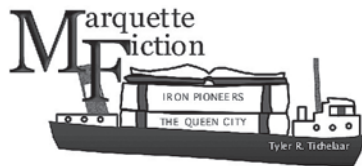


A Marquette Time Travel Novel

# Odin's Eye

**Tyler R. Tichelaar**

Author of *Haunted Marquette*, *Kawbawgam*,  
and *The Marquette Trilogy*



## **Odin's Eye: A Marquette Time Travel Novel**

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To Dan and Jim,  
Wherever they may be.

“Everybody loses someone that they love, and no matter how badly they want to, they can’t get them back. And in spite of that, they find a way to go on. That’s everyone’s history.”

— Lucy Preston, *Timeless* TV series

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## A Note to the Reader

*Odin's Eye* is the ninth novel I have written set in Marquette and the greater Upper Peninsula of Michigan. It is a stand-alone novel, meaning it is not necessary to have read my earlier novels to enjoy it. That said, readers of my past novels may find pleasure in reconnecting with characters who seem like old friends, and new readers may be interested in exploring certain characters in *Odin's Eye* who appeared in previous books. Therefore, I have provided a list of characters that differentiates which ones are fictional creations and which historical personages as well as which novels they previously appeared in. I have also included a family tree of Neill Vandelaare, the main character in this novel, for reference since his ancestors were all characters in previous novels.

## Cast of Characters

Characters from previous novels have the abbreviated titles of those novels beside their names.

Novel abbreviations:

IP – *Iron Pioneers: The Marquette Trilogy, Book One*

QC – *The Queen City: The Marquette Trilogy, Book Two*

SH – *Superior Heritage: The Marquette Trilogy, Book Three*

NL – *Narrow Lives*

OT – *The Only Thing That Lasts*

SN – *Spirit of the North*

BP – *The Best Place*

TT – *When Teddy Came to Town*

W – *Willpower: A Play About Marquette's Ossified Man*

### Fictional Characters

John/Neill Vandelaare – Our main character, who is suffering from amnesia when the novel opens. (BP)

Mrs. Bessie Bingley – Housekeeper to the Allens.

Carolina Smith – Wife to Judge Smith, who lives in the Henning House on Ridge Street. (IP, OT, TT)

Jane Smith Hampton – Carolina Smith's daughter. (OT)

Cordelia Whitman – Early Marquette settler and former owner of a boarding house. (IP, QC, SN).

Margaret Dalrymple – A teenage girl with a crush on Howard Longyear who was born in the Whitmans' boarding house. (IP, QC, SH)



Allison Hayes – Neill’s sort-of girlfriend.

Derek Jackson – Neill’s best friend.

Xander – A man who lives at Peter’s Landing.

Jorgen – A friend to Xander.

#### The McCarey Family

Patrick McCarey – A police officer. (*IP, QC*)

Kathy McCarey - Patrick’s wife (*IP, QC*)

Frank McCarey - Patrick and Kathy’s oldest son (*IP, QC*)

Jeremy McCarey - Patrick and Kathy’s second son (*IP, QC*)

Michael McCarey - Patrick and Kathy’s youngest son (*IP, QC, SH*)

Molly Bergmann Montoni - Kathy’s mother (*IP, QC*)

Harry Cumming – A ne’er do well who works at Getz’s, married to Sylvia Whitman. (*IP, QC*)

Franklin – Butler to the Longyear family.

Martha – Housekeeper to the Longyear family.

#### Historical Characters

Dr. James Dawson – A doctor, married to Bertha Adams. (*W*)

Mr. Ephraim Allen – A Marquette businessman, a founder of the Huron Mountain Club, and father to Hugh Allen.

Hugh Allen – Son of Mr. Allen, friend of Howard Longyear.

Peter White – Marquette’s grand old man, a banker, real estate agent, and town philanthropist. (*IP, QC*)

Chief Charles Kawbawgam – An Ojibwa and great friend of Peter White. (*IP, QC, SN*)

#### The Longyear Family

John M. Longyear – Marquette businessman and millionaire, founder of the Huron Mountain Club

Mary Beecher Longyear – His wife, a believer in Christian Science.

