



IN TOO DEEP

The 39 Clues Book 06

Jude Watson

# CHAPTER 1

The sound of rushing water filled Amy Cahill's ears. If she kept her eyes closed, she

could imagine she was standing under a beautiful tropical waterfall. Unfortunately, she

was hiding in an airport bathroom. Inside a stall, she tucked up her legs and balanced

her backpack on her knees. Toilets flushed, faucets ran, and suitcases on wheels trailed

feet in a big hurry. The airport in Sydney, Australia, was a busy place. Busy was good.

Busy was cover. If you wanted to ditch surveillance, a bathroom could offer you a

perfect opportunity. If you didn't mind crouching on a toilet for fifteen minutes. Ditch

surveillance. Only weeks ago, that would have meant not letting her little brother, Dan,

read her diary. Now it was all too real. Too real for a fourteen-year-old. Amy peeked

over the stall. A tour group of teenagers had entered the bathroom a few moments

ago, and now they chattered in French as they washed their hands and primped at the

mirror. The guide cried, "Allons-y!" Still talking and laughing, they began to wheel their suitcases toward the exit. It was a perfect opportunity. Amy slipped out of the stall.

Smiling at a pretty French girl, she melted into the group. Women streamed in and out

of the doors, and the tour group got entangled with an Australian woman with four

daughters. Amy slid into the middle of the crowd as they exited. She kept the tour group

between her and the gate opposite. As soon as they headed off toward baggage claim,

she ducked into a coffee bar. She scanned the corridor, searching out anyone familiar

... or a suspicious stranger. Everything looked normal. The only problem was that

normal wasn't necessarily good. Because the new normal meant anyone at all could be

a threat. How about that Japanese family in super-cool footwear? The backpacking

American boy and girl in matching smell u T-shirts? The middle-aged woman munching

a muffin, the mother with a stroller, the man stopping to dial his cell phone. Any one of

them could be after her and her brother, Dan. Any one of them could be Cahills. Amy

had never dreamed that her own last name would send such a chill down her

spine. Ever since her grandmother's will had been read, she'd been chased from one

continent to another ... by her own relatives. Her grandmother Grace Cahill<sup>3</sup> had laid

down a challenge to every branch of the Cahill family-- either join the race for the 39

Clues and become the most powerful person in the world ... or walk away with a million

dollars. Amy and Dan had chosen the chase. Not that a million dollars wouldn't be

pretty sweet. But they knew their grandmother wanted them to win. They had no idea

what they were getting into. Sometimes Amy wondered what the scariest thing about

being involved with the hunt for the Clues was. Maybe it wasn't being buried alive or

almost creamed by a train or locked in a mummy's tomb. All those things had actually

happened to her ... and she'd survived. Maybe it was this -- having to be suspicious of

every single person on the planet. Amy and Dan had learned the hard way that any one

of them could be an informer. Would the rest of her life be like this? Looking over her

shoulder all the time? Don't wig out on me now, Dan would say. He was three years

younger, but sometimes she needed him for a reality check. Amy hurried on. They were

supposed to meet at ground transportation. As soon as their plane from Moscow had

touched down, Amy, Dan, and their au pair, Nellie Gomez, split up. Instead of rushing

for a taxi, they would wander the airport and give any possible pursuers the slip. They

had come to Sydney on a hunch. Back in Russia, they'd discovered that their parents

had traveled under false names on Australian passports. As Amy walked down the busy

corridor, she thought of the photo of her parents the Lucian Nataliya had sent them.

She and Dan traded it back and forth because they both wanted to sneak looks at it.

Since their parents had died in a fire at their family home, all the photographs of them

had been destroyed. All except one, and Dan had lost that back in Paris. Ever since

she'd seen that photo, little pieces of memory kept drifting back to her. Suddenly, she

remembered silly things, like how they'd had "breakfast for dinner" on Thursday nights, or how her mother had always carried different colored markers in her purse so they

could draw on place mats if they went somewhere to eat. How one day they'd made

jewels out of aluminum foil... and wore their crowns to the grocery store.  
She'd almost

forgotten what a goofball her mother had been. Her parents had been in this  
airport

more than eight years ago. They'd walked these corridors. Mom, Dad...  
what were you

doing here? She and Dan could be off on a tangent. This trip might not lead  
to a Clue.

They had no evidence that it would. But they had both known the moment  
they saw

those passports where they were headed next. They didn't even have to  
exchange a

word. Their only contact in Australia was a cousin of their father's, Shepard  
Trent. He'd

grown up with their father, so they'd always called him "uncle." They  
knew he lived in

Sydney. There was no way their parents would have traveled here without  
seeing him.

Uncle Shep would be their first stop. The only problem was, they still hadn't  
been able to

get in touch with him. His phone had been cut off. Nellie had managed to  
grab an

address off the Internet, but they had no idea if it was current. Amy headed  
for the

rendezvous point. They had already decided that public transportation  
would be better

than a taxi. If they kept a low profile, they should be able to hide in the crowds of

tourists."Throw a roo on the barbie, mate!"Amy winced as the bad Australian accent

crashed against her ears. Then she cringed as she saw Dan dressed in an Australian

bush hat and a safari jacket. He had a fake rubber snake wrapped around his neck."You

call this is a low profile?" she hissed, swiping the hat off his head and stuffing it in the side pocket of her pack."What was I supposed to do in the airport shop?" Dan asked. "I had to buy something. Did you know that Australia has more deadly creatures than

anywhere else in the world? Look at this snake -- it's called a tai-pan. Its venom can

kill, like, two thousand sheep. Or maybe it was two hundred. Anyway, if you get bit by

one of these babies, you have to, like, get airlifted to a hospital for anti-venom or else

die a horrifying death right there." To demonstrate, Dan clutched the snake<sup>6</sup>and began

to emit choking noises, bug out his eyes, and hold his breath. "Arrggghhhh," he

yelled."Here you are, right on time. It's a miracle." Nellie walked up. She completely

ignored Dan's popping eyes, red face, and strangle noises. "I like this place already,



don't you? I just had the best lamington," she said, licking chocolate off her fingers.

"Beats a donut any day." On their last night in Moscow, Nellie had trimmed her hair with nail scissors. Now tufts of her jet-black-and-platinum-streaked hair stuck out from her

head like exclamation points. She ran her fingers through it, making it stick up more

than ever. Dan fell on the floor, one leg twitching. "I bought some postcards," Nellie

continued, stepping over Dan to show Amy. "Australia is gorgeous. I wonder if we have

time to hit the beach." Dan popped up. "The blue-ringed octopus!" he cried. "Instant death!" "There's a bus that takes us into central Sydney," Nellie said, unfolding a map.

"Then we can transfer to another to get to your cousin's place. I think that's our best

bet. I mapped out the route." "Great," Amy said. "Even a platypus can kill you if you're not careful," Dan added. "This place is awesome." They walked out into the bright

Australian sunshine and joined the line for the bus. After the gray clouds of Russia, they

were cheered by the soft breeze and blue skies.<sup>7</sup> Nellie held the cat carrier up to her

face and purred at Saladin. "G'day, mate," she said in an Australian accent. "You'll be eating snapper soon, I promise." In answer, Saladin let out a mrrp as the bus pulled up

with a squeal of brakes. The cat-screech startled the elderly woman standing in front of

them. She turned around. "What is that, dear? Some exotic Australian bird?" She

peered at the cat carrier nearsightedly as she fished in her purse for a tissue. "It's just a cat," Amy said apologetically. "He's hungry, I guess." "Ooo, I love kitties." She pulled her red suitcase on wheels as the line of tourists shuffled forward. Amy spoke in a low

tone to Dan. "I hope Uncle Shep is still at this address. I don't know how to find him

otherwise." "We can just hang out at surf shops," Dan said. "We'll find him eventually." Shep was a surfing bum. They'd met him when they were little, but Amy

only had a hazy memory and Dan didn't remember him at all. He hadn't made it to their

parents' funeral seven years before. But one of Dan's collections back in Boston was a

stack of postcards Shep had sent them over the years, from places like Bali or Oahu.

There was always a big wave on the front. They boarded the bus and stowed their

backpacks under their seats. The elderly woman with the red suitcase opened up her

map behind them as the bus took off.<sup>8</sup> The map bounced off the back of Amy's head.

"Oops, sorry dear," the woman said. "I just bopped you with the Blue Mountains." "It's okay," Amy said. "No worries." "Americans! I knew it! So friendly. I traveled to Kansas City once. Delicious barbecue. You're not from Kansas by any chance? No? Pity." The

woman began to murmur to herself as she looked over the map. Every so often it

would smack Amy on the head again, but she ignored it. As the bus hit the city center,

traffic swirled around them, and they rumbled from block to block. The change from

Moscow was startling. Outside the people walked with brisk athletic strides, dressed in

bright summery clothes, chatting and laughing with their companions. Everybody in

Sydney seemed fit and happy. "No wonder they call it Oz," Dan said. "This is

unreal." Nellie kept her eyes on the map and on their various stops. Amy peered at the

signs. "Doesn't Shep live near Darlinghurst?" Amy asked. "Dude, don't call me darling,"

Dan said. "Ever. That's an absolute rule." "Darlinghurst is an area of Sydney, you dork,"

Amy said. "Dork, acceptable. Darling, un." The friendly woman behind them stood up as

they rolled to a stop. Dragging her suitcase and folding her map, she waved at them.

"Cheerio! Enjoy your trip!" "You, too!" Amy waved. The doors hissed shut. Nellie consulted the map again. "We're near Circular Quay. Only a couple more stops before

we transfer." Amy leaned over to look at the map. Something was different. A familiar

weight was missing...."Grace's necklace!" Amy felt weak as her hands flew up to her

neck. "I lost it!""Are you sure?" Nellie asked, looking on the seat.Amy couldn't answer.

There was a huge lump in her throat, and she fought back tears. The necklace wasn't

just a necklace. It was something that Grace had cherished. Every time Amy touched it,

it brought back her grandmother's bracing presence, and she felt a connection to

Grace's own courage.The bus turned a corner as Amy frantically scrabbled on the floor.

"It's not here!""When do you remember it last?" Nellie asked."When we were waiting for the bus," Amy said, thinking hard. "I tucked it underneath my T-shirt." "It's not missing," Nellie said. "It was stolen. That old woman!""Really? She was so sweet. She kept hitting me in the head with the map and apologizing...." Amy's mouth dropped

open.Nellie nodded. "Yup. Distracting you."Dan began to stab at the stop button on his

armrest. "Come on. Let's go kick some little-old-lady butt!"10CHAPTER 2Dan's backpack

thudded against his spine. It felt good to run after being on a plane for a million hours.

The only problem with traveling so much was ... traveling.That, and the lack of Cherry

Garcia ice cream on airplanes.Nellie passed him easily, even with Saladin's cat carrier

swinging back and forth in one hand, her overstuffed pack on her back, and their duffel

slamming against her hip with every step. Nellie seemed to spend her time napping or

eating, but she was in awesome shape. Nothing like having a commando for an au

pair. They reached the bus stop where the old woman had gotten off. They looked

around wildly, but there was no sign of her. Pedestrians swirled around them, walking

quickly, smiling, laughing, and chatting. A tall, elegant woman in green suede heels

strolled over to look at an interesting building. Nobody hobbled around waving a

map. Dan spotted a splash of red in the middle of some bushes. He hurried over. 11 He

pulled out the red suitcase the old lady had carried. It was surprisingly light. Dan

flipped it open; it was empty. Two red splotches appeared on Amy's pale cheeks, as

though somebody had slapped her. Dan knew that sign. Amy was trying not to

cry. "11-1-lost Grace's necklace. I can't believe it!" Amy collapsed on the stairs in front of a stone building. "It could turn up," Dan said. He thought he knew how Amy felt.

When he'd lost the photograph of their parents in the train tunnel in Paris, he'd cried

like a little kid. Right in public. Dan looked up at the building Amy had collapsed in front

of. He saw the word museum on the sign. Normally, that would cause hives to break

out on every inch of his body as he waited for his sister to drag him inside, but maybe a

museum would distract her. Amy was blinking back tears so fast she was causing a

breeze. "Hey, look, a museum," he said. "Want to go in?" "Uh, Dan? Have you noticed?

It's a museum," Nellie said. "I think I recall you saying you'd rather have spiders suck out your eyeballs than step foot in another museum again." Dan jerked his head toward

his blubbering sister, letting Nellie know what he was up to. Nellie gave him an

appreciative nod. "That's just silly," Dan said. "Spiders can't suck out eyeballs." He thought a moment. "Though maybe they can in Australia. Cool. Anyway, it's the

Justice and Police Museum. That could rock. Come on, Amy, let's check it out. Maybe

the thief ran in here to get away from us. You can read labels," he coaxed. Nellie sat on

the stairs. "I'll wait here. They probably wouldn't let me bring in Saladin, anyway." She opened her Dictionary of Australian Slang. "I'll just put on my sunnies," she said,

slipping on sunglasses. "I'll spit the dummy if you ankle biters take too long, but if you

don't, she'll be apples!""Speak English, please," Dan said."If you take too long, dude, you're toast.""Got it. C'mon, Amy, I bet they have weapons." Dan bounced up the stairs while Amy followed more slowly. At least she was coming.After they paid admission,

Dan paused at a wall lined with photographs of criminals from the 1890s. They all

looked like they were about to eat your face for breakfast. Incredibly cool."Amy, listen

to this! Once, this guy went missing, and then one day this shark in an aquarium

coughed up his arm! I love this place!" But Amy had wandered off to look at a

courtroom.Dan bent over to examine the death mask of Captain Moonlight. For once,

he'd found a museum that made sense.\* \* \*13Amy didn't get her brother. Didn't they

have enough mayhem in their lives? Why did he find a place like this so fascinating?She

saw the elegant woman in the green suede shoes lean forward to examine the wall of

mug shots. She looked intently at the wall, but Amy couldn't tell what she was looking

at. Whatever it was, it was fascinating.The woman turned and reached into her purse,

and something about the motion pinged inside Amy. Something familiar ... like she

knew this woman. But she didn't know anyone in Australia. By now she was used to

following her instincts, no matter how strange they seemed. When the woman moved

off down the hall, Amy followed. But when she turned the corner, the woman had

disappeared. A re-creation of an old cell caught her attention. Amy stepped inside. It

would be so handy to have a place like this to lock away little brothers when they got

obnoxious. Which would be every five minutes ... Suddenly, she heard the door behind

her clang shut. She spun around. The woman was smiling pleasantly at her through the

bars of the cell. She was beautiful, with huge amber eyes and gleaming dark hair that

feathered against her face. Her skin was so smooth and perfect that it looked like a

china doll's. "Don't be alarmed. This was the only way I'd get to talk to you," she said in a British accent. Her voice was thick and creamy, as if she was holding a spoonful of

yogurt in her mouth. She leaned closer, as though confiding in Amy. "We Cahills have a

way of running away from each other, don't we." She winked. Amy wanted to kick

herself. The woman was a Cahill! Amy casually looked around for another exit. "Still a



worrier, I see." The woman's smile didn't waver. "You never trusted your own courage.

Grace used to say that." Amy felt a stab of pain at those words. She lifted her chin.

"D-d-don't tell me about my grandmother. Who are you?" She cocked her head and

studied Amy, an affectionate smile still on her lips. "Ah, the regal stare. Now I see

Grace in you. I'm Isabel Kabra." "Ian and Natalie's mother?" She nodded. "I've tried to stay out of the hunt for the thirty-nine clues. Tried to keep Ian and Natalie out of it,

too. Unfortunately ..." She gave an elegant shrug. "They pay more attention to their

father. But things have gone too far. My children need me to step in. So, I've tracked

them here." "They're in Sydney?" That wasn't good news. "They're checking into the Observatory Hotel right now. Natalie is probably going through the complimentary bath

products, and Ian ... well, Ian is probably thinking about you." Amy hated the spurt of

pleasure that made her heart race. Even though she didn't believe it for a minute. She

rolled her eyes. "Please."<sup>15</sup> "His behavior has been disgraceful, I admit. He's afraid of his feelings. He confessed to me how much he admires you." "Do I look like I just fell off the turnip truck?" Isabel Kabra's eyes glinted. "What a delightful expression. Ian is all show. Underneath that superior exterior is a normal boy with his own insecurities. I

have ... complicated children." She waved a manicured hand. "I wanted to keep them

away from this Cahill nonsense, believe me. We have such a lovely, fragrant life in

London. Cars, clothes, a private plane." What more do they want?" "Apparently, to be the most powerful people in the world," Amy said. "And what does that mean, exactly?"

Isabel asked. "Have you thought about that?" She had. She still hadn't grasped it. It just seemed so unreal, like something out of a movie or a video game. "What would be the

source of your power?" Isabel asked softly. "And how would you wield it? I mean,

really," she said, chuckling, "a fourteen-year-old and an eleven-year-old ruling the

world? You have to admit it's rather ridiculous." "Wow," Amy said. "Can you do that again? I mean, insult me in a really nice way?" Amy couldn't believe the cool, sardonic

voice was her own. "I don't mean to be insulting," Isabel said in a kind tone. "Just realistic. Do you think that even if you win the hunt for the clues, the danger you face

would be over?" She shook her head. "It would be just the beginning. One only has to

look at history to see that. My children are poor students. But you are a great

researcher. You know that history has proved that every conqueror has a fall." "Why

does she know so much about me? Amy wondered. I know nothing about her." "I was so

fond of your parents," Isabel said. "They had such beauty and promise.... I was

devastated when I heard about the fire. Maybe if they had lived, things would be

different today. Maybe the Cahills would be a little more ... civilized. But as it is, we

have only one hope. The Lucians." Amy snorted. "There's a shocker. You're a

Lucian." "Naturally, I feel the Lucians are best equipped to handle ultimate power. We

combine the best qualities of all the Cahills. We are leaders. We have a global network

in place. But you and your brother ... you're so alone. Your parents are gone, Grace is

gone, there's no one to protect you. I only want the little girl I remember-- the girl in

the nightie I cuddled in my lap so long ago -- to grow up safe. If you only knew

what..." She hesitated. "What?" Footsteps echoed down the hallway. Isabel turned in the direction of the noise. "Trust me," she whispered. And then she hurried

away.<sup>17</sup> CHAPTER 3 Amy pounded on the cell door. "Hello? Help?" she yelled. Dan

appeared and looked inside the bars. "Whatever you did, I'll always stand by you," he

said. "Don't be a dweeb. Get the guard and open this door!" Amy yelled. Dan pushed on

the door, and it slowly swung open. Amy blinked. Why had she thought the door was

locked? Come to think of it, Isabel had never said that it was. She felt her legs

trembling. She was more shaken up than she wanted to admit. "C'mon," Dan said. "I

found this awesome collection of knives. One of them still has bloodstains on it!" "Dan, Isabel Kabra was here," Amy said. "Isabel Kabra? Multiplying Cobras. Which one is

that?" "Ian and Natalie's mother!" "Oh, man. Those kids have a mother?" "18" "She was almost... nice," Amy said. "She actually apologized for Ian." "Too late. Her kids are the hounds of suck." "She said the Lucians should win -- " "Duh." " -- and that I should trust her. She was about to tell me something." Dan made a face. "Let me guess. Go home,

little children, this game is too dangerous for you, you're going to lose. Blahbaddy blah.

We've heard it a million times since we started. So which branch got the originality

gene? They all sound the same." Amy decided to leave out the part about Ian really

liking her. She wasn't buying it, of course. But Dan definitely wouldn't buy it." She said

she met me when I was little, but I don't remember her at all," Amy said. Dan was

barely listening. "We'd better get outside or Nellie is going to have a freak attack." As they walked toward the exit, Amy stopped in front of the wall of mug shots. "Why was

she here?" she wondered. "It wasn't just a coincidence. She stopped here, at the mug

shots. She was leaning in, right-- " Amy stopped. "Dan! One of the mug shots is

missing!" Neatly cut out from behind the Plexiglas, one small photograph was

gone. "Now we'll never know who it was," Amy said. Dan closed his eyes. Amy knew he

was going over the photographs in his mind. Even though there were 19 about a

hundred on the wall, she knew he'd remember the one that was missing. "Follow me,"

he said. Amy hurried after him to the gift shop. There was a framed poster on the wall

showing the same criminal faces. Dan put his finger on one, a youngish man with dirty

hair and a blank expression. One side of his face showed white scars from his forehead

to his chin. "Him." "Bob Troppo," the clerk behind the register said. "Is that some sort of Aussie greeting?" Dan murmured to Amy. He waved. "Bob Troppo!" he called. The clerk came from around the counter. "The bloke you're looking at. He was called Bob Troppo.

Nobody knew his real name because he never spoke. 'Gone troppo' is an Australian

expression for someone who's lived in the tropics so long he's gone a bit weird. He lived

in Sydney in the 1890s." "What did he do?" Dan asked. "Feed someone to a croc? Tie him to the railroad tracks?" "He tried to assassinate Mark Twain." Amy and Dan

exchanged a glance. Mark Twain was a Cahill descendant. He was a Janus, the clever,

artistic branch. The clerk, a burly young man in khaki shorts, leaned against the counter.

"Twain was on a lecture tour, you see, back in 1896. Troppo was seen talking to him in

an alley outside the hall where he spoke. Apparently, they had words, and Troppo

smashed him on the shoulder with a cane!" "20" That doesn't sound like an attempted

assassination," Amy said. "The cane had a knife concealed in it. That was enough to

convict him, especially since he never spoke a word in his defense. Anyway, he escaped

in a totally ingenious way." The clerk leaned forward as if he was about to impart a

secret. "He was in jail, but he had the job of cleaning the floors at night, you see. So

every night he scraped the wax off the wood and kept it in his cell. Then he made a

wax impression of a key! Is that clever or what?" Dan and Amy exchanged another

glance. They knew each other so well and had depended on each other for everything

for so long that they could communicate without speaking. Ekaterina? The Ekaterina branch

was ingenious and inventive. "What happened to him?" Amy asked. "Nobody knows.

Rumor has it that he took off into the bush. Would you like to buy some handcuffs? A

book?" "Handcuffs?" Dan asked. Amy pulled on his shirt. "No, thank you. We have to be going. Thanks for the story!" Amy and Dan walked out of the shop and headed for the

door. "Bob Troppo sounds crazy," Amy said. Dan nodded. "Gotta be a Cahill." "But what does Isabel want with him?" Amy wondered. "Is he the reason the Kabras are in

Sydney? Or..." "... is it us?" Dan asked. 21 \* \* \* Amy, Dan, and Nellie stood in front of a metal door. There was no nameplate, just a grimy button that could be a doorbell. The

building was made of corrugated steel and brick, with long shuttered windows. It

looked like a warehouse. "Maybe this isn't it," Amy said, suddenly nervous. "It's the address," Nellie said. She pressed the bell. They waited. Amy shifted from one foot to

the other. She felt heat rise in her cheeks. How crazy was it to travel halfway around

the world and show up at someone's door? Someone who hardly managed to stay in

touch with his own cousin and best friend? "Can you say 'wild goose chase'?" Dan

whispered after a few moments. "We should go," Amy said. She took a step back. "Yo!"

The voice came from inside. A moment later, the door was flung open. A middle-aged

blond man stood looking inquisitively at them. Everything about him seemed sun

bleached, from his hair to his yellowish T-shirt to the golden hair on his tanned,

muscular forearms. He was wearing board shorts, and his feet were bare. "G'day," he

said pleasantly. He used the Australian greeting they'd heard several times today, but

he still had his American accent. "Can I help you?" "Uncle Shep?" Dan asked. "It's Dan and Amy. This is our au pair, Nellie Gomez." "22 Shep looked puzzled. "Dan and Amy

Cahill," Amy added. "Y-your cousins." How awkward was this? He didn't even recognize them! Shep looked stunned for a moment. Then a grin lit up his face. His light blue eyes

almost disappeared, and lines radiated out from the corners. Amy felt as though she'd

been punched in the stomach. She had blurred memories of her parents, but seeing

that grin, suddenly her father came back to her. He used to smile that way just before

he scooped her up in one of his big hugs. She felt tears sting her eyes, and she quickly

looked away, as though she was checking the address. "You've got to be kidding me.



Dan and Amy?""We were in the neighborhood," Dan said. Shep stepped forward so

quickly it alarmed them. But he embraced Dan, almost crushing the breath out of him.

Then he hugged Amy. "Well, stone the crows! Come in, come in!" He ushered them

inside. The house was just one huge open room divided by sofas and stacks of shelves.

The long far wall was filled top to bottom with shelves crammed with books. Amy

longed to explore the titles. Another wall was all glass and led to a patio. Groupings of

furniture separated the room into living, dining, and playing areas, apparent by the

piles of audio equipment, the guitars, keyboards, surfboards, computers, pinball

machines, 23 three carousel horses, and a Foosball table. Brightly painted wooden crates

held items that spilled out onto the floor-- clothing, more books, athletic equipment,

DVDs, and computer parts. "Wow," Dan said. "This place could have been designed by

me." "Have a seat." Shep quickly rushed to push a load of surfing magazines, T-shirts, and sandals off a couch. "What are you doing in Sydney? Last I heard you were living

with your aunt." "Um, we still are," Amy said. "Technically. But we're on vacation. Sort of." "I see. I think. Man, you two sure have grown." "Well, it's

been eight years since you saw us."He nodded, and the brightness left his gaze. "I know."Amy, Dan, and Nellie sat on the couch.Shep took a seat on the coffee table made out of a surfboard in front of

them. "Listen, first off, I'm sorry about not keeping in touch," he said. "I'm just not the keep-in-touch sort.""It's okay," Amy said. But suddenly, she realized that it really wasn't. They didn't know Shep, but he was their father's closest relative and best

friend. Except for postcards and a couple of Christmas cards of kangaroos in Santa

hats, they'd barely heard from him."It's not okay." Shep looked down at his clasped

hands. "I was sorry to hear about Arthur and Hope. Devastated, actually. I didn't get

the message until<sup>24</sup>after the funeral that they ... were gone. I called, but some old bat

kept telling me you had enough to worry about. That wouldn't be your auntie, would

it?""That would be her," Dan said grimly."She never told us you called," Amy said."Do you have a place to stay? I've got plenty of room. No beds, but plenty of room." He

grinned at them, and Amy had a weird sensation like she wanted to cry and laugh at

the same time. He looked so much like her father."We tried to call," Amy said."I just have a mobile now. Sorry I'm such a hard bloke to find."Amy leaned forward. "We

wanted to ask you about our parents' last trip here. Did you see them?""See them? Of

course I did. That would be about... five years ago?" "Eight, actually." "Yeah, time flies."

Shep shook his head. "It was the last time I saw Artie." Artie? Nobody ever called their father Artie. Saladin mrrped loudly. Shep leaned over. "Hello there, Mister Chow," he

said. "You look hungry. Would you like to get out of there?" "Careful, he's been in there awhile," Nellie said. "And he's not so good with strange --" "Shep was already lifting Saladin out and twining him around his shoulders like a fur stole. Saladin blinked, then

purred happily. "Bet you'd like a dish of something," Shep said to the cat. He crossed to the kitchen area. He poured water into a shallow bowl and stuck his head in the

fridge. "How about some barramundi?" "Barracuda?" Dan asked. "Barramundi," Nellie said. "It's a delicious fish." "He only likes snapper," Amy said. "Then he'll love barramundi," Shep said. "Best fish in the world." He forked some into a bowl and put it on the floor. Saladin smelled it, looked up at Shep, and gave a great, happy

me-WOW! They all laughed as Saladin dived in. "I practically grew up with your dad,"

Shep said, crossing back to them. "Our mothers were cousins and best friends. They

grew up together, and Artie and I did, too. Until we were twelve. Then my mom and

dad got divorced and the next thing I knew I was in Oahu with my mom. Art and I tried

to stay in touch, but... well, twelve-year-old boys don't make the best pen pals. But

every time I saw him, we just picked up where we left off.""Do you know where our

parents went when they were here?" Dan asked."Sure. I ferried them around.""You have a ferry?" Dan asked hopefully."Better than that," Shep said with a laugh. "A plane.

