kept his nose in the magazine, determined not to be drawn into conversation, no matter how innocent. But the man appeared as averse to chitchat as Adam, opened his briefcase immediately, and set to work on a sheaf of papers, only grunting in assent as the stewardess offered him coffee.

Adam read, holding his mind at bay. He managed not to think of the hours ahead, but discovered that he was not retaining anything from the articles in which he had thought he was engrossed. They landed at the small airport from which he and Joshua had taken off, and where he had first met Dr. Ball. A limousine was waiting outside to take the passengers into the center of Lisbon, and Adam found a seat, seeking the portly man as a seat companion so that he would be assured of silence.

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But the man did not reopen his briefcase. Instead he turned to Adam, smiled pleasantly, and said, "I'm Donald Green of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Haven't noticed you around the hotel." Adam did not in his turn introduce himself. Instead he answered politely, "Well, no, sir, I haven't been staying there." "Is there any other place to stay on Gaea?"

"Oh, yes, sir."
"Where? Except for the hotel it seems a jungle
as far as
I'm concerned."
Adam did not know how to get out of this one. "Well,
I
have a summer job with a scientist who has a
laboratory
there." He tensed his body and mind for further question
ing.
But Mr. Green of the Singer Sewing Machine seemed
satisfied. To Adam's surprise he asked no
more questions
but went into a eulogy on the merits of his machines and
how they were changing the entire life of the
Iberian pen
insula. "I feel that I'm doing a great service
to these
people. Tried to get those savages over in the Gaeian
vil
lage interested but was most rudely turned away."
Adam mumbled politely and Mr. Green of the
Singer Sewing
Machine continued to talk about his experiences until the
limousine stopped.
"Nice to have met you, sir," Adam said, and strode
pur
posefully down the street as though he knew
exactly where
he was going.
He did not.
He had no idea.
Dr. O'Keefe had given him a street map of
Lisbon, and
Adam had studied it. But Lisbon is not the
simple chequer
board that makes up most of Manhattan;
Lisbon is unex
pected hills, open squares, closed alleys, a
city of twisting,
turning, revealing, hiding, light, dark, a city of
mystery
and beauty and fascination.
And Adam realized that he did not know where anything was
in Lisbon. If he could find the Ritz then he
thought he could find, in one direction, the Avenida
Palace hotel, and, in the other, Joshua's
apartment. If he

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could find the Ritz he could go in and look at the map
again, phone Canon Tallis, and figure out how
to get to
the rectory.
No. He shouldn't go into the Ritz because of
Arcangelo. But if he could find the Ritz then he
would be able to find someplace else to look at his map
and make his phone call. He stopped a man,
saying, "Ritz, por favor?"
The man went into a torrent of Portuguese, and

Adam simply shook his head. The man spoke slowly and at full volume, but this did not help, and Adam grinned foolishly and shook his head again. Then a voice came from behind him. "I show you where go."

Adam turned and faced the huge body and coarse face of Molec.

"This way," Molec said, and Adam followed helplessly.

"Nao, nao," the man who had been trying to direct him called, and pointed in the opposite direction. Molec scowled, speaking rapidly and angrily. The man responded shrilly, flung up his hands in exasperation, and strode off.

"Where are you taking me?" Adam demanded. "Padre Ball."

There was nothing to do but go with him. Molec led Adam back to where the limousine was just pulling away to return to the airport. Parked nearby was Mr. Cutter's car. Adam would not easily forget this car, and he had no desire to get into it again, but he clenched his teeth and climbed in as Molec opened the door to the back seat.

-If Mr. Cutter was going to have him meet me why didn't he tell me? Adam thought. -- Or is this some kind of test or trick?

He looked out the window, trying to see something he recognized, trying to remember the route, to see street signs, but he realized that as far as finding his way around Lisbon was concerned he was completely helpless. Squares with fountains, sidewalks in mosaic patterns, laundry hanging, fountains splashing, all seemed to flash by him in an unassimilated jumble as Molec drove.

"Igreja," Molec said, pulling up abruptly in front of a grey stone cross-topped building on a broad, tree-lined street somewhere on the outskirts of Lisbon, though at which point of the compass Adam did not know. His sense of direction had completely forsaken him. Once he could study the map he would feel a little more secure. A narrow, cobblestoned street led to a modern villa be-

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hind the church, and to this the chauffeur pointed.

"Padre

Ball."

"Obrigado," Adam said, quitted the Cutters' car and Molec with a sense of relief, and walked quickly over the cobblestones.

The villa was a handsome one, large, faced with patterned tiles in Venetian red. He rang the bell and the door was opened almost immediately by Dr. Ball himself who grasped Adam's hand in his usual overheartly grip.

"Dear lad, I'm so grateful that you're here safely. So Molec found you."

Adam retrieved his hand.

Dr. Ball led him along a narrow corridor into a large study. It was a light and cheerful room, filled with books

and leather-covered furniture. Although it did not seem to

Adam to reflect Dr. Ball's personality at all, it was no

doubt the kind of study that the rector thought he ought to have. He sat down at his large, leather-topped desk, indi

cated a comfortable chair near him, and showed his teeth in a smile. "We should have thought of having Molec meet you when we talked with you last week, but alas, we

did not, and both Mr. Cutter and I felt that a phone call to you would be most unwise under the circumstances,

and that we'd just have to trust Molec to find you. He's a

most reliable fellow. Though I'm sure you'd have managed

to get to me anyhow, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I think so, sir. As a matter of fact, I didn't see

Molec right away, so I planned to look up your address in

the phone book and then figure out how to get to you from the map." comlll tell the truth whenever possible, he thought, comand when I can't ll1 try not to say anything at all.

"Clever boy," Dr. Ball told him. "Are you hungry?"

Would you like something to eat? What can I get you?"

"Nothing, thank you. I had a good breakfast and I've

arranged to meet Kali for lunch."

"Where are you meeting Kali? Perhaps it will simplify things if I show you on the map and tell you how to get there."

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"That would be fine. It's a seafood restaurant called the Salao da Cha."

He gave Dr. Ball the map, and the rector spread it out on the desk. "Ah. Ah, yes. Here we are." He indicated a central point. "Here is the Salao da Cha. Here is the rector's office. If you will walk three blocks east from here-thus-you will be able to get a number 198 bus which will take you to the Salao da Cha in about ten minutes. Or perhaps it would be simpler just to take a taxi. Yes. Yes, of course.

That would be better."

"Well, no, thank you, sir, I think I'd rather take the bus."

"Why, boy? Do you not have enough money?"

Dr. O'Keefe had given Adam a sizable roll. He answered promptly, "Oh, yes, sir, I have the

money for Mrs. O'Keefe's shopping, and I have my first week's salary, so

I'm fine."

Dr. Ball sniffed. "O'Keefe is not known for overpaying his assistants." He took a wad of bills from his wallet and handed it to Adam. "We took that into consideration, of course, so let it be no problem to you."

"I really don't want the money, sir. I don't care about taxis."

"Kali is not accustomed to ordering inexpensive lunches."

"I can manage."

"My dear lad, I think you should feel free to accept a little payment for what you are doing for us."

"I'd really rather not take any money."

"I appreciate your sentiments, dear boy, but accept it as

a loan. If you don't need it you can return it.

But you

may run into expenses you haven't anticipated."

Further arguing would be suspicious, so Adam took the

money, putting it gingerly into his pocket. "About the taxi.

I'd really rather take the bus so that I can learn my way

around Lisbon a bit; it'll help give me the lay of the land."

"All very well and good if there's time. We shall see.

Now for instructions. You have something for us?"

"Yes. Some papers I managed to get from the file when

it was unlocked. Shall I give them to you?"

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"Oh, no, sonny, no, no, no. It wouldn't do at all for me to have the papers, nor would it be right for me to act as courier. You must understand that. I do what I can to help, of course, but my position naturally limits what it is fitting for me to do."

"Well, then-was Adam let his voice trail off. He had a feeling that Dr. Ball was leading him around in circles with his questions, his bus numbers. The rector was like a well-fed cat who nevertheless enjoys playing with a mouse.

Now Dr. Ball looked at his watch. "Ten forty-five.

What time are you meeting Kali?"

"One."

"Very well." An edge came into the voice that made Adam feel that now they were getting down to business; they were through playing games. "Professor Embuste of

Coimbra is upstairs. I will take you to him."

He rose, looked at his watch, checked it against a clock on the mantelpiece, then led Adam through the quiet house and up a flight of back stairs. "Professor Embuste does not speak English but his French is fluent. Yours?"

"Pretty good."

"Splendid, splendid. Cutter and I were betting on it, though we have an interpreter in readiness. We prefer not

to use an intermediary if we can avoid it." He paused on the landing. "If Dr. Embuste is satisfied with what you have for us, you will be free to meet Kali at the Salao da

Cha, where you will receive further instructions."

"Further instructions?" Adam asked blankly.

"Surely you didn't think your job would be over when you had delivered the papers? You are not that nai've nor that young."

-And it will give this Professor Embuste more time to

go over the papers, Adam thought. Aloud he said, "I really don't think it's a question of naivete, Dr. Ball. It

seems to me that once I've delivered the papers my use is over."

"You may be wanted for questioning." Dr. Ball started up a second, narrower flight of stairs.

"Remember that you work closely with O'Keefe.

We may need to know

more than his progress in the regeneration experiments."

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"But what-there's nothing I know-was

"You know his habits. What time he gets up. When he is out of the laboratory. Where he goes. When the files are unlocked."

"I see," Adam said slowly. "It seems to me Joshua would be lots more use to you than I, sir, since he's such a good friend of yours and he's known Dr. O'Keefe so much longer." Perhaps this was a dangerous gambit, but it seemed to go along with the role Adam was trying to play.

Dr. Ball cleared his throat, went up two more stairs, paused. "Although our young friend Joshua is not a churchgoer, alas, I consider that he is still within my parish and therefore my responsibility spiritually. He is lost now, and so, despite my disapproval of his way of life-he is really no fit companion for you-I must never abandon him. I would really prefer it if you did not see him." He hurried up the last few steps, walked down a short hall, knocked briskly at a door and opened it to reveal a small, almost bare room. At a desk sat a man with a sallow, intelligent face. An unshaded light bulb hung over the desk.

It reminded Adam of the room in the airport in Madrid.

Without making any introductions Dr. Ball closed the door on Adam and disappeared. Adam could hear his footsteps descending.

The sallow man looked up. "Embuste."

"Adam Eddington," Adam said, looking at the professor.

Professor Embuste glared back, the corners of his mouth turned down in a bitter and unwelcoming expression. Adam was becoming accustomed to being examined, so he stood his ground.

Professor Embuste did not ask him to sit down. Without moving in his chair he said, "The papers, please." Adam handed them across the desk.

"You will wait," the professor said sourly, "while I look at them."

Adam stood, watching the professor go through the papers, eyes flicking quickly over the formulas. Those eyes, small, close-set, dark in themselves and darkly

shadowed,
seemed to Adam to be sharp, cruel, and frighteningly
in-

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telligent. Minutes moved and Adam did not dare
check his
watch. He shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the
other. But Dr. O'Keefe had prepared the papers
well, for
Professor Embuste put them down on the desk,
looked at
Adam, and said, "Very well. You may go. You will re
ceive further instructions at the Salao da
Cha."

Adam felt that he could not get out of this small
trap of
a room quickly enough. He opened the door and came
face to face with Dr. Ball. If the rector had
descended au
dibly, he had come back up the stairs in his
stocking feet.
Putting a finger to lips that were curved in a peculiar
smile he led Adam to the front door, then took
his hand in
the too-strong grip. "My dear good lad, I am
immeasurably relieved that all is well. You still
wish to take the
bus?"

"Yes, please."

"You remember the number?"

"198."

"Bright boy. We will be in touch." Adam's hand was
pumped, blessings were rained upon his unwilling head,
and he fled down the street.

