

CHAPTER ONE

MY GRANDMOTHER IS DYING, and I am getting coffee. I can tell myself that I'm treating the hospice nurses. I can tell myself that Nan is sleeping, and I can't do anything right now. I can tell myself that even if she woke, she would never begrudge me a fifteen-minute break. It doesn't matter. I crossed an ocean to be at her side for her final days . . . and instead I'm standing in an Edinburgh coffee shop, ordering lattes and chais as if it's just another midafternoon caffeine break, as if the doctor hadn't told me, thirty minutes ago, that the person I love most in the world will be dead before the weekend.

The shop is overcrowded and understaffed, tempers fraying, people shifting and sniping, and I want to scream at them all to shut up and be glad for a day where a five-minute wait is the worst thing that will happen. Instead, I'm on the phone to my mom, hunched over for some modicum of privacy. In the midst of this excruciatingly banal chaos, I am telling my mother that unless she can get here in the next three days, she will never see her own mother again.

I want to step outside, but I've already placed my order. I want to say "to hell with it" and reorder elsewhere, but I left

my wallet in the hospice and the ten-pound note I brought is now reduced to spare change. I want to tell Mom I'll call her back, but she's on a ten-minute recess from court.

I want, I want, I want. I want so many goddamn things right now.

If wishes were horses . . .

I hear Nan saying that, and with a blink, the coffee shop glistens behind a gauze of tears.

Focus, Mallory. Do not lose it. Not here. Not now.

"I will do everything I can to get there," Mom says. "If I can't, your dad will."

"Dad won't want you to be alone at home if . . . when . . ." I can't finish that line. Cannot.

Her voice drops to a whisper, as if I'm not the only one having this very private conversation in a public place. "We don't want you to be alone there either, Mal."

"I'm not. I'm with Nan."

She inhales. "And I am so, so glad of that. I'm—"

"Two turmeric lattes, one masala chai, one dark roast!" a barista calls, with the exasperation that says this isn't the first time she's announced my order. I can barely hear her over the low roar of discontent around me. Her accent doesn't help. I may have spent every childhood summer in Scotland, but as a thirty-year-old cop chasing career goals, I haven't visited for more than a week in years.

I step forward, phone pressed to my ear. Mom's still talking, and I'm half listening, focused on collecting those drinks and getting the hell out of here.

I make it halfway when my phone vibrates. A glance at my watch shows a number that has me cursing under my breath.

It's an informant who ghosted me a month ago. One I've been desperately trying to contact, for fear her silence isn't voluntary.

I really need to answer this, but there is no way in hell I'm cutting Mom off, not when her voice cracks with grief and fear. I'm the lifeline to her dying mother, and I won't sever that to take a work call, however urgent.

"Two turmeric—!" the barista shouts.

"Mine," I say, waving my free hand as I reach the counter.

"I should let you go," Mom says.

"Sorry, I'm just grabbing coffee for the nurses." My phone continues vibrating as I shove cups into a cardboard tray. "Can I call you back in sixty seconds?"

"Tonight is fine, hon."

"Really, I can—"

"Tonight, Mal. I need to get back in court anyway."

She signs off. I hit the Answer button to connect my informant as I slam the last cup in the tray. I'm opening my mouth as I turn to go . . . and I crash into a man standing right behind me.

The coffee tray hits his chest. I stagger backward just in time to avoid dumping four cups of hot liquid on him. Droplets still splatter his white shirt.

"Oh my God," I say, twisting to set the tray down. "I am so sorry."

"It's quite all right," he says.

In Canada, there is a warmth to such reassurances. Here, it seems as if they're mandatory, spoken with a cool efficiency that always throws me off balance.

"No, it's not okay," I say, handing him a wad of napkins. "Let me—"

He jerks back, as if I were about to touch him.

"I'm fine," he says, and again, the words are cool. No annoyance. No anger. Just the sense that he is terribly busy and wishes I would stop talking. Please.

He moves up to the counter, placing his order as he plucks

napkins and dabs his shirt. I hesitate, but an older woman beside me whispers, "He's all right, dear. You go on now. Enjoy your drink before it gets cold."

I nod and murmur my thanks. That's when I realize I'm still holding my cell phone. I glance down to see my informant has hung up.