Abby Longyear – Their oldest daughter.

Howard M. Longyear – Their oldest son.

Helen Longyear – Their second daughter.

Judith Longyear – Their youngest daughter.

John Munro Longyear, Jr. (Jack) – Their second son.

Robert Dudley Longyear (Rob) – Their youngest son.

Henry St. Arnold "Santinaw" – A woodsman and Indian guide who works for the Longyears.

Louis Getz – Owner of Getz's Department Store.

The Jopling Family

James Jopling – Marquette businessman from England.

Bessie (Mather) Jopling – His wife.

Mrs. Henry Mather – Bessie Jopling's mother.

Richard Mather Jopling – James and Bessie Jopling's son.

The Adams Family

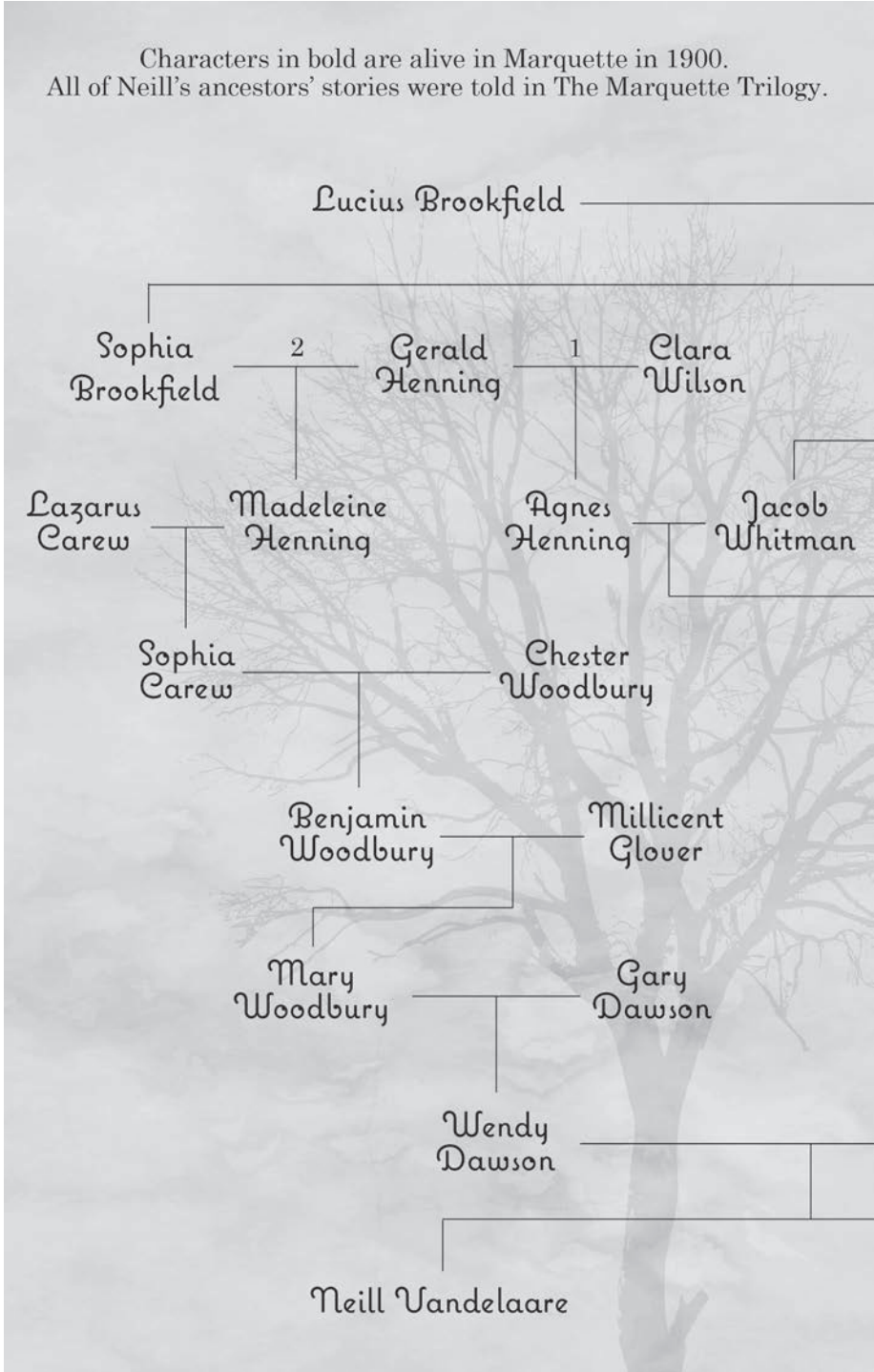
Mr. Sidney Adams – A Marquette businessman. (W)