At the bus stop a lonely young man waited. He
wore

heavy horn-rimmed spectacles and carried a
pile of books
under his arm. He beamed at Adam and said in studied
English, "A million pardons, but are you an
American?"

"Yes."

"I am a student at the University of Lisbon
and am tak

ing courses in the English language and the
literature of

England and America. It is always my deepest
pleasure to

talk to students from either of these great countries." The
light glinted against his spectacles so that Adam could
not

see his eyes.

"I'd like to talk to you," Adam said, trying to sound
courteous, "but I'm in a terrible hurry.

I'm

o

f

f

to meet a girl and the last time we met-well, we

had a misunder
standing-so you see-was his voice trailed off.
The bespectacled student waved his books
gleefully. "A
lover's quarrel! How delightful! So of course
I understand
that you are not interested in my idle chatter."
Adam was spared a reply by the arrival of a bus,
198,

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comwhat luck, he thought gratefully. He smiled,
waved courteously, jumped on and ran up the
stairs to sit in one
of the front seats on the upper deck, then looked
down the
street. The student was no longer at the bus stop,
so presumably had boarded the bus, too, but he
did not come
upstairs. Adam alternately checked his
watch and the map.
It was already eleven-thirty, but with luck he would be
able to manage a phone call to the Sao Juan
Chrysostom Monastery. He felt a terrible need
to be in touch with Canon Tallis. Something about
Professor Embuste had frightened him, and although the
false papers had for the moment been accepted, the boy
knew that the Professor
must now be going over them more carefully.
He left the bus, the Temis papers seeming
to burn in Maria's pocket, bumped by several young
people who
pushed out ahead of him and stood clustered on the side
walk. He knew the papers had not been touched but
he still felt panic. The young people stood talking together
animatedly and he was not sure whether or not he was
imagining sidelong glances. Some of the glances came
from girls, and to this he was moderately accustomed, but
was the boy with his back turned the young man with
glasses? Was Adam being watched as he walked
quickly
down the street?
It was not yet twelve. He knew, from the map, where
the restaurant was, but to walk there before calling would
be cutting the time too close for comfort. He
went into a small hotel and found a phone. It was not
in a closed booth, but no one, as far as he could
tell, had followed him in. He struggled with the
phone book and managed
with considerable difficulty to find the number for the
Sa6
Juan Chrysostom Monastery. With the help of the
phrase
book he was able to give the operator the number, and
af
ter a good deal of clicking and clacking he heard a
distant
ring. Then came a rough voice, and Adam said,
"Senhor
Paroco, Padre Henriques, por favor."

There was a long pause, during which Adam felt that everyone in the hotel lobby was staring at him. This, he knew, was not likely, and he would not be alert to the people who might really be following him if he was sushi

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pious

of everybody else. A gentle voice, an old voice, sounded in his ear: "Padre Henriques." "Adam Eddington," Adam said. "Canon Tallis, por favor."

his

Memento

."

A shorter pause. Then the familiar, brusque voice.

"Adam?"

"Yes."

"Where are you?"

"Lobby of the Hotel

Sao

Manmade

."

"How much time do you have?"

"Until one."

"Lunch with Kali then?"

"Yes."

"Are you being followed?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe I'm being too suspicious."

"I doubt it. Leave the hotel and turn right down

Rue

Sao

Manmade

. Go into the coffee shop at number 28, over the oculist. I'll be there as quickly as I can."

A wave of relief broke over Adam as he hung up. He found the coffee shop without trouble, climbing a steep flight of stairs to a long, narrow room filled with small tables. The table by the window was empty and he sat

there, looking out over the enormous gold spectacles that

signified the oculist's office and shop below. Across the narrow street were more shops, a tobacconist, a music

store, a shoe store. Down the street, which seemed purely

commercial, he saw the ubiquitous laundry hanging out.

He ordered coffee and tried to appear relaxed and casual, but he could not keep from looking out on the street. He did not know from which direction Canon Tallis would approach, so he would take a sip of coffee and look

up the street, another sip and look down the street. He was looking down the street, leaning forward, thinking he saw the canon in the distance, when somebody sat down opposite him, and he turned, thinking he must have been mistaken, to be met by the beaming face of the student from the bus stop.

"But what good fortune to come across you here!" the student cried. "Perhaps I can be of assistance to you. It

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would be my unutterable delight. Where is your-what do you call it-girl friend?"

"I'm meeting her in a few minutes." Words came quickly, almost without thought, to Adam's lips. "The bus was faster than I'd expected and I don't want to be too early. Bad for them to think you're too eager, if you know what I mean."

The student giggled convulsively. "You Americans! You steal our girls right out from under our envious noses. We are all so poor that it is difficult for us on the surface to compete with you."

"And below the surface?"

The student shrugged apologetically. "America is a rich country and life is easy for you. But the ability to love a woman and to please her to the ultimate fullest comes only through centuries of experience and suffering. I think that in the inner matters of the heart you have much to learn." He beamed at Adam as though he had paid him a great compliment.

A dark figure moved deliberately by Adam, and the Canon seated himself at the next table, so that Adam faced him and the student had his back to him. Adam felt a moment of frantic frustration. He had a wild impulse to take the Temis papers from Maria's pocket and give them to the canon then and there. Canon Tallis looked at him, raising what, if he had had hair, would have been eye brows.

Adam stood up, saying rather loudly to the student. "Well, it was very pleasant meeting you. It's time for me to go to my girl, now." He could not resist adding, "And I

assure you that I, too, have more charm than money."
The student burst into roars of laughter, slapping his
knee in enormous appreciation. He, too rose.

"Perhaps it
would amuse you if I walk along with you and show you
some of the particular points of interest."
"But you haven't had your coffee."
The student shrugged and waved his arms in a windmill
gesture. "Coffee I can have any time. The chance
to exer
cise my English and simultaneously talk with an
American
is rare. Where are you meeting this lovely her?"

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"At the Salao da Cha."
The student made a face. "The Salao da CM
prefers
money to charm."
"Oh, well, you know," Adam said, "girls. I
won't eat for
a month."
Behind the student's back Canon Tallis" lips
moved
silently. "Phone." Adam's eyes met his for a
brief moment
of acquiescence. Then he paid for the coffee and left.
The student chattered gaily about Portuguese
architecture, history, wine, cheese, until they
reached the restaurant. Adam listened enough to respond
intelligently and, he
hoped, innocently, but he was busy learning
streets, memo
rizing landmarks. At the entrance to the Salao da
Chand they said goodbye, the student pumping Adam's
hand with affection, as though they were old friends, Adam
trying to sound cordial. He did not know whether the
bespectacled young man was one of Cutter's boys
or not, but he was inclined to think so. The innocence was
too calculated to
ring true. And what about Adam's own?
The Salao da Cha was a large restaurant with a
fountain in the center, and a balcony. The
matter
dhoti
came bustling up to him, saying in English, "May
I help
you, sir?" Was he that obviously an American?
"I'm meeting a young lady for lunch," Adam said,
"but I'm afraid I'm rather early." There was no
use in trying to telephone now. He would have to give
Canon Tallis time to get to the Rabbi Pinhas,
since that was the next place
Dr. O'Keefe had told him to call.
The maitre
dhoti
was looking through a small black
book. "Would you perhaps be Mr. Eddington?"
"Yes."
"Miss Cutter called. She has reserved a

table on the balcony. It is more private there.
Would you like to go up
and wait?"

"Fine. Thanks." He wouldn't like to go up and wait
at all. He wanted to dash back out
onto the street and find Canon Tallis; but
Canon Tallis was probably on his way to the
rabbi's. Adam decided that he would call in ten
minutes, so he asked, "Is there a telephone I
could use?"

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"Yes, indeed, sir. There is one in the
gentlemen's lounge
upstairs."

Adam thanked him and was escorted up the stairs to the
balcony. He sat at the table and tried not to keep
checking his watch. A waiter brought him a carafe of
water and asked if he wanted to wait for the young lady
before ordering. It seemed that everybody in Lisbon
knew more about Adam's plans than Adam himself.

He drank a glass
of water thirstily and went to the men's room.
He was relieved to find it empty. The phone was on
a table, the phone book beside it. He looked up
Senhora Leonora Afonso. With the aid of the
phrase book again he gave the operator the
number, having to repeat it several times, wasting time
in giving the numbers in French, German, English,
and finally going back to Portuguese. At
last he could hear the phone ringing. Ringing. Ringing.
Then a man's voice: his

Sims

"Adam knew that this meant

yes,

but

the voice was formidable, unwelcoming.

"Rabbi Pinhas, por favor."

The voice replied, switching into English (was
Adam's accent as apparent as all that?),

"Speaking."

"Canon Tallis, please."

"Who?"

"Canon Tallis. Canon Thomas-I mean

John Tallis."

The Rabbi Pinhas-if it was he-said, "I think you
must have the wrong number."

"This

is

the Rabbi Pinhas?"

"Yes, and I am extremely busy. Please
check your number with the operator."

"Sir, this is Adam."

"Young man, look up your numbers more carefully in
the future."

"But sir, I know

you.

You were on the plane when-was

A cross voice cut him off. "Young man, this is
most definitely not a restaurant. We serve no

meals. I do not wish to be discourteous to a foreigner, but you must go to someone else with your problem." At this apparent non sequitur Adam realized that the rabbi might not be alone, or able to speak freely. "Sir," he

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said, "if you think you'll be seeing Canon Tallis could you

pretend I'm asking you for money?"

"Of course I can't lend you any money, young man.

I

suggest you go to the American consul. He is supposed to

take care of his nationals."

"Do you expect him soon?"

"Young man, you are taking too much of my time. I am expecting a colleague in a few minutes."

"I'm at the Salao da

Chad

waiting for Kali. I'll try to call again. I'll be here for at least another hour."

"My dear young man, I lead an extremely busy life and several things have come up. Of course you can't come to

see me. I'm going out in half an hour."

"I'll try to call back within half an hour, then," Adam

said.

He went back to the balcony, to his table. There, at the

next table, was Mr. Green of the Singer Sewing Machine.

He saw Adam and smiled pleasantly.

"My young friend! And what are you doing here?"

"Meeting a friend for lunch."

"A young lady, I presume?"

"Well-yes."

"Lucky boy. You may wish me luck, too.

I'm hoping to bring off a sizable deal." Mr.

Green turned from Adam as

two men with dark hair and rather flashy suits came up to

the balcony, spoke to them in easy, if heavily accented Portuguese, and settled down to what seemed to be business, paying no further attention to Adam. The boy was inclined to think that Mr.

Green's appearance was only an accident. Kali

had said that the restaurant was

well known, and it seemed a likely place to bring someone

if you wanted to clinch a business deal.

He looked at his watch. After one. He felt

twitchy. Where was Kali? There was no point in trying to call the rabbi's number again yet. He

looked over the balcony to

the tables below, to the fountain in the center. The restau

rant was filling rapidly now, and when Kali came in it was with a group of other people, so that Adam did not see her at once. Then he caught sight of the familiar shining hair, the slender, expensively dressed body, the self-assured

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walk.

The maitre d hurried to the girl, ignoring other guests who had come in first, and bent gallantly over her hand.

Kali smiled and spoke to him, then moved swiftly through the crowded room and up the stairs.

"Adam, darling, I'm sorry I'm a few minutes late. Oh, how lovely to see you." She kissed his cheek exuberantly.

At the next table Mr. Green winked at Adam.

Kali stiffened and leaned over the table, saying in a low

voice, "Do you know those men?"

"One of them was on the plane this morning."

"There is absolutely

no

privacy in the world any more.

Let's eat something quick and get out. They have a kind of prawn here that's just marvelous. I'll order those and

we can pick up some tea later. We'll do some sightseeing

first."

"While you're ordering," Adam said, slowly and deliberately, "I have a phone call to make."

'To whom?"

"Just a call. Ill be right back."