It's night now. My grandmother is asleep. The nurse warned she might never wake up, and I am not certain that is a bad thing. I want more time, so much more time, but she's so confused and in so much pain that a tiny part of me hopes she will not wake, and a tinier part wonders whether that is for her sake or mine.

I told the hospice nurse I was going for a jog, but really, I'm running away as fast I can, and every footfall on the pavement drives a dagger of guilt through my heart. I should be at Nan's side, and instead, I'm fleeing her death as if the Reaper dogged my own heels.

I'm in the Grassmarket. I remember Mom telling me how she volunteered at a homeless shelter here during uni. It's long gone, and pubs line the street now. After fielding catcalls from a drunken quartet, I veer onto a quieter street lined with funky little shops, all long closed for the night.

I pass a tourist trap with a hangman's noose painted on the window, which reminds me that the Grassmarket had been the site of executions. Nan took me to the "shadow of the gibbet" when it was first unveiled, maybe ten years ago. There's an old memorial plaque to commemorate some of the executed and, during a renovation, the city had installed dark cobblestones nearby in the shape of a gibbet. Neither Nan nor I has ever

been a keen student of history, but when it comes to the macabre, we're there.

As I wonder where exactly that spot is, I catch a flicker of movement. I spin so sharply that my sneaker squeaks. An empty street stretches before me.

At another flicker, I lift my gaze to a cigar-shop flag fluttering half-heartedly in the night breeze.

I roll my shoulders and stretch in place with one foot braced against the storefront. I drink in the smell of a recent rain and the faint odor of cigars. When I listen, there is only the wind, tripping along the narrow street.

I am alone with my grief and my regret and my rage and my guilt, the last one slipping away as I acknowledge how much I needed this break. A chance to run myself to exhaustion, letting tears dry on my face. A chance to lower my guard and gather my thoughts, and then return to face the horror of my grandmother's death.

I finish my stretches and gaze out on the street as a long exhale hisses between my teeth. It is lovely here. Peaceful and quiet and beautiful in a haunting way. I want to linger, but I have what I came for—a sliver of solitude—and it's time to head back.

I'm lunging into a run when a woman yelps. My first reaction is no reaction at all. It may be quiet, but there are people around. That playful yelp only makes me long for a moment that is, for now, beyond my grasp. I can't even recall the last time I went to a bar with friends.

No one on their deathbed ever wished they spent more time in the office.

Nan's admonition from last Christmas creeps up my spine. She was right, of course. If something happened to me tonight—a slip-and-fall or drunk driver—would I regret not making the major-crimes section? Or regret the fact it's been six damn

months since I had dinner with friends? A year since I went on a date, and even that was more hookup than romantic evening.

I could swear that first cry sounded playful, like a woman being surprised by a friend, but when it comes again, it's a stifled shriek. A shriek of delight? A woman out for the evening, a little tipsy, goofing around with friends.

Maybe, but I still strain to hear more, just in case.

Muffled whispers. The scuff of shoes on cobblestones. Then silence.

I pivot toward the sounds as my hand drops toward the holster I am obviously not wearing. Blame five years of patrol duty, with a preference for long nights and rough neighborhoods.

The sounds came from down a narrow lane ahead. I roll my steps as I ease that way, and my fingers itch for the knife I carry when I jog at home.

My fingers close around my phone instead. I pull it out, ready to call 911.

911? Wrong country. What is the emergency number here? Damn it, I should know that. I'm sure Mom and Nan and even Dad all hammered it into my head when I was young. 511? No, that's traffic information at home. 411? Directory assistance.

My thumb grazes the screen, but my eyes stay fixed ahead. Get a better idea of what I'm facing, and then I'll pause to search for the local number.

As I approach the end of the lane, I clutch my phone in one hand. In the event of urgent trouble, I'll dial 911 and pray it forwards to an emergency service. I don't expect to need that, though. The closer I draw to the lane, the more I'm convinced that I'm about to interrupt an intimate moment. The woman's date had surprised her and made her shriek. They'd goofed

around and then whispered together and then it fell to silence as they settled into a private spot.

That doesn't mean I turn around. I've roused couples in dark alleys because what I heard didn't quite sound consensual. Half the time, I've been right.

I ease into a shop alcove. At the first indication of shared passion, I'll scoot. I hear nothing, though. Maybe they've moved on, seeking true privacy—

A whimper.