A sweet Cessna Caravan, so -- " His cell phone trilled, and he reached into the pocket of

his shorts. He listened intently for a moment, said "Right-o," and hung up.He jumped to his feet. "We've got to get out of here. Now!"26CHAPTER 4Amy, Dan, and Nellie were

used to quick exits. Dan stuffed his feet back in his sneakers. Amy leaped over the back

of the couch. Nellie charged for the door, opened it, and waited until Amy and Dan

were clear.Shep leaped into the Jeep parked outside. "Get in!" he roared.A surfboard

stuck out of the back, and Dan and Amy had to wedge themselves in next to it while

Nellie swung into the front seat. Shep took off with a squeal of tires.Nellie leaned closer

to Shep as they rocketed over the bumpy road. "What happened? Where are we

going?""Bondi, of course!" Shep yelled over the rushing wind. "Surf's up!""Surf's up?"

Nellie asked incredulously. "I thought the place was going to blow!"Dan crashed back

against the seat in relief. Amy blew out a breath.<sup>27</sup>"You've got to drop everything when

the call comes," Shep said. "I have to say, you three are aces at clearing out.""We used to be fire drill monitors at school," Dan said lamely. "Don't worry, there're plenty of

shops," Shep yelled over the rushing wind. "You can pick up your gear there. And I've

got plenty of surfie mates with long boards, short boards, body boards -- we'll set you

up.""I never understood surfing," Nellie said. "I'm a New England girl. Why jump on a board and get creamed by giant waves? I'd rather just swim."Shep chortled. "You'll love it. just watch out for the bluebottles, and you'll be fine.""Can they kill you?" Dan asked hopefully. "Nah, but the pain is excruciating.""Cool!"Within a few minutes, Shep pulled into a space in front of a small surf shop. Soon he was cheerfully directing them to the

proper gear and slapping down a credit card. Now dressed in board shorts and tops,

they followed him down to a wide beach with rolling high surf."The waves look awfully

big," Amy said.Dan was glad that somebody besides him had said it."Don't worry.

Excellent lifeguards. Don't wave if you get into trouble, just raise your arm. Hey, there

are my surfies!"<sup>28</sup>Shep waved at a group that was passing around bottles of juice and

sandwiches. They all looked tanned and athletic, both men and women, with

sun-bleached hair like Shep's. Surfboards were resting on the sand or stuck in it like

standing stones. "There he is!" one of the men called. "Took your time getting here, mate." "What have you got there, some shark biscuits?" another one called. "Did they just call us shark food?" Amy asked, gulping. "Don't pay them any mind. Shark biscuit

just means a beginner." Shep strode forward. "These are my rellies Amy and Dan, and

their au pair, Nellie. They're going to learn how to surf like an Aussie." "Choice," one of the girls said. "I've got a boogie board you can borrow." Shep grinned and tucked his

board under his arm. "Come on, you three. I'll give you a quick lesson. And don't worry

about the sharks -- just stay between the flags." "Sharks," Nellie muttered. "Better on a plate. Sauce on the side." They spent twenty minutes trying to get the hang of the

boogie boards. Nellie caught on almost immediately, but Amy kept falling off and

getting dunked in the surf. She'd wind up yards down the beach and come up

sputtering, having swallowed half of the Pacific Ocean. Dan kept laughing at her and

getting<sup>29</sup>smacked in the face with a wave. It was the most fun he'd had since he'd

Fed-Exed his dead spider collection to his piano teacher. "I think you've got the hang of

it now," Shep told them after awhile. "If you don't mind, I'll paddle out with the long board for a bit." "I'm going to sunbathe," Nellie said. Nellie headed

in, and Shep paddled out. Dan and Amy positioned themselves for the next wave. Amy pushed her hair out of

her eyes and grinned. That worried look that made her eyebrows come together was

gone. Dan caught a wave at the perfect point. He yodeled with happiness. When he

finally came into shore, he sprang up laughing. But his grin faded when he saw a family

in matching bright yellow board shorts and blue goggles start to splash into the water

with long surfboards. Holts. Muscle-bound dimwits on parade. Dan towed his board as he

timed a swim out past the breakers to where Amy still lay on her board, rocking with

the swells. "We have company." Amy scanned the beach. "Oh, no. Quick, let's --" But it was too late. Eisenhower Holt had spotted them. He pointed a thick finger in their

direction. "Game on!" he bellowed over the crashing surf. "What do you think they

want?" Dan asked. "Besides to drown us?" "Hamilton wouldn't," Amy said

uncertainly.<sup>30</sup> They had struck up a temporary alliance with Hamilton Holt in Russia.

They'd even shared a Clue with him. But that didn't mean they were friends. "The

Hammer is scared of his daddy," Dan said. "I'm scared of his daddy. You can't show

fear to a Holt, though. They smell fear, and it tastes like chicken." He smacked the

surface of the water. "Bring it on!" he yelled back at Eisenhower. Eisenhower flopped

onto his board awkwardly, but as he began to paddle through the surf, he moved

powerfully fast. "You owe us!" he yelled. "You sent us to Siberia). That wasn't fun! Now we need some answers." "We gave you a clue!" Amy shouted. "Big deal! We would have found it anyway!" "Dream on!" Dan yelled. "You couldn't find a clue if it bit you on the nose and hung on until Thursday!" Eisenhower beckoned to his family. "Hit the waves,

crew!" Reagan and her twin sister, Madison, jumped on their boards and began to

paddle. Mary-Todd followed more slowly, eyeing the breaking surf. Hamilton brought up

the rear. "What should we do?" Amy bit her lip. "Catch the next wave," Dan said.

"C'mon!" They flipped over on their boogie boards and looked behind. A set of waves

was approaching, and they paddled hard. But they couldn't get up enough momentum.

The first wave picked them up, but they ended up sliding over the lip instead of being

carried toward the beach.<sup>31</sup> Eisenhower Holt emerged through the breaking wave, his

powerful arms propelling him toward them. Within seconds, he had smashed his board



into Dan's. Dan felt himself flying off and hitting the water. When he came up for air,

Eisenhower's big hand was on his head. Dan felt himself going under again. He came up

sputtering. "Stop it!" Amy shouted. She threw herself off her board and began pounding

on Eisenhower's leg. "He has asthma!" Amy might have been a delicate frond of

seaweed brushing his leg for all the attention he gave her pounding fists. Eisenhower

ducked Dan again. Dan felt his lungs squeezing. When he came up, he hung on to

Eisenhower's board and panted. His own board floated nearby. Eisenhower held his

meaty palm over Dan's head. "Give me a hint or he goes under." They had drifted down

the beach and were closer to the big sets rolling in. A wave was forming. "Dive," Dan

said to Amy. "Dive?" Eisenhower asked. "What kind of a hint is—" Dan and Amy dived.

The last thing they heard was Mary-Todd screaming, "Honey, watch—" Dan felt the

powerful pull of the wave, but he was deep enough to escape it. He came up, taking a

breath. Amy emerged next to him, treading water. Eisenhower hadn't had time to

maneuver himself<sup>32</sup> or dive. The wave smacked into him and took him, his surfboard

flying in the air. They only saw flashes of bright yellow as he tumbled. A lifeguard stood

up with binoculars, watching. Eisenhower ended up on the beach, his face in the sand.

Mary-Todd had caught the wave in, and she hurried toward him. Eisenhower got up,

red with anger. He shook off Mary-Todd's arm, struggled back to his board, and

charged back into the surf. All the Holts began to power-paddle their way out to the

breakers again. They moved like sharks, slicing through the water with grace and

speed. Shep paddled up to Amy and Dan, towing their boogie boards. "He got caught in

the rinse cycle, all right. Deserved it, too. Does he think it's funny to dunk a kid? Friend

of yours?" "A really obnoxious family we met on the plane," Amy said. "Think you and your friends can out-maneuver them?" "Seriously?" Shep said. The rest of his surfing buddies came near as Shep gave a whistle. They paddled over in quick strokes. "My

rellies have a slight problem with those yellow tourists over there," Shep said. "They're trying to horn in on our territory, for one. And they're a bit nasty, to boot." Shep's

friends all grinned. "Let's go," one of them said.<sup>33</sup> "I'll catch you later," Shep told his friends. He turned to Amy and Dan. "Just paddle along behind me. I'll get you

clear."They paddled behind Shep but couldn't resist twisting to watch his friends. Three

of them caught the next wave and headed straight for the Holts, who were paddling out

to the break. With expert control of their boards, Shep's friends plowed right through

the group. Eisenhower fell off his board and came up sputtering. Amy saw Hamilton

start to laugh, then quickly dive into a wave instead. The surfers easily cut back over the

wave and paddled out again. A red-faced Eisenhower swam after his board, shouting at

his children and his wife. The Holts spread out as another wave rolled in. Two of Shep's

friends paddled quickly. Amy lost sight of them as the wave curled, but in another

moment she saw them riding the wave ... straight toward Eisenhower. Eisenhower's

eyes bugged out as he saw two surfers skimming down the wave at him. He tried to

maneuver his board away, but it flipped over and flew into the air. They lost sight of

Eisenhower until the shallow water, where he came up gasping. His board smacked him

on the head. Dan and Amy burst out laughing. "All right, we're going to catch this wave,"

Shep said. Amy gulped. The swell looked enormous. "That one?" she squeaked.<sup>34</sup> Just

paddle as fast as you can. Then ride this baby in. NOW!" Amy dug her fingers into the

sea, paddling as fast as she could. She felt the wave suck her backward. And then

suddenly, she felt the lift as the wave caught her board and propelled her forward.

Shep leaped to his feet and glided down the wave, shaking the water out of his

hair. Amy decided she wasn't going to die. She heard Dan yell "Ya-hoo!" as the wave

brought them in. She rolled off the board, her whole body tingling. Amy scanned the

ocean behind her. Reagan and Madison were paddling out. Mary-Todd was hanging on

to the edge of her board. Hamilton was beyond the swells, rocking gently on the waves.

When Eisenhower saw that Amy and Dan had hit the beach, he tried to turn around,

but Shep's friends ringed him on their long boards. He got hit in the face with another

wave. Shep's friends waved good-bye as they headed up the beach. Nellie was already

standing, waiting for them. Laughing, they ran to Shep's Jeep. He tossed towels at

them, still chuckling. "Nothing like a band of surfies to teach some manners," Shep said, satisfied.<sup>35</sup> CHAPTER 5 Irina Spasky sat on the steps of the Sydney Opera House. The

roofline of the famous building surged forward, mimicking the dancing waves of the

harbor. The sun was a golden disc in a sky as blue as a Faberge egg. Tourists and

locals walked by, contented people enjoying a lovely day in a beautiful city. You are all

doomed, she thought. If she were to stop these people and ask Where are you from?--

although of course she would never be so friendly-- the answers would be easy.

Sydney, Tokyo, Manila, Los Angeles. Tourists from so many cities and small towns in so

many countries. Sometimes their countries got along, and sometimes their countries did

not, and that was why there were governments and diplomats and, occasionally, wars.

That's the way the world worked. They thought. But where did the real power lie? In the

shadows. In the shadows, there were no borders. Everything dissolved into gray. For a

Cahill, countries and boundaries were<sup>36</sup> meaningless. Only branches mattered. One

branch could rule the world. Blin! Irina had come to grudgingly admit that Grace had

done it after all. She had contrived a way to find the 39 Clues. A hunt that had been

going on for hundreds of years, but at last it would be over. Irina had little doubt of it

now. She felt it in her Russian bones. Then what? Irina had always believed with every

cell in her body that the Lucians were best equipped to win. She had believed in Vikram

Kabra once. But the years had corrupted that bright young man she'd known at Oxford.

He had met the beautiful Isabel and married her. Once upon a time, if those two

walked into a room, it seemed to shine and spin with their particular dazzle. Irina

remembered days and nights of falling under their spell-- Vikram's warm voice, his keen

intelligence, Isabel's shrewdness and humor. Once upon a time ... yes, every fairy tale

began that way. When she'd met them, she'd already been a KGB agent for two years.

She'd joined the KGB at sixteen -- their youngest operative -- and had been trained and

educated to become an exchange student at Oxford. She had met Vikram, and they'd

become friends almost immediately. Irina hadn't known it, but she was a Cahill. She had

been recruited by the KGB because she was a Cahill. Her superior had also been a

Lucian, and she had<sup>37</sup>been sent to Oxford, where Vikram had been waiting. It had been

Vikram who had shown her the Cahill world, told her about the Lucians. She had

continued in the KGB, but as the years went on, she did more and more jobs for Isabel

and Vikram as they ascended the ranks of the Lucian elite. She had believed in them.

She had believed in their ruthlessness. She'd believed in her own. It was necessary. The

Lucians must win at any cost. And then just a few days ago, she'd almost killed two

people who got in her way. Amy and Dan Cahill. Children. What had become of her? Irina

put a finger on her twitching eye, but it would not stop jumping. Irina stared at the

bright, pretty world. She was not used to having doubts. They made a person feel so ...

unmoored. Right now she had a job. Amy and Dan were in Sydney. Isabel herself had

gone with the Lucian team to tail them from the airport. It had been years since Isabel

had acted as an agent, and it was typical of her to jump in and risk the careful

planning. Her ego came into play, as it always did. She wanted to prove that she was

still an expert at disguise. So she'd pretended to be an elderly woman, and then, just

for fun, she'd stolen Amy's jade necklace. Which meant she had to leave the bus, which

meant that now Irina had a problem. She had no idea where Dan and Amy were

staying, and Isabel snapping Find them! in her face wasn't helping. What was Isabel

up to? The fact that she'd actually left her mansion in London to fly all the way here

was troubling. Isabel and Vikram liked to control things from afar. Isabel claimed that

jet lag gave her wrinkles. Not that you have to worry about such things, she'd told Irina

with a laugh. Obviously, you don't care about your appearance. This was true, but it was

still insulting. Once, Irina had been attractive. Some had called her beautiful. One

person in particular. Irina's eye twitched. That was long ago. So much had gone wrong in

Russia. Amy and Dan, she was sure, had found the Clue. She'd been certain that they

were being helped, but still.... What they were able to accomplish on their own ... Dan



on that motorcycle! Amy driving a car! Irina quirked her lips, but she didn't allow the

smile to escape. She rose to her feet. Enough. She had a duty to do. If only the

memories would stop! A little boy walked by between his parents, clutching a stuffed

animal, something gray ... a monkey? No, a puppy. It was only a puppy. Irina felt the

nerve in her eye shiver, and she reached up a hand to still it. A group of young people

thought she was waving to them, and they waved back. Scowling, she jammed her

black sunglasses on. How she hated Australia! It was such a cheerful

country.<sup>39</sup> CHAPTER 6 It was hard to imagine, but it was still afternoon. Jet lag was

beginning to set in. But there was so much still to talk about. Shep made tea, and they

sat around a table on the patio off the kitchen area. The exhilaration of out-surfing the

Holts had drained away. Now they wanted answers. Saladin jumped up on Shep's lap.

Shep stroked him absentmindedly as he talked. "I did get the idea that Art and Hope's

visit was more than a pleasure trip," he said. "I guess Art was doing some sort of

mapping connected to his mathematical genius thing. He was always interested in

geography as a kid. Always poring over maps. It's strange how I was the one who

traveled the world. I think he liked going places in his head." Shep smiled. "Not your

mother, though. She was ready for anything." "So where did they go?" Amy asked. "Normally, I'd space that kind of thing out," Shep admitted. "I fly a lot of people a lot of places, you see. That's what I do for a living -- I fly tourists around

the40outback. But that trip, I remember. Let's see ... I flew them to Adelaide, dropped

them off for a few days while I went on to Perth. Then I flew back, picked them up,

and we all went up to the Top End. Darwin. Hey, I bet I still have their itinerary. Lucky

for you, I'm the original pack rat. I don't throw anything away." Gently, Shep dropped

Saladin on Dan's lap and got up. Through the open door, they could see him rummaging in one of the colorful bins. "Well, would you look at this," he muttered,

tossing away a tennis racket. "That's where that went. Never could stand tennis. Now, I

know it's in here someplace.... Aha!" Shep came back, a battered leather jacket over

one arm and a thick book in the other. He handed the jacket to Amy. "Here's something

of your mother's. She picked it up at a vintage shop in Darwin. At the last minute she

left it with me. She said she had enough baggage to carry. Sure she would want you to

have it." It was warm on the patio, but Amy let the weight of the jacket remain on her

lap. Her fingers ran over the leather. Her mother had picked this out. Slipped her arms

in the sleeves. Amy would hug it if she could, but she was too embarrassed. Shep held

up the book. "This is my logbook from that year. Let's see now ..." He leafed through it.

"I thought so. They gave me an itinerary, just in case, they said. Here." He held out a piece of paper. Amy recognized her mother's neat handwriting in the purple ink she

liked to use.<sup>41</sup> Miami Calcutta Natal Rangoon Dakar Bangkok Khartoum Singapore Karachi

Darwin "They went to all these places?" Amy asked. "Round-the-world trip, I guess,"

Shep said. Dan peered over her shoulder. "How come Sydney isn't there? And

Adelaide?" "I guess I was the pleasure part of the trip," Shep said with a grin. Amy put her finger on Miami. "I remember now!" she exclaimed. "They brought us along on the first part of the trip. We stayed in a hotel on the beach. Dan, you were only about

three. Grace came with us, too. I remember crying so hard when they left. I thought I'd

never see them again...." Amy's voice trailed off. She remembered her six-year-old self

crying as though her heart would break, feeling abandoned. She'd been holding Grace's

hand, and it scared her when she saw that Grace was crying, too. Grace never cried.

They had stood in the lobby of the hotel, watching through the glass doors as her

parents climbed into a taxi. She remembered that glass wall between them, so that no

matter how hard she cried her mother couldn't hear her. "I don't remember a thing,"

Dan said. "No, you were too young," Amy said. "They were gone for a long time -- I mean, it seemed long, but it was probably about a month. Grace stayed with us." Amy

had a sudden memory of Grace sitting at the window, looking out at the yard. Her

grandmother had looked so worried. To Amy, it seemed that Grace had felt exactly as

she did, lonely and scared. She had climbed into Grace's lap. They'll be home soon,

Grace had murmured against her cheek. Had Grace been trying to reassure herself ... as

well as Amy? Had Grace been just as afraid as her granddaughter? They had to have

been on a Cahill mission. It was no pleasure trip. They wouldn't have left Dan and Amy

for that long if they didn't have to. Amy knew that as a solid truth in her

heart. "Surprised me when Arthur became a professor," Shep said. "I would have

thought anything but that." "What do you mean?" Dan asked. "What did you think he'd become?" "Lion tamer," Shep said, putting his empty mug down with a smack. He

grinned. "Acrobat. Professional race car driver. Bush pilot, like me." Dan hooted with

laughter. "You've got to be kidding me." "When we were kids, Artie was the daredevil,"

Shep said. "He was always egging me on. Built an obstacle course for our bikes. Built a

tower out of boxes so we could jump into the lake. Once we built a slide from the

garage roof. Artie always went first." "Dad?" Don's voice was close to a squeak.

"Awesome!" Amy looked at Dan. He was sitting up straight in his chair, his eyes

sparkling. Hearing about their father always made him happy. Why did it make her so

sad? When you lose your parents, the sadness doesn't go away. It just changes. It hits

you sideways sometimes instead of head-on. Like now. Amy hadn't expected to

suddenly feel like bursting into tears just hearing that her dad had been a daredevil

when he was younger... just like Dan. "Your dad, though -- he was smarter than me. He

did his schoolwork. He was always interested in puzzles, too, in figuring things out. I

moved to Hawaii and discovered waves, and I was a lost cause." Shep grinned

cheerfully at them. "I've been traveling around the world ever since. Until I landed here

in Oz." "Awesome," Dan said again. Amy could see that he'd found a new hero. "Now it's your turn." Suddenly, Shep's blue gaze was penetrating. "What are you doing in

Australia?" Amy spoke quickly, before Dan could say anything. It wasn't as though they

couldn't trust Shep, but it would be better for him if he didn't know anything about the

chase for the 39 Clues. "We're on vacation," she said. "And we're tracing our family history for a school project. Have you ever heard of Bob Troppo?" "44" "Can't say I know

him. Does he live in Sydney?" "No, he was a famous criminal from long ago, like the

1890s," Dan said. "He has these really fierce scars on his face. He was in jail in Sydney and he escaped to the outback." "Where?" Shep asked. "The outback is a pretty big place, you know. Thousands and thousands of miles." He raised his eyebrows. "The

land of the Never Never." Amy and Dan looked at each helplessly. They didn't

know. "Doesn't seem like you have much to go on," Shep said genially. "That's just the way I like it. You find out more that way." "But where do we start?" Amy

wondered. "Well, I have a mate who does outback tours from out of the Red Centre,"

Shep said. "Uluru, Coober Pedy, the Alice." Dan and Amy had no idea what he was

talking about. He fished in his pocket for his cell phone. "I can give him a call and ask if he knows anything about your Bob Troppo." He dialed a number and waited, then

shrugged and hung up. "No answer. Jeff's not keen on voice mail. But he'll turn up

eventually." "They didn't have time for eventually." "So," Dan said. "You have a

plane." "That's really cool," Amy said. Shep laughed. "Hold on, I'm starting to get this,"

he said. "You want me to fly you to the outback? 45 Meet up with my mate and see what

you can find?" "It's not like we'd want you to feel obligated or anything," Amy said, feeling defensive. "It really wasn't that bad, being brought up by an evil aunt," Dan said.

"Except for that whole part about being chained up in the basement." Shep rolled his

eyes, but then the humor drained from his face. "I wasn't much of an uncle to you two,

was I." "No worries," Dan said. Amy could see that in Dan's eyes, Shep could do no

wrong. Shep cleared his throat. He stood up and stacked the mugs on a tray. "Well," he

said, "at least I can fly." Dan hooted with laughter. "You mean you'll do it? You'll fly us, like, a thousand miles, just because we asked?" "A couple of thousand. Welcome to

Australia, mate," Shep said with a grin. He disappeared inside, whistling. Dan leaned over

to Amy. "We could have gotten him as a guardian. Instead, we got Aunt Beatrice the

Bloody. Life stinks." Nellie laughed. "Those are the breaks, kiddo. Anyway, now you've

got me-- Nellie the Magnificent." Nellie's phone rang, and she was smiling as she

answered it. Her face changed as she listened. She put her hand over it. "It's Ian

Kabra," she said to Amy. "He wants to talk to you." 46 CHAPTER 7 Amy felt their eyes on her as she took the phone. Her face grew hot and she turned so that Dan couldn't see

it. "Wh-what do you want, Ian?" She hated herself for stuttering. Pressing her lips

together, she promised herself she wouldn't do it again. "Now, that's not much of a

greeting," Ian said in his silky British accent. "But I suppose I deserve it." "You deserve worse than that," Amy said. "I know. I have done some terrible things to you. But we're

in a contest. I learned from my father that the only important thing is to win," Ian said.



"I hear his voice in my head all the time, like after a cricket match. Ian, I don't care if

you played well. Didn't you notice that your team lost? If you expect a pat on the back,

you're not getting it from me!" Amy felt a spurt of sympathy. But Ian had manipulated

her before. She wasn't going to fall for it again. No matter how sincere he sounded. "Tell

it to your therapist." "Look, I deserve everything you're saying. I'm not<sup>47</sup> calling to gain your trust," Ian said. "I'm calling because I have some information." "Tell it to someone who cares," Amy said. Dan moved closer so he could try to hear the other side of the

conversation. Amy backed away. "Do you expect me to -- " "It's about your parents,"

Ian said. "About their death." Amy froze. "My mother told me everything. They were

murdered." Amy felt a buzzing in her ears. She couldn't concentrate. She just kept

hearing the word murdered. Parents... murdered... Parents ... murdered... "Amy?" She

heard Ian talking, but she couldn't make sense of what he was saying. Was it something

she'd always known somehow? Deep down in a place she was afraid to look? The fire...

wet grass against her legs... Dan shivering in her lap ... smoke and fire pouring out into

the night air...What was that? The image had just popped into her head.  
Amy put her

fingers on her forehead and kneaded it, trying to make the image go  
away."... wanted

to talk to you about it. A temporary truce. We give you our word that  
nothing will

happen...."Parents. Murdered."Will you come?" Ian asked.<sup>48</sup>"Tell me what  
you know."

Amy struggled to keep her voice level. Her heartbeat pounded in her ears.  
"This phone

is not secure." "What?" "Trust me. It's not. Listen, I'll meet you in an open  
place with lots of people-- The Rocks Market at Circular Quay. Meet me in  
front of the Museum of

Contemporary Art at three o'clock."Amy said nothing."I hope you do," Ian  
said, and hung up."So, what did the creep say?" Dan asked. "What did he  
expect you to do this time? No, don't tell me. You're going to fall for  
whatever he said, right? Oh, Ian," he

said in a high voice, fluttering his eyelashes, "take me for a sail on your S.S.

Dreamboat..."Amy turned on him fiercely. "Cut it out, dweeb! He just asked  
for a

meeting!" "Stop the madness!" Dan said, holding his head and rocking back  
and forth.

"My sister is a love alien!" "DAN!" "All right, you two," Nellie said.  
"Separate corners."

She peered worriedly at Amy. "But you're not going to meet him, are you,  
Amy?"

Because ...""I wish you two would stop treating me like I'm completely stupid," Amy said."Hey, if the Crocs fit," Dan muttered.Amy jammed her hands in her pockets. She

had to be alone and think. Because the idea was just too huge. She couldn't begin to

talk about it. Not yet.<sup>49</sup>Parents. Murdered.Amy turned and flung herself back into the

house. Shep was just heading out, jingling his car keys. "Everybody ready to hit the

road? We have time for a quick tour of Sydney, then let's head to the market for some

grub.""I'm going to hang out here," Amy said, trying to keep her voice calm. "Jet lag just hit. I need some downtime."Nellie looked at her sympathetically. "You'll feel better after a nap.""Are you going to dream about your dreamboat?" Dan asked."Down, boy,"

Nellie said to Dan. "Let's give Amy a rest."They cleared out, and Amy was left alone

with Ian's voice in her head. Murder. Was he lying? Or did he know who killed

them?Amy bent over and took deep breaths. Someone had killed her parents. Someone

she probably even knew.The Kabras couldn't be trusted.She could be walking into a

trap. She didn't care.Because inside her brain one question burned: Who?\* \*  
\*The late

afternoon sun was still strong as she left the bus stop and walked toward the museum

by the harbor. Circular Quay was a busy spot for tourists. She was relieved to find it

crowded and lively. It was easy to lose herself in the wandering throngs. She stopped

at the first store she found that sold touristy things and bought a baseball cap that read

OZ. She pulled it low over her face as if she was shading her eyes from the bright

afternoon sunlight. She wished she could be one of the tourists with a camera, ambling

through the maze of cobblestone streets and alleyways. This was one of the oldest

parts of Sydney, and the stores and sidewalk cafes she passed looked tempting. Ahead,

the spectacular Harbour Bridge curved against a brilliant bright blue sky. She caught

her first glimpse of the famous Sydney Opera House, looking to her like a flower

unfurling its petals. Music filled the air. Awnings mimicking the shape of the opera

house roof shaded tables laden with crafts. But she wasn't a tourist. Her strolling had a

purpose. When she stopped to look in a store window, it wasn't to see the merchandise. It was to check out the people around her in the reflection. When she

turned a corner and doubled back, it wasn't because she'd made a mistake in direction

-- it was to catch any tails behind her. And when she tilted her head to admire the

surrounding buildings, she was checking out the roof lines and any possible flash from

binoculars. When Amy felt satisfied that she wasn't being followed, she headed down

toward the museum. She slowed her steps and proceeded cautiously as she grew closer

to the harbor. She was fifteen minutes ahead of schedule. Time to check out the area.