He went into the men's room. An elderly gentleman

with a white goatee was washing his hands, but left with out even looking at Adam. This time the boy managed to

get the number over to the operator without trouble, and the phone was answered almost immediately. He recognized the rabbi's voice. "It's Adam."

"Hold on."

A short pause, then Canon Tallis.

"Adam?"

"Yes."

"Are you alone?"

"At the moment. I'm in the men's room."

"How long are you going to be with Kali?"

"I don't know. She wants to take me sightseeing."

"Fine. Make one of your stops the Sao Juan Chrysos-

torn Monastery. I'll have Father Henriques on the lookout

for you. Hell ask if he can be of any assistance to you- he speaks excellent French, so you won't have any language problem-and you are to ask him who was the pagan orator who taught law to Sao Juan. If he simply answers Libanius you are to call me at the theater tonight.

MADELEINE 1/Engle

It's not safe for you to go to the Embassy or to call Joshua this afternoon. Cutter's men are all over the place." The door to the men's room opened and Mr. Green came in. Adam said, "All right, Susie honey, I understand, but what else do you want me to do?" If the rabbi could play this game so could Adam. There was a snort at the other end of the line. "Company?" "Absolutely." "If he goes on to tell you that John studied theology under Diodore of Tarsus you must manage to get back to the monastery before six, when the doors are locked. I will be there at five-thirty, and will be by the sarcophagus of Princess Maria Fernanda." "Anything you say, darling." Canon Tallis gave another snort and hung up. Mr. Green grinned conspiratorially. "Quite the young Don Juan, aren't you?" "Well, you know how it is . . ." Adam replied modestly, Mr. Green sighed. "Not any more. Those days are gone forever. All I can say is make the most of your hay while the sun shines." Adam went back to Kali. He still thought that Mr. Green was all right, but he was taking no avoidable risks. Kali was dabbing butter on a bread stick. "I thought you were never coming back," she said crossly. "Who on earth were you talking to?" "A girl friend." She glowered as the waiter put a dish of shellfish in front of them. She took her fork and a pick, "Watch," and ripped the meat out of the shell. "I bet it was that Joshua," she said, as Adam tried clumsily to open his shell. "Joshua who?" "Don't play innocent. I may not approve of

what
daddy's doing, but I know what's going on. And I
know
Joshua. I've seen him dozens of times at
Embassy things and he's always been very rude to me.
I can't stand him."
She spoke in a low and rapid voice, so that
Adam had a
hard time catching her words.

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He leaned across the table and took her hands in his,
so
that to an observer it would seem like a love scene.
"Adam I'm scared out of my wits.
Daddy's utterly ruthless. He doesn't care how
many bodies he tramples over to get what he
wants. I'm sorry I sounded all snarly about
Joshua. I know he's working with O'Keefe. I
guess I'm just jealous of anybody who takes you
away from
me."
Adam released her hands. "We'd better eat."
"Yes. Let's get out of here. Adam darling if
it hadn't been for you I'd probably never have questioned
daddy. I'd have gone on thinking that anything he did
was perfect just because he did it. But after I saw
Molec drive off with you and the O'Keefe child I
was-I began to think. There's never been anybody
I cared about enough to think about before. I mean, if
Molec drove off with somebody else I wouldn't have
given a second thought whether they'd end up dumped
in the Tagus or not But I found myself thinking about you.
And then I had to go on and think about all the rest of
it" She dropped her eyes as though afraid of
having said too much, leaned back in her chair and
began to pick the meat out of the shell with precision.
She ate with rapid concentration and long before Adam
had finished she pushed back her chair, saying
"Let's go."
Adam picked up the check and stood up. "How much
tip should I leave?"
Kali took the check from him and reached into her own
pocketbook and put money down. "Quicker this way.
You
can pay me back. Come on."
At
the
next table Mr. Green gave another
conspiratorial wink and Adam, giving a foolish
grin in return, followed Kali down the stairs.
The student spy had been right. The Salao da Cha
was interested in money. One of Adam's favorite
restaurants in New York was The Lobster on
45th
Street and it was a good deal more reasonable.
"We have to talk," Kali said intently as they
emerged
into the crowded street.
"Well let's do our sightseeing and well be able

to talk
then."

MADELEINE L'ENGLE

"Where do you want to go?"

"Just the

usual

. The

Belem

Tower and the Jeronymos

Monastery and the Sao Juan Chrysostom, and

maybe the

Madre do Dios church."

"We can do the Belem Tower and the monasteries with

out any trouble; they're all fairly close together

along the

waterfront. What about Mr. Eiffel's tower?"

"I'd like to see that, too. Let's do the things along

the Tagus, and then we can do the Madre do Dios

and the

Eiffel if there's time."

They were standing on the street corner, Kali's hand

resting lightly on Adam's arm. Several taxis

slowed down

suggestively, but she waved them on. "As soon as

I see a driver I'm sure of," she said. "It

has to be someone who doesn't speak English, so

we can talk. How are you for

time?"

Adam replied cautiously. "I have

until five, maybe. See,

there's this shopping I have to do for Mrs. O'Keefe."

This

he and the

O

'Knowledge

eefes

had decided to make legitimate for

the benefit of anyone following his movements; easy

enough, Mrs. O'Keefe had said, since the children

always

needed socks and underwear.

Kali flagged a taxi and Adam opened the door for

her.

As she climbed in she spoke in swift and charming

Portu

guese to the driver, giving him what appeared to be

com

plicated directions. Adam thought he heard her

mention

the tower and the monasteries. She settled back in the

seat

"Only till five? What about dinner? Can we have

dinner

together?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Why not?"

"I just can't, Kali."

"There has to be a

reason.

Are you having dinner with
somebody else?"
"I'm not sure."
Kali gave a little cry and turned toward him. "You
still
don't trust me!"
"I don't know," Adam said with painful honesty,
"whether I trust you or not."
Suddenly, unexpectedly, Kali's eyes filled
and she butted

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her face childishly against Adam's shoulder. Through
sobs
she choked out, "If you don't trust me
...
if you don't love me... I can't bear it...
I'll want to die...."
At this weakness, so strange in Kali, Adam was
flooded
with a wave of protective tenderness. He held her
closely,
saying, "It's all right, Kali; it's all right."
Her sobs dwindled and she raised her head, asking
like
a child, "Is it really all right?"
"Of course."
"And you
will
help me?"
"In every way that I can. But I don't really see
how."
Kali's voice rose. "By keeping me with you. By not
sending me away." She began the sharp, frantic
sobbing
again.
"How can I possibly keep you with me? What about
your father, anyhow?"
Kali's eyes darkened. "Oh, Adam, it's so
awful. I do love him, but I don't want to see
him, and I can't help
him any more. All he wants O'Keefe's stuff
for is money
and more money, he doesn't care how it's used. He
says
there are too many people in the world anyhow and of
course he's right but... Did you see Ball this
morning?"
"Yes."
"Daddy said you were going to have papers from
O'Keefe."
"That's right."
"You mean you
did?"
"Did what?"
"You gave Ball O'Keefe's stuff?"
"No, Kali. I gave it to Professor
Embuste."
"That repulsive little shrimp. Adam, you didn't,
you

couldn't!"
"Couldn't what?"
"Give him-you know-the things you've found out from O'Keefe." Adam was silent, and Kali cried, "The only way I can think of to make you trust me is to stay with you, so you'll know I'm not going to anybody with information. And it's safest for me, too. If daddy finds out I've told you anything hell kill me."
"But you haven't told me anything."

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"I've told you that I know what he's doing."
"But I already know that, Kali."
The taxi stopped. Kali jerked around and looked out of the window. Adam realized that he had been looking at the girl and not at where they had been driving. She said, "It's the Belem Tower. Come on." She spoke again to the driver, saying over her shoulder to Adam as she climbed out of the cab, "He'll wait for us."
They walked down a rough path. "Manueline architecture," Kali said absently. "Let's not go in."
Adam tried to look like an innocent tourist as he faced the great white building jutting out into the water. The tower was something out of Africa, and he could imagine a white-robed man standing at one of the corners (which one would face Mecca?) calling the faithful to prayer.
He could not keep Kali with him, but if she were telling the truth he could not let her go.
Kali turned away from the tower and the water. "All right I'll tell you something else. I said I couldn't work against daddy, but I can't let you be hurt, either. Because I love you, too, Adam. That's what makes it so awful. If you double-crossed daddy this morning, I mean, if what you gave Embuste wasn't right, hell be out for blood. He has plenty of people who'd be glad to shoot you down for a small sum-or for past favors. But everybody knows me, and as long as you're with me you'll be safe. Look." Adam could see a dark figure slip into the shadows of the tower.
"That's one of daddy's men. I don't know if they've found

out anything about you-I don't know what you've done-so I don't know if he's really after you or just keep
ing tabs. Let's go back to the taxi."
They walked over the gritty pavement Adam held the
cab door open, saying, "Let me think."
"All right darling, darling." She sat close beside him, so
that her thigh touched his, but she did not put her hands on him, and she did not speak. At the Mosteiro dos Jeronymos she led the way silently, walking rapidly
around groups of tourists. When she spoke it was quietly, unemotionally, in the polite way of someone showing the
sights to a distant acquaintance or the friend of a friend.

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"It's a rather austere entrance, but I guess that's all right
for a monastery. One of daddy's men is over there, stay
close to me. The reddish color of the stone is lovely, don't you think? Daddy says that the proportions are more harmonized than in any other building in Lisbon except the
Sao Juan Chrysostom. He's looking at us.
This is Vasco da
Gama's tomb, but they had the wrong man in it for a while or something. Come on, this way. The cloister is famous
because it's two-tiered, like the Chrysostom, and they both have these open cells leading off them. I don't know what the monks used them for. Let's go, Adam."
The control of her voice slipped. "I want some tea."
Adam took her hand. It was warm and dry, while his,
he discovered, was becoming cold with nervousness.
"We'll
have tea after we've been to the Sao Juan Chrysostom
Monastery."
"Let's skip it. It's very much like the Jeronymos, only
smaller, and less ornate."
"I'd still like to see it."
"Adam, you can't be interested in sightseeing now."
A sightseeing bus pulled up in front of the
monastery,
and a group of chattering young people got off. Was that the student with the spectacles again? "If we're being
followed," he said, "we'd better act as natural as possible,
and it would be natural for me to see the Sao Ju-was

Kali cut him off. "All right. Maybe you have a point
Let's go."
In the taxi Adam felt his hands getting colder
by the
moment, beginning to ooze icy moisture. He must not
hold
Kali's hand and give away his tension.
The Sao Juan Chrysostom Monastery had fewer
tourists
than the more famous Jeronymos. It was smaller,
less or
nate, but there was a purity to it that reached Adam even
through his whirling mind. The double cloister soared
heavenward, forming a narrow rectangle about
a garden
with a fountain in the center. In the church itself the light
had an underwater-green quality, reminding Adam that
the Tagus was just outside. This time Kali gave no
tourist's
spiel; her face was brooding as they walked
slowly, foot
steps echoing on the stone floor. They turned into an oc-

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tagonal bay with a low font in the center, surrounded
by
seven columns. As they entered by one arch a tiny,
elderly priest in a shabby cassock came in
by another, bowed, and
smiled at them. "May I help you?" he asked,
first in Por
tuguese, then French. Adam answered in French.
"Well, Father, I was studying St. John
Chrysostom for a
school project once, and I can't remember-what
was the
name of the pagan orator who taught him
law?"
"Show off," Kali whispered.
"Now let me see," the priest said. "That would be Li-
banius, wouldn't it? It was Diodore of Tarsus
who instruct
ed him in theology. I'm delighted at your interest,
young
man. May I inquire where you're from?"
"New York," Adam said.
"And the young lady? Is she interested, too?"
"No," Kali was impatient. "I'm afraid not.
Please,
Adam."
The priest smiled at Adam, his faded blue
eyes twinkling. "Perhaps you will come another time and let
me
show you around? I am Father Henriques."
"Thank you, Father. My name is Adam Eddington,
and