I press my hand to the wall and lean as far as I dare, my eyes half shut as I strain to listen.

A muffled sound, one I can't make out.

Damn it, give me a little more.

I lift my phone and open the browser. I'm halfway through typing "Scotland emergency phone number" when a cry comes, a stifled word that is unmistakable.

Help.

Then another cry, this one of pain and surprise, and I bolt from my spot before I realize what I'm doing. I swing into the lane to see . . .

Nothing.

It's more alley than lane, stacked with boxes and bins for trash pickup. The cobblestones stretch into darkness, and I race along them, following the whimpers and muffled cries of a woman, until I reach the back corner and look around it to see . . .

An empty lane.

It's a narrow alleyway between the rows of shops, and there is nothing in sight.

I squint into darkness lit only by a single flickering lamp over a door. Even without better lighting, I am absolutely certain there's no one here.

They must have moved on. I misunderstood, and the couple moved on.

I'm turning away when a gasp sounds behind me. I spin, fists rising, to see that empty expanse of alley again.

Then there's a flicker. The shifting of light. A flash of cornflower blue, hovering like a haze. The haze becomes a dress. A long dress, half-translucent. A glimpse of light hair. Then another gasp, as the wisp of a figure falls back against the wall, only to disappear as she strikes it.

What the hell?

I blink hard. A projection? It must be. Some kind of video projection from a tour, a young woman in an old-fashioned dress struck down by an unseen assailant. I peer up at the opposite wall, looking for the malfunctioning projector.

Something moves behind me. Do I catch the whisper of a foot on stone? The smell of another body? Or just a shift in air pressure. Nan would call it a sixth sense, but all I know is that my gut says "Turn around now!" and I obey.

I wheel just as something swings toward my head. I spin out of the way and catch a glimpse of rough rope gripped in a man's hand.

Synapses fire, a connection made. An article glimpsed in passing. Edinburgh. Two bodies found in the past month. Strangled. Old rope around their necks.

A spark of realization, smothered by the far more important fact that I am being attacked. *This* is not a malfunctioning ghost-tour video.

My arm smacks up into his, and he staggers back grunting in shock. His face rises, hidden in the shadow of a dark hoodie. Then the hood falls half back and—

It's the man from the coffee shop. The man I spilled coffee on.

If asked what he looked like, I'd have said I had no idea. I

only saw his shirtfront, dappled with coffee droplets. But I never ask witnesses whether they would recognize someone if they saw them again, because half the time they'll say no, but if I put a lineup before them, the memory will slam back.

That's what happens now. I thought I didn't see his face earlier, but then this man looks at me—white guy, midthirties, average face, light hair, dark eyes—and I know him. I know him beyond any doubt.

I spilled a few drops of coffee on some suit in a crowded shop, and now he's in this alley, dressed in a black hoodie, with a length of fraying rope in his hand.

It makes no sense, and that is where I fail. My foot was flying up to kick him, and then I recognized him and I falter. He feints out of my way. I stumble and twist to right myself and in a blink, the rope is around my neck.

I claw to get my fingers under it as twenty thoughts explode at once. Twenty instructions, and above all of them, the scream that I should do better. I've taught women how to fight off an attacker in every situation, and here I am, uselessly clawing at a rope already around my neck.

It happened so fast.

It happened so goddamn fast, and part of me screams a curse for every time I calmly told some woman how to fight this. Get your fingers under whatever is choking you. Free some air. Claw. Kick. Punch. Scream.

Scream? I can't breathe. How the hell can I scream?

I do claw, but the rope is already digging in, my nails shredding against it. I kick backward. Rear kick. Side kick. Roundhouse kick. I know them all, but my foot never makes contact. Even when I manage to get my hand behind my neck, all I feel is that length of rope.

He hasn't said a word. Hasn't made a sound.

My sneakers scuff against the stone, and I'm gasping, the world tinging red at the edges.

I am suffocating. I am going to die, and there isn't a goddamn thing I can do about it.

Fight. That's what I can do. Fight in any way possible.

My kicking foot finally makes contact. Hard contact. The man grunts and staggers, and I get my balance again. I throw myself forward, but he's already recovered, wrenching me off-balance.

The man yanks again, as if growing impatient. I am taking so long to die. I twist, and down the alley, two figures shimmer. A young woman with honey-blond hair, in a cornflower-blue dress, as a shadowy figure has his hands wrapped around her throat.