Harriet Adams – Sidney Adams' wife. (W)

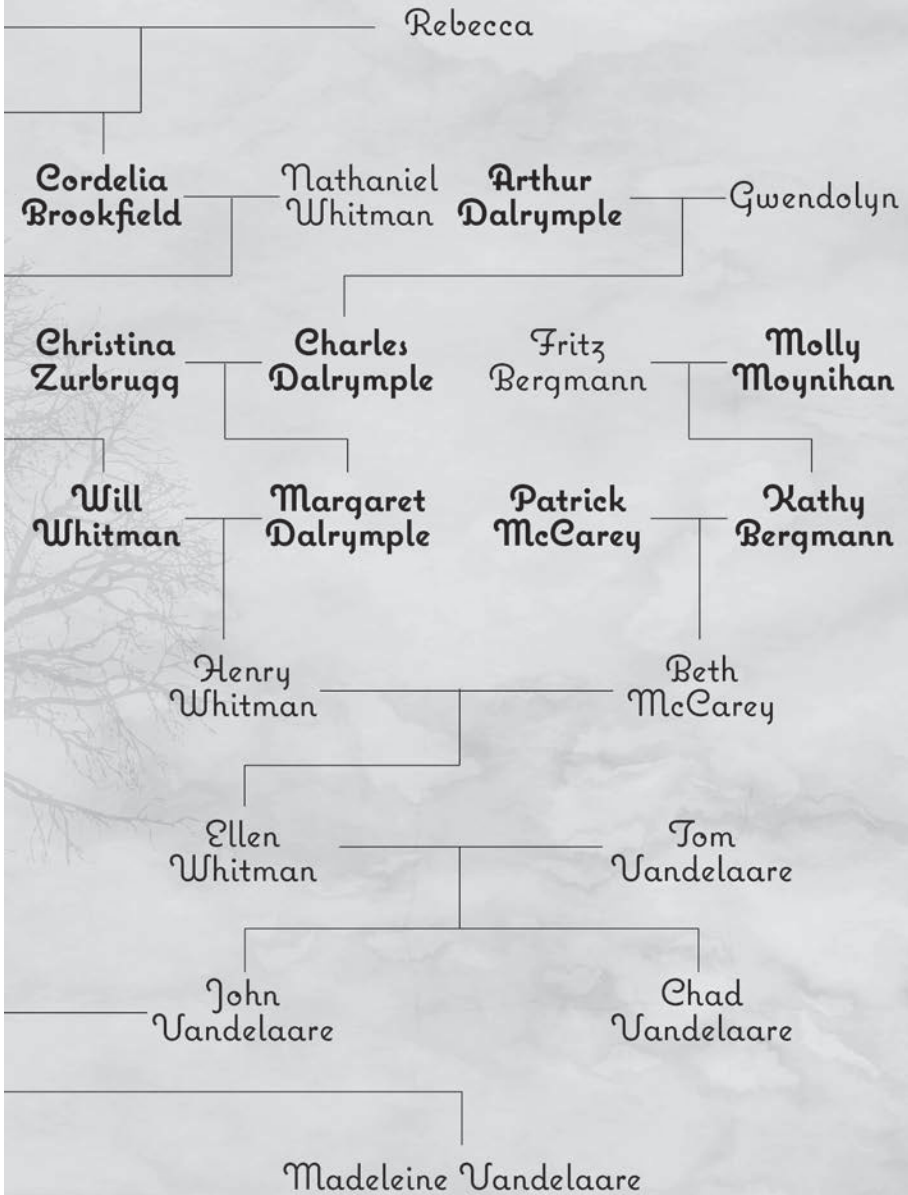
Bertha (Adams) Dawson – Wife of Dr. Dawson, daughter of Sidney and Harriet Adams. (W)