She hung back<sup>51</sup> in a doorway, watching the swirl of tourists. Every so often she

checked her watch so that it would appear as though she was waiting for

someone. Suddenly, she felt someone behind her, a little too close. "Beautiful day. Hope

you are able to enjoy it." Amy felt the fear curl inside her at the sound of that harsh

Russian-accented voice. She tried to move away, but a group of tourists was directly in

front of her, loudly discussing where to eat dinner. She felt something press against her

back. "By the way, the nails are loaded," Irina said. All Irina had to do was bend back the joint of her finger, and a needle full of poison would sink into Amy's neck. She looked

around frantically for a policeman."Do not be a stupid person. No one can help you.

Now go."She moved away from the harbor, back down the street. Her eyes searched

the area, looking for a way out. Could she outrun Irina? Maybe. But Irina pressed so

close behind her that Amy knew she'd never get away without a prick from that

needle."Don't think. Just walk. No business that is funny. Now in here. Go." Irina urged her inside an old stone building. The door was unlocked, and she pushed it open. Irina

crowded in behind her and shut the door.They were in an old pub. The curved wooden

bar stretched the length of the room. Dim light caught the flash of amber in bottles still

lined up on a shelf. But52cobwebs hung from the ceiling, and they had disturbed dust

that swirled in the slanting sunlight."This way," Irina said, prodding Amy toward a small door at the back.Fear coiled inside Amy. She had seen the blank, intense look in Irina's

eyes in the Church on the Blood. Irina had been close to killing her and Dan that dark

night. "No.""Push door, please," Irina said. When Amy hesitated, Irina's foot shot forward and kicked open the door. She gave Amy a small shove. "If I were going to kill

you, I could have done it ten times already. We need private talk away from the

Kabras. When you don't show up on time, they'll come looking. So go." Amy found

herself in a large storeroom. Huge cans of baked beans and tomatoes sat on the

shelves. "You've brought me to Costco?" she asked in a mocking voice. She needed to

push back, let Irina know she wasn't paralyzed with fear. Even though she was. "You

should know by now I don't understand the jokes." Irina pushed her to the rear of the

storeroom. A smaller door was set into the thick stone wall, made of old wood with

deep, long cracks running down it. Irina produced a large iron key and fitted it into the

lock. She pushed open the door. All Amy could see was darkness. "Now I show you

special piece of Australian history." Irina nudged her in the back. Amy felt the

sharpness of her fingernail. "Go." 53 CHAPTER 8 A tiny penlight barely illuminated a

rickety set of stairs. The door thudded shut behind them. "We could meet an occasional

rat," Irina said. "Otherwise, perfectly safe." "Don't worry," Amy said. "I'm used to rats.

They run in my family." "Comedian like your brother, eh?" Irina said. "This tunnel was used in the 1800s. If a lowlife drank too much rum at a bar, he found himself on a ship

out to sea the next morning. Smuggled through tunnel to harbor."They reached the

bottom of the stairs. The floor was dirt, the walls crumbling stone. Amy couldn't see

what was ahead."Wh-where are you taking me?" She hated the quaver in her voice.

She wouldn't let it out again."Ha!" Irina barked the word without humor. "You think I'm kidnapping you? I'm saving you. There are some things I won't stoop to do.""Really,"

Amy said. "I thought you stooped at nothing."54"Is a joke? It's true, though, what you say. There was nothing I wouldn't do to win. But today, Amy Cahill, I'm doing you a

favor. I'm giving you advice you need. Here it is-- you are afraid of everything except

what you should fear.""Thanks," Amy said. "That was really helpful.""For example, you are afraid of me right now. Understandable, I am your enemy. But at this moment, I

am least of your problems.""Really?" Amy said. "Weird. Seeing that I'm in a tunnel with rats, and you just threatened me with poison.""Here is other thing I must tell you -- you don't remember what you should never forget.""That really clears up a lot.""Go ahead, make the fun. But before we part, you must understand that what you don't know will

doom you. And the world.""Exaggerate much?" Somehow, taunting Irina kept her fear

in check."No." Irina spun her around. In the darkness, she stood very close. "Listen to me, Amy Cahill. It is time you lift your head and look around you. The thirty-nine clues



are like game to your brother, yes?" Amy felt compelled by the ferocity of Irina's gaze.

Her eyes, even in the faint glow of the penlight, were ice blue, her lashes startlingly

dark against them. She couldn't deny what Irina had said. In many ways, the chase for

the Clues was a game for Dan.<sup>55</sup> "But you know better. That's why I risk so much to

talk to you. Your parents died for this. Do you think they wanted to go?" "Don't talk

about my parents!" Amy would have put her hands over her ears if she wasn't afraid it

would make her look like a child. "No parent would ever want to leave a child. Do you

think they would leave their beloved children for a game?" "Stop it!" "Do you think your mother left you alone and raced back into a burning house just for her husband?" Amy

looked at Irina, startled. Frozen. "How do you know what happened?" she whispered. Irina shrugged. "From newspaper, of course. Unless not. Only you know for

sure. Because you know who was there that night. You were old enough to see. You

won't believe what any Cahill tells you, and that is smart. We each have our agenda. So

you must remember." "I don't remember anything from that night," Amy said. But

something dislodged and floated up into her brain, cold grass, ash flying, a window

shattering, Dan crying..."You have been resourceful, I give you that," Irina said. "You think on your feet, you and your brother. But there comes a time when you must think

deeper. You must face the thing you don't want to face. Until you can do that, you're

vulnerable.""To what?"<sup>56</sup>"To someone who will tell you what you want to hear," Irina said. "So I ask again. What happened the night of the fire?"She was choking through

the cold, wet towel Mommy had placed over her mouth. Mommy held her hand so

tightly. She could hear the flames, but she couldn't see them. It was all smoke. Dan

cried in their mother's arms."I don't remember! I was a kid!" Fear tore the words from

Amy's throat. The flashes she was getting were making her dizzy and sick."It's strange,"

Irina said, her gaze suddenly unfocused. "I remember so clearly being seven. The day I

got separated from my mother on the streets of St. Petersburg ... I remember the coat

I was wearing, my shoes, the exact color of the river, the look on her face when she

found me ...""I'm happy for you," Amy said, swallowing hard."Did anyone visit the house that night?" Irina asked. "Did you hear anything? Did your mother come upstairs

for you? How did you get out of the house?" "Stop it!" They fought their way down the stairs. Daddy was in the study, throwing books on the floor. "Get the children out!" he

shouted. "Daddy!" she screamed. She held out her arms and he stopped for a second. "Angel," he said, "go with Mommy." "No!" She sobbed as her mother pulled her away. "No! Daddy!" "57" "No," Amy whispered. "No." "We push away the bad memories,"

Irina said. Bleak sadness deadened her voice. "We tell ourselves is better not to

remember. It is not better. Better to remember everything, even pain." "What do you

want from me?" Irina's gaze snapped back into its glittering directness. "Come. We run

out of time. This is a Lucian site. If we're both missing, it won't take long for Isabel to

look here." They started to walk again. Amy thought the light might have been getting

grayer. Were they reaching the end of the tunnel? She was ready to run if they were.

She felt something scurry past, and she jumped. "Just a rat," Irina said. "One of the family, eh? And it's a rat who will fill your ears with lies." "Stop!" Amy said. "If you're not going to kill me or kidnap me, the least you can do is talk straight." They had reached

the door. Amy saw the heavy iron lock. She wasn't getting out without Irina's help. Irina

stood with her back to the door. "Okay, I will talk straight. Isabel has called a meeting,

yes?" "Ian did." Irina waved a hand dismissively. "Ian is the lure. She thinks you're stupid enough to come running if he asks. She chose him to dangle the bait. She knows you

will come if you want to know who killed your parents." "Does she know?" Irina lifted a shoulder. "That is wrong question.<sup>58</sup> Right question is, will she tell you the truth? Of

course not. She will tell you a lie in order to soften you. The lie will sound like truth.

Then she will offer you a deal." "And you think I'm dumb enough to believe what she

tells me." Irina held up a finger. "Nyet, not dumb. You are here with me now because I

know you are smart. You need to know that if Isabel doesn't get her way, she can be ...

unreasonable. There will be bad consequences if you refuse the deal." "So what do you

want me to do?" Amy asked. "Don't go. You don't need her version of that night. You

have your own. Reach for it." Irina put her hand on the door. "This leads to the street three blocks from harbor. No surveillance here. You can catch bus or taxi right outside.

Go back to wherever you are staying." "Why should I?" Irina sighed. "Because you must fear the right thing, as I said in beginning. Do you think whoever killed your parents

would hesitate to kill you, too?" "I don't believe anything that you're saying," Amy said.

"I think you're trying to manipulate me and frighten me." Irina's gaze flared in anger or exasperation, Amy couldn't tell which. "Little girl, keep up. You

should be frightened."

She hesitated. "What if I give you clue to let you know I'm telling the truth.

Okay?" "What's the catch?" "No catch," Irina said impatiently. "Listen. Sooner or later you will get hint leading you to New York City subway. The clue is hidden there in a

mural in the tile. Seventeenth Street stop on number six subway train. I know what you

will say-- Irina, there is no stop on number six train for Seventeenth Street. But that is

why the clue is so difficult to find. Rosemary. One sprig." "Why should I believe

you?" Irina shrugged. "Thirty-nine clues, I give away one. So? As you would say, no

biggie. It is worth it if you trust me." "I could never trust you in a million years," Amy said. "I'm not asking for a million years or never or forever," Irina snapped. "I'm asking for one day only. Today." "Why are you doing this?" Amy asked. "If the clue is real, you just betrayed your branch." Irina flinched. "I'm doing this for my branch. Someday I

hope this becomes clear." She unlocked the door and pushed it open. "Turn right at end

of alley. Go." Amy's legs trembled as she walked out. She was in a dark, narrow alley.

Ahead she could see sunlight and traffic, a taxi cruising by. When she reached the

street, she looked behind her. Irina was gone. Could Irina really have just let her go? She

hesitated. Why should she trust Irina? She was suddenly paralyzed with fear. Her

parents had been murdered. This was all too real. Was someone watching her even

now? If Irina had lied, she had also set a trap. If Amy hailed a taxi or got on a bus,

someone would follow her straight to Shep's. Irina had said wherever you are staying.

They still didn't know. But if Irina hadn't lied, she was walking into Isabel's trap. People

were starting to look at her curiously. Did she look as stunned as she felt? She forced

herself to move. When she reached the corner, she saw that she was now blocks away

from the museum. A ferry was crossing the water, passing underneath the Harbour

Bridge. Maybe that could be her escape. Nobody expected her to leave by water. She

saw the ferry heading in. She was blocks from the museum. She could easily lose

herself in the throng and jump aboard. Legs pumping, Amy ran toward the ferry stop.

Passengers filed down the gangway. She'd reach it in time. She reached the dock and

started down toward the ferry. Suddenly, a speedboat zipped in front of the idling ferry

and came straight toward the dock. At the last moment, it cut its engine and the boat

bobbed only inches away. A boy on the bow leaped down in front of her."There you

are!" Ian said. Isabel waved from the deck. "Amy! Come aboard!"<sup>61</sup> Amy glanced behind her. Irina stood at the end of the dock, blocking her way back to The Rocks. She was

wearing sunglasses, and Amy couldn't read her expression. Amy felt like a fool. Irina had

planned this. She'd probably been behind her the whole way and radioed ahead to

Isabel. Ian slid an arm through hers. "I'm glad you came," he murmured. "There's a lot to say." Isabel waved from the wheel of the boat. "Isn't it a beautiful day?" Amy knew she had no choice. She had walked right into the trap. She shook off Ian's arm and

climbed aboard.<sup>62</sup> CHAPTER 9 "Have a seat, Amy," Isabel said, pointing to the long

cushioned bench in the stern of the speedboat. She was dressed casually in a striped

T-shirt and trim white pants with white sneakers. "Let's take a quick tour of the harbor

and then I'll show you the prettiest cove. I'll have you back in forty-five minutes.

Promise!""I guess it's -- " Amy's next words were drowned out as Isabel gunned the motor. The boat zipped away from the quay, passing right by the ferry as it blasted its

horn. Amy clapped her hands over her ears. "Oopsie, sorry!" Isabel laughed as she

turned the wheel and skipped over another boat's wake. The waves thudded against

the hull. "Let's get away from this traffic. Don't worry, Amy, I'm an expert captain." "Mother keeps a boat at our place in the Bahamas," Ian shouted in Amy's ear.

"She's raced competitively. There's no cause for concern." In her head, she heard Dan

mimicking Ian's British accent and formal words. She wished he was here to make fun

of him. Anything to stop this dread in her stomach. She had been afraid of grim,

colorless Irina for so long and the menacing Holts that this new shape of villain didn't

make sense. Isabel looked like a model. Her eyes sparkled and her smile was generous

and warm. She was one of the most beautiful women Amy had ever seen. Isabel

perched high on the captain's chair, her white sneaker swinging gaily. Dangerous? It

didn't seem possible. Just another of Irina's lies. An open path of water lay in front of

them now. Amy's teeth slammed together as the boat surged forward. She felt the bow

lift off the water. They raced across the harbor at what Amy considered a terrifying



speed. "That's more like it!" Isabel yelled. When she turned, her eyes were alight with

excitement. "Don't you love it?" "LOVE IT!" Ian shouted, but Amy noticed he was gripping the railing. The boat slammed against the waves as they entered a rougher part

of the harbor. Amy bounced up and down, trying to keep her seat. The wind whipped

her hair into her eyes. Finally, when Amy thought her bones might disintegrate into

powder after being slammed against the water so much, Isabel cut the speed and

motored into a beautiful cove. Amy saw a white horseshoe-shaped beach. She could

see a sprinkling of people on the beach and a few swimmers beyond the surf line.

She<sup>64</sup>relaxed. She'd been afraid that Isabel would take her somewhere totally secluded

or way out at sea. If she had to, she could dive off the boat and swim to shore from

here. The boat bobbed gently in the waves. Isabel crossed over and sat in a deck chair

that faced Ian and Amy. She took each of their hands. "Now, you two," she said.

"Enough squabbling. You're here to make up." Amy looked at her incredulously.

Squabbling? Obviously, Mother Kabra didn't have a clue about the homicidal tendencies

of her son. Amy withdrew her hand. "I'm not here to make up with Ian," she said firmly.

She was relieved that her voice came out so strong. "I'm here because he told me that

my parents were murdered." "Right to the point, aren't you?" Isabel dropped Ian's hand.

"I admire that! All right, then. I'm going to tell you some things in confidence and hope

that you will respect it. I didn't come to Australia just to collect my darling children."

Isabel paused. "There is a mole in the Lucian branch. We believe this mole has been

operating for some time. Thwarting us at every turn." Nataliya, Amy thought. She had

led Amy and Dan to Russia. She was a Lucian, but she'd helped them get their last

Clue. "We've wondered where they were getting information, resources. And then we

realized. The Madrigals. One of our own has joined them." Amy didn't believe it. If

Isabel was talking about Nataliya, she had to be wrong. "What does this have to do

with me?" Amy asked. "I believe -- we believe, those of us at the highest levels -- that this person, this spy, this mole, along with the Madrigals -- murdered your parents." No.

Isabel was definitely not talking about Nataliya. It was someone else. Nataliya had

risked so much to help them."How do you know?" she asked, swallowing hard."The fire was deliberately set. Cleverly done," Isabel said. "We investigated ourselves. I'm sorry to shock you, Amy, but you must come to terms with it. You must see what you're up

against. The Madrigals are ruthless.""Why should I believe you?" Amy challenged. Why should she believe anyone?Isabel's voice was soft. "Because I was close to your

parents, for one thing. I mourned them. When I realized that the Lucian spy was

aligned with the Madrigals, I decided I had to get involved with the hunt. I called off

Ian and Natalie. I want an alliance with you and Dan. I will help you bring the murderer

to justice.""Who is it?" Amy asked, swallowing hard."Not only will I help you," Isabel said, ignoring Amy's question, "but the full resources of the Lucians will be placed

before you and your brother. Information. Strongholds. Money. We'll share the clues,

and we'll win together.""Enough about the clues. Who killed my parents?"66"Irina Spasky."The sun was sinking lower in the sky, staining the blue water with pink. The

glare behind Isabel put her face in shadow, obliterating her features. It seemed to flare

out like fire around her. Amy felt dizzy.This was what Irina had warned her about. The

lie will sound like truth. But was it a lie? Or did Irina just want her to think it was?"My

husband and I knew Irina when we were all teenagers," Isabel said. "I watched her

turn from an idealistic scholar into a cold-blooded killer. But I never dreamed she'd

strike against her own relatives. The chase for the clues is a hunger for her. It's warped

her. I'm sorry, Amy. This can't be easy to hear. But you should know who killed

them." And Isabel did look sorry. Her bright eyes, the color of dark honey, were full of

sympathy. "If we join forces, we can defeat her," Isabel said. "We can expose her.

That's what she fears more than anything. The Madrigals ... they are the game

changers. What do we know about them? Only that they're bent on the destruction of

all Cahill branches ... and yet nobody knows who or what they are. We suspect that the

group was formed by rogue Cahill s hundreds of years ago, and they are committed to

the destruction of the entire family. Surely you'd think the branches would unite against

them. But for all those years, the branches couldn't form an alliance, even against a

common enemy. Until now." Isabel clasped her hands. "We can make the future,

Amy. We can find the thirty-nine clues and you can avenge your parents. If we work

together." "I don't see what you get out of this," Amy said. "Your brains. Your brother's instincts. You have to admit you've bested even my own children. And remember this,

Amy-- you could already be a Lucian. Grace chose not to have allegiances. You seem

most like a Lucian to me," Isabel said. Her voice was husky, warm. She opened her

arms. "So this could be just... coming home. One more thing we offer, the most

important thing. Protection. Irina has more tricks up her sleeve, I promise you. And the

Madrigals are ruthless." Had she been in the tunnel with her parents' murderer? Amy

thought again of the look in Irina's eyes at the confrontation in the church crypt. She

knew Irina was capable of terrible things.... Unless ... Irina had told the truth, and it was

Isabel who was lying. Amy felt her stomach churn. Trust no one, Mr. McIntyre had said.

For the first time, she truly understood what he meant. The stakes were so much

higher than she'd thought. The lies cut so much deeper. Right to her heart. "What do

you say, Amy?" Isabel looked at her with concern. "I hate to hit you with this all at

once, but you need to get up to speed, and fast, if you want to survive."Why would

Isabel just assume Amy would believe her? Because Ian had duped her so easily? She

looked over at him. He was gazing at his mother, his handsome profile turned to Amy.

He had barely said a word on the boat. He hadn't even met her gaze, not once. He had

lied to her over and over again. Had he told his mother how gullible Amy was? It didn't

matter, Amy thought. If it was the truth, then she and Dan would figure out what to do

about it. Together. They were a team. They'd gotten this far. She lifted her chin. "Dan

and I can handle our own problems. So thanks, but no thanks." A tiny flush stained

Isabel's cheek. Amy noted some perspiration above her lip. "You need to be certain,"

Isabel said tightly. "I can't make this offer again." "It's my final answer," Amy said. Isabel paused just a fraction of a moment. Then she smiled. "I understand. I'll take you

back." She stood and went to the railing. "But first, let's take a moment to admire this lovely cove. Australia has the most beautiful beaches in the world, don't you agree? Of

course, you have to watch out for riptides and bluebottles and sharks, but what are the

odds of them finding you? Shark attacks are actually quite rare. I find sharks beautiful.

The great white is a machine that searches for food constantly. It has one purpose in

life, and it knows exactly what it is and what to do about it. It can rip your arm or your

leg off with one bite, but you can't blame the shark. And then when blood foams in the

water, what else can it do but keep feeding?" "Mum, please -- " Ian started to say, but Isabel just talked over him.<sup>69</sup> "Have you ever been in a shark cage? I have. I've looked

into a shark's eyes and it's like looking at death itself." Isabel walked over to a storage

compartment on the far side of the deck. She flipped open the top and hoisted out a

large white bucket. Amy saw the muscles in her arms flex as she lifted it and carried it

over to the railing. She reached in and began to ladle something into the water. The

smell reached Amy's nose just as the realization hit. Isabel was tossing fish parts into

the water. Amy saw the slimy white chunks, the bloody ends. She heard the splash as

half of a bloody fish hit the water. She felt Ian tense up next to her. His hands gripped

the edge of the seat cushion. Isabel didn't look at Amy. She was smiling to herself as

she ladled out the macabre stew. Amy looked out over the calm blue water. She saw the

fin. It moved back and forth in a line a few yards from the boat. She saw another,

farther out. The sharks must have smelled the blood. Now they were tacking back and

forth, heading for the boat. Isabel straightened. She went over to a shelf by the wheel

and pumped out a dollop of antibacterial gel on her hands. She rubbed them together

briskly. "All right, then," she said brightly. "Why don't you tell me all the clues that you and your brother have gathered? Or would you rather go for a swim?"<sup>70</sup>CHAPTER

<sup>10</sup>There was no hint of cruelty on Isabel's face. That was the scariest thing of all. Just

that same bright smile. "Are you out of your mind?" Amy asked. But Isabel didn't seem

crazy. Now Amy could see the ice under the warmth. "You don't need a suit," Isabel

said. "It won't matter in a few seconds anyway. Or minutes. The sharks might be

feeding on the fish parts, but they'll get to you eventually." She kicked the bucket

slightly with her bright white sneaker. "And I have plenty more. So. What do you say?

Swim or talk?" "I'm not jumping in that water," Amy said, standing up and going to the opposite side of the boat. "Well, if you won't do it yourself, I



can toss you in," Isabel said. "Heave ho and all that. Martial arts training. Not a problem. Ian can help." "Mum?"

Ian's voice wobbled a bit. She turned on him fiercely. Her voice was like a knife cutting

glass. "Not Mum! How many times must I remind you? It makes me sound old!" She

regained her composure and shrugged at Amy. "So, maybe my lazy coward of a son

won't give me a hand. But I don't need one." She moved toward Amy. Amy backed

away until she hit the rail. There was nowhere to go except the water. "Little Amy and

little Dan," she said. "Who knew they would find a way to travel the world? Paris,

Moscow, Venice, Seoul, Karachi. You sent the Lucian stronghold into a frenzy." "Karachi?"

Amy thought through her panic. She and Dan hadn't been to Karachi. "Who helped you

in Russia? How many clues have you found?" Isabel planted her muscled arms on the

rail on either side of Amy. Up close, Amy could see the eerie tight perfection of her skin,

the cruel glow in her dark golden eyes. "Throw some more fish in the water," Isabel

barked to Ian. Ian didn't move. "NOW!" Ian rose and went toward the bucket. Amy's

heart banged against her chest, and she couldn't seem to get a breath. Isabel was no

longer pinning her against the rail, but she was close and ready to spring. Amy

wondered what her chances were if she ran to the bow and jumped in. If she swam as

fast as she could, how far could she make it before a shark chewed off a piece of

her? Isabel turned impatiently to watch Ian, and Amy saw something out of the corner

of her eye. A spray of bright colors in the sky over Isabel's shoulder. Orange, purple,

pink -- striped paragliders soaring over the beach. The red-and-orange paraglider moved

faster than the rest. It scudded across the sky, making a wide loop over the water. Amy

realized that it was catching wind currents, heading closer and closer to the boat. She

saw a pair of beefy white legs dangling. Meaty hands on the controls. Hamilton! Not by a

flicker, not by a breath, did Amy indicate what she saw bearing down on them. Isabel

urged Ian to hurry. The shark fins circled the boat. Amy tensed as Hamilton caught a

downdraft. He temporarily blocked out the sun. Isabel looked up, shading her eyes, as

he zoomed down. "Come on!" he shouted to Amy. She leaped up on the cushioned

bench and grabbed for his ankles. "Woo-hoo!" Hamilton screamed as Amy tucked up her

legs and held on. Isabel screamed in fury and tried to grab Amy's legs. Hamilton steered

the paraglider away. It lurched to the left, and Isabel sprang and snatched at empty air.

At the same time, Amy kicked savagely at the bucket. It tipped, spilling fish guts and

blood over the deck. Isabel slipped and fell into it. Blood and guts stained her pristine

sneakers and white pants. She screamed. "Way to go, Amy!" Hamilton chortled.<sup>73</sup> But

another gust of wind sent them scudding sideways, and Isabel managed to grab hold of

Amy's ankle with a bloody, fishy hand. Amy screamed and kicked. "Whoa!" Hamilton

shouted as the paraglider tilted. Isabel slipped and fell back into the fish parts. Amy

tucked up her legs again as they sailed over the boat railing. She was barely clearing

the water now. Only inches below the surface she could see the dark mass of the

shark. "H-Hamilton..." "Just hang on!" he shouted. Amy's sneaker skidded along the surface. The shark whipped around. "HAMILTON!" "Don't worry! This baby has a

motor!" "Then USE IT!" The motor kicked on. The paraglider rose inches above the

water. They skimmed along, and it rose higher and higher. Soon they were soaring over

the bay. "Okay!" Hamilton yelled. "I think I have the hang of it now...." Amy's arms began to ache. "Hamilton, I can't hold on!" she shouted. If she fell from this height, she didn't think she would make it. "No problemo, Ame-o," Hamilton called. With his

powerful legs, he simply bent his knees and pulled her up higher. "Grab on to the

harness," he told her. Amy<sup>74</sup> grabbed the paraglider bar, and they lurched to the side.

"Whoa, baby," Hamilton said to the paraglider, correcting the movement. "That was a little too close," Hamilton said. "Sorry. This is my first time on one of these things." "And you flew down to rescue me? Weren't you scared?" "Holts don't feel fear," Hamilton

said. "Haven't you heard?" The other paragliders were soaring toward them now. She

saw Eisenhower's red face. He was shouting something. "What is your dad saying?" Amy

asked. "Don't know," Hamilton said. "I turned off my radio. He probably wants me to land so we can question you. He has no idea why you're in Australia. It's driving him

bonkerinos. But you came through and gave me that clue. So I owe you." He soared to

the far end of the beach, coming in near the shallow water. "There's a road at the end

of the beach," he told her. "You can find your way back." "Looks like I owe you one now," Amy said. "You bet. I'll collect one day. Don't forget the Hammer. The Holt

brigade is behind that hill, so they won't see you if you run fast. Keep your knees bent

when you jump and run like a hurricane wind. I'm going to take off again." He gently

steered the paraglider down. "Now!" he yelled, and Amy let go.<sup>75</sup> She bent her knees as

she hit the soft sand and took off. Hamilton rose, catching an updraft, and was soon

sailing high above her. Her legs were shaking, but she managed to run up to the road.