I'll
be back as soon as possible, I promise you."
"Adam,"
Kali said. "Sorry, Father, but we have to go."
When they were back hi the taxi Adam said,
"You
weren't very polite."
"If you're not keeping track of time, I am."
Adam, I have to know. Are you going to let me stay with
you or
not?"
Adam sighed.
"Is it such a horrible prospect?" Kali asked
in a low voice. "I did think that you might-that you
might care
about me a little. I'm not used to telling people I'm in
love
with them. I'm used to it being the other way around. It's
either you or the Tagus as far as I'm concerned."
Looking at her strained face and rather wild eyes,
Adam was torn between belief and doubt.
She continued, "I'm not trying to threaten you or say
it'll be all your fault if I throw myself into the
river. But there isn't any alternative for me.
Everything I've ever

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cared about is all smashed. If you turn me away
I don't
want to live." Slow tears trickled
down her cheeks.
Adam thumped a tight fist into a cold palm.
"All right.
Look. Tell the taxi driver to take us
to Eiffel's Tower."
Kali leaned toward the driver obediently and the cab
headed back into the city. Adam, straining to look out
the window, tried to keep landmarks, street names in his
mind, but the problem of Kali kept whirling about,
driving away all other thoughts. He could not abandon
her either to the Tagus or to the web of steel threads
being woven so mercilessly by her father. But he had to go
back to the Sao Juan Chrysostom Monastery, and
he had to go there
alone.
Why? If he believed that Kali was telling him the
truth why wasn't taking her with him to Canon
Tallis the best
possible thing to do?
He believed her and yet he was not quite sure. A
week ago the confiding way she was holding on to his
arm would have undone him utterly. Now all he felt
was cold,
cold inside and out.
"Why are we going to
Eiffel
Tower?"
"To give me time to think."
"But you're going to keep me with you?"
"I'm going to try to."

"You're going to take care of me?"

"Yes."

The tower loomed up grotesquely in the street, the observation platform balanced precariously on top of the spindly elevator shaft. It was built, it seemed, out of a small boy's erector set. Adam had never seen the Eiffel Tower in Paris, but he had seen pictures of it, and both were obviously the result of the same rickety imagination. The Lisbon Tower, however, also served a purely practical purpose. Lisbon, like Rome, was a city of steep hills, and the foot of the tower was on one street level, the observation platform on another, and riding the elevator was for

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many people simply a useful short cut. At any other time Adam would have been immensely pleased with it. Now he gave the wild construction the scantiest attention. As they waited for the elevator to take them to the upper level he said, "Okay, I think I've got things straight."

"Tell me."

"If you'll do the shopping for Mrs. O'Keefe-it's just socks and underthings for the kids, and I have all the sizes and everything written down-then I can do one other errand at the same time, and then we can meet for dinner."

"What's your errand?"

"Something for Dr. O'Keefe."

Kali frowned as though this was something she needed to ponder about. Finally she said, "I'm sorry, Adam, but how will I know you'll ever come back to me? You could send me shopping and just disappear."

"I give you my word."

"People's words don't mean much to me any more. I need something more tangible than that."

"I don't have anything more tangible. I'll do my errand

and then I promise you I'll meet you wherever you say."

Kali thought again. "Have you got your passport with you?"

"Of course."

"Give it to me as a hostage. Then I'll know you can't go off and leave me."

"I thought you trusted me."

"I do. More than anybody else I know. But you see the people I know have been daddy and his people, and I always trusted daddy. So how can I trust anybody? Please, Adam, if you are

coming back to me there isn't any reason not to give me your passport."

Slowly Adam took the passport out of his breast pocket.

Still holding it, he asked, "Where will we meet?"

"At the Folclore, as soon after six as possible. The food's good and you ought to hear some Fado and see some of the folk dancing." She held out her hand. Adam put the passport in it. She began leafing through it. "Oh, Adam, what an awful picture, I'd never recognize you!"

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Between the next two pages was the slip of paper with Joshua's phone numbers. "What's this?"

"Just some phone numbers. Give it to me."

Kali shut the passport. "Oh, no, I'm going to keep the whole thing."

To make an issue over the numbers would be to give them importance in Kali's mind.

Adam swallowed. His hands felt colder and colder. His

feet, too, seemed to be lumps of ice. He was doing what he had promised not to do. He said, "The numbers are just for the errand for Dr. O'Keefe.

I'd appreciate it if you'd let me have them."

"Look them up in the phone book." Kali put the passport into her bag. "You don't trust me, Adam. I can't bear it."

Adam felt physically sick. His stomach clenched with fury at his ineptness, with frustration at his inability to do

anything right. He did not dare press the issue of the phone numbers further. If he could convince Kali that they were unimportant and if he could get back to the Sa6

Juan Chrysostom in time to deliver the Temis papers to

Canon Tallis, then he could meet Kali for dinner, get the passport and Joshua's numbers back, and no real harm would be done.

Mr.

Eiffels

elevator creaked down and groaned to a stop, disgorging a chattering group of Lisbonese on their way home, and tourists gawking at and commenting on the tower in all languages.

"Come on,"

Kali said, pushing through the crowd into the elevator, pulling Adam after her.

People continued to jam in long after Adam felt capacity had been reached. He could not see the usual comfort

ing sign to tell how many the elevator could safely hold.
The air was thick with sweat, smoke, perfume. With each passing second he felt more of a sense of pressure and more as though he were going to be sick. He was pressed close against Kali and she managed to slide one arm con- fidingly around his waist. He was glad she had not taken the clammy hand that would have given away his intense nervousness that was bordering on fear.

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They were standing near the elevator operator and Kali spoke to him in Portuguese, explaining in Adam's ear,

"He's an old friend."

"One of 'daddy's men'?"

"Really,

Adam," Kali said as the door clanged shut.

"I

thought I'd made myself clear." Her voice choked up and

Adam was afraid his stupidity was going to make her burst into tears there in the crowded elevator.

"I'm sorry." His voice was gruff. He clenched his fists.

He

must

keep control of himself and the situation while he carried the Temis papers and while Kali had the passport

with Joshua's phone numbers.

The elevator started to creak upward. People going home from work continued their conversations or stood in stolid fatigue. The tourists exclaimed in excitement, one

fat woman giving small shrieks of nervousness at the re-

luctant jerking of the elevator.

Just as they neared the observation platform there was a groan, a shudder, and they stopped. The operator fiddled with the controls. He said something in Portuguese, then

loudly in English, "STUCK."

There was a burst of excited, multilingual talk.

Kali said

in a clear voice as the fat woman's shrieks grew louder, "It's all right, don't worry, this happens all the time, he'll get it going in a moment. It's perfectly all right, don't get panicky."

The operator broke through her words to call up through the roof. From both the upper and lower levels came shouts of excitement and, evidently, directions, because the operator began jerking at the controls. The ele

vator dropped a foot and stopped. The fat woman let out a piercing scream. Adam could feel, particularly among the tourists, a sense of terror compounded by his own. Kali, strangely, seemed less nervous than she had all day. She said some thing in a very low voice to the operator, but a French man, standing close to them, had evidently heard, because he said, "What was that?" "I beg your pardon?" Kali asked icily in French.

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L'ENGLB

The Frenchman accused,

"You

told him to stop the ele

vator."

"Why under the sun would I do that? I'm in just as much of a rush as you are."

"I heard you say

parar.

That means

stop."

Kali burst into shrill laughter. "Your

Portuguese isn't

very good, is it?

Para

means

in order to.

I told him to call

someone in order to get us out."

The Frenchman looked sourly at Kali. "I

don't believe you. I think we are being forcibly detained." He shouted

above the babel, "Start this car at once!"

The operator shrugged. "Stuck."

The fat woman cried shrilly,

"Somebody

do

something!

Help!"

"Madame," the operator said, "I "ave already

press ze

alarm button."

From the streets above and below the shouts were louder, as though larger groups were gathering.

Adam felt suffocated. Seconds were passing and the Temis papers still on him. He had to get

to Canon Tallis.

Above him he could see the floor of the observation plat

form. If the doors of the elevator were opened he would be able to climb up and out onto the platform.

But when he suggested this to Kali and she spoke again in her fluent, rapid Portuguese, the operator

shook his

head. "Not safe."

Kali's arm tightened around Adam's waist. "Are you in that much of a hurry? Nobody here eats dinner before nine." Adam's head reeled, but through his dizziness a high English voice cut, "I was stuck in the lift at Harrod's once, but not for nearly as long as this." It was stiflingly hot in the elevator with all the jammed-in bodies, and the laughter was beginning to have a hysterical edge that was ready to slip over into panic, and he, his own panic, was being no help. He could feel his heart pounding. Kali's arm was tight about his waist. The fat lady gave a thin, bubbly scream, but before her hysteria got over the edges of control the elevator gave a groan

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and a jerk, and the operator, as though he were piloting a plane, brought it to a stop at the upper platform. Adam, forgetting all courtesy, pushed out, dragging Kali after him. He looked at his watch. Almost six. He swung on Kali, shouting, "You do the shopping. Here's the list. Here's some money." He thrust Dr. Ball's bills into her hand. There. "I'll meet you at the Folclore as soon as I can." Without stopping for any kind of response from her, without giving her a chance to hold him back, he rushed off up the street. An empty cab was passing. He hailed it, and got in, panting. "Sa6 Juan Chrysostom Monastery, por favor." He saw that Kali had run up the street after him, but he slammed the taxi door, giving her a vague nod and wave. If she had heard where he was going it was too late now. He looked from the window of the taxi to his watch and back to the window. The streets were full of people going home, streaming out of stores, hotels, subway stops, their shadows long as the sun began to drop. The driver wove skillfully around pedestrians, buses, cars. Adam looked at him through the dividing glass, a rough-appearing man in a fisherman's sweater and cap and an unkempt beard. He looked at Adam in the rearview mirror and winked. Adam froze. One of Cutter's men? Had he walked into a trap? Still with his foot on the accelerator the driver turned to face Adam, gave a jerk to the beard, which came

off, revealing Arcangelo. A swift movement and the beard was back in place. "Arcangelo!" Adam gasped. "What-was I've been following you all day," Arcangelo said in his careful English. "So have others." "But it's not safe for you!" "You did not recognize me, did you?" "But it's still not safe. Dr. O'Keefe said-was "You think I would let those snakes drive me under cover?" Arcangelo swerved scornfully around a bus and turned down a side street. "If anything happened to you Polyhymnia would be unhappy." Ahead of them a large black car swung out of a side

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street so that Arcangelo had to jam on his brakes. "Duck!" he said suddenly, and in a quick reflex Adam dropped to the floor. "Molec," Arcangelo growled between closed teeth. "We are in for what you would call the showdown. Where is the Cutter girl?" He spoke with as little lip motion as possible, then puckered his lips up in a whistle, so that anyone looking back from the dark car ahead would not know he was talking to the passenger. The whistling resolved itself into a melody. The Tallis Canon. Adam felt a surge of excitement despite his cold hands and feet. "She's safe. She's shopping. I have to get to the Sao Juan Chrysostom Monastery before six. Canon Tallis is waiting for me." "Six now," Arcangelo said. "They are trying to slow us down and I cannot let them know I know who they are or they will know who I am." "It closes at six." "I know a side door but we will have to get rid of Molec." Arcangelo swung around and down a side street, then turned back into the city. Adam raised his head, but Arcangelo said sharply, "Stay down." The boy could not see where they were going, but he could feel that it was a rapid and devious way. The taxi stopped with an abruptness that threw him against the seat in front, and Arcangelo said, "Get out." Cold though Adam's hands might be, his

reflexes were
functioning satisfactorily. He grasped the
handle of the
door and pitched himself into the street. They had stopped
at a rank of taxis. Arcangelo was leaning out the
window,
talking to one of the drivers, and indicated with a gesture
of his thumb that Adam was to get into the other cab. As
the boy slammed the door Arcangelo said, "He will
take you to the Sao Juan Chrysostom.
I will continue to drive
so that Molec will be put off the trail. Go now,
quickly."
The taxi shot off. Adam called back,
"Arcangelo, take
care of yourself."
The taxi driver, a thin young Negro, looked at
Adam in
the rearview mirror and smiled. Then he began
to whistle,
softly. The Tallis Canon. Adam joined him.
They smiled