Will Adams – Sidney and Harriet Adams' adopted son who suffers from ossification. (W)

Characters in bold are alive in Marquette in 1900.  
All of Neill's ancestors' stories were told in The Marquette Trilogy.



# Neill Vandelaare's Ancestry



# Part I

## Chapter 1

**F**IRST, HE HEARD VOICES, BUT he could not make out the words. He tried to open his eyes, but he was in that state of sleep paralysis where you try and try to open your eyes and wake yourself, but you just cannot—it feels physically impossible, as if the whole weight of the world is pressing your eyelids shut. You are half-awake, half still dreaming. He realized he had been dreaming, but he couldn't remember what his dreams were about. Nothing seemed normal. He couldn't understand why he couldn't just wake up.

Then he heard a voice, a female voice he did not recognize. "He's coming to, Doctor."

He felt a hand grabbing his wrist. A finger pressed on his vein. Someone was checking his pulse.

"I wonder what happened to him," said the female voice.

"We may know soon," said a male voice. It was close to his ear.

He struggled to open his eyes. He made an incredible effort, but he could not bring himself to do it. He felt like several minutes went by as he struggled, or was it hours? Suddenly, he had the terrifying feeling of falling, and he woke with a jolt and a shout.

"It's all right," said a man. "Just relax. You're safe."

His eyes now open, he found himself looking into the face of a bewhiskered man. They were not ordinary whiskers. It was a beard, a great bushy beard.

"How do you feel?" asked the man.

He took a moment to assess the state of his body. His back hurt. His arm hurt, and his head.... "Ow!" he cried out as he tried to move his leg.

"You have bruises," said the man. "Your muscles might be a little sore, but nothing serious. You were lucky. You took quite a tumble. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Where am I?" he asked.

The man—presumably the doctor—was saying something more, but his head was pounding so badly he didn't catch it.

What bizarre wallpaper—it was pink with swirls, like some Victorian nightmare. Where had that thought come from? It was Victorian. He knew that somehow.

"Where am I?" he repeated, looking at the doctor.

The doctor looked puzzled, surprised he had not heard what he had just explained.

"You're at the Allens' house," the doctor replied.

"Who?" he asked.

"The Allens," said the doctor. "Mr. Ephraim William Allen, his wife Mrs. Allen, and his four children live here."

"Oh." The names were not familiar. Did he know these people? Did the doctor somehow think he should? He couldn't seem to remember anything.

"Can you tell me who you are?" asked the doctor. "We couldn't find any card or wallet on you."

He stared at the doctor, suddenly feeling alarmed. "I'm.... I'm...." He could not remember his own name.

The doctor, apparently seeing how he was racking his brain, said, "It's all right. Don't strain yourself."

"Do you remember anything?" asked the woman.

He closed his eyes, hoping that would help. His head ached.

"Is he asleep?" the woman whispered to the doctor.

"Shh," the doctor replied.

He reopened his eyes and said, "I guess not. I don't know how I got here."

"You were found up at the Huron Mountain Club," the woman explained. "You rolled down a hill, or fell off a small cliff, something like that. Mr. Allen, my employer, had you brought back to Marquette, to his house."

"Marquette," he muttered. "That sounds familiar."

"Marquette, Michigan," said the woman. "It's a city on Lake Superior. You must know that."

He struggled with a memory of some sort—a big house made of stone. Was that where he was? He turned to his left. There was a window, but lying in the bed, he could not see anything out of it other than some trees and the top of a white wooden building, the gable of another house apparently.

"Is there a big...a...a long thing out on a lake here?" he asked, suddenly remembering something else, something the name of which he couldn't quite recall.

"Ye-es," said the woman. "There's a harbor. There are docks. Ore docks."