She slowed to a walk when she knew she was safe. She tried not to think about the

sharks and the bloody water. Jamming her trembling hands into her pockets, she started

to walk. Images bombarded her -- fire, blood, sharks, Isabel's lipsticked mouth like a

scar. The sun around Isabel's head had looked like fire.... Damp grass against her bare

legs. Smoke. Fire. Her mother bending over her, her hands on Amy's cheeks ... Amy

shook her head hard. She didn't have to remember! She didn't want to! The images

made her feel sick and dizzy and scared. You don't remember what you should never

forget. But what if she didn't want to remember? What if she wanted to lock away a

memory forever?76CHAPTER 11Mummy wasn't happy. That was never good. But this

time, it was sour-faced Spasky getting the heat. That was sweet. Natalie kept her

posture straight, even though it was difficult on the cushy sofa. She kept sliding forward

on the slippery satin. But even while Mummy ranted, she could spot slumping

shoulders. Ian sat next to her. He'd come back seasick, his face the color of her new

chartreuse Prada purse. "This is your fault." Isabel's voice had taken on the cool, precise tone that Ian and Natalie privately called the scalpel. It sliced you open and left you

bleeding. She paced in front of Irina, her high heels making dents in the thick carpet of

the hotel suite. Her heavy charm bracelet jangled along with her agitation. "I had to

soak for an hour to get the smell out. I had to throw away my entire outfit. And it was

Chanel!" Natalie shuddered. Nothing worse than losing couture.77" Not to mention that

the girl got away!" Isabel put her hand to her throat, where Amy's jade necklace

gleamed against her sleeveless white dress. Natalie had no idea why she was wearing it

when she could be wearing diamonds."Excuse me, but I don't see why this is my fault,"

Irina said. "Reminder: I was not on boat."Ian stiffened beside her and Natalie stared at Irina, fascinated. Didn't she have any idea how to handle Isabel when she was angry?

You had to agree with everything she said and apologize, no matter how unfair the

accusations were. Otherwise, you were toast.Isabel wheeled and approached her.

Natalie knew that look. Irina was about to get it. Both barrels between the eyes. This

was going to be very good."Excuse me," Isabel said witheringly. "You had one simple assignment. Find Amy. Bring her to the boat.""Excuse me for second time," Irina said.

"She did go aboard boat, which was the objective. I do not see -- ""You do not see because you are a fool!" Isabel let her contempt drip from every word. "You were

supposed to deliver Amy at three-twelve exactly. And you were supposed to arrive by

Argyle Street so that Ian could spot you with the binoculars and I could prepare the

boat. You didn't do any of it! You were fifteen minutes late. Fifteen minutes! That gave

the Holts enough time to get organized. Even those thick skulls don't need too long to

figure out a plan!" Isabel planted herself in front of Irina. "They had us under

surveillance.<sup>78</sup> And you are responsible for counter-surveillance. So add it up, Irina. Not

only did you fail ... you failed miserably." Natalie smirked. Why shouldn't she let Irina

know how much she was enjoying this? Irina had never gotten it into her head that she

wasn't the boss. Ian and Natalie were the personal representatives of Vikram and

Isabel. They were the de facto Lucian leaders. Irina couldn't bear that. Isabel held up

her thumb and index finger a fraction apart. "I was this close to getting her to tell all

the clues they had. This close! That little mouse was terrified." "What if she didn't?"

Irina asked. "What if she didn't what?" "Cooperate. You would throw her to

sharks?" "Don't bore me with what ifs," Isabel said, turning and waving a hand. "I am about results. And now we've been defeated. By the Tomas. Unacceptable!" Isabel's

narrow, toned shoulders lifted up, then down. When she turned around, her expression

was calm. Not that her face ever showed much emotion. Isabel kept the best plastic

surgeons in London very busy. She'd been pulled, pricked, smoothed, and plumped.

Natalie wished her mother wasn't quite so obsessed, but she guessed that once you



were in your forties, it was a gigantic amount of work to keep yourself up."The thing is,

Irina, this isn't the first time you've<sup>79</sup>failed to achieve our objectives," she said. "You're slipping. You're ... well, frankly, you're old.""Reminder," Irina said. "We are the same age.""Old thinking," Isabel said. "You don't keep up. You were once the best spy in the business. I give you that. But if you don't shape up, you're going to be out. Do you

understand? It's crunch time, as the Americans say. There is no such thing as failure for

a Kabra.""Don't you mean, no such thing as failure for the Lucians?" Irina asked.Isabel looked uncertain for a moment. "Of course that is what I meant.""Because this contest is about power for the Lucian Cahills, not the Kabra family," Irina said. "Unless I've

been misinformed.""Well, naturally." Isabel's fingers drummed on her leg.Somewhat,

Irina had succeeded in making Mummy uncomfortable. Isabel flicked a piece of lint off

her dress as though it were a missile. Natalie hoped her mother would demolish Irina,

or they'd be in for a very bad afternoon."And I would also argue that perhaps Kabras

do know failure occasionally," Irina continued, keeping her voice bland. "Your children, for example."You hateful witch, Natalie thought. She waited for Ian to say something,

but he was like a statue next to her.Irina smiled. "It seems that Amy and Dan Cahill

have bested them at every turn. How many clues have you two collected?" she asked.

"I mean, the two of you,80alone. How many?" She put a finger to her temple. "Let me think ... oh, I remember! One.""Mummy!" Natalie half rose. "She can't talk to us that way!"Irina turned back to Isabel. "The truth is that those two have turned out to be

much smarter than we expected. And what if they discover what really happened to

their parents? Now, they are resourceful. If they have an even greater reason to win--

revenge -- they will be dangerous."Suddenly, Isabel undid the clasp of the jade

necklace and threw it at Irina's feet."That is what I think of those Cahills. Not to

mention your ridiculous obsession with Grace Cahill. She was a batty old lady who

thought she knew best. Well, she and her grandchildren won't get in our way-- no

matter how much they know."Irina picked up the necklace. She ran her fingers along

the carved dragon in the center."You thought it was important," Isabel said. "Another one of your mistakes. I had it thoroughly checked this morning. It's just a necklace. A

cheap piece of sentimentality that the girl clings to. It was a waste of my time to steal

it. Well, I'm done wasting time. Now, if you could manage to do one simple thing."

Isabel tossed her cell phone to Irina. "Call the Fixer."Who's the Fixer? Natalie

wondered. Irina cleared her throat. "I am no longer sure of his reliability."<sup>81</sup> "Of course he's reliable," Isabel countered. "We've used him many times. Tell him I'm in Sydney

and I need a few things. I'll contact him later with a list." Isabel picked up her purse.

"Ian, Natalie. Come. We're going shopping." Natalie popped up. At last! "Let yourself out, Irina." The door slammed behind them. Natalie had to practically skip to keep up with

her mother's fast pace. "Irina is just jealous of you," she said. "She wants to be leader, and she's just hopeless at it." "Right," Ian said. Natalie shot him a look. He was

supposed to sound enthusiastic. Isabel counted on them for support. She expected her

mother to smile and agree, but Isabel just stabbed the elevator button. "Shut up,

Natalie, I'm trying to think," she snapped. Natalie rubbed her fingers along the fabric of

her sweater. Cashmere. Her mother had bought her one in every color. Whenever she

felt upset, she thought of them stacked in her huge closet at home in London. She had

the best mother in the world. Isabel stabbed the elevator button again. "Call the

concierge, Ian," she barked. "First, order a car. And second, tell them to fix their

elevators." "Yes, Mummy." "And don't speak to me, either of you," Isabel said as the elevator doors opened. "I have to think."<sup>82</sup> CHAPTER 12 The echo of the door slam

faded. Irina stared at the phone. She would have to call the Fixer. He could be out of

the country on a job, but that would be too much to hope for. There was one in every

city, she supposed, a person who could get anything you needed. Passports, cars,

explosives, poisons. The Lucians found such contacts valuable. The Fixer was one of the

best. He did not balk at anything, he could get anything, and he asked no questions.

She had used him herself. What would Isabel need from him this time? What was she

planning? Restlessly, Irina paced the room. She had lost Isabel's confidence. She no

longer knew the plan, only parts of it. She ran her fingers over the cool green stones of

the necklace. Isabel's insults had washed over her like water. They hadn't stung. She

slid the necklace into the pocket of her black jacket and zipped the pocket shut. She

never felt sentimental. Ever. Yet she understood sentiment. Having something a loved

one had touched. Keeping it near. When she had finally made herself clean out Nikolai's

room all those years ago, she had folded his favorite pair of pants and found something

in the pocket. Her own school medal for First Place Vaulting Championship. The metal

was tarnished, the ribbon tattered and faded. But Nikolai had carried it with him. He

had touched it every day. A reminder of his mother. She was away so much. He needed

something real to keep her with him. She hadn't known. She hadn't known. That had

been the moment she had broken. She had held the pants against herself and sobbed.

She had screamed out her agony. She had put herself back together slowly, but she

was never the same. She was still broken. She had lost her son. She slid her hand into

her other pocket and touched the medal. Now it was her turn to keep something close

as a reminder. To touch something he had touched. Irina, the problem in Helsinki needs

your attention. My son is sick. It's not a good time. She still remembered Isabel's brittle

laugh. Children are sick all the time. No, it is more than that. The doctor said... Don't

bore me with details. Do your job. The tickets are waiting for you at the airport.<sup>84</sup> So

she had kissed him, kissed his golden curls. She had whispered that she would be gone

for only two days. Anna, her neighbor who watched him, whom he adored, Anna would

be by his side. Irina would bring him back anything he wanted. A monkey, he said, and

she had laughed. She had to go undercover. No communication, no phones, nothing. So

she did not collect Anna's increasingly frantic messages. She did not get the doctor's

call. She touched down in Moscow two days later and discovered that her nine-year-old

son was dead. She was holding the stuffed monkey, an expectant smile on her face,

when a weeping Anna told her the news. Now Irina rose. Once Isabel had forced her to

do something that she regretted with every waking breath. It would not happen

again.<sup>85</sup> CHAPTER 13 The delicious smells of good things cooking greeted Amy as she

wearily pushed open the door to Shep's house. It had taken her over an hour to get

back. Plenty of time for her to digest what had happened. But it still hadn't taken away

her fear. It was still there in her stomach, a cold, hard ball. When she closed the door,

she began to shake. Now that she was safe, the horror of what had happened truly

sank in. What if Hamilton hadn't saved her? She saw herself falling into that water, saw

the sharks circling with their dead black eyes....She felt so cold. She couldn't take a

step, she was shaking so hard. In the kitchen area, Nellie was cooking, a bright

bandanna wrapped around her hair. She stirred something in a pan while outside Shep

tended to the barbecue. Dan was playing one-person Foosbal , running back and forth

to each end of the table.<sup>86</sup>Nellie looked up. Her welcoming smile faded as she took in

Amy's appearance. She dropped the wooden spoon, splattering tomato sauce on the

stove. Amy saw it bloom like blood in the water. Dizziness swept over her, a buzzing in

her ears. The room started to spin....Nellie caught her as her knees gave way. "Dan, get

a blanket!" Nellie's voice was steady, but it rang through the open space. She half

carried Amy to the couch. The only thing Dan could find was the leather jacket. He

brought it over and Amy gratefully wrapped herself in it. "What happened?" Dan asked,

his small face looking pinched. She'd spooked him. "They didn't hurt me. I mean, if I'd

been thrown into the bloody fish water with the sharks, who knows? But Hamilton came

by on a paraglider, so-""What?" Nellie exclaimed at the same moment that Dan yelled,

"Sharks?" Quickly, Amy recounted how Irina had led her through the tunnel and warned

her about Isabel, yet she'd wound up on the boat anyway. She explained how Isabel

had offered them Lucian protection and what had happened when she'd said no. When

she described Isabel calmly ladling the fish parts into the sea, Nellie turned white. But

the funny thing was that<sup>87</sup>as Amy told the story, she stopped shaking, and her fear

went away. She told them everything, including the rosemary Clue that Irina had given

her. But she didn't tell them the most important thing. That Ian, Irina, and Isabel all

told her that Hope and Arthur had been murdered. And that Isabel had accused the

Madrigals and Irina of the crime. "Oh, man," Dan said, throwing himself back on the

cushions. "I missed it! If I'd been there, Isabel Cobra wouldn't have had a chance. We

could have pushed her into the water. Or I could have gotten fishing line and tied her



up. Or we could have used Ian as a battering ram!" "Dan," Nellie chided. "This isn't a game." The thirty-nine clues are like game to your brother, yes? Dan jumped up and

began pretending to paraglide over snapping sharks. Amy made a decision as she

watched him. She couldn't tell him about their parents. There was a soft, secret spot in

her brother that he covered up with jokes. It was all about losing his parents so young

-- before he could even have memories of them. She would have to try to figure it out

on her own. At least for awhile. Amy touched her throat, momentarily forgetting that

Grace's necklace was gone. The absence of it made her feel more alone than ever. This

feeling inside -- that there was something she needed to remember -- was big and

scary. She'd have to hide that from Dan, too. He hates when I act like a big sister. But I

am one. Nellie patted her knee. "Food. That's what you need." She got up and went

back to the kitchen. Amy wrapped the jacket more tightly around herself. She felt the

lining tear and she groaned softly. The only thing she had from her mother, and she'd

ripped it! She moved her fingers along the lining, searching for the tear, and heard

something crackle. Sitting up, she examined it more closely. The jacket had already

been torn along the seam and repaired again. She reached inside the tear and took out

a brittle piece of lined paper-- something ripped from a notebook."What is it?" Dan

asked, coming closer."A piece of old notebook paper hidden in the lining." Her heart

pounding, Amy read the words aloud.28 June 1937Each stronghold I was able to enter

seems shaky now. War is on the horizon, nothing seems simple or safe, from Natal to

Karachi. They fear us; that is good.Left Bandung and flew to Darwin. Here we sent back

parachutes to lighten load so I am including this jacket as well. GP has been instructed

to pass it along to you. Tomorrow we go on to Lae. Then it is off across the Pacific to

Howland.I'm sorry to report that I failed to find our assassin H, or any real clues to his

whereabouts. I was89able to get to Batavia from Bandung and managed to find our

contact. He told of a "scarred white man" who the natives believed had escaped the

mountain. His body was intact but not his mind. What he had endured was terrible

enough to break it. Here in Darwin our informer turned out to be a dead end. It was

soon clear that the gentleman -- and I use the term loosely, because he was quite a

charlatan-- was just looking for another payoff. All he offered was riddles. He even had

the audacity to try to sell me a ring -- it will bring you luck, he said, so I bought it in

hopes it would gain me information. It didn't. When I asked again if he knew H, he said

both of them were in a hole but not to worry. Then he cackled a laugh and that was the

end of it. Clearly he enjoyed giving me no information ... and making me pay for it. I am

off into the blue. No more strongholds to penetrate. Only sky. AE "I don't get it," Dan

said. "Who do you think AE is? Some Australian dude who flew a plane?" "Not a dude,"

Amy said with dawning excitement. She sprang up and ran to Shep's bookshelves.

Naturally, she'd already checked out his library. Shep had whole shelves dedicated to

aviation history. It didn't take long before she found what she was looking for. She

thumped the book down on the surfboard table.<sup>90</sup> Dan hurried over. "Amelia

Earhart?" "It's got to be!" Amy said. "Her last flight was right around that time." One of Amy's childhood heroes had been Amelia Earhart. Grace had given her a biography of

the flier when she was eight years old. "She was amazing. She was the first woman to

fly solo over the Atlantic. She broke records for speed and altitude. She didn't let

anything stop her." She flipped to the index and looked up "last flight." Then she turned to the page and read through the itinerary. "Look," she said, pointing to the page. "She was in Darwin, Australia, on June 28, 1937. She was trying to become the first woman

to circumnavigate the world, and by the longest distance. And Dan, look at the rest of

her stops!" She placed the paper with her parents' itinerary next to Amelia's journey.

Her parents had hit many of the major stops. "They match," Dan said. "But why would Mom and Dad be following where Amelia Earhart went about a bazillion years

before?" "About sixty years before," Amy corrected. She tapped the paper. "Isabel said something to me about the Lucian stronghold in Karachi. I bet all these cities are

strongholds for other branches, too." "So what happened after she left Darwin?" "She flew to Lae, New Guinea, for refueling. Then she took off for Howland Island -- which is

basically a speck in the middle of the Pacific-- but she never made it. Her plane was

never found. There were all sorts<sup>91</sup> of rumors that she survived, but basically everyone

believes that she and her navigator couldn't locate the island and ran out of gas. But

before that happened, it looks like she had a secret agenda. Do you realize what this

means? She was a Cahill!""So who was GP?" Dan asked. Amy searched through the

book. "It must be George Putnam, her husband. They shipped the parachutes back

because they would be useless over water. But whoever she trusted to ship the jacket

didn't do it. Even then, it would have been valuable as a souvenir. It must have just

stayed in Darwin. Mom must have had some kind of lead to it....""Our assassin H," Dan read. "Do you think it could be Bob Troppo? Maybe she's using the word assassin in a

funny way because he hit Mark Twain with his cane. She says he has scars, just like the

photograph.""It has to be!" Amy said. "The Cahills have been looking for him for a long time, I guess. I wonder why." She reread the letter. "I wonder where Bandung is." Shep overheard her from the kitchen, where he was transferring grilled fish onto a platter.

"It's on the island of Java, not far from Jakarta," he said. "Indonesia.""It was Earhart's stop before she flew to Darwin," Amy said. "They fear us," Dan read. "Who is 'they'?"

Amy looked up and met his gaze. "Who does every branch fear?""Madrighals," Dan said.<sup>92</sup> Isabel said that Madrigals might be rogue Cahills-- they left their own branches

and formed a new group. They're like a secret society. That would explain why nobody

really knows who they are.... They're just afraid of them." Amy frowned. "But Amelia

Earhart couldn't be a Madrigal. She just couldn't. She was a hero. An explorer. And not

only that, she wasn't ... sneaky or mean. I can't believe she'd betray her branch just to

get power." Or that she could belong to a group that would one day kill our parents ...

if that part of the story is even true." "Maybe she was just really good at hiding things,"

Dan said, frowning. "Okay, we've got Amelia Earhart, branch strongholds, and some

crazy dude with no name -- maybe he's H, maybe he's Bob, but he's definitely a few

Lucky Charms short of a bowl," Dan summarized. "I still don't know what we're doing in

Australia. And what were our parents doing here? And why did they come to Sydney?

Amelia Earhart didn't." "Well, they probably flew here so that they could meet up with

Shep and have him take them on his own plane. Less chance to be followed that

way." Amy turned back to Shep and raised her voice. "Shep, why did our parents go to

Adelaide? Do you know?" "Sure," Shep said. "We needed a refueling stop before Darwin.

We had a couple of choices, and they picked Adelaide." He put down the platter of fish

on the dining table.<sup>93</sup> "I don't want to be nosy," he said, "but I have a feeling I don't have the whole story here. So far today we've been attacked by very large American

surfers, Amy disappears for hours and then shows up looking like death warmed up,

and now apparently Amelia Earhart is speaking to you from a watery grave. Do you

want to fill me in on what's going on? Since I'm flying you over half of Australia and I

happen to be your cousin, I think I have a right to know." "Absolutely," Dan said. "The truth is that we're part of a gang of master thieves who broke into the US Mint and

stole one billion dollars in gold. Amy and I are small enough to climb into AC ducts. We

took off with the gold, so they're chasing us. But what they don't know is that we're

working directly for the president." "And Amelia Earhart..." "... was on a secret mission to find a place to hide the world's gold in a top secret underwater fortress. We're looking

for that, too." Shep nodded. "O-kay. Glad we got that straightened out. Now it's time to eat." \* \* \* Amy couldn't sleep. Every time she closed her eyes she saw Irina's fierce

gaze, blue as a flame in the darkness. Do you think your mother left you alone and

raced back into a burning house just for her husband? Remember that night, Amy. Think

about that night. You were there. You were old enough to see.<sup>94</sup> All this confusion, all

this tightness in her chest made her feel like she couldn't breathe. Why was she so

afraid? Why did Isabel seem so familiar to her, and why did that fill her with

dread? Nellie snoozed next to her, and Dan was just a lump wrapped in a quilt on the

sofa by the window. Amy slipped out of bed. The leather jacket was lying on the

armchair near Dan, and she put it on and wrapped it around her. The thrilling thought

that it had belonged to Amelia Earhart had been replaced by the simple need to touch

something her mother had touched. She lay her cheek against the collar. "I miss them."

Dan's voice was sleepy. "How can you miss people you can't remember?" "I miss them, too," Amy said softly. "Being here is so weird. Because they were here, too." "Yeah. It feels like they could just walk in the door any second. I don't know why." Amy realized

that she felt the same way. She felt closer to her parents here. Closer than she'd felt in

a long time. And they were half a world away from everything they knew. Dan yawned.



"They left us for a whole month." His voice was drowsy, and she could tell he was close to sleep. "That's a long time to leave your kids." "It must have been super important,"

Amy whispered. "I'm glad they were searching for the clues, just like us," Dan said. He

yawned again. "Wouldn't it be great<sup>95</sup> if after this is over ... Shep could maybe be our

dad? We could move in with him...." "Dan, I don't know. He's not the dad type." "People don't know they're the dad type until they're dads. Besides, can you imagine going back

to Beatrice the Bloody?" Amy couldn't. She couldn't imagine what the end of this would

be like at all. But as soon as Dan said it, she realized he was right. She couldn't imagine

going back to Aunt Beatrice. She couldn't imagine going back to school, or Boston. They

didn't belong there anymore. They didn't belong anywhere. After a minute, Dan's

breathing was deep and regular. Amy went back to the foldout couch she shared with

Nellie. She climbed back under the covers and she fell asleep, clutching her mother's

jacket around her. \* \* \* She dreamed. Her mother's hand gripping hers. A fire crackling

in the fireplace. And then a fire out of control... ash falling like snow on the lawn. "Get

the children out!"She woke with a start. It was still dark. She could hear Nellie's soft

breathing next to her.And then memory lit up her brain, and the shadows went

away.She hadn't gone to sleep after her bath. She'd turned<sup>96</sup>on her little green glass

lamp and picked out a book. Sometimes she read herself to sleep. It was a secret she

kept from her parents. Grace knew. Grace always let her.So she heard the sound of

visitors arriving. Heard a murmur of voices. Then suddenly the voices were raised. She

got up and listened. She was dressed in her nightgown, the one with the koalas her

mother had brought back from her long trip. Her parents' voices sounded different.

There was something hard in their voices, something that glinted and clanked like

coins.She crept down the stairs and then down the hall to her father's study. She

couldn't see her parents. Strangers surrounded them. The lights were low, but the fire

blazed in the hearth.She heard bursts of words, and Amy closed her eyes, trying to

remember.The violation of the strongholds...Where did you go ...And her father's voice:

Our travels are our business, not yours. Let's all calm down. We only want what is ours.

Where did you go... Tell us or... Or what? You are standing in my home and you dare to

threaten me? Her mother's voice was hard and cool. It scared Amy. She burst through

the circle. "Mommy!"<sup>97</sup> But before her mother could scoop her up, someone else did.

Someone who smelled of perfume and makeup. A beautiful lady with big eyes the color

of honey. In Amy's mind, she'd seen the flicker of fire reflected there. "And who is this?

What a pretty nightgown! Such cheerful teddy bears." "Koalas," Amy corrects, because she's proud to know the word. The lady's fingers tighten, just a bit. She looks over

Amy's head and smiles at Mommy and Daddy. "Did your mommy and daddy bring it

back for you from their trip?" The lady holds her too tightly. Amy starts to squirm, but

the grip doesn't loosen. And her mother looks so afraid... Amy sat up in bed. The truth

brought a rush of horror. The facts pounded her like body blows. The lady holding her

had been Isabel Kabra. Who else was there? She strained to remember. A bunch of

people, strangers to her at the time. She'd been too shy to look at their faces. They

knew her parents had come back from a trip but they weren't sure where they'd gone.

For some reason, they had to know. Her parents had hidden the destination from

them... until a seven-year-old girl had run downstairs in her nightgown and said the

word koalas. And then her parents' enemies had their answer. She had betrayed

them.<sup>98</sup> CHAPTER 14 "Rise and shine, mates," Shep called cheerfully. "I'm going to

make a pot of coffee and a bit of brekkie, and then we're off to the field. Everybody

sleep okay?"It was still dark out. Shep had switched on the lights."Mmmfff," Nellie said, her head in the pillow."Great," Dan said, sitting up in a tangle of quilts. While Nellie put the pillow over her head and Shep started the coffee, Amy rose woodenly and went to

the bathroom. She splashed cold water on her face and looked at herself in the

mirror. They had all come to find out where her parents had been. That was crucial.

Finding that out told them something. Something that made one of them start the

fire. Her fault. She remembered the flush of triumph on Isabel's cheeks as she held her.

The way she held her even as she squirmed ... that had been a threat. Isabel was

saying I can get to your children.<sup>99</sup> Amy closed her eyes, remembering the flash of fear

and anger on her mother's face. She held on to the sink and leaned over while the

words beat inside her....My fault my fault my fault Dan banged on the door. "Are you

asleep in there?" Amy opened the door and walked over to the couch. Mechanically, she

began to pack. Nellie shot her concerned glances but Amy always turned away. She

couldn't talk about it. If she talked about it, she would crack wide open. She would cry

and cry and never stop. My fault my parents are dead. Research. That always helped

her. If she could get her mind going on a problem, she could forget what she didn't

want to remember. While Shep made pancakes, Amy opened Dan's laptop and searched

for anything involving Amelia Earhart and Darwin, Australia. Amy clicked through

photographs and found one taken of her at the Darwin airport. She was climbing steps

to a building, holding her jacket and a notebook. It could be the very notebook she'd

written the letter on! Amy peered closer. Visible on Amelia's pinkie finger was a ring

with a white stone. She clicked back to a photograph of Amelia in Bandung. No ring. It

must be the ring she'd described, the one the strange man had sold to her. She tried to

magnify the image, but it just became blurry. Dan came over and peered at the

screen. "What are you doing?" "I'm not sure," Amy admitted. "Do you see the ring on Amelia's finger? It must be the one she bought in Darwin. I'm trying to see it up close.

I'm wondering why this guy tried to sell her a ring." "Well, it sure wasn't a good luck

charm," Dan said. He made a noise like a plane spiraling down and crashing. Amy

wincing. "It looks like a white stone," she said. "Probably an opal," Nellie said with a quick look at the computer. She was on her way to the bathroom. "Most likely," Shep agreed.

"Australia has more than ninety percent of the world's opals. Even back then, there was

a pretty solid mining trade going on, I'd imagine." "He said they were in a hole but not to worry," Amy quoted. Shep grinned. "In a hole? Sounds like Coober Pedy. It means

'white man in a hole' in Aboriginal language." "Coober who?" "Name of a town, love,"

Shep said. "Most of the buildings are underground because it's so freakish hot. Even for

Australia. And it's the number one town in the world for mining opals." "Where is it?"

Dan asked. "Oh, a bit north of Adelaide. About nine hours' drive." "That didn't sound like a bit, but maybe it was for 101 Australia. Amy felt her excitement growing. They were

getting close to something, she could feel it. She knew Dan could feel it, too. "How long

did our parents stay in Adelaide?" Dan asked. "Let's see ... I picked up some tourists in Perth and flew them to Alice Springs and Uluru ... or was it Shark Bay and Ningaloo ...

can't remember, but I think I was gone three or four days. Then I swung on down to

Adelaide to pick up Hope and Arthur for the Darwin trip." Amy and Dan exchanged a

glance. They didn't have to say it out loud. They knew it. Their parents had gone to

Coober Pedy. They'd driven up from Adelaide. They just hadn't wanted to involve Shep

more than they had to. It could have put him in danger. Amy and Dan nodded at each

other. Shep pointed the spatula to Amy and then to Dan. "How did you just do that? You

two just had a conversation without saying a word!" They looked at each other again.