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at each other. Adam knew that he must not make the
mis
take of thinking that either he or the papers were safe be
cause Arcangelo was taking charge, because he liked
the
young man who was driving him, but the terror had left
the pit of his stomach, and he sat, coiled like a
wire, ready
at any moment and whenever necessary, to spring.
"Sao Juan," the driver said, and ahead of them was
the beautiful, austere building. They
drove past the entrance,
the great doors closed, only darkness showing behind the
stained-glass windows which were drained of color as
light
was slowly draining from the sky. They turned the corner
and went past the Chapter House. Beyond this was an
iron
gate that opened to a long, narrow, hedged-in path to the
cloister. The driver looked around quickly, stopped,
and
jumped out. Adam followed him, and together they ran
to
the gate. The driver pulled at the bell, once,
twice, three
times. In the distance they could hear it clanging.
Bong. Bong. Bong.
Through the sound of the bell came the sputter of an
engine. The driver grabbed Adam and together they
pressed into the shadows. A diesel-powered taxi
drove up
and someone sprang out.
It was Joshua.
"Muite obrigado," he said to Adam's driver,
"apresse se," clapped him in a swift,
comradely gesture on the

shoulder, and turned to Adam. The young driver ran back to his cab. They heard him gun the engine and roar down the street. Joshua pulled a key out of his pocket and bent to unlock the gate. "How did you know-was Adam started. "Kali phoned me. How did she get my numbers?" The gate creaked open. Joshua pulled Adam through, clanged it shut, locked it. When Adam did not answer his question he did not repeat it. They hurried down the path, brushed by early evening shadows cast by the tall hedges. Behind them they could hear the squeal of tires, screech of brakes, slamming of car doors. "Run." Joshua sprinted ahead, Adam close on his heels. The path turned, leading them to an arched side entrance. Again Joshua bent to the lock. As the door swung open they could hear footsteps pounding down the path. Joshua slammed the door and leaned against it for a moment, panting. "Are the papers still on you?" "Yes." Behind them there was a pounding at the door. Joshua pulled Adam away as shots rang out, splintering the heavy wood. "Quick." The room they were in was so deep in shadows that Adam could see nothing after the light outside. Joshua grabbed his hand and they ran, Adam stumbling, slowing them down, ran through the room, through a corridor illuminated by high, dusty windows, and then out and into the light of the cloister. In the center of the garden the

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fountain rose high, catching the long rays of the sun in a shower of silver. They ran pounding down the echoing stones; their footsteps echoed, and the echo was lost in the crash of heavy feet seeming to close in from all sides. Ahead of them a hulking form loomed up: Molec. "God," Joshua said. He swung Adam around and shoved him into one of the monks' niches as a shot rang out. Still running, Joshua fell. Out of the niche beside Adam came Typhon Cutter, and Kali ran swiftly along the cloister and plummeted into his arms. "Well done," Typhon Cutter said, and

Adam
saw, with a feeling of nausea, the look of adoration
she
gave her father, the spider weaving his inexorable web in
which they were all trapped. How, now, was there any es-
caping the tightening threads?
Despair burned in the pit of Adam's stomach,
then burst into a fierce and controlled anger such as he
had
never felt before. He stood, crouched like a panther
ready
to spring.
Another shot.
The gun dropped from Molec's hand and he gave a
scream of rage and pain. Another shot
dropped him,
writhing, to his knees. Typhon Cutter pulled
Kali back
into the monk's cell.
Joshua lay, without moving, on the stones a few
feet
from Adam.
"Stay back!" A voice catapulted across the
cloister as Adam started to leap out of the niche into which
Joshua
had shoved him.
He had no weapon. No gun. He could not help,
only
hinder. There was, at the moment, nothing to do but
obey.
Across the cloister he saw the dark form of Canon
Tal-
lis, smoking gun hi hand. He thought he saw
Arcangelo. A shot rang across the cloister from
Typhon Cutter's cell and
ricocheted from a stone column.
Adam looked at Joshua's still form, only a
shadow as
light began to withdraw from the cloister, and let out a
cry of anguish and rage.
His cry was echoed in the high shriek of a siren.
Turn-

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ing, he saw Typhon Cutter and Kali slip out
of their cell.
As they disappeared into the darkening corridor he was
af-
ter them, and with one leap he flung himself on Mr.
Cut-
ter, throwing him to the ground.
"Daddy, don't kill him!" Kali screamed.
Adam's fingers clamped around the wrist that held the
gun, his knee was on the bloated stomach.
"No," Kali said. "No." She grabbed the gun
from her father and pointed it quaveringly at Adam. He
could
barely see the gun because the passage was almost
entirely
locked in darkness. The light filtering dustily through

the
high windows was above their heads and they were en
closed in shadows. "Let him up," Kali
ordered.
Adam looked toward her. In the dim
light her face was
contorted in a horrible mixture of emotion. If
ever she had
been beautiful for him she was not beautiful now.
"Let him up," she said again, her voice steadier,
"or I'll
shoot. I mean it."
Adam lifted his knee from the belly, released his
hold on the wrist. Typhon Cutter struggled
to his feet as a
searchlight swept across the cloister, penetrating the
dark
reaches of the corridor where the three of them stood,
panting.
"The papers," Typhon Cutter said.
"I gave you the papers."
"Not those. You have others. Give them to me." The
treble voice soared.
"No," Adam said. "I don't have any papers."
"The gun, Kali."
"No, daddy. No."
If he shouted, Adam thought, they might hear him
hi the cloister and come. But no sound emerged from his
constricted throat.
"The gun."
The muzzle pressed against Adam's chest
"The papers."
"Go ahead and shoot," Adam croaked, "for all the
good
it will do you." He expected to hear the explosion of the
bullet if, indeed, he heard anything.
But Cutter said, "Kali," and the boy felt, instead
of a

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deadly burst of lead, her long fingers moving over
him,
coming closer, as she searched, to Maria's pocket.
Without conscious volition his hand flashed out and slapped
across the girl's face, the sound sharp and unexpected
and immediately followed by a shot and the crash
of the gun dropping from Typhon Cutter's hand.
The shot had not come from Cutter's gun. From where?
Cutter began to back down the passage, holding
Kali in
front of him as a shield.
Through the darkness came the voice of Arcangelo.
"Let them go. My men outside."
Adam reached down in the shadows to look for the dropped
gun, but he could not find it. His breath
came in
painful gasps as his heart thudded against the rib
cage.
"Come," Arcangelo said. "It's over. Everything
is over."

Come."

The searchlight swung around again, and Adam moved toward it and to the cloister that still contained the last rays of the sun, the fountain glistening as it rose toward the sky, Joshua, lying sprawled on cold stone.

With an absolute carelessness and indifference to what was going on around him Adam ran across the pavement to Joshua and knelt by him. Joshua's eyes were open, but he did not see.

"Joshua!" Adam cried. "Joshua!" He put his head

against Joshua's chest, listening, listening, and thought he felt the faint thread of a heartbeat. He noticed two uni

formed men going by with Molec bellowing on a stretcher, noticed it only because the sound kept him from listening for Joshua's heart. He pressed his cheek to Joshua's lips to try to feel the faintest breath.

"Adam." It was Canon Tallis' voice.

Adam looked up.

The priest stood there, gun still in his hand, with two uniformed policemen beside him. Adam could tell that the canon was thanking them, that he was giving them instructions. When they turned toward Joshua he spoke to them

brusquely, and they bowed and moved away.

"Get up," Canon Tallis said to Adam, and the boy

stood. The canon knelt beside Joshua. A faint sound came

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from his lips, the single word, "God." It was also the last

word Joshua had said.

Out of the shadows Arcangelo and Father Henriques emerged, Arcangelo looming enormous beside the tiny priest. Canon Tallis looked at them.

"Morto," he said.

"No," Adam babbled, "no, he's not dead, he can't be."

"He is dead. Be still," Canon Tallis said.

He leaned over Joshua again and it was as though the two of them had gone two thousand miles away, that they were not in the cloister with Adam and Father Henriques and Arcangelo. The canon took Joshua in his arms, holding him close in a gesture of infinite tenderness and love.

Father Henriques touched Adam's arm and drew him away. The three of them, Father Henriques, Arcangelo,

Adam, walked slowly along the cold stones of the cloister,

their feet muffled in darkness and grief, leaving Canon

Tallis with Joshua.

Was it only that the light bulb in Father Henriques' tiny

office was dim, like the light bulb in the Avenida
Palace,
or was the darkness in Adam's mind?
He sat on a straight chair across from Father
Henriques
and Arcangelo. Their faces were closed and
emotionless, as though turned to stone. Adam did not
know when Fa
ther Henriques and Arcangelo started to talk in low
voices, nor when he realized that they were
speaking
French, until he heard Father Henriques ask,
"Arcangelo,
how did you know-was
"You think you could keep me away," Arcangelo
asked,
"when I am needed? You think I will hide in
safety when
you are in danger?" His voice deepened with emotion.
"You think I cannot find out when you try to protect
me?"
Father Henriques held up a thin white hand, and
Arc
angelo rumbled into silence.
A dark shadow moved across the doorway and Canon
Tallis came into the office. "The papers," he
said without
preamble and, as Adam handed them to him, he demanded,
"Why was Joshua here? He was to be at the
Be'lem Tower."
Adam stood up, but his knees were trembling so that
he
sat down again immediately. "He was here because of
me."
Then came the questions, Canon Tallis
clear, precise,
ice cold, Father Henriques gentle but nevertheless
touching every raw and open nerve.
It had been again (again and again: would it never end?) the
unexpected, the unforeseen that had happened. The
papers Adam had delivered to Professor
Embuste at Dr. Ball's rectory had
indicated a meeting at the
Belem

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Tower. Joshua, working with Interpol and the Lisbon
po
lice, was to have been there. Typhon Cutter was to have
been led into his own spider web.
"As indeed he was," Father Henriques said. "But
not in
the way we thought."
And not before Molec's bullet had found Joshua.
Adam cried in anguish, "I killed Joshua.
I believed Kali
and I didn't tell Dr. O'Keefe." He
began to gasp through sobs that racked his body. "I
let Kali get Joshua's phone
numbers and he came to save me-was

Canon Tallis cut him short. "Stop."
"But he would still be alive-was
The canon's voice was quiet, firm as a rock.
"You can
not see the past that did not happen any more than you
can foresee the future. Come, Adam. We must go."
In the back seat of a police car Adam rode beside
Canon Tallis. Two policemen sat in
front, talking casually.
The last late light of evening had left the sky, so
time
must have passed, and light from street lamps, shop win-
dows, neon signs, streamed across the mosaic
sidewalks. A
mule-drawn wagon turned into the street in front
of them,
a lumbering, cumbersome wagon bearing great red clay
jars of wine. The mule ambled along, paying no
attention
to the honking of the police car. The driver shouted
threats at the mule driver, and finally managed
to swerve
around wagon and mule, almost knocking down an
elderly
man in a tam-o'shanter who was riding
along on a bicycle. The man wobbled
precariously, shrieking at the police car
and shaking his fist. The policeman leaned out the window
and yelled back, zigzagging toward the curb to more
shouting from excited pedestrians.
Beside Adam the canon sat still and stern, paying no
at-
tention. The driver regained control of the car and him-
self, and turned down a side street, then down
another and
darker street where laundry flapped, ghost-like, in the
breeze from the Tagus.
The car stopped and the canon got out, beckoning
to Adam, crossed to a narrow house faced with
blue-and-
white tile, and banged a brass knocker against a
blue door.