"Ore docks," he muttered. Then a sharp pang shot through his skull, making him cry out.

"Oh, you're giving him too much information, Mrs. Bingley," said the doctor. "He obviously has amnesia. We shouldn't strain him."

"But who is he?" asked Mrs. Bingley. "Sir, are you sure you don't know your own name?"

"My name?" he repeated, as if it were the most bizarre question in the history of the world.

"Everyone has a name," she said. "I'm Bessie Bingley, the Allens' housekeeper, and this is Dr. James Dawson. What's your name?"

He struggled with the thought. A name? He must have a name. He tried to remember. He grimaced from the throbbing pain in his forehead.

"Do you have a headache?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," he said, squeezing his eyes tightly to try to make the pain go away.

"Let's give you some aspirin," said the doctor. "Once it takes effect, it might be easier for you to remember."

The doctor pulled out a small bottle from inside his coat pocket and shook the pills into his hand. Mrs. Bingley poured a glass of water from a decanter on a small table. She gave the glass to him, and he struggled to push himself up to receive it. Then the doctor handed him the pills.

"Swallow those," said the doctor.

He did as he was told. He put them in his mouth and took a sip of water. Then he swallowed the pills and wondered how he had known how to swallow—automatic reflex, he figured. At least he had not forgotten that. Even the water had made him feel better, and he felt like maybe he could start to remember now since he was past the initial shock of waking in a strange place and being interrogated.

"Ask me some more questions," he said as Mrs. Bingley took back the glass.

"Are you sure you're up to it?" asked the doctor. "Perhaps we should just let you rest some more."



"Just a few questions," he replied. "I want to remember. I feel almost like I can, but something is blocking the memories."

"All right," said the doctor. "Do you know what year this is?"

"Um," he said, squeezing his eyes shut to concentrate better.

"Take your time," said Dr. Dawson.

He reopened his eyes and looked about the room. There was a photograph on the wall. It was black and white—it showed a harbor—three ore docks jutting out—but it wasn't the harbor he knew. The one in his memory had only one ore dock, a big reddish orange kind of thing—and it...it didn't seem to work from what he could recall.

"The year," the doctor repeated.

He looked at the doctor with that great bushy beard and those old-fashioned clothes, and then he looked at Mrs. Bingley, who had her hair up in a bun, and was wearing a white blouse and a long dress. It must be...but it didn't seem right that it could be that long ago....

"Nineteen...eighteen...nineteen?" he said, debating which century would be right.

"That's all right," said the doctor, as if not wanting him to strain himself. "We can come back to the year. Do you know who the President of the United States is?"

Without thinking, he began to say, "Joe Bi—" but then whatever made him remember left him and he could not finish.

"What?" said Dr. Dawson.

"I said, 'No I'—no, I can't seem to remember," he said. But he had remembered for a second. Only, he had felt like there was something wrong about remembering that—about telling the doctor who he remembered as president.

"Is the name William McKinley familiar?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, sure," he said. The name was familiar. "Then it must be the year nineteen...no eighteen-ninety...."

"I'll make it easy for you," said Dr. Dawson. "It is a little tricky since the century just changed. It's 1900."

He felt shocked. It couldn't be. That year—1900—just did not seem right, not possible somehow, but how could he explain that to the doctor?

"It's 1900," the doctor repeated.

"Oh, right," he said.

"Do you know what month it is?" asked Dr. Dawson.

"Um," he said. "It's summer. I know that from looking out the window. I can see the leaves are bright green."

"It's July," said the doctor.

"Tomorrow is the Fourth of July," said Mrs. Bingley.

"Oh, okay," he said, some memories flashing through his mind. "The Fourth of July. Fireworks...."

"Yes, that's right," said the doctor.

"Do you think he's going to be all right, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Bingley.

"I think so," Dr. Dawson replied. "Sir, try to follow my finger." Suddenly, the doctor's finger was in front of his face, moving back and forth, and he slightly turned his head left and right while his eyes followed it.

"You seem to be fine," said the doctor. "You're alert and responding. You have a concussion, though, that may be causing some amnesia."