It's not that we don't trust him. It's that our parents were right-- the less he knows, the

better off he is. "You just did it again! What are you saying?" Shep put his hands on his hips. "Wait a minute. Hold the phone. You want me to fly you to Coober Pedy, don't

you." Dan smiled innocently. "Your pancakes are burning," he said.<sup>102</sup> After a breakfast of slightly charred pancakes, they loaded their gear into Shep's Jeep and took off for

the airfield. The sun was rising as they left the outskirts of Sydney and took a smaller

road, snaking up into the hills. Finally, Shep pulled up to a wire gate and punched in a

code. The gate opened and they roared in. "Congratulations," Shep said. "You just

passed through airfield security." He parked the car and pointed out the plane. "Um, it

looks kind of ... small?" Amy offered. "Small? I can fit fourteen in that baby," Shep said. "You're a good pilot," Nellie said. "Right?" Shep shrugged. "Except for those crash landings." Chuckling, he headed off to the



office. "Funny cousin you've got there," Nellie said with a yawn. "C'mon, let's check out the plane," Dan said. They circled around it,

and Nellie climbed inside the cockpit. Dan followed. Amy stood outside, trying to

imagine being high above. She'd been in a high-speed helicopter at night and that was

terrifying; she'd been swept up by a paraglider, but somehow this small plane made her

feel even more nervous. Maybe because she had time to think about how small it

seemed and how wide the sky was in Australia. When Shep headed out of the office and

ambled toward them, it only increased her nerves. Shouldn't a pilot be wearing a

uniform? It was just Shep, in his khaki shorts and a syrup stain on his T-shirt. "Are, um,

w-we sure about this?" she asked, climbing in. "Are you kidding?" Dan said, bouncing in his seat. Nellie was staring out of the cockpit window. She didn't answer. "Nellie?" Amy followed her gaze. She saw a plume of dust, rising straight beyond the scrub

bushes. Shep climbed into the plane, instantly making it feel smaller. "It's a willy willy!"

Dan called, pointing at the column of dust. "A who?" Amy asked. "A kind of harmless

tornado," Shep said, sliding into the pilot seat. "And that isn't one. We don't get willy willys around here. I think it's just a truck going fast on a dirt road. Strap in, everyone.

We've got clearance to take off." He put headphones on. Dan looked disappointed as he

strapped into his seat. Nellie buckled in, still peering out at the dust. "It's not a truck,"

she said. "It's a Hummer. Can we get going?" she asked with sudden impatience in her

voice. "Got to finish the preflight check," Shep said amiably. Just then the speeding

Hummer crashed through the metal gate. Shep didn't hear it over the noise of the

engine whirring to life.<sup>104</sup> "Can you hurry?" Amy asked. Shep couldn't hear her, but he

gave her a thumbs-up from the cockpit. Isabel Kabra was at the wheel of the Hummer.

She screeched to a halt. Amy saw her head swiveling, squinting through the bright

sunlight, trying to see inside the cockpits of the planes. Slowly, the propeller of Shep's

plane started to turn. "All righty, here we go," Shep said. The plane started to swing

toward the runway. Isabel's head snapped back. She was wearing big black sunglasses,

but Amy almost thought she could see the glint of her eyes. The plane taxied toward the

runway. Amy, Dan, and Nellie watched as Isabel jerked the Hummer with a squeal of

tires. To their surprise, Isabel sped off in the opposite direction. But when Shep turned

onto the runway, they saw Isabel pull into the field near the runway. "What's that

blasted car doing there?" Shep asked. "Sightseers?" Nellie suggested. Shep taxied

forward. They picked up speed. Amy relaxed against the seat. Isabel had been foiled.

She was probably furious. "Nyah, nyah," Dan muttered. As their speed increased, Isabel

suddenly cut the wheel and bumped onto the runway. "What the ..." Shep

exclaimed. <sup>105</sup>She gunned the motor of the Hummer. Amy could clearly see the terrified

faces of Natalie and Ian in the backseat. Natalie had her mouth wide open in a

scream. "I can't stop. I've got to take off!" Shep yelled. "Go!" Nellie screamed. The plane lifted, clearing the Hummer by inches. The last thing Amy saw was Isabel's face.

Completely calm. Natalie was still screaming. Isabel was willing to risk her children's

lives to stop them. As soon as they were at cruising altitude, Shep tore off his

headphones. "What was that?" he shouted. "That crazy Hummer almost killed us all!

Did you see who was driving?" "Did you see, Amy?" Dan asked. "The sun was in my eyes," Amy said. "Nellie?" "That was just too scary," Nellie

said. "I'm going to radio the airport and get that idiot arrested," Shep said. He put his headphones back on and

began to speak rapidly into the headset. Dan and Amy exchanged a glance. There was

no way anybody was going to arrest Isabel Kabra. And she was on their tail. 106 CHAPTER 15 They flew along the coastline, aquamarine water below and

stretches of golden sand. Amy's head began to nod, and she fell asleep. No wonder,

Dan thought. His sister had tangled with sharks and poison needles, all in one day. That

could wear a dude out. After an hour, even a postcard view couldn't keep his attention.

Dan got tired of looking for kangaroos out the window. He hadn't been this bored since

Amy forced him to babysit her Barbies when he was five. He started to wonder about

the Land Down Under. What was it under, exactly? He almost woke Amy up to ask her

but decided it wasn't such a great idea. Shep's voice came over a speaker. "There are

snacks in the cabinet under the sink." "Dude! You're speaking my language!" But Shep couldn't hear him. Dan got up and foraged. By the time Amy woke up, they were flying

over red ground, vast and empty, and Dan had struck up a beautiful friendship with

Australian snack food.<sup>107</sup>"How long has it been like this?" Amy asked, yawning. Dan

was chewing on a potato chip. "Forever. But check this out." He held up a bag of chips.

"These are chicken flavored! Is that genius or what? Are you hungry? I've got Tim

Tams, Cheezels, Toobs, and Burger Rings. Can you imagine making a snack that tastes

like a burger? Australians are our friends. And look, Violet Crumbles -- the best

chocolate bar in the world!" "Don't spoil your appetite, mate," Nellie called in her Aussie accent. She was now wearing the bush hat Dan had bought in the airport. "We might

be stopping for a tick at a chew and spew." "Chew and spew!" Dan laughed and sprayed potato chips. "Love it!" "Try the chew part," Amy said. "Lose the spew." Shep stretched and yawned. "Want to take a break?" Nellie asked. "I can take over for awhile." At Shep's inquisitive look, she said, "I've been flying since I was a teenager." "That wasn't so long ago. I'm not reassured." Nellie grinned. "Trust me. I've got a pilot's license. Five hundred hours. Instrument flying. Night flying." She and Shep started talking about wind

shifts, thrusts, and passenger loads. Dan leaned over to Amy. "Did you know Nellie

could fly a plane?" Amy shook her head. "I guess it never came up."<sup>108</sup> "Lots of things don't come up with Nellie. Until they do." A flicker of doubt passed between them for a

moment, but they shoved it aside. Nellie took over the controls. Shep watched her for

awhile, then stepped back into the cabin to talk to them. He leaned against the

bulkhead and crossed his arms. "Okay, something doesn't smell right," he said. "Did you know the person in that Hummer? Because it doesn't seem like a coincidence that it

showed up like that." Dan put on a look of innocence. "No?" "Is there something you want to tell me? About what you're really doing in Australia?" "Okay," Dan said. "I guess it's time we told you the truth." Amy gave him a no way look. "Back in Massachusetts,

Amy and I broke into our school one night. No biggie, right? Except that our assistant

principal, Mortimer C. Murchinson, is an alien. At night he takes off his face and turns

into this eleven-foot-tall thing with eight arms ... " ... who plays for the Boston Celtics,"

Shep said with a sigh. "I get it." His gaze was searching as it rested on them. Then he turned and started back to the cockpit. "If you see any stealth bombers coming our

way, just give a yell, okay?" "You got it, Captain," Dan answered.<sup>109</sup> Nellie flew the plane for the next hour, then Shep took over for the approach to Coober Pedy. "Where

is it?" Dan asked, craning his neck. All he could see for miles and miles was red dirt.

The horizon was curved, as though he could see the edge of the earth. "See those

pyramids?" Shep's voice came over the loudspeaker. "They look like little hills of salt,"

Dan said to Amy. "Those are the slag heaps from opal mining," Shep explained. "We're going to fly right over the opal fields. I reached my mate Jeff this morning. He'll pick us

up." The plane eased down on the runway and rolled to a stop. The airfield was even

smaller than the one outside Sydney. There were a few outbuildings and a couple of

bush planes. They tumbled out and were hit by a wall of heat. Dan's throat felt as dry

as the dusty hills. Shep jumped down, looking as fresh as when he'd begun. "Is it always

this hot?" Dan asked Shep. "Oh, it's cool today. Only a hundred or so. Let me deal with

a bit of paperwork and then I'm guessing Jeff will show up." Shep ambled into the

office, emerging just as a dirt-caked four-wheel-drive truck roared down the road to the

airfield. A tall, slim man wearing the usual khaki shorts jumped out. "They let you

land in that shonky orange crate?" he shouted in an Australian accent. "Next time, I'll

land it on your head," Shep answered. "It's big enough." They clapped each other on the shoulders. Shep turned to them. "Let me introduce you to my long-lost cousins," he

said. "Amy, Dan, and their au pair, Nellie Gomez. This is Jeff Chandler, best tour guide

in the Red Centre." "Mates of Shep's are mates of mine," Jeff said. "What brings you to Coober Pedy? A little noodling?" "We just had lunch," Amy said politely. She fanned away an enormous black fly. "But thank you." He laughed. "No, noodling's what we call searching for opals in the slag heaps. Lots of tourists love it. Odds aren't good you'll

come up with a valuable stone, but there's always a chance, isn't there?" "Actually, my

rellies are here looking for some information," Shep said. "About someone who might

have lived around here in the thirties. He had a scarred face, and back in Sydney he

was known as a criminal called Bob Troppo. He didn't speak and he might have been

crazy." "Let's see. Scars on his face, criminal, keeps to himself, mad as a cut snake," Jeff said. "Sounds like half the population of this place." He laughed at Amy's and Dan's

crestfallen expressions. "No worries. I know just who to consult. Climb aboard." They

piled in, and he swung out onto the dusty road and hit the gas hard. He pointed to

the opal fields. "If you go out there, you've got to keep your wits about you. Every year

we lose a couple of tourists in the open mine shafts. They back up to snap a photo, and

whoosh, down they go, and come a cropper. Got to tell you, we find it very

annoying." "I bet it annoys the tourists more," Dan said. "No drama, they're already dead." Jeff drove through the center of town, which wasn't very big. It looked like a



Wild West town from a movie. The surrounding area was barren as the moon. The few

people on the street wore broad-brimmed hats, and many of the men had long hair and

mustaches. From every corner signs shouted OPALS and UNDERGROUND MOTEL.

There was even a sign for an underground church. "Where is everybody?" Nellie

asked. "In the mines or in their homes about now," Jeff said. "Which means underground. Most of us live in dugouts here. They keep us cool during the day and

warm at night. ""Wow," Dan said. "This is really the Land Down Under. ""You've got it, mate! Population comes and goes-- it's about two thousand right now. And we've got

about forty-five different nationalities, everybody looking to strike it rich. We al get

along pretty well, until somebody decides to blow something up. Maybe we should stop

selling dynamite in the supermarket, eh?""He's kidding, right?" Nellie asked

Shep.112"Afraid not."Jeff had slowed on the main drag but picked up speed on the

outskirts of town. He roared along the dirt road with al the windows open. At least

they'd left the flies behind."Here we are!" he called suddenly.They were in a desolate

area. Hills surrounded them, and they could see the now-familiar pyramid shapes of

opal mining. "Which is ... where?" Nellie asked. "Kangaroo Ken's place," Jeff said, grinning. "Don't believe a word he says, but he does know everything about Coober

Pedy. "With that dubious endorsement, he jumped out of the car and headed toward

one of the hills. Now they could see a multicolored door set into the hillside. As they

drew closer, they saw that the door was decorated with countless flattened beer cans

nailed to its surface. "Interesting decor," Nellie said. "You ain't seen nothing yet," Shep said. "I can get you a mate's rate if you care to spend the night. Ken rents out rooms,

too." Jeff opened the door without knocking and shoved his head inside. "Cooo-eee!"

he shouted. "You home? It's Jeff, mate! Got some folks who want to meet you!" "No

need to shout, just come on in before you let in all the blowies, you blooming twit!" a

voice roared back. Jeff winked at them. "Don't let him bother you. He'll do the Aussie

act for the tourists. He's a bit deaf, so speak up." They crowded inside and Nellie quickly

shut the door. They were in a small hallway. Faint light came from the two small

windows near the door. There were hundreds of things tacked to the wall -- license

plates, bumper stickers in every language, T-shirts, candy wrappers, postcards. The

items were so numerous that they were nailed over each other and made a kind of

crazy wallpaper. Where there was bare wall, people had scrawled signatures and

messages."The house was built straight back into the hill, so we're underground right

now," Jeff explained as they passed through a kitchen and dining area. The rough walls

curved around them. It was like being in a cave, except there was a stove, a refrigerator, a dining table, and a rug on the floor. They followed Jeff farther into the

house, where he led them to a living room lit with lamps. They'd expected to find

themselves in some kind of a bunker, but instead they were in a regular room, with a

brown couch, a coffee table, a shelf of books, and a TV. It took you a minute to realize

the weird part -- there were no windows. But after the blasting heat outside, the inside

felt cool and comfortable. An old man sat on the couch, reading a newspaper. He was

tanned to the color of a walnut and completely bald. He, too, wore khaki shorts and a

T-shirt that read DON'T ASK. He looked over his half glasses at them. "G'day,

cobbers. I can see you bunch of galans made it to my shack okay, so pull up a pew and

I'll fire up the barbie." "Stuff the lingo, Kenny," Jeff said. "They're here for a bit of history of Coober Pedy, not your Aussie act." "You say this is your posse?" the man asked with a chortle. "Knew you'd turn out to be no good." He slapped his knee. "Aussie act," Jeff shouted. "Oh, never mind. These folks need some information." He raised his voice. "Did you ever hear of a bloke called Bob Troppo?" "We think he might have lived here in the 1930s," Amy said in a loud voice. "He could have been a miner, but we're

not sure about that. We're not sure of his name, but it could have been Bob. His face

was scarred on one side and he didn't speak." "Go on." "We think he knew someone here

... someone who sold a ring to Amelia Earhart." "Blimey," Ken said. "I thought that was just old Ron taking the mick." "You've heard the story?" "My own dad told it! Right before the war, he took a trip up to Darwin with some loose opals and some jewelry.

He told me the story about how Earhart bought a ring off him. Typical of my dad-- he'd

tell you some whopping tall tale, and you couldn't prove it didn't happen." "Well, it did,"

Dan said. "We know that for sure." "Too bad he's not around to rub it in." The old man laughed. "What about the scarred man?" Amy asked. "Sounds like Fossie," Ken said.

"My dad called him that because he got lucky fossicking." Amy and Dan looked

blank. "Same as noodling," Jeff explained. "Searching for opals on the heaps of sand that get dug out for a mine. It takes some patience, let me tell you." "Fossie made more money fossicking than mining. He was a strange one. Didn't talk, just stared right past

you. A few kangaroos loose in the top paddock, for certain." "Has anyone else besides

us ever asked about him?" Dan asked. He was hoping for news of their parents.

"Eh?" Dan repeated the question, louder this time. "Not a one," Ken said. "Not many left in Coober Pedy who remember him, and we keep things to ourselves. Besides, Fossie

didn't socialize at the pub. He died before Coober Pedy really took off." Nellie's face

changed, and Amy knew she was trying not to smile at the notion that dusty Coober

Pedy had taken off. She looked as if she'd just inhaled pepper and was trying not to

sneeze. "Did you ever meet him?" Dan asked. "Once. He didn't welcome visitors, I'll tell you that. But when he was dying, he called my dad over, and I went with him. I was

just a lad then. He left my dad his mine. Nothing much to it, we never did get a

stone out of it. After that, he went on a walkabout and never came back. Died out

there, alone, just as he wanted." "Do you know where he lived?" "Too right I do! Lived right in the mine. Dug a room next to it. Many did in those days.

He was the first to

figure out a ventilation system, get the whole system working right." Amy and Dan

exchanged a glance. Ekat. "Can we see it?" "Sure, it's just down the hall." "Wait a second," Amy said. "Are you telling us that Bob -- I mean, Fossie -- lived here?" "Well, not here here," Ken said, gesturing around the room. "My dad dug out more of the hill

and made the house. Fossie just carved out a tunnel and mined straight back into the

hill. He dug out a room for himself." "Is the room stil here?" Amy asked. He nodded.

"Sure. We just slapped up a wall to block the mine. But Fossie's room is still there.

Shazzer made it up as one of the guest rooms. She was my third wife." "Your fourth, I

think," Jeff said. "And my mum, if you'll recall. You were my stepdad for about two

years." "That's right!" Ken laughed. "How are you, sonny? Sure, have a look," he said to Amy and Dan. "It's been fifty years at least, so I don't think you'll find a thing. But

you're welcome to try." 117 CHAPTER 16A short while later, Amy sat back on her heels.

"Ken's right. There's nothing here. It was all too long ago." They'd searched the simply furnished room thoroughly, including the small closet. Nothing remained from the home

that Bob Troppo had made there. "I hate dead ends," Dan muttered. "I thought for sure we'd lucked out." They got up wearily and went back out into the crazily patterned

hallway. Amy turned back for a last look and stopped dead. She pointed to the wall on

top of the doorway. "Dan, look!" Amid old postcards from all over the world, crazy

drawings, and loopy scrawled messages there was a silly drawing. HA! [drawing of a

heart-shaped head with two eyes, a smiling hair and frizzy hair] Be MINE118" Mom drew

this," Amy said breathlessly, pointing to the heart. "I know it. It's drawn with a purple pen! And look, the eyes are red and the smile is blue. She used to make us

heart-shaped waffles with strawberries for eyes and a blueberry smile." "Everybody's

mom does that," Dan said. "But do they do zucchini curls for hair? Look! Green!" Dan gave her a pained look. "I liked to dip the zucchini in syrup." "HA," Dan said. "Okay, I know it's gross, but--" "No, HA. It could stand for Hope and Arthur. They were here!"

Dan shivered with a sudden chill, as though the ghosts of their parents were right there

underground with them. "Do you think they knew we'd come here?" Amy whispered. Dan

shook his head. "They'd never think we'd be going on the clue hunt. Did Grace know

about the waffle zucchini thing?" Amy nodded. "Sure. She made them for me, too." "It must be a message for Grace, then," Dan said. "They were telling her where to

go." "Where?" Dan pointed to the last word. "The old mine." \* \* \* It was late afternoon, but it was still brutally hot. The heat shimmered and bounced.

Dan had to squint

to see the map that Ken had made for them. They stood on the hill behind Ken's

house. Or, Dan corrected in his mind, on top of Ken's house. "It's an old minefield back

there, see," Ken had said, "so watch out for mine shafts -- they're not all marked. The old ventilation shaft for Fossie's room is still there-- you'll see it near the circle of

orange flags. Take the first mine shaft past the flags and head down. Then head back

the way you came. Easy as pie, not that pie is easy to make, heh!" They left their bags

and Saladin with Ken, who had rooms to rent for the night. Jeff had to get back to

work, meeting a busload of tourists, but Shep, Nellie, Amy, and Dan carefully made

their way through the field. They saw the orange warning flags, brilliant against the

blue sky. "There's the ventilation shaft right there," Shep said, pointing. "So we take the next mine shaft over." "This isn't exactly what I had in mind when I agreed to bring you here," Shep added, avoiding a mine shaft. "A little sightseeing, a little relaxation, sure.

But climbing into an old mine isn't my idea of recreation." "You don't have to come,"

Dan said. "You can wait for us at the pub." "I'm not letting you go down alone," Shep said. "I haven't been there for you in the past, but I can do it now." He grinned. "I'm here to protect you against the ghost of Amelia Earhart. Or the principal without a



face."120"Assistant principal," Dan corrected."Here we are," Nellie said. She stopped at a shaft. An iron ladder led straight down to a bottom they couldn't see."Well, let's get to

it," Shep said. "If we don't come up in an hour, Jeff will come looking for us. Unless he forgets."Shep balanced carefully and started to climb down. Dan went after him. His

fingers slipped on the metal, and he gripped it harder, his heart pounding. Why did they

always end up underground? Caves, train tunnels, catacombs ... Were the Cahills

vampires? Did they hate the sun?Nellie swung down, and Amy brought up the rear. It

was a long way to the bottom. Darkness crept over them, but there was enough light

from the top to barely make out the rungs. Finally, Dan heard Shep's voice. "I'm there.

It's about forty feet, I'm guessing." A light switched on. When his feet finally hit the

ground, Dan let out a shaky breath of relief. Not that he'd tell anyone how he felt. But

he was creeped out by being so far below, down a little hole. They had all bought

powerful lights in town, and Dan turned his on. The glow illuminated the shaft. A

forgotten lantern lay caked with dust in a corner. The walls themselves looked as

though they'd been hacked and gouged out by hand.<sup>121</sup>"All right. If we follow the main

tunnel and turn left, we should find Bob's mine," Shep said. Dan felt his lungs begin to

constrict. With every step they disturbed more dust, and he felt the familiar tightness in

his chest. "Are you okay?" Amy whispered. "Fine," he answered. He never liked to admit when he had trouble with his breathing. Nellie slipped the inhaler into his hand and he

took a quick hit. He shot her a grateful look. The tunnel grew narrower. Every few feet

they came to another spot that had been worked by a miner. Dan had expected the

walls to glitter in many colors like opals, but they were a dull, chalky beige. The tunnel

narrowed further and then twisted sharply right. A pile of rubble lay in front of an

opening. "I think this is it," Shep said. He knelt down and peered over the rubble. Dan

looked over his shoulder. Inside the opening was a small cavelike room. The floor was

smooth and even. An old stained mattress on an iron bedstead was pushed into a

corner. "He must have lived in the mine, as well as that room in Ken's house," Shep

said. Amy and Dan climbed in first. It was a bit brighter in here due to the ventilation

shaft that spilled out dim light from a corner. Amy bent down and picked up a

newspaper. She shined her light on it. "It's from Adelaide. The date is 1951. This must

be it," she said. "Ken said that Fossie<sup>122</sup> left here in the early fifties. If he was a young man when he assaulted Mark Twain, he must have been close to ninety years old." Shep

stepped inside. "Did you just say assaulted Mark Twain?" He held up his hands. "Never mind. Don't tell me." Dan swept his flashlight over the wall. "Amy, check this out," he said. "He wrote all over the walls." He'd thought it was a design at first, but he realized that it was the words ring of fire written in small, cramped handwriting. The words didn't

stop. Tiny, faded in places, in other places covered with dust, the words ran around the

entire room, over and over and over, like crazy wallpaper covering every inch of the

cavern. Dan and Amy flashed their lights around. "How long do you think it took?" Amy

asked in a hushed voice. "Years," Shep said, looking around. "You'd have to be pretty crazy to do this," he said with a low whistle. "Ring of fire," Dan said. "What does that mean?" "An opal ring?" Amy asked. "They have glints of red and yellow all through them." Shep went to the far wall and knocked on it. "This isn't solid. This must be the

common wall with Ken's house." He stepped closer and accidentally kicked an old

toolbox caked with dust. He rapped his knuckles against the wall. "Yeah, this is just

drywall. Funny..."123"Amy!" Dan shouted. "I found something. A date! It's carved into the rock."1937 M"And an M next to it!" Amy exclaimed."It might mean that Amelia Earhart was a Madrigal," Dan said. "He knew she was looking for him. It was the year

the Madrigal came.""We don't know she was a Madrigal for sure," Amy argued. She

couldn't accept that about her childhood hero. "She could have been here trying to

protect him from Madrigals.""Our parents must have seen this place," Dan said. "But how did they get in? And out?""Maybe Mom and Dad stayed in that room and broke

through the wall overnight," Amy said. "Then they repaired it.""They could have left just a few nails and a hammer out," Shep said, "then pushed the toolbox through the

opening. This toolbox doesn't look that old.""It's not like he would have heard them,"

Dan said. "Ken can't hear, period.""Dad was a pretty good carpenter. So was Mom,"

Amy said. "They did a bunch of renovation work on our old house."124"Hey, maybe

we're Ekats!" Dan whispered.He moved closer to the ventilation shaft and gazed at the

wall. "There's a drawing here and some kind of quote."Partially hidden within the

streams of repeating words, they saw:[Proofreader's note: RING OF FIRE is repeated

many times. There is also a quote that says TAKE NOTE, TAKE NOTE., O WORLD, TO

BE DIRECT AND HONEST IS NOT SAFE. The word SAFE is inside a rectangle with an

arrow pointing from the word SAFE to the side of the rectangle. Next to the rectangle is

a large triangle with arrows coming out of it.] "That's kind of sad," Amy said. "Sounds like a Cahill philosophy to me," Dan murmured. "Just tell lies all the time."<sup>125</sup> "Look at the drawing. It looks like an upside-down ice cream cone. With arrows." "I prefer

sprinkles myself," Dan said. "I think this is a drawing of this room," Amy said. "I guess this gap here is where the door used to be." "I hope he didn't quit his day job," Dan said. "He wasn't much of an artist." "To be direct and honest is not safe," Amy said. "I wonder why he wrote that." "He didn't," Nellie said. "Shakespeare did. In Othello. I played Desdemona in my senior year. We set the play in the future and we all wore

aluminum foil costumes. It was a blast." "Wait a second," Dan said. He got down on his knees and started to search along the wall. "What are you looking for?" Amy asked. "It's weird that he wrote the word safe right where he did. Maybe he wasn't talking about

being safe. Maybe he was talking about a safe." Amy got down on the floor with Dan.

They ran their hands along the wall in the corner. "I found a seam," Amy said excitedly.

"We need something for leverage." Nellie fished in the toolbox and came back with a

chisel. Amy slowly worked at the seam. She felt the rock beginning to give. Suddenly, it

popped out into her hand. Dan peered in. "There's an opening carved out."<sup>126</sup> He stuck

his hand in. "I've got something!" His fingers closed around something smooth and

cool. He withdrew a small metal box. He opened it. Inside was a leather envelope with

a leather cord that wound around it. Slowly, Dan unwound the cord. He opened the

envelope. It was empty. "NOT FAIR!" he yelled. Amy slumped back in disappointment.

"Somebody else got here first!" "Like our own parents!" Dan tossed the leather envelope aside in frustration. "Wait." Amy picked up the envelope. She could just make out some

faded gold letters on it. "It's a monogram! RCH!" She looked up at Dan. "Amelia was searching for H, remember? This must be Bob Troppo's real name!" "But how can we

find out who he is?" Dan asked. "We don't know where he was born or where he came

from...." "It's a place to start, anyway." Amy scrambled to her feet. "We need the laptop." Nellie suddenly put a finger to her lips. "I hear something," she whispered.

"Something above ..." Dan moved closer to the ventilation shaft. He stood underneath it

and looked up. He could hear the sound of voices, but he couldn't see anyone, just a

faint circle of blue sky. "This is it," someone said. He saw a shadow and quickly jumped back. "Eww," someone said, a high-pitched whine. "Don't put them near me." "127" That sounds like Natalie Kabra," he whispered. "I am surrounded by fools," a woman's voice said impatiently. "Hand me the jar." "That's Isabel," Amy whispered. Suddenly,

something fell through the ventilation shaft. It was black and the size of a salad plate.

Dan felt it brush his arm. He looked down and saw the biggest, hairiest spider he'd ever

seen. It started to crawl up his arm toward his face. He screamed and backed up to the

wall. He was too paralyzed to touch it. Shep sprang over. "It's all right," he said. He

brushed off the spider and it scurried away on the floor. "It's not poisonous." "I-I think we should move away from the shaft," Amy said. They all looked at her for a second.

Then they quickly sprang back as a shower of spiders began dropping down onto the

floor. Soon there was a carpet of scurrying, hairy arachnids waving thick spider legs.