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Above them a window was flung open and a man with a
long white beard and a nightcap stuck his head out.
"A.h. 173-176," the canon said.
"E.h. 269," the man
in
the nightcap replied.
jAapov ayias 803aret 779
adavarov
IlaTpos,
ovpaviov, ayioVt
I caret less-than Toii Xptarc,
eA@ddovTes
iirl rov rstbackslash iov Svtnv,
iSovTes
less-than from greater-than o greater-than less-than
so eairf.pi.vov,

vstjlvovstjsv
UaTtpa, Kal Yiov, Kal ayiov
Tlvevstut,
[*reggg'eoI,"
the canon said.
was "A caret ios "cv
Traai Kaipois vstjwcticrdai
less-than @lo greater-than rais curiat?,
YiJust
[*reggg'eoii, fra caret very 6 StSovs-
Ato 6
koctsthos
less-than re 8o bar a caret @lment," the man
with
the beard replied, and disappeared, pulling the
window
closed behind him.
It had sounded like Greek to Adam. As a matter of
fact, it probably
was
Greek.
The door creaked open and the man with the beard led them
into a small side room containing only a high
desk and a stool. The canon explained curtly,
"Father Metousis
is the only one who can break Dr. O'Keefe's
code."
The patriarch sat on the stool, steel-rimmed
glasses slipping down his nose. He wrote with a
scratchy, sputtering nib which he had continually to dip
into ink. Adam did not know how long Canon
Tallis and he stood there while the old man
wrote, thought, wrote, scratched out and wrote again.
It must have been more than a few minutes. It was
probably less than hours. Time had no meaning:
it
was not.
Finally Father Metousis handed the papers over.
"Joshua?" he asked.
Canon Tallis nodded. "Tomorrow afternoon."
"Gaea?"
"Yes."
Adam no longer attempted to understand. He swayed.
Canon Tallis gestured to him and they left,
climbing back into the police car which was waiting
outside. "The American Embassy," the canon
said, then, dryly, to Adam, "We don't usually
have this kind of escort."
At the Embassy a party was in progress.
Lights and music filled the night. Uniformed
servants were passing trays of champagne,
platters of canapes. The canon walked by the open
archways that led into the rooms hi

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which the party was being held. At one end of the large
room to the right an orchestra was playing, banked
by palms. That they could play on the night of
Joshua's, death, that the world could still turn, the
Tagus flow,

seemed to Adam incredible.
"Come," Canon Tallis said.
They went up a flight of wide marble stairs.
Adam could feel himself climbing, but he could not see:
he was
blind with rage, and even the brilliant lighting of the
room
into which he was led could not clear his vision. The kalei
doscopic events of the past hours crackled around
him. He
stood obediently by Canon Tallis while the
echoing shots
in the Sad Juan Chrysostom Monastery sounded in
his
ears.

He knew that he was being introduced to the Ambassa
dor, and that he was being questioned kindly. He answered,
but he did not hear what he said. In the bright
room the Ambassador had to repeat a question.
Adam replied, the question slowly filtering through.
"Oh. He was with the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

I
don't think he was one of Cutter's men."
"No," the Ambassador said. "One of ours."
"Poly-was Adam said to the Ambassador, but heard
no answer to the name that was now a question. "Charles
cried," he said, but when the ambassador, with gentle
pa
tience, asked, "What was that, Adam?" the boy
only shook
his head as though to try to clear it. Then he was able
to answer the questions he had already answered once for
Canon Tallis and Father Henriques.
Through the open windows of the Ambassador's bright
room the singing of summer insects came clearly, and
it
was as though their buzzing was in Adam's head. The Am
bassador was looking through the decoded papers.

Later
Adam would remember that there had been a
transatlantic
call to Washington. There were other calls.
Later it would all sort itself out hi Adam's
memory, questions and answers finally settling like sediment
in a
test tube. Next to Canon Tallis' steel
control the Ambassa
dor seemed excitable, harried, but Adam realized
later that

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although he was undoubtedly the second he was not the
first.

"But why did Arcangelo let Cutter and Kali
go?"

Adam exploded once. "Why did he let them
leave the Sao Juan
Chrysostom?"

"The police and Interpol were both there. If you
remember, they were already at the Bandem Tower."

"But how-was

The canon silenced Adam with a stern glance. "When your young taxi driver friend left you and Joshua at the Sad Juan he went, as Arcangelo had directed him, to Bandem."

"But what about Cutter and Kali now?

Where are they?"

"Free," Canon Tallis said, "in a manner of speaking."

"But-was

The Ambassador sighed. "You are not at home, Adam. Trying someone like Typhon Cutter in a Portuguese court

is difficult if not impossible-was

"You mean he can buy his way out?"

Now the Ambassador's voice was hard. "You think our

courts are entirely free from corruption? Of course Cutter would be able to buy and subvert at least part of the testimony against him. But this is nearsighted oversimplification. Even in America it's difficult to arrest someone on suspicion of intent to commit murder. You have to have real and absolute evidence."

"But Molec-was

"comis being tried for murder. And will be found guilty.

The beast caught in his master's trap. One can't help being sorry for him."

"I can."

"That's evading the issue. He is, in a way, our scapegoat, too. Remember that the Portuguese are not interested in the moral and ethical qualities of expatriates, especially people whose extremely lucrative businesses bring employment and money where it is rather desperately needed. This is worth thinking about."

But Adam was not capable of thought.

The Ambassador continued-or was it before? when?

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words floated to Adam's mind with no consecutivity:

"Has

it occurred to you, Adam, that we don't want to air Dr. O'Keefe's experiments in court? The need for silence has not been removed. Has it occurred to you that both the

Portuguese and the United States governments would wish

to avoid the appearance of an international incident which Cutter would not hesitate to exploit? Something like this,

allowed to snowball, could start a holocaust. Is this what

Joshua would have wanted?"

"But-was

The Ambassador banged down onto the desk a coffee

cup Adam hadn't even realized he was holding so that the dark liquid slopped into the saucer. "We are not going to try to do more than we know we can do. If this seems to you inadequate expediency, try to remember that one battle won today permits us to embark on the next, and then a next, and all the long ones that are to follow." He rose. Was it then, or later? In any case the blinded time his bright office was finally over and Adam followed the dark, erect form of the canon down the stairs. They left the light and music of the Embassy and climbed into the police car.

"I'll take you back to Gaea," Canon Tallis said.

Adam nodded.

"Well take Joshua's plane. I'm not the pilot he was, but I'll get us there."

"And Cutter?" Adam repeated, thickly.

"How much were you able to listen to?" There was no censure in the question. "He's been given a week to leave Portugal. He'll lose his property here, and all the money he has tied up in it. His Portuguese operation is over."

Adam clenched his fists. "That's not- was he started savagely."

"No revenge is, Adam."

At the little airport Arcangelo was waiting. He held out the heavy jackets, the goggles, helped strap them in. Then he looked his silent questioning at Canon Tallis, who said,

"Father Henriques is bringing Joshua tomorrow. Come with him." He leaned out of the pilot's seat and reached

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for Arcangelo's hand. "Thank you, Arcangelo. Thank God for you."

Arcangelo shrugged, smiled briefly, went to the propeller. The plane shuddered to life, moved slowly along the runway, jerked, and left the ground.

Once again time was outside Adam, or perhaps it was Adam who was outside time. He sat in the cockpit of the small plane where Joshua, in the pilot's seat, had sung the "Ode to Joy" as they bucked wildly through the boisterous clouds. Now Canon Tallis sat darkly at the controls, closed in, stern. Above them and around them the stars were

thick. Below was a sea of white clouds.
-He's flying this crate much too high, Adam
thought
fleetingly.
It didn't matter. They would or they would not get
to
the island, and whichever one it was didn't matter, either.
The plane jerked and dropped. Canon Tallis
grimly pulled on the stick and the plane steadied and
nosed up
ward again.
"Why didn't you kill Molec?" Adam shouted
suddenly.
He strained for the answer.
"Would that have brought Joshua back?"
With the taste of ashes in his mouth Adam realized that
his grief was nothing beside the canon's. He slouched
down in his seat as though to avoid the piercing light of the
stars. Behind them the moon, just beyond fullness, sailed
lopsided and serene. Through a rift in the clouds it
made a path upon the water below.
And all Adam wanted to do was to swear, to split the
pure and silver air with every blasphemy he had ever
heard on the streets. He shuddered, controlled
himself,
shuddered again. He bellowed, the words coming out like
oaths, "She has my passport!"
"Kali?"
"Yes."
"All right. We'll get it."
"I don't want it," Adam cried. "I don't
want anything."
To this the canon did not reply. He seemed to be
concentrating only on the plane, the stars above, the
clouds below.

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They moved through space; they must also have moved
through time. The clouds were gone and below them lay the vast,
slowly breathing surface of the sea. Ahead was the
dark shadow of the island. The plane nosed down
ward, and suddenly along the beach flares were lit, one
af
ter another, outlining a runway for the landing.
Dr. O'Keefe was there, with Josd, Maria's
husband.
Four horses were hitched to the barnacled pile.
Canon Tallis climbed stiffly from the plane.
Adam un
strapped himself and followed. Beyond the barest
greeting
there was no talking. Dr. O'Keefe and Canon
Tallis rode
ahead, Adam and
Josh
behind. Jose spoke no English, but
once he looked over at Adam and said softly,
"Jhoshuajh . . ." and Adam could see that tears were
trickling quietly down his cheeks. Looking at
Josh's tears Adam fought down a reaction to shout,

"Shut up!"

He bowed his head and let the horse carry him along the water's edge, the drumming of the hoofbeats muffled in the sand. The horses moved with unhurried pace, taking them inexorably through time, through space. In the bungalows lights were on in the living quarters.

-Make Poly be in bed, Adam thought savagely.

-I

cannot see her. I cannot see Charles.

They dismounted. The horses followed

Josh

, and Adam

followed Dr. O'Keefe and Canon

Tallis. Only Mrs.

O'Keefe was in the living room and she drew

Adam to her

in a quick, maternal embrace. Adam felt an

enormous sob

rising within him and pulled from the circle of her arms.

She held him not with her arms but with her eyes. "You must not blame yourself."

"It started with the door at the Avenida Palace,"

Adam

said. "If I hadn't opened the door-was

The canon cut brusquely across his words. "Or the

fog

in New York. Or if I had not asked you

to take Poly back

to Lisbon. This is foolish talk and must be

stopped."

"But he died for me," Adam choked. "I gave

Kali his phone numbers and he pushed me into one of the

monk's

cells and Molec's bullet hit him."

"He died for us all," the canon said, "and if you

love him you will have to stop talking and thinking like this,

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because what you have to do now is to live. For him, and for us all."

Mrs. O'Keefe moved to the arch that led to the living quarters. "And what you have to do at this particular mo

ment is to go to bed. There will be work tomorrow."

-Work? What work? Adam thought numbly, but he

bowed a clumsy good night and went to bed.

In the morning Poly brought Adam his breakfast.

She put

the tray down on the bed and then stood looking at him steadily and, it seemed to him, accusingly. He had

been

weighed again and found wanting.

But when she spoke she said only "Adam-was and then,

"Adam, I do love you and I'm terribly

sorry," At the door

she said in a muffled voice, "Daddy and Father

expect you in the lab as soon as you're ready."

"The lab?" Adam asked stupidly.

Poly ran her fingers with impatience through her hair.