"Don't you remember anything?" repeated Mrs. Bingley.

He tried again. What was his name? It was like his name was behind a big black wall in his brain. He knew it was there. He just didn't know how to access it. He shook his head.

"Do you know where you're from?" she asked.

"Marquette," he said. He wasn't sure why, but he felt sure about that. After all, here he was in Marquette, so what would he be doing here if he weren't from Marquette?

"Are you sure?" asked the doctor.

"I think so."

"Well, that's a small clue anyway," said Dr. Dawson. "If you know that much, hopefully the rest will come back to you. But it's getting late. We should let you rest. Perhaps you'll feel better in the morning."

"Okay," he said, reluctant to quit trying to remember, but also feeling tired.

"It's nice to meet you, sir," said Dr. Dawson, standing up and then extending his hand. It took him a moment to realize what to do with the doctor's hand.

"You have a good, strong grip like a young man should," said the doctor. "I think you'll make a full physical recovery. Mrs. Bingley, I trust you have some clothes for him to wear tomorrow? Perhaps if he gets out of bed and can go for a walk in the neighborhood, he'll remember something."

"Oh, yes, I think Mr. Hugh's clothes will fit him. They must be about the same age. He'll be eager to see him too." She turned back to her guest and said, "They are all very concerned about you, sir."

"Don't let them in yet," said Dr. Dawson. "Perhaps he would take to Hugh since they're about the same age; maybe he'll even recognize him, but right now our patient needs a lot of rest."

"Yes, sir," she said. "Mr. Hugh told me he doesn't know him, but I'm sure he'll be happy to loan him some clothes. We destroyed his other clothes. You should have seen them. All burnt at the bottoms, most of his pants burnt completely away, and his shirt, why there was hardly anything left of the sleeves, though they didn't look burnt. The men said he was practically indecent when they found him. I would bet he was struck by lightning—that's what the men who found him thought—since there was no other explanation for how his clothes could have been half-missing like that."

"Do you remember anything like that?" Dr. Dawson asked his patient. "Lightning or having your clothes catch on fire?"

"No," he said, shaking his head, but he did remember some sort of burning smell—still, it was such a faint sensation that it didn't explain anything.

"Well, I'll leave you then," said Dr. Dawson. "I hope you feel better tomorrow. I'll stop by then."

"We'll keep an eye on him, Doctor," said Mrs. Bingley.

"Good night, Mrs. Bingley. I can see myself out," Dr. Dawson replied, collecting his bag from a chair and then nodding to Mrs. Bingley as he left the room.

"Are you hungry?" Mrs. Bingley asked, turning her attention back to her patient.

"Ravenous!" he said, suddenly realizing he was. And then he laughed, surprised he remembered such a funny, long word, and Mrs. Bingley laughed too.

"Well, you haven't lost your vocabulary," she said, "whoever you are."

He smiled.

"It feels awkward not to know your name," said Mrs. Bingley. "Would it be all right if I gave you a name until you remember?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Let me go get you some nice soup," she said, "and while I'm gone, you think about what name you might like to have."

"Okay," he said, wondering if he would even be able to remember any names.

"I'll be back in a few minutes then," she said. "Do you need anything else?"

"No, just some food," he replied since restoring his memory was beyond her powers.

Mrs. Bingley nodded and departed, shutting the door behind her.

His head still hurt a little. His eyes began to swim, and he felt a little faint, probably from hunger. But at least his headache seemed to be gone now. He tried to focus on items in the room. It was a small room. He realized he was in a twin bed. There was a small wooden table beside the bed and a lamp, but it was quite an old lamp—a lantern—kerosene probably. That's what they called them, he believed. Strange anyone would have such a thing. He noticed some Victorian-looking sconces on the wall across from the bed with a mirror between them. How did he know they were Victorian? What exactly was Victorian? There were a few books on a shelf and a baseball and a catcher's mitt and another bed—a twin bed like the one he was in. He wondered if this was the boy Hugh's room—his and a brother's? There was a wardrobe, with a door partly open and some clothes in it looking to be about his size. This wasn't the big stone house he had momentarily remembered when he first woke up. But he felt like somehow this house was also familiar to him. He tried to sit up a little, to look out the window, but he could only see a large white house across the street. That looked familiar too. He felt like he knew this place, yet he didn't.