Amy screamed. "Get back!" Shep ordered. He swallowed and pointed to a hairy spider

on the ground. "That's a funnel-web. And there's another one ..." Dan gulped. He was

still shaking from his encounter with the plate-sized spider. "The most venomous spider

in the world?" "It's all right, it's not aggressive," Shep said. "Just... don't... alarm it." "H-how do you alarm a spider?" Amy squeaked. "Should we reason with it?" Nellie asked shakily. "Okay, here's the good news." Shep scanned the floor rapidly. "I think I only see two." "You think?" Nellie asked, leaping away from one hairy specimen. The

funnel-web spider had scurried in front of the exit. It sat there for a moment, raising its

hairy legs and tentatively exploring its new surroundings. The other funnel-web walked

along the wall, and they backed away from it. "Okay," Shep said, scanning the spiders

as he kept his eyes on the funnel-webs. "Looks like there are only two funnel-webs, but

there are a few red-backs. Not deadly, but they can give a nasty bite. We're going to

have to get out of here. But no worries. We'll just-- "With a soft thump, another

creature landed in the dust. The snake curled around and raised its head. They heard

Isabel's laugh come down through the shaft. "Yoo-hoo!" she said. "Thought you might be lonesome down there. We sent you some pets!" Dan swallowed. "Please don't tell me

that's what I think it is...." "Taipan," Shep breathed. "The most..." "...poisonous snake in the world," Dan finished. 129 CHAPTER 17 The snake slithered across the small room.

Dan didn't think it looked happy about falling forty feet onto the floor. "Don't panic. Just

let it go about its business," Shep said in a whisper. "I wouldn't dream of interfering,"

Nellie said, backing away. "In its venom is a neurotoxin that can cause paralysis," Dan

said. "But it also contains a myotoxin. Which means it can break down your muscle



tissue ...""We really don't need the details," Nellie said. "Can't we condense it to -- don't let it bite ya?"The orange-brown snake made its way slowly toward the exit to the main

tunnel. Its tongue flicked out and in. It must have been seven feet long. They held their

breath as its head rose. But it just curled up and rested on the mine floor. They'd have

to step over it in order to get out. Shep reached out and picked up a hammer. "It'll

move eventually. We can wait."130Dan felt the familiar squeezing in his chest. His

breath came out in a wheeze. He coughed, and Amy shot him a concerned look. "You

okay?""Okay." He could barely get the word out."Dan! Your inhaler!" Nellie's voice was urgent. "It's in your pocket."He reached into his pocket. Stuffed in there was the

packaging from a candy bar, a cool rock he'd found in Shep's garden, and a chunk of

granola bar he was saving for later. He tugged, and the inhaler popped out, flew in the

air, and landed on the mine floor. It rolled toward the snake.Everyone's heart seemed

to stop. The only sound was Dan's labored breath.The inhaler stopped rolling just

inches from the taipan.Dan's wheezing got worse, and his hands flew to his chest."I'll

get it," Nellie said. "No." Shep's voice was quiet but rang with authority, and he was already moving. He kept the hammer cocked into position in case the snake struck.

Shep walked closer. The snake's tongue flickered. Swiftly, Shep kicked the inhaler back

toward Nellie. Then he jumped back as the snake moved. It slithered another inch or

two, then stopped. Amy let out a shaky breath. Nellie knocked a spider off the inhaler

with her shoe. Quickly, she handed it to Dan.<sup>131</sup> He felt his lungs open. The rattling

breathing eased. But his chest still felt tight. He still struggled. This was a bad one.

There was so much dust in the air, and it wasn't helping his nerves to be in a cave full

of poisonous creatures. He leaned over as black spots swarmed in his vision. Panic

makes it worse, he told himself. "Just keep breathing, nice and slow, Dan-o," Nellie said.

She turned to Shep. "We've got to get Dan out of here. He needs medical attention." Dan

was scared that he didn't have the breath to say I'm okay. A spider crawled up Amy's

sneaker, and she yelped and jumped away. "It's all right, it's not poisonous," Shep told her. He called over to Nellie. "Get the toolbox. Careful, make sure there's nothing

crawling in there."Gingerly, Nellie picked up the toolbox. She handed it to Shep."Let's pay Ken a surprise visit," Shep said. "We just have to make a new door. Hang in there,

Dan." He swung at the wall with the hammer. A chunk fell off onto the floor."Hand me

a hammer," Nellie said. "I'll help.""You two, keep your eyes on the taipan and the spiders," Shep said. "If they move this way, tell me."He bashed on the wall and it splintered into chunks. Nellie swung with powerful strokes. Within a few minutes, they

had cleared a hole in the wall big enough<sup>132</sup>to step through. Dan went first, and then

one by one, they climbed into Ken's closet.Dan sat on the floor, struggling to

breathe."He needs a doctor," Nellie said anxiously."Call Jeff and tell him it's an emergency," Shep said. "And then tell him to call the police."\* \* \*By the time they reached the doctor, Dan was already feeling better. He was given a checkup and a

warning to stay out of the opal mines. Dan agreed immediately."That's the first time

I've ever heard you say 'yes, sir' to an authority figure and mean it," Nellie said with a

grin as they got back into Ken's car. She slung an arm around his shoulders and even

kissed the top of his head, but Dan didn't mind. "Don't scare me like that again, dude,"

she said. "Or else.""Yeah," Amy added. "Maybe we should leave mines off our itinerary for awhile." She said the words lightly, but she still felt shaky from seeing her brother

look so pale and sick. Ken wasn't happy when he took a peek in his spare room and

found out he'd lost a wall in the closet. Not to mention that a number of deadly

creatures lay on the other side. With the help of some experts in Coober Pedy, the

snake and the spiders were trapped and taken away. The police asked questions, but

Dan and Amy had no answers. Shep couldn't seem to lose his worried frown. Finally,

Jeff and Shep volunteered to take Ken down to the pub in order to calm him down. It

had been one long day. But Amy was itching to research the initials they'd found on the

leather envelope. After a quick dinner, she fired up Dan's laptop. "Okay," she said, her fingers poised over the keys. "What do we search for? Plugging in the letters RCH is

going to get us exactly nowhere." "I think we should figure that the C maybe stands for

Cahill?" Dan suggested. Amy nodded. "I was thinking the same thing. And if we can

place him in Sydney in 1896, let's say he was at least in his twenties? So that means he

was born somewhere around ..." "The 1870s," Dan said. Amy opened a search engine.

"Okay. Let's start with Robert Cahill something ... just in case Bob was his real name.

I'll try ... Robert Cahill with Sydney and 1890." Amy groaned as a long list of hits

popped up. "Nothing looks promising," she murmured. "Try 'Darwin,'" Dan suggested.

"It's a smaller city." "Especially back then," Amy agreed. Amy plugged in "Robert Cahill,"

"1890s," and "Darwin." Another stream of information came up. She read down the list.

"This isn't working, I'm getting all these references to Charles Darwin ... wait a second

..." Suddenly, Amy sat up straight. "This has got to be it! I have his name! It's --

"134CHAPTER 18"Robert Cahill Henderson," Isabel repeated into the cell phone. "Got it." She turned around to talk to the others in the backseat. They'd left Coober Pedy at

high speed, but she'd pulled off the road in order to take the call she'd been waiting

for. "It's about time somebody did something right. The Lucian stronghold used their

mother computer to analyze all known Ekaterinas from 1840 to 1900. The computer

had a match for Coober Pedy and Cahill. Apparently, even mute crazy fools have to use

their real name on a mining claim. Robert Cahill Henderson is our man." "So where do

we go next?" Natalie asked, flipping her long silky hair over her shoulder. "I hope it's someplace with good shopping. Dubai?" she asked

hopefully."Jakarta," her mother

said."Where is that?" Natalie said, crashing back against the seat. "It doesn't sound glamorous."135"Why am I paying for your education?" Isabel asked. "Jakarta is on Java. Henderson took passage from there on a ship called the Lady Anne to Sydney in

1883." Isabel eyed Irina. "What's your problemski, comrade? Are you worried about

little Dan and Amy? They seem to have nine lives. They survived. A little scare will keep

them on their toes."Irina said nothing. At her feet was the empty jar and box that the

Fixer had delivered to Isabel. Isabel had whistled as she'd carried it herself to the

private plane she'd hired to take them to Coober Pedy. She'd also arranged for a

Hummer to be driven up from Adelaide.Irina hadn't known what was in the box until

Isabel had opened it. Isabel had smiled as she shook out the jar of deadly spiders.

She'd planned on releasing them into the Cahills' hotel room, but this was better still.

Right down the shaft onto their heads! Isabel had also handled the snake easily. Not a

drop of perspiration on her brow as she flipped the latch and grabbed him from behind,

wearing the heavy gloves. She had enjoyed it. Enjoyed being close to so much deadly

terror."I want you to keep track of the Cahill brats while I take Ian and Natalie with me.

Report in on their movements. If by some slim chance they're on their way to Java,

delay them. I'm tired of them in my hair.""And then?" Irina asked."And then what?"

Isabel asked irritably. She was<sup>136</sup>checking her lipstick in the rearview mirror, and she

tilted it to look at Irina."They aren't going away for long," Irina said. "We have seen their tenacity. What are your ultimate plans for them?"Isabel shrugged. "I haven't

thought that far ahead. I'm concentrating on this clue. We could even find all thirty-nine

clues -- can you imagine that, children? -- because we're almost one hundred percent

sure that Robert Cahill Henderson had most, if not all, of them. Amy and Dan will be

immaterial. They'll be dust. Not worth dealing with." Isabel played with the gold charms

on her bracelet, then turned her attention to her fingernails.Irina watched Isabel's

careless indifference, as though her manicure was the most important thing in the

world. She knew Isabel too well and for too long. It was true she cared deeply about

nail polish. But she also cared deeply about getting rid of dust.Isabel had used some of

her best tricks to scare them away. Soon she would unleash her rage. Irina could feel it

building. This has been a long road, she thought. Now, I can finally see the

end.<sup>137</sup> CHAPTER 19 "Robert Cahill Henderson was a brilliant chemist," Amy said,

reading rapidly. "He was also engaged to a cousin of Queen Victoria. He was a

champion of Darwin's theories. That's why the search engine came up with so many

hits. This is fascinating...." "Yeah. Wake me up when it's over," Dan said. He lay

stretched out on one of the twin beds in Ken's spare room. He glanced over at the

closet. "Are we sure they caught the snake?" "We're sure. Anyway, one day he suddenly broke his engagement -- which was a huge deal in those days -- and took off for the

South Seas. He said he was going to do further study on Darwin's theories. But he

wasn't a naturalist, he was a chemist," Amy added thoughtfully. "So that's

strange." "Whatevs," Dan said with a yawn. "When does the fascinating part come?" "He made his way around the islands of Indonesia until settling on one to conduct

experiments. He was<sup>138</sup> believed to have perished in the eruption of Krakatau in

1883." "Kra-k-a-wa?" "Krakatau," Amy said. "It was a huge volcanic explosion. Actually, a series of explosions. The mountain basically imploded, and then came these huge



tsunamis that killed about thirty-six thousand people. They heard the noise of the final

explosion all the way in Australia. The dust cloud that came afterward gave spectacular

sunsets even in the United States. "Now you're getting to the cool part." "That's it! The upside-down ice cream cone!" Amy said excitedly. "It was a volcano! He was drawing

Krakatau. But why did he suddenly leave his fiancée and go to Indonesia? There has to

be a reason." "Sure," Dan said. "He was one smart dude. Get married or go lie on a beach. No contest. Even with the volcano, the dude was ahead." "So he must have been

in the vicinity of Krakatau when it blew. He barely escaped with his life," Amy said. "He got to Sydney somehow. And Cahills and Madrigals have been looking for him ever

since. Why?" "If you found something, it belongs to all of us. If you keep it, you are

thieves. Simple as that. It was the strangest thing. Dan's face was in front of her, but

she had been gone, for just a moment. Standing in her nightgown, listening to the

grown-ups. "Earth to Amy," Dan said.<sup>139</sup> She didn't fall asleep until the people left. She heard the front door shut. She looked out to make sure they were really gone. But they

stood in a little knot right under her window. She raised it slightly so she could look at

them again. All she could see was the top of their heads. "Get some nerve," the

beautiful lady said. "We have our answer. They traced him to Australia.  
This has to be

taken care of tonight."Her fault."Amy? You're wiggling." Dan peered at her.  
"Seriously, are you okay?"She looked at her brother. At his pale face, the  
way he was worried

about her but trying not to be. The asthma attack had taken so much out of  
him, but

he was pretending it hadn't. She could see the exhaustion in the dark circles  
under his

eyes."I'm fine," she said."So, what's next, space shot?" Dan asked. "Back to  
Sydney?"She cleared her throat. Her voice sounded rusty to her ears.  
"Darwin. We have

to keep following their footsteps."\* \* \*On the plane the next morning, Amy  
settled back

into the seat and opened the biography of Amelia Earhart she'd borrowed  
from Shep.

She didn't know what she was looking for, so she leafed through the  
book,140reading

various passages, while Nellie zoned out with her earbuds and Dan made  
his way

through a package of chicken-flavored potato crisps. A good night's sleep  
had restored

him to his usual ravenous self."Dan, listen to this," she called. "In 1935,  
when Amelia was in Hawaii, she consulted with a noted  
volcanologist!""Fascinating!" Dan said,

ripping open a Violet Crumble."Don't you see? She could have been  
gathering

information about Krakatau, even then," Amy said. Dan closed his eyes and gave a huge

pretend snore. Amy sighed and took out the pages she'd downloaded from the Internet

and printed out on Ken's printer. She read through accounts of the original explosion.

Occasionally, she'd read out an interesting fact to Dan, even though he had taken all his

wrappers, balled them up, and was pretending to shoot baskets with them. Then she

read a story that made her sit up. She read it slowly again. "Dan!" "Swish! Another three-pointer!" Amy threw a pillow at him. "DAN! Listen to this. During the day of the

eruption, a ship heading for Batavia -- that was the name for Jakarta then -- got into

trouble. They ran into this huge cloud of ash, and then all this pumice-- volcanic rock--

started to rain on the deck. So the captain pulled into a harbor miles away. They never

made it to port, they had to turn around. But get this -- the cargo was

wolfram." 141 Dan sat up straight. "Wolfram? That's tungsten, one of the clues." "Not only that, the captain mentions that they had all these myrrh plants on deck. And the

pumice and ash was raining down, so he had to order the crew to take it all below.

What are the odds of a ship carrying both tungsten and myrrh?" "They were bringing

clues. Probably to Henderson, right?" "It must have been! He was assembling clues!"

Amy cried. "That's it! He was a scientist, so he was working on some kind of formula.

Maybe that's why trying to find him is so crucial -- why all the branches are looking. He

set up some sort of lab...." Amy smacked her chair. "On Krakatau! That's it! He had to

order stuff to be delivered. And then when Krakatau blew... the lab was destroyed. He

must have gotten caught in the tsunami... but he survived." "So the only thing left...

was in his head," Dan said. "And he was nuts." Amy nodded, remembering the crazy

obsessive writing in the mine. "I bet we're right that he was an Ekat. He attacked Mark

Twain, so he can't be a Janus. And Isabel doesn't seem to know much about him, so he

can't be a Lucian. He sure didn't look like a Tomas." Dan frowned. "We know that a

Lucian-- Constantine of Russia -- had found most of the clues early in the nineteenth

century. It seems like two of the branches were getting pretty close back then." 142 Amy

tapped the papers. "You know what else is in here? The island of Java is part of this

whole area of volcanoes in the Pacific called the Ring of Fire. RCH wasn't talking about

opals. He was talking about Java. That's where we have to go next!"\* \*  
\*Nellie took

over the piloting and Shep came back to stretch out in one of the seats. He blinked

when Amy and Dan mentioned Jakarta. "I said I'd do anything for you, and I will, but

my plane doesn't have the range," he said. "I'd guess it's about sixteen or seventeen

hundred miles. You'll be better with a commercial flight. Plenty of those from Darwin.

I've got a satellite phone -- I can set you up right from here." Shep hesitated. "I trust Nellie to take care of you. But is there any chance you can pass on Java? Danger seems

to be tailing you guys -- that, or some incredible bad luck. You could hang out with me

for awhile. Not that I'm a father figure or anything ... just a surfing bum. Can't you not

do ... whatever it is that you won't tell me you're doing?" Amy blinked back sudden

tears. "We'd be honored to hang with a surfing bum like you." She swallowed hard.

"But we have to do this." Shep held her gaze for a minute. Then he nodded. "I never tried to talk Artie out of anything, either." While Shep made arrangements, Amy looked

down. They were flying over red earth and tall cliffs, a dark<sup>143</sup>blue river snaking

through a canyon. It was spectacularly beautiful. "Katherine Gorge," Shep told her,

hanging up. "There are some amazing sights here in the Top End." "I wish ..." Amy said.

She didn't complete the thought. The next time I go around the world, it would be nice

to actually see it. "I've got you on a flight leaving about an hour after we arrive," Shep said. "It's going to be tight, but I know the airport. We can swing it." He looked at Amy and Dan. "Things will be hectic when we get there, so it seems like a good time to tell

you that if you ever need anything from me, it's yours. I won't fail you guys

again." "Thanks," Amy said. "And you didn't fail us." "You helped us when someone else would have screamed and run," Dan said. "Cousins for life." "And one more thing," Shep said. "So far I've been chased off my favorite beach, almost crashed into on a runway,

almost killed in a mine, and had to entertain the biggest bore in Coober Pedy in a pub

for two hours. Not to mention that I've grown fond of you three. So out with it. The

truth. I think I deserve to know. What's really going on? And leave out the aliens." Amy

and Dan looked at each other. "Okay," Amy said, blowing out a breath. "Our

grandmother Grace left a will that gave us a choice between a million dollars and a hunt

to find thirty-nine clues, which, when we put them together, will make us the most

powerful people in the world. So we chose the hunt. Along with various assorted

horrible Cahill relatives, all of whom have tried to kill us at one time or another."Shep

sighed. "If you don't want to tell me, I guess that's up to you." \* \* \* Within an hour, the city of Darwin loomed ahead, curling around a beautiful harbor. Beyond lay a vast blue

sea. They landed and ran through the airport to Qantas Airlines. "This is impossible,"

they heard a voice say. "There have to be seats in first class." The desk clerk leaned

over to murmur. Amy, Dan, and Nellie backed up behind a pillar. Shep followed

curiously. "What's up, gang? Another pack of bloodthirsty aliens?" "You got it," Dan said. "We can't get on that plane," Amy whispered. Shep peered around the pillar at

Isabel, Natalie, and Ian. "They don't look so bad to me." "They just tried to kill you with the most venomous snake on the planet," Dan said. "We've got to get to Java," Amy

said. Shep shook his head. "This is just too dangerous. I can't let you go." Amy gave him a level look. There was no pleading in it, only determination.<sup>145</sup> "You said you'd be

there for us, no matter what." Reluctantly, Shep nodded. "I don't like it, but okay. Time for Plan B. Let's check out the pilots' lounge." \* \* \* Shep took them to the part of the

airport where chartered flights came in. He walked into the plush lounge as though he

owned it and scanned the room. "We are in luck," he whispered to Amy, Dan, and

Nellie. "I see somebody who owes me a favor." They followed in his wake as he moved

casually toward a tall man in a pilot's uniform who was sitting with a cup of coffee by

the window. "Greg!" Shep called. "Fancy seeing you here, mate!" "Shep, haven't seen you in donkey's years. When are you going to get respectable and find a real

job?" "Never, I guess." Shep quickly introduced them. "Thing is, mate, we're in a bit of a jam. We need to get to Jakarta. And I happen to remember that you owe me a

favor." "No, mate. You owe me a favor." "What? Remember that turn I did for you back in Brissie last year?" "Paid you back in Perth last December." Shep scratched his head.

"So you did. Well, have you got a job going right now?" "Just got back from one. Taking a few weeks off." "Perfect! Then I'm about to owe you another favor." Shep grinned at his friend. "Loan me your plane." 146\* \* \* They didn't know how he arranged it, but he

did. As part of a charter service, they were whisked through security. They waited in

the cushy lounge while Shep handled the details of departure. "All right," Shep said,

rubbing his hands together. "We're all set. Hangar Eight. I can't wait to get my hands



on this plane. It's a luxury prop jet. Awesomely sweet." "You really came through for

us," Amy said. "Thanks." "I'm doing this for Artie and Hope," Shep answered. "And you two. We're family. I think after all these years, I finally get what that means. So I owe

you a bigger thanks." "Family, dude." Dan held out a fist, and Shep did the same. They bumped knuckles. "Family," Amy repeated. She bumped knuckles with Shep, too. Shep

cleared his throat. "All right. Now let's get on the plane before I change my mind." They were met with a blast of humid air as they exited the lounge and walked to the plane.

Dan climbed the steps and peeked inside. It was luxurious, with plush seats, a dining

area, and screens at every seat. "Whoa," Dan said. "Traveling in style! At last!" "We've got about an eight-hour flight," Shep said. "There should be plenty of food stocked

aboard, and 147 movies, games, whatever you want." He turned to Nellie. "Bet you

haven't seen one of these babies before." "Actually, I've flown one from Akron to

Reykjavik," Nellie said. "Whoa, Madame Mysterioso," Shep said. "What kind of au pair are you?" "I just like to fly," Nellie said. "I can see my cousins are in good hands," Shep said to her. "Cool in the face of a taipan snake and capable of flying a plane overseas.

Awesome combo." Amy frowned at Dan. Just how many more surprises was Nellie going

to pull? Just then several uniformed officers came toward them. "Excuse me, sir," the

tallest one said politely to Shep. "May I see your passport?" The officer held out his

hand. "We've already gone through security," Shep said. "Your passport, please." The officer's voice was firm. Shep checked the pockets of his shorts. "I thought I had it here.

Hang on." "Can you all come with us, please?" "It's them! It's my babies!" The voice echoed across the hangar. A woman in a black dress hurried into the hangar, clasping

her hands together. It took them a moment to recognize Irina. She was wearing a scarf

tied under her chin and small rimless glasses.<sup>148</sup> "There they are, my little pierogies!"

she cried. "Are you all right? Did he hurt you?" "Did who hurt us?" Dan asked. "This woman claims to be your cousin," the officer said. "She is," Amy admitted, "technically, but..." The officer turned to Shep. "In that case, you're under arrest for

kidnapping."<sup>149</sup> CHAPTER 20 "This is ridiculous!" Shep said as they walked back into the hanger. "I'm their cousin, too!" "You see how he makes big lie from mouth," Irina said, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes. Her Russian accent had thickened. "Maya

morkovka!" she cried to Amy. "My little carrot! How my eyes have longed to plant

themselves on your face!" Amy grabbed Shep's arm. "He is our cousin!" "May I see your passport, sir?" the officer asked Shep sternly. "I just had it a minute ago...." "Come here, little treasure," Irina said, trying to hug Dan. "I am like grandmother to these children.

They ran away from guardian in Boston. You see I have papers. Look!  
Office Social

Services, city of Massachusetts, have been looking. I have been sent to bring them

home." "Everything looks in order," the officer said, consulting the papers. "Apparently, Social Services are looking for these two back in the States." <sup>150</sup> "That woman is a lying, homicidal spy!" Dan cried, pointing at Irina. "She tried to kill us!" Amy yelled. Irina dabbed at her eyes again, which were completely dry. "They have always had trouble

with authority," she said to the officer. "You know American children, so spoiled. But

they are my little pierogies, and I love them. They are family." "You say you're their

nanny and their cousin?" the officer asked. "Oooooo," Irina cried, throwing her

handkerchief over her face. "My heart in broken pieces like teacup, just seeing sweet

angel faces again!" "My heart is throwing up in mouth," Nellie said, rolling her eyes. Even the security officer lifted an eyebrow. Amy thought Irina was piling it on a little too

thick. Obviously, she didn't have much practice at sentiment. "If you could let me go

back to the plane, I could get the papers," Shep said. "I've clearly misplaced them, but they can't have gone far." "Don't move." The officer turned to Amy and Dan. "This lady is Irina Cahill, and she claims --" "She's not a Cahill!" Amy cried. "I mean, she is, but that's not her name!" The officer wiped some sweat from his forehead. "Can everybody

stop shouting? We're trying to straighten this out." <sup>151</sup> Another officer hurried from the

building. He whispered in the head officer's ear. Amy heard the word Interpol. The head

officer turned to Irina. "Do you happen to know an Irina Spasky?" "Never heard of this person." Irina looked blank. "Spasky is common Russian name." "She's Irina Spasky!"

Amy yelled. "This person is wanted by Interpol for ... uh, various international crimes."

The officer consulted the list. "Dubrovnik, 2002, traveling under false passport. Sofia,

1999, administering paralyzing poison to unidentified male. Sri Lanka ..." The officer

looked pale. "Crikey." "That's her!" Dan cried. "Lock her up and throw away Russian key!" Irina smiled. "Silly children. Tell me, officers, why aren't you chasing criminals like this Spasky, not accusing poor Russian nanny trying to save children from

kidnapper." The officer sighed. "So you say, ma'am." Shep began to talk to the officer, explaining that he was Arthur Trent's cousin and a respectable citizen with a flight plan

and a plane he needed to take off in. He pulled Nellie into the discussion. Irina turned to

Amy and Dan. She lowered her voice to a whisper. "I am here to help you. You are

flying straight into a trap." 152 "Hello? It seems to me that we're already in one," Dan said. "Can't resist chance to needle me," Irina said. "I understand." "You're the one with the needles," Dan pointed out. "We're not going to get caught in your trap," Amy said fiercely. "You probably thought you killed us back in that mine --" "I was not involved in what happened," Irina said. "I didn't know what Isabel was planning until she did it. I would have stopped her if I could." "Liar!" "Haven't you figured out who your real

enemy is yet?" Dan pointed to Irina. "Bingo!" "Don't go to Jakarta. If Isabel knows you're there, she will kill you, do you understand?" "And suddenly you're some sort of grandma?" Dan asked scornfully. "Please. You would have killed us if you had the chance." "Amy." Irina said her name quietly. Amy had never heard that tone in Irina's voice. She couldn't

quite figure it out at first, but then she got it. The scorn was missing. "Isabel told you it was me who killed your parents. Correct?" Amy only stared at her. Dan's head whipped

from Irina to Amy and back again. "What did she just say?" "She lied. She will lie about anything to get what she wants. Have you remembered more about that

night?" "Our parents were murdered?" Dan asked in a whisper. He turned his bewildered gaze on Amy. He looked like a lost little boy. It was exactly the look she had dreaded

seeing. "Yes," Amy said. "I remember you." She made the accusation coolly, hoping Irina would take the bait. Irina must have been there, even if she couldn't remember

her. "But not just me, correct?" "What is going on?" Dan's voice wavered. "Why?" Amy asked. She forced the words out around the tightness in her throat. "How could you do

it?" "I didn't," Irina said. "Yet, I was there." "That's called accessory to murder," Amy said. Dan's face had seemed to shrink in his bewilderment. He looked as though

somebody had kicked him hard in the stomach. Shep's voice grew louder. "If you'd just

let me back on my plane!" "Not your plane, I think," the officer said. "It is leased from a Mr. Gregory Tolliver, and we're trying to contact him. Unfortunately, his mobile is

off." "He's a mate of mine," Shep said. "He'll vouch for me." "Well, if I can't reach him, he can hardly do that." "I'm just saying -- "154" Accessory, no," Irina said rapidly to Amy. "I walked away. But at least one of us remained. Do you remember who?" "Why

don't you tell me?" "Because you must remember." "You keep hinting that it's Isabel. I know what you want me to say. So what's the difference between the two of you? She

accuses you, and you accuse her." Irina's face drained of color. "What is the difference between us," she repeated. "I'm finding that out." "Can we go back to the lounge, please?" Nellie asked the officer. "This is very upsetting for the children." Irina's hand gripped Amy's wrist. "You must believe me -- " "Hey! Hands off my cousin!" Shep ordered. "Are you going to let her do that?" he said to the officer. For a split second, he looked at Amy. He raised his fist and punched the air lightly. Family, Amy thought. It

was like Shep was saying good-bye. Irina dropped Amy's hand, but she leaned in closer.