"The starfish have to be tended to. Daddy's work doesn't stop because-was she broke off. A tremor moved across her face like the wind moving upon water. She stamped angrily to regain control. "Why do you think Joshua went rushing off to you when Kali called him? You don't think he thought it was fun and games and the good of his health, do you?" Adam shook his head. "All right, why, then?" Adam banged down his cup. "Starfish and sparrows," he said loudly. Poly stamped again, "Okay, then," and hurried out of the room. Adam finished the cup of now lukewarm coffee, poured another, drinking slowly, unwilling to leave what seemed the comparative safety of his room. Seeing Poly had been bad enough. He wanted to put off seeing anyone else. Slowly, deliberately, he drained the last drops of coffee and milk from the little pots, picked up each crumb of his roll and ate it. Finally there was nothing to do but get dressed, and since his lab clothes were nothing but chino slacks and a tee shirt he could not prolong the process by

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more than a few minutes. Then he almost ran through the living room, hurried across the breezeway and into the lab. Dr. O'Keefe and Canon Tallis were standing by one of the tanks. Dr. O'Keefe beckoned to him. "Look at this, Adam. This is the tiny fragment of star fish arm we planted with nerve rings several weeks ago. Yesterday I'd about given up on it, but look, there's regeneration beginning. Check the other tanks, will you, please? and let me know if there's anything unusual." Nobody was behaving as though it were an ordinary day, but nevertheless the work in the laboratory was going on, and this was still a shock to Adam. He took care of the starfish, pointed out new growth on a lizard, wrote up his notes in the files. He worked automatically, adequately, but his mind was no longer out of time as it had been the night before. He was thrust back into time, and therefore

into pain.
This time the day before Joshua had been alive. In the short space of twenty-four hours more had happened than it would seem time possibly could take care of. And time hadn't taken care of it. Molec's bullet had sped through space and time and into Joshua's heart.
"Adam," Canon Tallis said, "will you go over these figures, please? These are from Scotland and we want to see if they gibe with Dr. O'Keefe's findings."
"Sit down to it," Dr. O'Keefe suggested as Adam took the sheaf of papers. "It's important that you check them accurately. You'll find the equations perfectly straightforward, but you'll have to concentrate if you don't want to make errors. Well see you later."
"All right, sir." Adam had not wanted to come in to the lab to see Dr. O'Keefe and Canon Tallis; now he did not want them to leave. But they went on out, without telling him where they were going. Perhaps to the village to see Virbius or to check the pens there. He did not know. He concentrated on the letters and numbers written in black ink on thin paper. He found that if he was to check them properly he could not think about anything else. At first it was an effort to pay attention to what he was doing; then, as always, the discipline of work took hold of him and he

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bent over the papers, his lips moving, his bruised mind occupied only with the job Canon Tallis had given him.
He was surprised when Peggy came to call him, hugging him, twining her arms around him lovingly, kissing him over and over again, but not speaking, not explaining the sudden passion of affection.
Mrs. O'Keefe stood in the lab doorway.
"Have a quick swim before lunch, Adam. The children are looking for you."
Adam changed to the navy blue trunks, trying not to look at the zebra-striped ones. The children were waiting for him on the sea wall. Poly wore the red bathing suit, but the color seemed drained from it, from her hair.
There

was no running and jumping over the sand, no delighted leaping into the surf. Peggy held Adam's hand. When she was ankle-deep she let go, saying, "I don't think I'll go swimming today if you don't mind, Adam. I want to go back in with Johnny and Rosy." Sandy and Dennys sat at the water's edge, letting the small waves wash over them, letting the damp yellow sand sift through their fingers, talking only to each other. Poly said, "If you'll come with me, Adam, I want to swim out a bit." "I'll come, too." Charles moved to Adam's other side. The three of them walked out into the water, not jumping through the waves, simply pushing against them, letting the water break, unheeded, over them, until they were out deep enough so that first Charles could drop down and start to swim, then Poly and Adam. He did not ask about Macrina, After a while he said, "That's far enough out, Poly," and obediently she stopped swimming and began to tread water. She did not make the breathy, whistling noises with which she usually called Macrina. She simply kept treading water and staring out to sea. Charles lay on his back and floated, his eyes closed against the glare of the sun. Adam dog-paddled between them. He was about to say, "Okay, kids, we'd better go back in," when there was the familiar flash of silver and Macrina was with them. Poly gave a great cry and flung her-

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self at the dolphin. Charles continued to lie on his back in the water, his eyes closed. Poly's sobs were enormous, racking the thin body in the red wool bathing suit. For a moment Macrina thrashed the water with her tail. Then she gave a shudder and swam slowly around Poly, keeping her head with the great smiling mouth constantly toward the child. The mouth was smiling but there was no doubt in Adam's mind that Macrina, now nuzzling Poly's shoulder, was trying to comfort the child, that Macrina cared. Then the dolphin left Poly and swam over to Charles, nudging at him gently until he opened his eyes, rolled over in the water, and flung his arms around the great, slippery body. When Charles let Macrina go she

came to Adam,
seeming to look at him questioningly. Then, with a flash of
silver, she was gone.
The children swam in. "Come on, Sandy, Dennys,"
Poly said to the two little boys who were building a sand
castle.
As they walked across the burning beach to the bungalow
Poly murmured, "She's not an
anthropomorphic dolphin,
she's an anagogical dolphin."
"Hunh?" Adam asked.
"I don't know what it means. It's something Father
Tom
said once and I made him say it over until I
remembered
it. I think it's something good."
Canon Tallis and Dr. O'Keefe were not at
lunch. The younger children chattered desultorily.
Adam tried to
choke down a few mouthfuls because Charles was looking
at him, and when Adam took a bite, Charles
took a bite. Once Mrs. O'Keefe turned
to Adam, saying in a steady
voice, "The Cutters are at the hotel, Adam.
They'll be fly
ing to Spain from here, and then to America. My husband
and Father Tallis will go over tonight to get your
passport."
Adam bowed his head to show that he had heard, and
took another bite.
Mrs. O'Keefe rose. "Do whatever Maria
tells you to, children. I won't be very long. Adam,
Poly, Charles,
come."
It was only then that Adam noticed that Poly and
Charles had changed from their bathing suits to their rid-

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ing breeches. Mrs. O'Keefe said, "Maria
has laid out your
riding clothes for you, Adam. We'll wait
outside."
The riding breeches Joshua had given Adam the
first
night on the island were on his bed, together with a clean
white shirt. Lying carefully placed on the shirt
was the canvas belt with the switchblade knife
containing the lethal dose of MS-222. Adam
looked at the knife brood-ingly. Had
Maria put it there? Had Poly? He stripped off
his lab clothes and strapped the knife on under the
riding
clothes.
Poly led the way inland. Since her storm of sobbing
in
the ocean and the silent comfort of the dolphin she seemed
less tightly drawn. As the horses began
to climb Adam realized that they were going to the great
golden stones where Joshua had taken him the morning

he had
arrived on the island, the morning he had failed
to notice
the small cemetery in the clearing.
When they reached the plateau there were several boys
from the village waiting to take care of the horses, and
Adam saw that there were already other horses there.
Around the great table was a large group of people, some
seated on the stones, more standing. A few of them Adam
recognized: Virbius was there, with Temis.
Rabbi Pinhas
was there, and Mr. Green, Father Metousis and
Arcan-
gelo. Was the inspector from the Madrid airport
sitting on
one of the stones by the young taxi driver? Their faces
were turned away; he could not be sure.
Canon Tallis held the burial service.
Adam had heard the words before. For his grandparents.
For a teacher at school. It was the American words which
the canon was using for Joshua. Now the words seemed
tangible, material; steeled by the English
voice they held him erect on the stone bench where
he sat
between Poly and Charles.
"dis . . Remember thy servant Joshua, O
Lord," Canon Tallis said, "according to the favor which
thou bearest unto thy people, and grant that, increasing in
knowledge and love of thee, he may go from strength to strength,
in the life of perfect service...."

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Charles reached over and took Adam's cold hand
hi his
smaller but equally cold one.
"Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we
commit
you," Canon Tallis said. "The Lord bless you and
keep
you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you,
and be
gracious unto you. The Lord lift up his countenance
upon
you and give you peace both now and evermore."
They moved from the golden stones across the rough
grass and into the clearing where the open grave waited.
Charles continued to hold Adam's hand. Once he
pressed
his face against Adam's shirt Then he turned and
looked back at Canon Tallis. On
Adam's other side Poly stood,
still as death.
Adam closed his eyes.
It was over.
The group dispersed quietly. It was only as Adam
went
with Charles to the horses where Dr. and Mrs.
O'Keefe
stood waiting with Canon Tallis that he realized
that Poly

had gone from his side, that she was nowhere to be seen.
"Stay with Charles," the doctor said. "We'll
look for
her."
They waited, and Charles said only,
"Don't worry,
Adam, Poly's all right."
When Dr. O'Keefe and Canon Tallis
returned alone,
Charles said, without anxiety, "I think she's gone
to the
village with Temis. She has to be away from us
for a little
while."
Mrs. O'Keefe looked at her husband. "Will you
ride
over and see?"
The doctor nodded. "Tom, come with me. She may
need you."
Now there were just the three of them on the plateau,
Adam, Mrs. O'Keefe, and Charles, and to one
side two
little village boys staying faithfully with the horses.
Adam
asked Mrs. O'Keefe, "Would you and Charles be
all right if I ride over to the hotel? I'd like
to get my passport back
myself."
She looked at him. "If this is what you think you
want
to do, Adam. Charles and I will be fine in any
case. But
please be home hi time for dinner."

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Adam agreed absently. He was not thinking of
dinner. As he rode toward the hotel darkness
closed in on him again. He did not see the sun,
or even feel its rays, al
though he frequently raised his arm to wipe off the
sweat
that streamed down his face. He rode through darkness and
through time. The sun was slipping down the sky toward the
west when the path opened out between the hotel landing strip
and the tennis courts and swimming
pool.
He did not know what he was going to do or say when
he saw Typhon Cutter and Kali. He was not
thinking primarily about his passport. This would be
easy enough for
Dr. O'Keefe and Canon Tallis to get.
He only knew that
the anger that burned in him would not abate until he
had
seen Kali, Kali who had
deliberately led him into the kill
ing at the Sao Juan Chrysostom Monastery.
Her high,
shrill laugh echoed in his ears.
He hitched the tired white horse to a tree at the

end of the path, walked past the landing strip, along the beach, up the path between tennis courts and swimming pool, glancing at the courts where two paunchy men were play ing. The pool was emptying; only a handful of young people remained splashing in the water, or sitting on the sides of the pool, dangling their legs and sipping Cokes. He almost walked by without seeing a girl in a black bath ing suit sitting alone on the diving board. Her head was down on her knees, and her fair hair fell in a graceful sweep across her face. He went up to her. "Kali." She raised her head. When she saw him her eyes widened, but she did not move. "What do you want?" "My passport." She rose to her feet in a quick, lithe gesture. "Catch me and I'll give it to you," she cried, and gave her high-pitched laugh which rose shrilly almost into hysteria. She dived cleanly into the water, flashed to the end of the pool, climbed up the ladder, ran along the path, down the ramp, and across the beach, Adam following, losing ground, hampered by his riding breeches, his boots. Kali ran splashing into the water, looking back over her

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shoulder, laughing. She dove through a wave and started to swim. Adam pulled off his boots, his trousers, ripped off his shirt and, in underclothes and Poly's canvas belt, he ran into the sea, flinging himself against the waves, thrusting through the breakers, until he could throw himself down and swim. He looked up, panting, to see Kali's arms flash ing through the water ahead of him. Each time he looked she was less far ahead. Then he heard her scream. His first thought was that it was Macrina. But the second scream that rang across the water was one of mortal terror. He saw the shark, the sleek malevolent body, its murky darkness unable to leap to a flash of silver, its only light the sickly white of its belly. The shark would do for him more than he had dared hope to do. "Adam!" The scream throbbed against his ears. He snatched the knife from the sheath, gave a mighty kick that shot him through the water toward the screaming

girl, and plunged the knife into the shark. There was blood in the water, Kali's blood, but the shark was still. Adam took Kali in a one-arm hold and started to swim in to shore. She was limp in his grasp although an occasional scream bubbled from her lips. When he could stand he picked her up. Her arm was ripped and bleeding copiously. He put her down at the water's edge where loose sand would not get into the wounds, and picked up his shirt from the beach, ripping the white material so that he could wrap it around her arm to stanch the blood.