The figures vanish, and I fight anew, but I'm off balance and can't do more than flail.

I'm sorry, Nan. I'm sorry I won't be with you. I know I promised—

The world goes dark.

CHAPTER TWO

I WAKE ON A BED. It's not exactly soft, but considering what just happened to me, I'd be happy with a stone pallet. Better than a wooden casket.

There's a rough pillow under my head and a stiff coverlet over me. A hospital? When I crack open my eyes, pain trumpets through my skull, and I shut them again.

My ribs feel tight, as if they've been bound. Nothing else hurts, though. I'm wearing what feels like a hospital gown, tugging at me when I move.

The room is chilly and damp. When I breathe in, there's the smell of . . . camphor? That's the word that comes to mind, though I'm not even sure what camphor is. Something medicinal. Definitely a hospital, then.

Definitely? It seems very quiet for a hospital. No footsteps on linoleum floors. No creaking of gurney or supply-cart wheels. No blipping of machines or whisper of voices.

I try peeking again, but the pain forces me into retreat.

I survived. That's all that matters. A man lured me in with that video, and I fell for it. Someone must have heard the noise and rescued me.

In the alley, I'd remembered an article sent by a colleague. A fellow detective who also had his eye on advancement. According to the article, two bodies had been found in Edinburgh, possibly the baby steps of a nascent serial killer.

My colleague joked that maybe I could investigate it and become a homicide detective with Scotland Yard. I hadn't had the heart to tell him that Scotland Yard isn't in Scotland. Let's just say one of us has a better chance of climbing the law-enforcement ladder than the other.

I'd only skimmed the article, and mostly just to reassure myself that I wouldn't risk becoming victim number three. The victims had been a middle-aged man killed midday in his car and an elderly woman murdered in her garden. While the murder weapon—old hemp rope—suggested a connection, the police suspected the victims themselves would end up being connected. Targeted killings rather than the thrill-motivated actions of a serial killer.

A visitor out for a jog was in no danger at all . . . unless she spilled coffee on the killer.

I'm still trying to wrap my head around that. I was targeted for murder, not because I had a life-insurance policy or a long-standing feud with a neighbor. I was targeted for an everyday offense. An accident, for which I sincerely apologized and tried to make amends. Part of me is laughably offended.

Plenty of time to dwell on that later. For now, my colleague's joke might actually come true. At least the part about me helping in a homicide investigation.

I have critical information on a serial killer. A face, emblazoned in my memory. A motive, as mind-boggling as it might be. A potential location, as the man's jacketless dress shirt had suggested he worked in a nearby office. I know what he looks like and how he chooses his victims and where police can start canvassing for an ID. It'd be much more impressive if I learned

that as a cop, rather than a victim. No matter. At least I hadn't actually died.

Died.

Nan.

I lever up in bed, my head and stomach lurching together as I swallow bile. I gag and then force myself to slow down. If I vomit, they'll keep me in the hospital. I need to get to Nan. Everything else can wait.

The room is dark. I blink, in case my eyes are still closed. They aren't. My head booms, and thoughts flit like fireflies, sparks of light that disappear before I can catch them.

Something's wrong.

Hospital rooms aren't this dark. How many times has Nan grumbled about that? Even in the middle of the night, there's so much light.

I'm not in a hospital.

I scramble from the bed, the damned gown binding my legs and nearly toppling me face-first to the floor. While my outfit might feel like restraints, I'm not actually bound. Also, as my eyes adjust, I can make out a sliver of harsh light under a door.

I'm standing on a lumpy carpet, but in one step I'm on ice-cold wood. I catch smells I don't recognize. There's that one that keeps whispering "camphor." The word strikes me as old-fashioned. Maybe something from Nan's house?

Nan.

I squeeze my eyes shut. Great. My thoughts have metamorphosed from lazily fluttering fireflies to a hive of bees, buzzing about, stingers at the ready.

Slow down.

Step one: open the door.

I make it two more paces before the damn gown tangles up my legs, and I stumble.

Why the hell does this hospital gown reach my ankles? It takes longer than it should for that question to form, proof that my brain is still muddled. I tug at the garment. It's more like a nightgown, and there's something under it, something that stops me from breathing deeply. I run my hands up my sides.

Am I wearing a corset?