"I cannot stop you," she said rapidly. "But remember my warning. That's the best I can hope for now." "All right," the officer said to Nellie, distracted as Shep began arguing with Irina. "But don't leave the lounge!" "Too right! She'll be apples!" Nellie said cheerfully, and pulled Dan and Amy away. As soon as they were out of earshot, she

murmured, "Back to the plane." "What?" Amy asked. 155 "Shep slipped me the

documentation. It was in his shorts. We're good to go." "Can you fly that thing?" Amy asked nervously. "Cake," Nellie said. "But what about the security guys?" Dan asked.

"That's why we have to do it fast," Nellie said. "And casually." "How do you steal a plane casually?" Dan asked. "Like this." Nellie strolled over to the plane. She gave a quick look back, then ran up the stairs. Amy and Dan followed. "Buckle up. I'll radio the tower.

Shep told me there was a good chance they hadn't rescinded the flight information yet.

By the way..." Nellie turned around briefly to grin at them, "he said good luck." Amy and Dan buckled in nervously as Nellie spoke to the control tower. The plane rolled out onto

the runway. Amy pressed her nose against the window. Shep was waving his arms and

talking to the security officers, who were completely unaware that the plane was taxiing

away. Irina stood unmoving, her gaze on the plane. At any moment, Amy expected her

to alert the officers. But she just stood and watched. Why was she just letting them

go?" "We're off!" Nellie called as the plane picked up speed. Soon they were barreling

down the runway. Amy gripped the armrest. She sure hoped Nellie hadn't exaggerated

her piloting skills.<sup>156</sup> "Do you think we have parachutes?" she asked Dan. He didn't

answer. He, too, was gripping the armrest. The plane lifted off smoothly. It rose in the

air, banked over the city of Darwin, and headed out across the green water. Nellie's

voice came over the PA system. "Okay, passenger peeps, just sit back and enjoy the

ride. Next stop, Java." Amy leaned closer to Dan. "It's so weird, all these things we're finding out about Nellie," she said. "It's like she's been trained

for this." Dan didn't answer. He was staring out the window, his face tight and strained. "I'm beginning to

wonder if we really know her at all." Dan turned on her fiercely. "I know how that

feels." "What?" Amy asked. "Isabel told you that Irina killed our parents? And you didn't tell me?" Amy could see the tips of Dan's ears glowing red, the way his mouth twisted.

His eyes filled with tears. "I was going to tell you, it's just that..." "It's just that I keep getting these flashes. And sometimes I don't know if they're real. And I'm scared, Dan.

Really scared. What if it's my fault they died?" "Oh, and when was that going to be?"

Dan's mouth set in a line. "Tomorrow? Next week? Or never?" "It seemed like it was

better to wait." Even to Amy's ears, her explanation sounded lame.<sup>157</sup> "Our parents

were murdered, and you found out who did it, and you didn't tell me?" "We don't know

it was Irina!" "And you believe her?" "Well, it's not like we can trust Isabel. She tried to feed me to the sharks, remember? And she tried to kill us in the mine. Hello? She

doesn't sound like the most trustworthy person, either." "I deserve to know. You're

treating me like ... like a baby brother!" "You are my baby brother!" "I'm not a baby!"

Dan's face was like a fist, screwed up tight. "I saved your sorry butt enough times. You



counted on me enough times to get you out of places when you were too scared to

move. So why do you think you have to protect me?"Because you're my baby brother,

Amy wanted to say. But she couldn't say it. She knew if she did, Dan just might jump

out of the plane, with or without a parachute. So she just looked at him,

helpless. "Secrets and lies," he said. "Congratulations, sister. You've officially turned into a Cahill."158CHAPTER 21If there was one thing Dan never expected to hear in his life,

it was Next stop, Java as his au pair took off across a sea that stretched in every

direction. If there was one thing he never thought he'd feel, it was this alone. Once,

when he was seven, he'd run into a sliding glass door. Straight into it, and flat-out

running. He'd bounced back and landed on the ground. He still remembered that feeling

of sudden, violent shock. And right after that, the pain. Now he felt exactly the same

way. His parents dying was something he tried not to think about, but of course he

thought about it almost every day. He especially tried not to think about goopy stuff like

what if. What if Dad was around to take him to soccer? What if Mom had been there for

his worst asthma attack? He told himself that it was babyish to have those thoughts.

The fire happened. It was fate. Nothing he could change about it. Nobody to blame,

Except there was somebody to blame. Someone had<sup>159</sup>stolen his family. Someone had

stolen his childhood. Someone had, one chilly night, deliberately gone into a house with

four people who loved each other and set a fire....Dan shook his head violently. He felt

his legs trembling. He looked out at the vast sea. Aunt Beatrice used to say, Aren't our

problems so small when we look at something big, like the sky? That was her way of

comforting two kids whose parents had died. Aunt Beatrice was an idiot. The Indian

Ocean didn't make him feel one bit better. It would be easier if he could talk to Amy,

but he'd pretty much decided he'd never talk to her again. He'd been angry at Amy lots

of times. Way lots. This was worse than when she'd made tiny little dolls for all his

Matchbox cars right before his best friend, Liam, came over. Worse than when she told

Aunt Beatrice that he loved Beethoven so she should sign him up for piano lessons.

Worse than back in Egypt, when he thought she was grabbing all of their memories of

Grace for herself. That was nothing compared to this. She'd found out his parents had

been murdered, and she'd kept it secret. The most important thing in their lives! The fire

hadn't been accidental. It hadn't been because his father hadn't banked the fire and a

spark had hit the rug. Someone had gone in and deliberately set it. <sup>160</sup>And Amy had

known. She'd even been downstairs that night! And she'd never told him. He'd thought

they were together. In everything. He stared out at the green water stretching to the

horizon. He didn't know how to get over this. He didn't know how to deal with it. His

parents. Grace. Now Amy. There was nobody left. \* \* \* It was still light as Nellie landed

the plane expertly at Halim Perdanakusuma International Airport, south of the city of

Jakarta. She took off her earphones and let out a breath. "I'm totally beat," she

said. She slung her bag over her arm and picked up Saladin's carrier. "If we run into

trouble at customs, let me do the talking," she said. That'll be easy, Amy thought. Dan

wasn't talking at all. They were all relieved when they breezed through customs. Halim

was a smaller airport for charter flights, so it wasn't too crowded. Within minutes, Nellie

had hustled them through the crowd of taxi drivers and picked a blue cab to ride into

the city. She worked her cell phone and arranged a hotel room. "I texted Shep and told

him we were safe," she said. "He's going to take a commercial flight and pick up the

plane." She shot them a concerned look. "You guys must be exhausted. I've never

heard you be quiet for more than thirty seconds. Unless you're asleep." 161 Dan said

nothing, looking out the window at the road lined with palm trees. It was dusk, and

lights were beginning to come on. The driver wove through the heavy traffic

expertly. The lights of Jakarta approached. The tall buildings glittered through the heavy

air. The skyscrapers seemed impossibly tall, like something out of a science fiction

movie. The driver turned off the highway and soon they were on a wide boulevard. The

swirling traffic of crowded buses, taxis, and motorcycles whirled them toward a huge

circle that surrounded a beautiful fountain. The driver shot off the circle onto a

narrower street and gradually, they left the tall buildings behind. Amy had never been in

such a crowded, overwhelming city. She'd thought Cairo was confusing, but this city

was a maze, and choked with cars ignoring traffic rules and people dodging between

vehicles to cross the traffic-snarled streets. The air was thick and heavy with

fumes. Finally, the driver pulled over in front of a bright orange awning attached to a

white building. A doorman hurried out to open the doors and reached for their bags.

Nellie counted out the money she'd exchanged at the airport. They stopped at the desk

and Nellie checked them in. "We'd like to arrange a trip to Anak Krakatau tomorrow,"

she said. "Could you help us with that?" "Normally, yes," the man said. "But it's off-limits right now by order of the government. When it goes active, you're not

allowed to land on the island." Amy wanted to burst into tears. Had they come all this

way for nothing? Somehow she'd felt that if she could just take a look at the island,

they might find something that Robert Henderson had left behind. She had no idea

where to start looking for traces of him in Jakarta. Nellie looked over her shoulder at

them. She smiled understandingly, as if she knew how disappointed and tired they

were. "Can we get some American food?" Nellie asked. "Like cheeseburgers?" Nellie must really be worried about them if she was passing up the opportunity for local food, Amy

thought. Then again, Amy herself was worried. Dan was never quiet this long. The clerk

smiled. "You can get anything in Jakarta. I can arrange to send food up to your

room." "Cheeseburgers, fries, potato chips ... whatever you've got," Nellie said. They took the elevator up to the room and threw down their bags. Amy lifted Saladin from

his carrier. Nellie turned to them. "All right, out with it. What happened? Why aren't you

two talking? When I mentioned cheeseburgers, Dan didn't even yelp." "No reason," Dan said. "Just tired," Amy mumbled into Saladin's soft fur. "Sure," Nellie said. "Bad news about Krakatau, but we can think about what to do in the morning. I say we order

up a DVD and just hang tonight. I've never been so exhausted." She yawned. "We

could maybe go close to the island, but will that tell us anything?" Nellie shook her

head. "I'm willing to go, but I'm still not sure what we're looking for." "I'm not sure, either," Amy said. "Really?" Dan asked. "I thought you knew everything." Nellie looked from Dan to Amy, and back to Dan. "Kay," she said, "I'm making an executive decision.

No more talking. Let's eat."\* \* \*Amy woke up and didn't know where she was. It was

pitch-black, and all she heard was a faint hum of air-conditioning. What hotel, what

city, what country? A car horn bleated. The room smelled faintly of ... cheeseburgers.

Really bad cheeseburgers. Jakarta. Java.The names sounded so foreign as she turned

them over in her mind. She doubted that a month ago she could have picked them out

on a map. They had flown west from Darwin over the Indian Ocean. Was it possible to

be farther away from Boston, Massachusetts? She didn't think so.She couldn't go back

to sleep. Now that her eyes had adjusted, she could just make out the lump that was

Dan, over on the sofa bed.She'd hurt Dan. She knew that. All evening she'd wanted

to explain. But explaining would mean confessing. And she couldn't face that night.

Talking about it out loud would make the whole thing too real. She'd have to relive it.

And if she had to do that, she would break.She sighed and turned over. Nellie was

scrunched over on the side of the wide bed, a pillow half over her head. The edge of

the curtain glowed orange from the rising sun. Amy's heart beat faster. Fire. "Get the

children out!" She threw the covers back. She clapped her hands over her ears. Inside

her head, she was screaming. Mommy! Don't go! She sprang up and walked across the

room. She pushed the curtains aside. She saw the sun splashing the tall towers with the

start of the day. She tiptoed over the carpet and sat on the sofa bed. "Dan," she

whispered. He kept on sleeping. "Dan!" He sat up, confused. "Where are we going?

Where are my pants?" She laughed softly. But the confusion cleared on his face, and the

closed look came back. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you," she said. "Whatever." "It's just that--

"It doesn't matter." Dan threw the covers back.<sup>165</sup> "So you forgive me?" "I didn't say that." Dan's mouth was set in a tight line. "Tell me what you remember. Obviously Irina knows." "No, she doesn't! And I don't remember much. It's all weird flashes of stuff. I

remember hearing people's voices, and going downstairs, and being afraid because a

bunch of strangers were in the house. The voices sounded mean. And Isabel Kabra

picked me up ..." Amy gulped. She couldn't tell Dan about the koalas. He was just



absorbing the fact that their parents were murdered by some relative of theirs. What if

he knew it was her fault?"... and I could tell Mom was scared. And I remember later on

hearing the front door close and being glad they were gone. And I looked outside and

they were standing under my window. Isabel said they had to act that night. Nobody

else said anything. ""What do you remember about Mom and Dad?" Dan pressed. Amy

shook her head. "Not much. I remember Mom getting you and me out, and Dad was

taking books down from the shelves. ""He was looking for something. ""And then Mom put us on the grass and told me to take care of you, and she ran back inside. And I

waited and waited to see them come out. And they didn't." Tears rolled down Amy's

cheeks. Take care of your brother. It sounded easy. But what was the best way to do

it?166Dan looked embarrassed at her tears. "Don't lose it now," he said. "We have work to do. ""You're still talking to me?" Amy asked tearfully. "I guess so," Dan said. "We're still on a clue hunt. So let's get to work." Amy pushed away the hurt from Dan's cool

tone. Maybe the tension between them would ease. Dan wasn't too good at holding

grudges. She rooted in her backpack. She found packages of peanut butter crackers and

tossed one to Dan. "Breakfast." Dan ripped open the package. "Okay. Last night I tried to figure out how to trace Henderson, but my brain started to hurt. This city is huge.

And we have zip for leads." "I still wish we could see Krakatau," Amy said. "If we could just be where he was, we might figure something out." "Remember what the desk clerk

said when Nellie asked about cheeseburgers?" A little rain of cracker dust spewed out of

Dan's mouth when he talked, but Amy wasn't about to mention it. "You can get

anything in Jakarta. Maybe if we could just see it, or see what's around it... we'd notice

something." Dan popped the last cracker in his mouth. "It beats sitting around

here." Amy looked over at the bed, where Nellie was sprawled out, her breathing deep

and regular. "She was so exhausted last night she didn't even listen to her iPod," Amy

said. "We can't wake her up.<sup>167</sup> Let's do a little more research." She reached for Dan's

laptop. Dan flopped back on the bed. "Research? Is that all you can think about?" "I want to see if there's any more I can find out about that ship. Nellie just flew us over

an ocean. We owe her a little sleep." "Do we?" Dan asked. "I don't know how much we owe her." "What do you mean?" "It is funny that we keep finding out stuff about her,"

Dan said in a low tone. "Remember what you said on the plane?" "I thought you weren't listening." "I just wasn't talking to you. I'm still not, except

when I have to. You said it was like she was trained for this job. You're right." "I know. And remember that weird

message we heard on her cell phone back in Russia? Call in for a status report...

Madame Mysterioso is right." Amy bit her lip. "It's not that I don't trust her. I mean, she's Nellie. She's totally cool. It's just that... who is she, really?" "You never know who anybody is," Dan said. "Even the people closest to you. I've learned that for sure." Amy felt herself blush. She knew Dan wasn't just talking about the Cahills. He was talking

about her, too. Dan glanced over at the sleeping Nellie. "I was thinking ... if we took a

look at her e-mails ..." 168 "How can we do that?" Amy asked. "I know she uses your laptop to check in, but she has a password." Dan looked embarrassed. "Urn ... I

memorized it." At Amy's astonished look, he quickly said, "I didn't mean to! One

morning she was checking e-mail, and I watched her fingers on the keys, and I just...

remember it." Dan gave the sleeping Nellie a quick glance. "So all we have to do is log

in to her account, and we can plug it in." "That is so wrong," Amy whispered. There was a short silence. Amy sighed. "And I wish I'd thought of it first." She logged on. Dan

leaned forward and whispered, "Whoa Nellie." In a moment, they had accessed Nellie's

e-mail list. There was a message from her father, agomez, saying DONDE ESTAS YOU

NOW and a new message from someone called clashgrrl at a Boston University e-mail

address."Look, clashgrrl sent Nellie a message yesterday, too," Amy said. "The subject line says 'check in babe.'""Probably one of her college friends.""Sounds like it." Amy clicked on the message. ENTER PASSWORD came up on screen. "That's funny. Are all

of her individual e-mails password protected?" Amy clicked on her father's message.

Hola wayward daughter, haven't heard from you since Sydney. Check in with the old

man so he can sleep at night. Your admiring 169 and ever-patient father. PS. If you're

anywhere near Thailand, ship me some hot sauce. Amy smiled. "Sounds like her dad is a

lot like Nellie.""Check the rest of the e-mails." Amy went through them. Nellie had received plenty of other e-mails from friends and some from her little sister, but the

only ones they couldn't access were from clashgrrl."Why is Nellie getting password-protected messages?" she asked Dan. They both looked at their sleeping au

pair. Just the top of her head was visible. Without her crackling gaze, she looked

different asleep, like someone they didn't know."Trust no one," Amy whispered. Hadn't

they known that from the very beginning? But Nellie? Thinking that she could be hiding

things from them made Amy feel shaky and off balance, as though the ground was

moving underneath them. Dan just looked angry. "If she doesn't tell us everything, why

should we tell her everything?" He balled up the cracker wrapper and tossed it in the

trash can. "Let's go find a volcano."170CHAPTER 22The city of Jakarta had come alive

as though at once, in an explosive roar. Outside their hotel, Dan and Amy stood in

amazement, watching the trucks, cars, bicycles, and taxis tangle and untangle on the

street. Palm trees waved overhead in the breeze, and the sidewalk was packed with

people hurrying to work. "It'll take us hours to get anywhere," Amy said. Was she always

this negative, or did Dan just notice it more when he was mad at her? "Not if we take

one of those." Dan pointed down the street. Heading toward them was an orange

scooter with three wheels and an open cabin in the back. Dan waved. "What are you

doing?" "It's a taxi," Dan said. "This thing doesn't have to wait in traffic, either." The driver pulled over. "You need a Bajaj? Easy ride, very cheap, and fast, too. I go

everywhere." "Can you take us to boats?" Dan asked. "Harbor?" "Harbor, yes, of course.

No worries! Hop in!" They climbed into the back. The driver took off.171Amy's head

slammed back from the acceleration."Sweet!" Dan cried. He couldn't help it.The scooter

dodged between cars and trucks. It made lanes where there were no lanes. It scooted

down alleys and rattled through tiny streets. It almost mowed down pedestrians. Dan's

head filled with the smell of gasoline and smog, and the noises of the city pressed

against him. It was like being in the center of a roaring, rattling machine.He loved

Jakarta.The streets got narrower as their driver zoomed along. Suddenly, they could

smell the sea. The driver slowed down, and they passed a market where brightly

colored beach umbrellas were stuck in the ground, shading blankets where men in

shorts and flip-flops sat selling baskets of fish. They were calling out in high-pitched

voices, throwing money around like crazy, and he wished they could stop and check it

out.Ahead they saw masts and colorful sails. The driver pulled up near the harbor. Dan

held out a hand filled with crumpled bills, and the driver took some out."Do you need a

tour?" He swept a hand, taking in the harbor. "I know it all. My cousin owns a fishing

boat. Best boat in the harbor, best pilot." "We want to go to Krakatau," Amy said. He shook his head. "Active now ... you can't land on Krakatau." "Would your cousin ... take us there? Just to look?" Dan asked.<sup>172</sup> "Long trip, take all day." "That's okay." Dan expected the next words out of the man's mouth to be "Where are your parents?" He

knew the guy was thinking it. Dan mutely held out a fistful of money. "Sure," the driver said, grabbing it. "No worries!" \* \* \* The driver's cousin's name was Darma, and the

boat, which seemed good-sized and sturdy at the dock, was suddenly small and flimsy

once they'd chugged out into open sea. Amy and Dan sat in the back watching Darma

smiling and pointing out sights. They couldn't hear what he was saying over the motor.

He had two men as his crew who spoke no English, but smiled at Amy and Dan if they

happened to catch their eyes. The bow thumped against the sea, and the smell of fish

was overpowering. Amy clutched the rail, looking a little green. Dan faced the open

water, the wind in his face. The water was a brilliant turquoise, and off to the side he

could see a string of islands. Smaller fishing boats tacked across the bay. After traveling

for some time, they saw a point ahead. They were going to round the corner of Java,

Dan guessed. He knew Krakatau was to the west. Dharma yelled something at them and

laughed. Amy turned to Dan. "What did he say?" "I think something about Sunday and

ships. 173 Is today Sunday? Did we cross the international date line again? Do I have to

repeat fourth grade?" "He must have said Sunda. As in Sunda Strait. After we round the

corner of Java, we'll be in it. It's the channel between Java and Sumatra. And it's the

way to Rakata. That's the island that Anak Krakatau is on. You see, the island of

Krakatau imploded, but another island took its place. It means 'Child of Krakatau,' and

-- "I know you can't help yourself," Dan said. "But please stop." "Shipping channel!"

Dharma yelled. This time they heard him perfectly. He smiled and laughed. "When we

cross, hang on!" The water got choppy as they rounded the point. Dharma steered the

boat closer to the shoreline, and the water smoothed out. The beach looked beautiful,

and the hills rose behind them in smoky greens and grays. Across the blue water was

Sumatra. I am on a boat between Java and Sumatra, Dan thought. How cool is that? He



was just starting to regret not packing a lunch when the crew set out bowls full of

coconut rice. Dan and Amy feasted while they watched the larger cargo ships out in the

strait. The sun was high overhead when Darma signaled to them. "Okay, crossing the

strait now." He pointed. "There is Rakata." They could see it now, the island with the volcanic<sup>174</sup>peak of Anak Krakatau, the child of Krakatau. Dan felt a chill along his

spine. Darma headed out into the strait, weaving the fishing boat through the busy

traffic in the channel with skill. Gigantic cargo ships steamed by, sending their small

boat rocking in their wakes. At last they sailed into quieter waters, past islands thick

with palm trees and beckoning beaches. They were in the middle of a tropical paradise.

It must have looked similar to this when Robert Cahill Henderson first arrived. Except

that where the mighty Krakatau once rose from the sea, now a new mountain was

rising. It was flat on top, and the white smoke was mixed with gray. Dan heard a

rumble of thunder but hardly registered it. He was too much in awe of the sight in front

of him. Somehow you could feel the power of it, of how much boiling energy was

contained inside. Even though he'd pretended not to listen, his brain couldn't help but

record the facts Amy had read to him back on Shep's plane: 36,000 people died, mostly

in the tsunamis that followed the final explosion on August 27; two-thirds of the island

was blown away; the final, massive explosion was heard more than 2,000 miles off;

shock waves circled the earth seven times; the ash cloud was propelled upward for fifty

miles and circled the globe for thirteen days, eventually creating amazing sunsets

throughout the following year. All the numbers added up to one bad volcano. Darma

gave the helm to one of his crew and came back to them. "Not good today," he said.

He pointed. "Very active." Dan saw something sliding down the mountain. Clouds of

smoke rose from it as it thundered into the sea. Rocks flew out and splashed so close

that Dan could see them. They floated on top of the gentle waves. "Is it erupting?" "No.

But it's not happy," Darma said. "Those are pumice. Not good for the boat." By the look of the island, Amy and Dan could see that even if they could explore it, they would find

nothing. Krakatau had exploded into ash and fire. It had fallen into the sea and

vaporized into the air. Seeing the power of the second mountain was enough."He must

have barely made it out alive," Amy whispered to Dan. "And he lost everything.

Everything he worked for.""No pictures? No video?" Darma asked. "Most tourists do that."They shook their heads. They didn't need pictures to remember this.The trip back

across the channel was nerve-wracking, but they trusted Darma's handling of the boat

and the expert scrambling of the crew. They had hours before they got back, and now

there was nothing to do but sit and look at the same shoreline they'd stared at for

hours on the way there. The question was, once they got back to Jakarta, what would

they do next? Dan almost asked the question out loud, but<sup>176</sup>then he remembered that

he was barely talking to his sister. She looked so bummed that he almost forgot how

mad he was.The sun slipped lower in the sky behind them as they finally rounded the

point and headed for Jakarta.Darma came back to talk to them. "Excuse me? We are

near the Thousand Islands. Beautiful spot, tourist destination...""We really have to get back," Amy said."Just a little out of your way," Darma said with a wide smile. "I have quick delivery to one island, it won't take long at all!"Dan shrugged. "I guess it's

okay."They motored through the islands. They could see beautiful houses on some of

them, while some were uninhabited."He lives on a tiny island, not near the others,"

Darma explained. "Orders groceries, supplies, things like that. Old man, doesn't say

much -- my friend took him to Krakatau, just like you! No video for him, either!"Darma

slowed the engine as they chugged toward a lush tropical island. The crew loaded the

supplies into a rubber raft. "It will take a moment only," Darma said.The crew began

bringing up supplies from the cabin. Amy sat up."Dan," she whispered. "I saw a

rosemary plant! Remember Irina's clue?"Dan turned to Amy. "Okay, this is totally weird, but are you thinking what I'm thinking?"177"That the guy on the island is a Cahill?"

"That the guy on the island is Robert Cahill Henderson!""That's impossible! He'd be ...

about a hundred and forty years old!"Dan nodded. "Exactly. Maybe the great Cahill

secret is eternal life. Or at least a life extender. Think about it, Amy. Wouldn't it make

you the most powerful person in the world? Maybe Robert Cahill Henderson didn't go

off to die. Maybe he came back here, and for the last fifty years, he's been working on

the formula!""It's crazy," Amy said slowly."It could be true," Dan argued.They both jumped up. "We're getting off here!" Amy announced. "We'll take the supplies!""But there's no hotel here!" Darma protested. "Nothing for tourists!""It's okay! We love to camp!" Dan fished in his pocket and came up with more money. He pressed it on

Darma. "Pick us up tomorrow, okay?" Dan asked. He slipped out of the boat into the

knee-deep water. He picked up one of the boxes and balanced it on his head.Amy

slipped over the rail. She picked up the other box. "Bye!"Darma hauled the rubber raft

aboard. He looked confused. But he shrugged and waved at them. Within moments, his

boat had rounded the end of the island and disappeared.178CHAPTER 23Nellie ran her

hands through her hair groggily. She looked at the clock. She couldn't believe that she'd

slept for twelve hours.Naturally, Dan and Amy were gone. And this time, they hadn't

even left a note.She checked her e-mail, and sure enough, there were two messages

from clashgrll. She typed in the code and sighed.KEEP THEM CLOSE. RED ALERT.

ARRANGE IMMEDIATE DEPARTURE."Now you tell me," Nellie said out loud. Saladin

mewed plaintively. "You, too?" Nellie asked. She scooped him up and petted him

absent-mindedly. She couldn't believe she'd lost Amy and Dan again. She'd give them

an hour or so before she started to tear her hair out. Saladin squirmed out of her arms.

She was holding him too tight. It was because she was worried. Something didn't feel

right. They were usually good about letting her know when they split. But she'd caught

the looks between them when they'd found out she could fly a plane. They were

starting to suspect her. Poor little dudes. They couldn't trust anybody. Another message

popped up from clashgrrl. The subject line read don't b lame! That meant the message

was of the utmost urgency. Nellie shut the laptop with one bare foot. She wasn't going

to check in until she found them. She had a bad feeling about this. \* \* \* Irina stayed

behind as Isabel entered the shop. Isabel had hired a car, but Irina had been able to

keep up on a motorcycle. She wore a disguise, but Isabel hadn't taken any of the usual

precautions, which meant that she felt safe in Jakarta. Isabel had a canvas shopping

bag that had started out empty and was now bulging with items. Irina had been able to

get close enough with the scope in her camera to see what Isabel was buying. This last

item sent a chill through Irina. It was just as she suspected. Isabel had cunning, but

not much imagination. And so here it was. Her last stand would take place here. The

power of the 39 Clues could not rest in Lucian hands if Isabel Kabra was the head of

the branch. What would the consequences be if she acted against her leader? She knew

very well. She would be cast out. Every Lucian would know that she had betrayed

the 180 branch. Isabel and Vikram would make sure of that. They would make up a

story, slant things their way. Everything she knew would be gone -- money, connections, purpose. The world would become an empty place, and she would become

a ghost. She had no choice. She had to try. What is the difference between you? Amy

had asked. This is the difference, Amy. There are some things I will not do. And there

are some things I will not allow to happen. She turned and ran into Ian and

Natalie. Natalie smiled. Irina couldn't see her eyes behind the black sunglasses. "Good

news. My counter-surveillance indicates that your mother has not been tailed," Irina

said. Not by a flicker of an eyelash would she allow these two hooligans to see they'd

unnerved her. "I have more good news," Natalie said. "Mother received new orders this morning." "And?" Stealthily, Irina shot out a needle from each index finger. It would be easier to operate if these two were out of commission for a nice long while. Natalie

moved with such speed that Irina had time for only a flicker of astonishment. She'd

always thought of the sulky girl as incapable of zeal. Natalie's hand shot forward,

grabbed Irina's finger, and bent it back almost all the way. Irina felt white pain as her

finger joint popped. And then the needle sank in. 181 \* \* \* Amy and Dan dropped the

boxes on the beach and trudged up toward the path. "Why did we let Darma go?" Amy

asked. "If we don't find anybody, we'll have to spend the night here." "That would

totally rock," Dan said. "Like Robinson Cruise-o." "Robinson Crusoe," Amy corrected.