He carried her to the hotel. She was sobbing and beginning to writhe in his arms. He felt neither hate nor love toward her, only an infinite weariness, as though she were a tremendous burden he despaired of ever being able to put down. He tried not to think of the horribly ripped arm.

He endured grimly the clamor of excitement and curiosity that greeted their entrance, pushing blindly through the

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avid guests toward the elevator, calling, "The doctor, quickly."

The hotel manager rushed after him, wringing pudgy hands. "But what is it? What has happened?"

"A shark," Adam said, grittily. "Get her father. Get a doctor."

In a luxurious room he put her down on the bed. She

was white from shock. Her head moved feebly on the pillow. "Adam. Adam. Help."

Typhon Cutter and the doctor arrived together.

"What have you done to her?" Typhon Cutter asked, face contorted with accusation.

Adam did not answer.

"He said it was a shark," the manager babbled, "but it couldn't have been a shark, it's not possible that it was a shark."

The doctor undid the bandages Adam had made, looked

at Kali's arm. "A shark," he stated categorically. "Get me

blankets. Get me hot water bottles." He opened his bag

and began to work over the girl.

Typhon Cutter watched sickly. The room was silent except

for the movements of the doctor and the sound of the surf outside. The flesh of Typhon Cutter's face had gone

greenish and seemed to sag. "In the ocean?"

"Yes," Adam said.

"Why? She knows I have forbidden-was
"I asked her for my passport and she said 'Catch
me."
You know how quick she is."
"Yes." The older man's eyes were focused on the
girl on
the bed, on the doctor's actions. "Then?"
"I hadn't quite caught up with her when I heard her
scream."
"The shark had attacked her?"
"Yes."
"How did she get away?"
Adam took off the canvas belt and sheath. "I
had a
switchblade with MS-222."
"What?"
"It knocks a shark out faster than anything else."

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"You used it to save her?" There was scorn and disbe
lief in the voice.
"Yes."
"Where is the knife?"
"In the shark." Adam, feeling sick, through with
ques
tioning, through with the Cutters forever, started for the door.
Typhon Cutter's steel talons shot out and
clamped
over his arm.
"Wait." A lock of fair hair fell,
unheeded, over the older man's forehead. Still holding
Adam he asked the
doctor, "The arm?"
The doctor shook his head. "Bad. If it were not
for the young man and his quick action you would have no
daughter at all."
"But what about the arm?"
The doctor shrugged. "There is much damage. A
shark's
teeth are deadly."
"You're sure it
was
a shark?"
The doctor shrugged again. "I have seen shark bites
be
fore. There is no question."
Typhon Cutter, pulling Adam with him, leaned
over the
bed. "What are you going to do?"
"There is little I
can
do except stop the bleeding and shock. You will have to get
her to Lisbon. But even
there-was Again the expressive lifting of the shoulder.
Typhon Cutter jerked his head at the manager.
"Come."
Not relaxing his painful clamp on Adam's arm he
went
into the corridor. A police officer was waiting
outside the

door with the hotel detective. Cutter ignored them, although they bowed respectfully, and the detective started to murmur expressions of alarm and concern. "Get O'Keefe," Typhon Cutter said to Adam. As Adam did not reply the talons increased their pressure. "still said get O'Keefe." "Why?" Adam asked, beyond caring what he said or did. "Fool, do you think I don't know that he has worked on human beings in the native village? Go to the telephone. Get him to come. He will do it for you. I will send the helicopter." There was anger in the voice, command in the

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words, naked pleading in the eyes. Another strand of pale gold hair fell forward, unheeded. "I'll call," Adam said, "but he may not be there." "The private line hi your office," Cutter snapped at the manager. They went down the hall, into the elevator, through the lobby: the oily little manager; the uniformed police officer; the detective (still ignored); Cutter, his ponderous body quivering; Adam. In the lobby the guests were milling around. "But her arm was ripped off, I saw it-was" "She will bleed to death before anything can be done-*" "Nonsense, it was only a scratch, they said so-was" "It wasn't her arm, it was her leg-was" The police officer shouted for quiet. "Please do not concern yourself. The girl is all right She disobeyed rules by swimming in the ocean when the lifeguard was not there; she would never have been allowed to go out so far. If you will be sensible there is no danger whatsoever." The manager echoed him, wringing his hands anxiously. "Everything is all right. There is no cause for alarm. She went out too far." He scurried around to Adam, grasping his hand in an effusion of gratitude. "My dear young man-was" "Fool. Come," Cutter said. The manager put the call through. Charles answered the

phone, called his mother. "It's Adam."
"Yes?" Mrs. O'Keefe said. "What is it,
Adam?"
"Is the doctor there?"
"No. He's in the village with Poly and
Father Tallis.
What is it? What happened? Can I help?"
"Kali has been hurt by a shark. Do you know when
they'll be back?"
"Some time this evening. I don't know just when.
Adam, are you all right?"
The warmth and concern in her voice shook Adam so
that he had to lean on the desk for support. But he
said,
"I'm fine, and I'll be home as soon as I
can."
Cutter, who was breathing heavily behind him, said as
he hung up, "In the village?"

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"Yes."
Cutter snapped at the manager. "Get the
helicopter
ready." To Adam. "Go to the village and get
him."
The police officer held up his hand, speaking
to Adam.
"There will have to be a statement from you."
The detective finally got in a word. "To absolve
the ho
tel of any blame."
Typhon Cutter's thin voice rose in an
angry squeak. "I
am
the hotel. There is no question of blame. She broke
hotel rules.
My
rules." Controlling the soaring pitch of his
voice he asked Adam, "Why did you have this
stuff-
whatever it is-on you?"
"You know there have been sharks here. I had the knife
with me when Kali and I saw the shark before."
The phone on the manager's desk rang and Cutter
pushed the little man aside to reach for it. "Yes? . .
. .
Yes." He put the receiver down. "The helicopter
is ready.
Bring O'Keefe to her."
Adam said humbly, "I'll try."
"You will do more than try. I will go with you."
"No." Adam's voice was firm. "I'll go
alone. Stay with
Kali. She may need you."
For a moment Typhon Cutter chewed his
lip. "Very
well. The pilot is one of my men. If
O'Keefe doesn't come
he will have my instructions to-was
Adam cut through the threat by walking deliberately

past Typhon Cutter and out of the manager's office. Again the procession moved through the lounge, Adam silent, closed in, indifferent to the curiosity, the manager and the detective responding excitedly to the heightening tension of the guests, assuring them that all was well, everything was perfect, the young man was a hero. The helicopter waited on the roof. The manager pumped Adam's hand. "Thank you. Muito obrigado. Thank you." As the boy started to climb into the helicopter he paused. "My passport." Typhon Cutter said, "When you send O'Keefe back." "No more of that. Now." Adam stood his ground, staring at Cutter's ravaged face. "Do you want Dr. O'Keefe?"

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The manager, the detective, the police officer murmured. Typhon Cutter reached into his breast pocket and handed over the passport. Adam climbed into the helicopter. He did not look back. Not in time, not in space. His mind was exhausted to the point where it was bliss to allow it to drift with the noise of the rotors, to relax in the silence of the pilot. When the helicopter hovered over the village Adam looked down and saw a scurrying of dark shapes. The village emptied, men and women disappearing into the jungle, into the huts. The pilot set the machine down on the greensward in front of the central hut. As Adam climbed out he saw the pilot reaching for his gun, but he felt no fear. Virbius emerged from his hut, raising his hand in greeting. Adam, too, raised his hand. "Is Dr. O'Keefe here?" The old man spoke slowly, tremulously, with great effort. "You-wish-speak?" "Please." The old man beckoned and Dr. O'Keefe and Canon Tallis came out of the hut, Dr. O'Keefe bending his tall frame to pass through the doorway. As Adam started to speak Dr. O'Keefe called, "Poly-was and she came out with Temis. Adam told what had happened, while Poly

translated for Virbius and Temis. When the boy had finished Dr. O'Keefe questioned him, then stood, as though still listening. Then he looked at Canon Tallis, and their eyes met for a long moment. Dr. O'Keefe nodded. "Daddy!" Poly cried. "You're not going!" "Yes. I will have to see the arm for myself. Then, if it is as bad as it seems, I will have to tell Typhon Cutter of the dangers, and then, if he still wishes me to, I will try." Poly ran to her father and caught his hands in hers. "But you wouldn't try if you didn't think you could do it, would you?" "No." "But why are you going, daddy? Why?"

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Canon Tallis drew Poly away from her father. "Ask Adam why, Poly." But she was silent. They stood, looking, while Dr. O'Keefe climbed into the helicopter, still stood looking, half-deafened by the noise of the rotors, until it had droned away, until the night sounds of the village could be heard again. Without a word Virbius sat on the green sward, crosslegged, looking out to the harbor. Canon Tallis sat by him, gesturing to Adam. The two girls stood together, facing the men. Temis raised her hand, looked at the spread-out fingers, dropped it to her side. Virbius spoke. Poly said, "He wants to know if you think daddy did right to go." "Adam?" Canon Tallis asked. Adam was silent, looking at the village, at the men re turning from the jungle, at the women and children emerging from their huts. Evening was coming quickly. The sun had already dropped with the sudden fierceness of the jungle, and the sky over the island was suffused with great streaks of color: rose, raspberry, deepening to mauve, to indigo. Above a date palm a star began to pulse, at first faintly, then growing in brilliance. In the darkness of the surrounding brush fireflies flickered. "Adam?" Canon Tallis asked again.

"I think he had to go," Adam said unwillingly.
He began to shiver and realized that, like it or not, he would again be able to feel heat and cold, sunlight and moonlight.
At a word from the old man, Temis slipped into the hut.
"But why!" Poly demanded passionately.
"Why did he have to go?"
Adam was silent while Temis came out and draped a softly woven robe about him. Then he said, heavily, "Be cause of Joshua."
"But she killed Joshua!" Poly cried. "Why should daddy help her now? I don't want to help her! Adam should have let the shark kill her!"
Adam was silent

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"Father!" Poly cried.
Canon Tallis said quietly,
"Suppose it had been Adam the shark attacked?"
Tears began to roll down Poly's cheeks. "But Adam's good, and she's-was Adam stood up, holding Temis" robe about his shoulders. He could not say what he had to say sitting down. "I killed Joshua, too."
"But-was
"Be quiet, Poly," Canon Tallis commanded.
Adam let the robe drop as he clenched and unclenched his fists. "If I hadn't used the knife, or if we didn't try to help Kali now, it would be justice, wouldn't it?"
Virbius nodded, saying the English word, "Justice," nodding again.
"But Joshua-was Adam said. "Joshua-was he broke off.
"It's Joshua I'm thinking about!" Poly cried.
"It was what he always said," Adam choked out, "about the sparrow. Even Kali would be a sparrow to Joshua. If you're going to care about the fall of the sparrow you can't pick and choose who's going to be the sparrow. It's everybody, and you're stuck with it." He sat down and put his arms about his knees and his head on his arms.
Virbius spoke. When he had finished there was silence until he spoke again, rather crossly, to Poly.
She trans

lated.

"He says it is not enough if you pray neither for nor against. He says he will go to his gods and pray. For."

Virbius stood up, tremulously, and went into his hut.

Adam did not know how long he sat there with his head down. When he looked up Temis had gone and

Poly had turned away.

Canon Tallis looked at Adam, smiled briefly, but did

not speak. Night was coming, but to Adam, as he returned

the canon's smile, everywhere there seemed to be light.

At last Poly reached over and took his hand in hers. "I

see that daddy had to go," she said. And then, "I love you,

Adam."

He held her hand tightly. "I love you, too, Poly."