Holy shit, I'm wearing a corset and a nightgown. Also some kind of wig—I can feel hair against my back where it normally falls on my shoulders.

I'm not safely in a hospital. My attacker has taken me hostage. Strangled me until I lost consciousness and brought me to some . . . I'd say "lair" if that didn't sound so comic-book villain. I've been taken captive and dressed in a gown and a corset and a wig. I am suddenly terrified of the answer to the question "Where the hell am I?"

There might be a serial killer in Edinburgh, but that's not who jumped me. This is a whole other kind of attack. The kind that turns the stomach of even seasoned detectives.

Breathe, Mallory. Just breathe.

I do. I rein in the galloping terror and take deep breaths. Go back to step one. Try to open the door.

I take two steps toward the sliver of light, only to tangle in the skirt again, and I stagger forward, hands slamming down on something hard that twists my wrist and has me uttering a string of curses.

A distant gasp. Then running footsteps.

I back up, fists rising. The door swings open, and that harsh light floods in, making my head shriek, my eyes half shutting, giving me only the barest glimpse of the newcomer. It's a girl, no more than twelve, backlit by that white light, her edges blurred by my throbbing head. She's holding something like a toy sand bucket.

My brain refuses to process. I see a young girl and—consid-

ering what I fear has happened to me—I can only think she must be another victim. But she's out and about, running around the house with a toy.

I swallow and force myself to remain calm.

"Hey, kid," I say, my voice coming out weirdly pitched. "I don't know where I am, but could you help—"

She screams. Drops the bucket and races back down the hall. I stand there, staring after her.

It's only as she flees that my mind finishes processing her image. Twelve-year-old girl with brown hair and eyes, a smattering of freckles, and a thin frame. Her hair was swept up under a strange little cap, one that matched a dress that looked like something out of a historical drama, simple and blue with a matching white apron.

I stare down at the bucket. It's made of wooden slats with iron rings, and its contents puddle on the floor, steaming water that carries one of the smells from my room—a medicinal, tar-like scent.

I lift my gaze to the hall. It's a corridor of gold damask wallpaper, the sort I remember from my great-grandmother's house. There's a light right outside my room. A brass fixture on the wall, spitting white flame.

I take another step back, smacking into whatever I hit earlier. It's a cabinet, the top holding a ceramic bowl and jug and a small pedestal mirror. The cabinet is a dark red wood, the two doors held closed by a brass medallion engraved with a Chinese dragon.

My gut squeezes, nausea rising. I've been kidnapped and thrown into someone's sick fantasy version of a Victorian home, complete with a poor kid forced to play the role of maid.

The nausea solidifies into anger as I inhale again. Okay, whatever this is, I can handle it, and I can help that girl. I just

need to figure out what's going on and play along. Help the child; catch this bastard; save myself.

As I straighten, my gaze lifts to the mirror, to my reflection in it, and . . .

The blond girl from the alley stares back.

CHAPTER THREE

I STAND in front of the cabinet, staring at the reflection of the blond girl from the alley. The obvious answer is that I'm looking at another projection. I don't even get a chance to consider that, because my first reaction is to jerk back, startled . . . and the girl in the mirror moves with me.

Bruises dapple her neck, and there's a dressing on her temple, as if she'd been struck there, and my mind goes instantly to the alley, hearing her gasp and fall back, seeing hands around her throat.

The girl—young woman, I should say—is no more than twenty. Honey-blond hair that curls to midback. Bright blue eyes. Average height with curves not quite contained by the corset over my chest.

Not me.

None of it is me.

I take a deep breath. Or I try to, but the corset restricts the movement. I look down to see I'm wearing a dress. A long-sleeved cotton dress, not unlike the one on the little girl who fled. When I run my hands over the bodice, I feel stiff stays beneath.

Who puts an injured young woman to bed while wearing a dress and corset?

I almost laugh at my outrage, as if this “young woman” is a stranger and I’m incensed on her behalf.

This stranger is me.

Footsteps thump up the stairs. Heavy floor-creaking steps, with lighter ones pattering along. My head jerks up, and I lunge, only to inhale sharply as the corset tightens. I gather my skirts—a phrase I’ve never had cause to use before—and race to the door, easing it shut before the people reach the top of the stairs.

A few moments later, someone turns the knob, and I brace my back against the door.