They reached the lush tropical forest and struck out on the path. "I bet Troppo will be

glad to see us," Dan said. "We're just one big happy family, right?" Amy was filled with foreboding. The sun had gone down behind the hill, so the shadows were lengthening.

She was suddenly afraid of what they would find. Dan stepped out into a clearing.



"Whoa," he said. "Look at this." The shell of a large building stood by a stand of palms.

Construction equipment still littered the ground, big concrete blocks, thick coils of wire,

clay tiles. "It looks like they were going to build a hotel," Dan said. "Look, there are more buildings down there." "Dan," Amy said. "Look." She pointed to the sand.

Footprints were clearly outlined. Dan put his own foot next to one. The footprint was

much larger, the footprint of a man. Amy's doubts about Dan's theory were suddenly

crowded out by her fear.<sup>182</sup> They followed the footprints past the abandoned hotel and

through the clearing. Down the path they could see a small crescent beach, the sand

colored pink by the setting sun. Tall palms surrounded it. The footprints disappeared,

melded into the dimples of the soft sand. Amy caught a flicker of movement out of the

corner of her eye. A hammock was strung between two palm trees. It swayed back and

forth gently. She couldn't see the person lying in it, just one bare foot gently pushing

the ground to keep it rocking. They walked closer, hardly breathing. As they reached the

hammock, they could see a pair of perfectly pressed lemon-yellow linen shorts. A crisp

white shirt. And, his eyes closed, a smile on his face ... their cousin Alistair

Oh.<sup>183</sup>CHAPTER 24Alistair opened one eye. If he was surprised to see them, he didn't

show it. "Welcome to paradise," he said. He swung both legs down so that he was sitting

up. "You look disappointed." "We didn't expect to see you here," Dan muttered. "I could say the same," Alistair said. "Except it wouldn't be quite true. I'm getting to the point where I'm never surprised when you pop up." Dan wanted to punch a tree. He was sure

he was on the trail of the oldest man in the world. Instead, he'd only found another

Cahill cousin. And he still wasn't sure how he felt about Alistair. Amy had cried when

she'd thought Alistair had died in the cave-in back in Korea. Even he had gotten a little

damp. Well, okay, he'd cried. A little. But then it turned out Alistair was alive. Which

meant he'd totally scammed them. It hadn't been the first time, either. He was an

Ekaterina, just as intent on finding the 39 Clues as they were.<sup>184</sup> Still, he'd helped them

in Egypt. It wasn't his fault his submersible -- which he'd invented -- had sunk. Well,

maybe it was his fault. They'd almost been fish food under the Nile. "What are you

doing here, Alistair?" Amy asked. "Same thing you are, I expect," Alistair said. "Trying to figure out what Robert C. Henderson did here. A brilliant

man. An Ekat, of course." "We

guessed that," Dan said. "We tracked him in Australia." "Did you now." Alistair's eyes gleamed. "I'd hate for you to come all the way to Indonesia without satisfying a bit of

your curiosity. How about another information exchange? You tell me what you learned

in Australia, and I'll tell you what I've learned here. Deal?" Dan and Amy exchanged a

glance. They'd shared information with Alistair before. It usually worked out okay. "You

probably know he was a scientist," Alistair said. "Like so many of our branch, he had a brilliant and inventive mind. He ascended the ranks of the Ekat elite very quickly and

attracted the notice of the branch leaders. He was headed for great things. And then he

made a great mistake." Alistair paused. "He fell in love with a Lucian." Dan groaned.

"Oh, please. Barf control! Not a love story." "Yes, a love story. But many love stories are also ... betrayal stories. She was highborn, a cousin of Queen Victoria. Which gave

the Ekats an idea. There had been a rumor -- well, more than a rumor-- that about

sixty years before a highborn Lucian in the Russian monarchy had assembled most-- or

even all -- of the thirty-nine clues. The Madrigals destroyed his evidence in a raid. But

he had retained one copy for safekeeping. It was passed to Lucian headquarters in

London sometime in the 1880s. We suspect that the Madrigals killed Tsar Nicholas II

and his family in 1918, searching for that list. But that's another story. Only the Ekats

knew that the list had been passed to London."Amy didn't look at Dan. Dan didn't look

at Amy. They had found the evidence of the assembled Clues back in Russia, but they

weren't about to tell Alistair that."However-- and this is so typically Lucian -- even if

they had been able to steal and trick enough to get so many, they didn't have the skill

to figure out amounts. That is a job for the Ekats. So they gave Robert Henderson a

choice. His fiancée's father was the branch leader of the Lucians. If Robert didn't spy on

him and try to ascertain whether the Lucians had the thirty-nine clues, he would be

kicked out of the Ekats forever."Amy gasped. "That's terrible!"Alistair turned his dark eyes on her. "After all this time, all this effort, you still don't understand how important this is, do you?" "I do. It's just that-"186He shook his head. "No. If you truly understood what was at stake, you would know that it's sometimes necessary to be ruthless. At any

rate, Robert Henderson was torn. Apparently, he was deeply in love. But he was also

something else -- a scientist. The temptation to find the clues and assemble them -- he

couldn't resist that challenge. So he successfully stole the only copy of the clues the

Lucians had. Naturally, they knew perfectly well it was he who had done it, so ... the

marriage was off. The Ekats got him on a ship to the South Seas and made up a story

about him following Darwin. But he really went to Indonesia. Then, of course, he made

his fatal mistake. He built his lab on a known volcano. There were reasons for it -- it

was uninhabited, and he was able to harness its geo-thermal energy to power his lab.

He was an Ekat, after all. He was taking a chance, and he knew it. Of course, he lost

the gamble." "What happened?" Amy asked. "I mean, we know that Krakatau erupted, but where was he?" "Ah, the Krakatau eruption. Who knows what triggered it? Some

Ekats believed the Madrigals blew up Henderson's lab, which started a deadly

geothermal chain of explosions. But Henderson? He was lucky. He was on his way to

collect a shipment he had ordered for the lab. He knew that the volcano was active.

There had been considerable activity on the island, earthquakes, steam ... he knew very

well the danger he faced. But he was close. So agonizingly close that he left the

island at the last possible second -- the night before the main eruption. He barely made

it out alive, and his laboratory blew up in one of the first eruptions. That's when he got

burned. That next morning he was across the strait in the coastal town of Anjer when

the tsunami came. He ran up into the hills to escape it. The population tried to outrun

this gigantic, overpowering wave a hundred feet tall ... can you imagine the terror?

Hundreds were sucked back into the sea or pummeled against the rocks. He saw horror

and suffering and he made it out alive. We know he went to Jakarta. We know weeks

later he booked passage to Sydney. We lost track of him after that. We think his mind

was broken. He just... disappeared." Alistair turned to them. "So. Did you find

him?" "We found out that he was in jail," Amy said. "They called him Bob Troppo. We traced him to a place called Coober Pedy, where he became an opal miner called

Fossie. He died in the 1950s. But he never said another word. Or left a hint. Just a

bunch of gibberish on the walls of a mine." "But he did leave a hint," Alistair said. "I know because I have it." "Where did you get it?" "Ah,"

Alistair said. His gaze slid away from them. "Perhaps that revelation should be left for another time." "Can we see

it?" Alistair took an old paper out of his shirt pocket. "If I figure it out, we shore the clue. Agreed?" After they nodded, he handed it to Dan and Amy. Far from home I

set up my endeavor Risked all -- love, even life, to sever If need be. Yet with all I had The

Clues given, brain nearly mad With knowledge gained and lost and gained again With

chance and right to rule all men I failed. By merely one, cruel fate Left for me to

calculate. The very waves sang the song I knew Though I knew it not. Merely rue. One

morn despair to me befell In a fit I could not dispel To have come so far and risked it

all To try, to fail, to fall. I threw myself upon the strand This exile I could scarce

withstand And yet then at the blackest hour There, as in Newton's bower The answer

thundered down. The price? A sodden crown. Reward? Ah, 'tis merely this: End and

answer, elixir, bliss. "Well, that clears everything up," Dan said. "I think I get part of it,"

Amy said. "He left everything behind, risked his life, in order to put together

the 189 thirty-nine clues. And he almost got the answer-- he was missing one only clue.

By merely one, cruel fate / Left for me to calculate." "He was wrong about that," Alistair said. "We know he didn't actually have thirty-eight clues. But he was close. Very

close." "But what does it mean that the waves sang a song and he knew it but he didn't

know it?" "It means he'd already gone troppo," Dan said. He groaned. "I'm flashing back to Mrs. Malarkey's English class, and it's not pretty. What's rue?" "It means sadness,"

Alistair said. "He tried so hard and for so long, and he came so close, but he lost. But

here's the part I can't figure out. He's in despair, so he comes and throws himself on

the strand-- a fancy word for beach. Then all of a sudden he's talking about Newton.

Was there something that Newton discovered that he needed? I know he figured out

gravity, but what does it have to do with the thirty-nine clues?" "The price? A sodden

crown," Amy repeated. "What does that mean? That he was almost king of the world or

something?" "Crown can mean 'head,' too," Alistair said. "As in 'Jack fell down and broke his crown' but it still doesn't make sense to me. I believe the reference is to the story of

Newton -- that he thought of gravity when he was lying under a tree and an apple fell

on his head. So he could be saying that he had a sudden revelation. But why doesn't



he say what it is?" Alistair sighed. "Maybe he was already losing his mind."  
"Ya think?"

Dan asked. A strong breeze rattled the paper. It had grown suddenly dark.  
The palm

trees were bending with the gusts. "It's going to storm," Alistair said. "We'd  
better get inside. Don't worry, these tropical storms blow themselves out  
quickly. I can call for a

launch and get you home in time for dinner." 191 CHAPTER 25 Hours later,  
Dan stared

out at the pounding rain. The palm trees were bending like dancers. From  
here he

could just make out the white line of the surf. The sun had set long ago.  
They were

trapped for the night. "Not exactly blowing over," he said. "More like  
blowing." "Who knew?" Alistair said sheepishly. "I haven't been watching  
the weather. As soon as I get a clear signal, you can call Nellie. There's  
plenty of room here for you to spend the

night." Alistair was staying in the only finished house on the island, on the  
edge of the

construction site. It had been planned as a resort, but the Ekaterinas had  
bought it as a

site for a possible stronghold. They were still deciding whether to finish it,  
but, in the

meantime, Alistair came now and then. The house had one large room  
downstairs that

was open on all sides and had a double-height ceiling. Alistair had closed  
sturdy

wooden shutters when they had come up from the beach. Upstairs was a complete<sup>192</sup> living area, with two bedrooms, a sitting room, and a small kitchen. The

rain was still pattering lightly while they finished a meal of vegetables and rice. Alistair

tried Nellie on his phone and she answered. He put her on speaker. "Who is this?" she

barked. "It's Alistair Oh, Ms. Gomez. I'm calling to tell you that Dan and Amy are here

with me and -- " "Are they safe?" "We're safe, Nellie!" Amy called. "I'll come and get them." "No need. The weather-- " "I don't care about the weather! Where are

you?" "Nellie, we're on an island. We'll be back in the morning," Amy said. She could hear real concern in Nellie's voice. "We're sorry we didn't leave a note." "We can talk about the fact that you totally freaked me out for an entire day another time. Right now

I'm coming to get you." "Ms. Gomez -- Nellie -- I'm afraid you will have to wait until

morning," Alistair said reluctantly. "I swear I will deliver the children to you

myself." "Don't bother. I'll be there tomorrow morning." After Alistair gave her directions and assurances that he'd fed them dinner and Dan had chimed in about the sad lack of

dessert, Nellie said a reluctant good night and she'd see them tomorrow.

Early.<sup>193</sup> "Now, I think it's been a long day and we should all retire," Alistair said in his formal way. "You'll be safe here tonight." A few minutes later, Amy did feel safe as she snuggled under the cotton quilt. Alistair had loaned them each one of his soft white

cotton T-shirts to wear to bed because their clothes still smelled like fish and saltwater.

The wind and rain had stopped, and a fresh breeze wafted through the window. Amy

fell asleep listening to the faint rustling of the palms. Far away, a motor softly purred

out on the dark sea. She was so tired that she hoped she wouldn't dream.\* \*  
\*At first

she thought she was still hearing the whisper of the leaves outside. The noise was so

soft. She turned over and felt herself slipping back into sleep. She could still smell the

smoky trace of their dinner....She sat up. She could smell it now. She could see the

wisps of smoke curling in the moonlight.Panic shot through her. But she couldn't seem

to move. She was seeing another night, another time.Fire. Amy holds her mother's

hand. She cries as they run down the stairs to the first floor. "Get the children out!" her father shouts. He's in the den, pulling books down off the shelves. Looking for

something ... "Daddy!" she screams. She holds out her arms and he stops for a second.

"Angel," he says, "go with Mommy."194"No!" She sobs as her mother pulls her away.

"No! Daddy!""Arthur!" her mother shouts. But she continues on with Amy and Dan.Cool night air, damp grass against her bare legs. Her mother leans

over her. She takes

Amy's face in her hands. "Look at me," her mother says, the way she always does when

she wants Amy to listen hard. "Take care of your brother. I love you." Amy screams,

begs her to come back even as her mother races back into the burning house....She

was so intensely part of the memory that it wasn't until she started to cough that she

realized fully this wasn't a dream. The house was on fire!Alistair appeared in the

doorway. She saw the shadows of flames flickering on his face, and it sent a jolt

through her body.Alistair was there that night, too.He had damp towels in his hands,

just like her mother had on that night so long ago. He closed the bedroom door and put

the wet towel against the crack. Then he bent over double, coughing.He was standing

next to the fireplace, his face in shadow. Pants ironed to a knife-crease. Gray suit,

bright yellow tie. He coughed politely. "Let's calm down. We are only here to take what

is ours."Dan sat up in bed, coughing. The sound of his distress helped Amy to

move. She threw off the sheet. Alistair rushed toward Dan. He pressed the wet towel

against Dan's face. He put an arm around him<sup>195</sup> and started to lead him to the

window. "Hurry!" he called over his shoulder to Amy. When she got to the window, she

saw smoke rolling out from below. She looked behind and saw the eerie sight of smoke

blasting through the cracks surrounding the closed door. There would be no escape

that way. "The ledge," Alistair said. Outside the window was a ledge wide enough to

stand on. She heard the sound of shattering glass as the window blew out in the room

next door. Alistair stepped out on the ledge and held out a hand to Dan. "Come on. The

wind is blowing the smoke the other way. You can breathe out here." Dan stepped out

onto the ledge. He gulped in the fresh air. Amy stepped out next. The wall behind her

back was hot. She looked down. Far below was the construction debris. Twisted coils of

wire, concrete, nails, tangles of rusty rebar. There was no clear place to land. Even if

they could survive the jump, they could be impaled on the sharp objects. Dan's

breathing was heavy and constricted. Alistair kept his arm around him. The flames

roared. No help was coming. No sirens. "I'll jump," Alistair said. "Maybe I can find a ladder or something. I'll find a way to get you down." "You can't jump!" Amy cried.

"You'll be killed!" He smiled as he touched her cheek briefly. "It's our only chance." Alistair braced himself against the wall. He looked 196 down, searching for a

clear spot to land. There was none. "Wait!" Amy hung on to his sleeve. "Look!" "Irina,"

Dan said. The smoke rolled and cleared, and they saw her running below, fast and

strong, her legs pumping. She had a bamboo pole in her hand. As they watched in

astonishment, she dug the pole into the ground and made a spectacular vault up to the

roof. They heard the soft thump as she landed. Amy leaned out. She could just make

out Irina above. Irina slid the pole down and steadied it against the lip of the

roof. "What is the word?" she called to them. "Shimmy? Shimmy down the pole! One at a time, it's not very strong." "Can we trust her?" Alistair asked Dan and Amy. It was Amy who spoke. She kept her eyes on Irina's intent face. "Yes," she said. Dan went first. He

wrapped his legs around the pole and half slid, half shimmied down. As soon as he hit

the ground, Amy took a deep breath of relief. "Go, Amy," Alistair said. Amy turned and

put her hands on the pole. She looked up at Irina, who was lying flat on the roof,

steadying the pole with both hands. Irina winced, and Amy saw a red and swollen

finger. "Wait. Before you go," Irina said. "Take this."<sup>197</sup> She held out one hand. Amy reached up. Grace's necklace dropped into her palm. "Isabel did it again," Irina said.

"The first time, I walked away. Not this time. This time, I will not let her succeed. Now

... everything is up to you and Dan. Go!" The force of Irina's words propelled Amy into

action. She grabbed the bamboo pole. It felt hot against her hands, but she slid

down. She looked up at Alistair. He saluted Irina, then grabbed the pole and winced.

Amy saw smoke curling up. The pole was starting to burn. Alistair quickly shimmied

down, jumping off the last few feet. The pole burst into flame. Slowly, it toppled down.

Amy, Dan, and Alistair leaped out of the way as it crashed inches away from them. "We

need to find another pole!" Alistair shouted. They wrenched their eyes from the burning

building. They scanned the area frantically, moving through the debris. Dan headed to

search in the grove. Somewhere, they had to find something to save her.\* \*

\*From

high above, Irina watched them. The roof was so hot now it was agony to stand on it.

The smoke rolled across her and cleared. She felt so far away from them. How hopeful

they were. They didn't know yet that it was too late. Half the roof collapsed in a shower

of sparks. Fire<sup>198</sup> was roaring, eating up the wood beams. She inched away. She had

only seconds. That was all right. She'd saved him. She'd saved her beloved boy. No, not

Nikolai. Dan. Dan and Amy. She struggled to keep her mind clear. The smoke was

burning her eyes, her throat. It was a great effort to keep standing. She would keep

standing. She would die a better person than she'd lived. That wasn't too bad, for an

ex-KGB spy, not to mention a Cahill. Look, they are still searching for a pole, hoping to

save me. How nice to see that. Poor Alistair, he never liked me, but there was that one

night in Seoul when he let down his guard and I let down mine, and we shared a bowl

of bibimbap. One bowl, two spoons. Every time I clinked against his spoon by accident

he would accuse me of flirting with him. Finally, he got me to laugh.... Sudden panic



seized her. Was she really ready to let go of life? There was a way to live that was not

her way-- she'd had glimpses of it. With Nikolai and ... a few others. What agony it was

to let it go! It was letting go of possibility. Of a dream. I hope they know it was worth it

to me, she thought, staring at the Cahill children. Remember what I said, children. Fear

her. In your hands it all lies now. The roof gave a great crack and roar -- and collapsed.

Irina cried out as she felt herself fall, and she looked up. She wanted her last sight to

be the stars. 199 CHAPTER 26 Amy and Dan sat on the beach the next morning, looking

out at the calm tropical waters. They had spent the longest night of their lives, unable

to sleep, just sitting, waiting for dawn. Now they stared with bloodshot eyes out at the

horizon. Their white T-shirts were gray from smoke and soot, and their throats still felt

dry and scratchy despite the water they'd drunk. They knew Nellie would be here soon

on a launch. It was important they leave before the authorities arrived. Alistair had

ordered them to stay on the beach. He didn't want them to see what remained at the

house. They didn't want to think about it. He had wandered off, and they knew he

wanted to be alone. Irina had been his enemy, but he'd known her a long time. Maybe

he wanted to mourn her. Irina had been their enemy, too. Last night, she had saved

their lives. Amy touched the jade dragon on her necklace. Why? How could someone

she'd thought of as pure evil have the goodness inside to sacrifice her life for

them? 200 Last night someone had stolen the poem. Alistair knew that much. He had

awakened, smelled smoke, and immediately checked for the paper. They all knew it

had to be Isabel. Alistair had heard the sound of a motor out on the water, but he

hadn't been able to see anything. This morning they'd found the vessel that no doubt

Irina had used, a small fishing boat she'd probably paid someone to borrow back at the

harbor. They had the facts, or most of them. What they couldn't sift through was their

feelings. The only thing Amy knew for sure was that it was time to tell Dan. She had to

tell him now, before Nellie showed up. She couldn't go through another day like

yesterday. She could face anything, but she couldn't face it without Dan. She'd been so

wrong, and he'd been so right. He'd been so scared last night, but he'd never lost his

nerve. He'd been like that all along. Times when she was frozen with fear, he'd kept on

moving. In so many ways, he was braver than she was. He could face anything. "There's

a reason I didn't tell you about Mom and Dad being murdered," she said haltingly. "And

it wasn't because I didn't trust you. It was because I remembered something I did. I

didn't want you to know. I-I didn't want you to blame me." He shot her a questioning

look. "That night... the night of the fire... I was still awake when the strangers came. I

heard them downstairs. I listened at the door. They were asking Mom and Dad

where they'd been. They asked over and over." Amy paused, and then the words

rushed out. "I was scared. So I ran inside the room. A woman picked me up. Isabel.

She talked about the teddy bears on my nightgown and I corrected her. I said they

were koalas. So that's how they all knew." Dan shook his head. "Knew what?" "That Mom and Dad had gone to Australia in search of Robert Cahill Henderson. And they

must have figured that they'd brought something back. Because later, when they were

outside, Isabel said, They traced him to Australia, didn't they? This has to be taken care

of tonight. ""Do you think that they did bring something back? And that's what Dad was

looking for?""What do you do when your house is on fire?" Amy asked. "You run for the most valuable thing. So Mom ran for us, and Dad ran for whatever it was.""Maybe

somebody set the fire so they could watch what happened. Maybe things went wrong.

But the fire wouldn't have happened if I hadn't told them that Mom and Dad were in

Australia! If I hadn't been such a ... know-it-all!" Amy buried her face in her hands. Her

shoulders shook with sobs. She felt as though she could cry forever. She could cry out

her grief and her shame but it would keep welling back up, and it would never

stop.<sup>202</sup>Dan squirmed. "Amy. Wiggling. Totally." She lifted her head, swiping a hand

across her eyes. "What?""Let me get this straight. Because you had koalas on your

pajamas, our parents died?" "Well..."That's just dumb. Our parents died because our house caught fire. You didn't light the match. One of our dear, devoted relatives did.

You dweeb. You think that because you said the magic word, you changed everything?

We're talking Cahills here. They would have done it no matter what."The scorn in Dan's

voice took away Amy's fear. If Dan had been soothing, if he'd tried to reassure her, she

would have lost it again. Soot still streaked his pale face. He looked tired, worn out,

sad. And honest."You are one awesomely weird sister-dude," Dan said. She wanted to

hug him, but she knew it would totally freak him out. She hugged her knees instead.

She felt a little of her shame begin to lift. Dan saw things clear. If he didn't think she

was to blame... maybe she wasn't. She had said the words out loud, she had dredged

up every memory, and she hadn't shattered. Instead, Amy realized, the opposite had

happened. She was stronger. "Irina said something else in the tunnel," she said. "She asked me why Mom ran back into the house. Was it just for Daddy? What could be

more important than their children?"<sup>203</sup> "The fate of the world?" Dan joked. But his grin faded as he met Amy's serious green eyes. "The fate of the world," she repeated. They

didn't say anything for a minute. It seemed impossible to think about right now, with

the smudge of pink on the horizon and the lightening blue of the sea.  
Impossible to

think of the great, wide world around them ... depending on them." "I think I know what

they were looking for," Dan said. "The poem." "Alistair stole it," Amy said. "It all makes sense now. Last night I remembered him standing by the fireplace. While everyone was

looking at me, he was looking at the books." "Where they'd hidden the poem." "I bet Mom and Dad thought the poem could lead to lots of clues," Amy said. "And they

sacrificed themselves to save it." "If Alistair was there that night, he could have been in on the plan to start the fire," Dan said. "Not Alistair!" "Why not?" Dan asked. "Remember what he said to you yesterday? That when so much is at stake, it's okay to be ruthless?

We can't say it wasn't him." "If only we could figure out the poem," Amy said. "There's got to be a clue hidden in it. I wish the answer would thunder down on my head. Like

last night, during the storm ..." 204 Dan frowned and looked out at the sea. Suddenly, he

slapped the sand and began to laugh. "Have you gone troppo?" Amy asked. Dan jumped

up and down in front of Amy. "It's just like Mrs. Malarkey said." Don put on a falsetto voice. "Class, don't be scared by the fancy language. Find the meaning." "So?" Amy waved her hand in the air. "Mrs. Malarkey? I still don't get it." "The poem! The dude is feeling bummed out, and he's sitting on the beach, and it starts to rain, okay? And rain

comes down on his head." "I got that much." "But it also makes him think. The very waves sang the song I knew. What does he keep talking about?" At Amy's blank look,

Dan pointed. "Water!" "Water is the clue?" Amy asked. "Could it be that easy?" "That's why the dude was so happy and so mad at himself at the same time," Dan said. "It is

that easy." Amy frowned. "We promised to tell Alistair." "Even though we know he was at the house that night and could have murdered our parents?" Dan asked. "I'd call that a

deal breaker." "Last night he was willing to jump off that ledge to save us," Amy

said. "Or himself," Dan said. "I say we wait until we know for sure what happened that night." "Shhh," Amy said, because she saw Alistair heading toward them. His silk

pajamas were stained with soot and dirt, and tufts of hair stood out from his head. He

faced the rising sun. "It's a good day," he said. "We're alive." He looked sad and funny, Amy thought, in his pink pajamas and his cotton candy hair. How could he be a

murderer? But Dan was right. They couldn't just hand him a Clue. Not yet. They heard

the faint sound of a motor. Out beyond the reef, a boat was approaching. They could

see an arm waving frantically. Nellie. Alistair waved back. He walked to the edge of the

sea. They watched as Alistair stood, the cuffs of his sooty pajama bottoms getting wet,

the breeze blowing his gray hair. The man they were fond of, whom they couldn't trust,

was waving at the au pair they were learning to love ... and whom they couldn't

trust."Things are getting complicated," Dan said."I wish I could remember who else was there!" Amy burst out. "Maybe more flashes will come back to me. I can't stand not

knowing."Dan's face hardened. "We have to find out who did it for sure. Isabel set the

fire, but we need to know who else was there.""And then what?" Amy asked. "What do we do? Call the cops?" She gave a weird strangled laugh."I don't know yet," Dan said.

"But they have to pay.""Revenge sounds so ... Cahill," Amy said.<sup>206</sup>"Not revenge," Dan said. "Justice."They looked at each other. Amy felt the presence of her parents, closer than they'd ever been, and the ghost of Irina saying, It's all up to you now.She and Dan

were together again. There were no secrets between them. There never would be

again. She could see that he knew it. Behind his eyes, trust was back.And on this sad

morning, sitting on a tropical beach with ruins smoking behind them, with Irina's last

cry still ringing in their ears, they made a promise to each other without speaking. A

vow. They wouldn't rest until they had exposed who had murdered their parents.They

had started on the hunt for the 39 Clues for Grace's sake. Now they would win it for

Arthur and Hope."Justice," Amy agreed.