“Catriona?” a woman says. “Open this door.”

I close my eyes and lean against it, and I have no idea what I’m doing, only that I do not want to face anyone until I’ve figured out what the hell is going on.

“Are ye certain she’s awake, Alice?” the woman asks.

A girl’s voice says, “Aye, ma’am. She were on her feet ‘n’ talking, though what she said . . . Her mind must be addled fae th’ blow.”

The older woman grumbles. “We dinnae need this.”

I struggle to follow the accents, which seem thicker than I’m used to in Edinburgh. My brain smooths their speech into something I can follow.

“Catriona?” the older woman says.

I clear my throat and channel historical-novel dialogue while sending up a thanks to my dad, the English prof.

“I-I fear I am unwell, ma’am,” I say. “Might I lie abed a while longer?”

I wince. I sound like a community-theater player in a period drama. Even my voice isn’t my own. It’s the higher pitch I heard earlier, with a thick Scottish brogue.

As silence falls, I wonder whether I've laid on the "historical-novel-speak" a bit thick.

More footsteps. These ones firm, soles smacking along the hall floor.

"Sir," the older woman says.

"What the devil is going on?" A man's voice, clipped with annoyance, his brogue softer.

"It's Catriona, sir," the girl says. "She's awake."

"Awake?" Genuine shock sparks in the man's voice.

The knob jangles. The door opens an inch before I thump against it, forcing it shut.

"She's barred the door, sir," the girl—Alice—says again. "She's not herself."

The man mutters something I don't catch, and the older woman snorts.

"Catriona," he says, firm and abrupt, as if speaking to a dog. "Open this door, or I will open it for you."

"I am unwell, sir, and—"

The door flies open, knocking me forward as a man strides into the room. About thirty, he's big and rough-hewn, with a lantern jaw and broad shoulders. He must work in the stables, judging by the dirt on his rumpled clothing. Tousled black hair. Dark beard shadow. Brown skin. A thunderous look on his face that has me locking my knees to keep from shrinking back.

He stalks across the room and yanks open heavy drapes, the gray light of a heavily clouded day filtering through. Then he turns on me.

"What the devil are you doing out of bed?" he says. "Get back in there now."

"Like hell." The words come before I can stop them, and his dark eyes widen.

I hesitate. I want to fight, to demand answers. *Where am I?*

What's going on? I know it isn't what I thought at first. This is not the guy who attacked me, and this is not some sicko killer's historical-fantasy game.

So what is it? I don't know, but my gut says to play along. Roll with it. Get answers without making trouble.

"Apologies," I say, in a tone that doesn't sound very apologetic. "I appear to have been struck in the head, and I am not quite myself." Understatement of the *century*. "Pray tell, who might you be?"

"I *might* be your employer, Catriona."

"Name?"

A tiny gasp, and I look over to see the little girl—Alice—staring at me goggle-eyed.

"Your name, please, sir?" I say.

"Duncan Gray."

"Dr. Gray to you," the older woman says with a sniff. I glance at her. Her face says she isn't over forty, but she's steel-haired, with a glare to match.

"That is Mrs. Wallace," Gray continues. "My housekeeper."

"And I am?"

His thick brows knit. "You truly don't remember?"

"I fear I do not, sir, due to the bump on my head. If you would please kindly assist me by answering my questions, I would very much appreciate it."

"You'll ask your questions of me," Mrs. Wallace snaps. "The master has no time for your nonsense."

Gray waves her off, his gaze still on me, peering, assessing. A medical doctor, then? I take a closer look at his shirt, and see that what I'd mistaken for dirt is ink stains. Also, possibly a smear of soot. Wait, is that *blood*?

Gray eases back. "You are Catriona Mitchell. Nineteen years of age. Housemaid to myself and my widowed sister, who is currently abroad."

"And this place? It is your house, I presume. But the city? Edinburgh, is it?"

Mrs. Wallace continues to glare, as Alice watches me with that mixture of horror and admiration. As interrogations go, mine is downright civil. Probably still not quite appropriate for a Victorian housemaid.

If Gray takes offense, though, he doesn't show it. "Yes, it is my home. Yes, it is in Edinburgh." The faintest twitch of the lips. "Scotland."

"And the date, sir?"

"May 22."

Before I can open my mouth, he adds, "Eighteen sixty-nine. Today is May 22, 1869."