"I don't even know my name," he said aloud, "though at least I know I should have a name. I'm not crazy. I don't feel crazy. I just can't remember...."

He pushed himself up into more of a sitting position, but the effort made his head hurt again. He closed his eyes to rest them and to quiet his mind; if he quit trying to remember, maybe then the answers would come to him. But all he could see in his mind was the room he was in. He couldn't seem to remember anything else.

After a few minutes, the door opened and Mrs. Bingley came in with a tray.

"Oh, good, you're sitting up," she said.

"Yes. I was trying to see if I recognized anything."

"Do you?" she asked, as she placed the tray on his lap.

"I don't know," he admitted. "That house across the street looks familiar to me."

"Which one?" she asked.

"The white, sort of long rambling one."

"The Breitungs live there," said Mrs. Bingley.

His face took on a puzzled look as he tried to remember why that name seemed familiar.

"Do you know them?" asked Mrs. Bingley.

"The name sounds familiar," he said, "but I can't envision any faces for the family."

"Well, you'll likely see them coming and going tomorrow. Perhaps you'll recognize them then."

"Maybe," he said, picking up his spoon.

"I hope you enjoy the soup. I made it myself, and Mrs. Allen baked the bread, and I bought you a nice glass of milk to wash it down. The doctor said not to give you anything that might be too rich for your stomach yet."

"This is fine," he replied. "Thank you so much." He doubted this scanty offering would satisfy his hunger, but he was more concerned with his craving to know his identity.

"Yes, Dr. Dawson thought since you've been unconscious for two days, we should slowly let your stomach get used to digesting food again."

"Two days!" he exclaimed. He felt deeply troubled by that news although he wasn't sure why. It wasn't like he had somewhere to go—well, he might, but where that somewhere was he did not know.

"Yes, two days," she replied. "They found you on Sunday, and now it's Tuesday. Tomorrow, the Fourth of July, is Wednesday."

He shook his head, trying to take this in.

"You look upset," said Mrs. Bingley.

"I just don't like to think I lost two days of my life," he replied, almost feeling like crying over it. "But I don't know why I should be upset. I can't remember what my life even consists of."

"There, there," said Mrs. Bingley, patting him on the shoulder. "You'll feel better after you've eaten, and if you need to, there's a bathroom at the end of the hall, and then if you get a good night's sleep, perhaps you'll be back to normal in the morning, Tom."

"Tom?" he said.

"Yes. You said I could come up with a name to call you. How does Tom feel?"

"I'm not a Tom," he replied.

"No," she said, frowning. "I kind of thought you looked like a Tom. Well, how about Harry?"

"No," he said, shaking his head.

"Bill?"

He frowned.

"Ike?"

"Definitely not," he said, smirking.

"Well, what name would you like until we come up with your real name?"

"I'd like my real name," he said, feeling irritated.

"But what is it? Paul, Charles, Fred, Frank, Lyman, Theodore...."

He shook his head at each suggestion.

"How about Nathaniel, or Martin, or Joseph?"

He frowned.

"Maybe James, or how about John?"

He didn't shake his head at the last name but mulled it over.

"I think John feels okay," he said. "I'm not sure it's my name, but it sounds familiar somehow. I guess I can answer to John until I remember my own name."

"John it is then," said Mrs. Bingley. "Well, I hope you have a good night, John. Just ring the bell there by the lamp when you're ready for me to come get your tray. I imagine Mr. Hugh or Mr. Allen will come in to visit you soon also."

"Okay," he said, looking over to the bedside table and seeing the bell. He had not noticed it before. "Thank you."

"I'll let you be now so you can eat. There's no end of work to do in this house, and your soup is going to get cold. Enjoy your dinner, John."

He smiled. He wondered why he had picked John. Was it his name? No, it didn't seem like it—he wished he could remember his name—but at least John was a name he liked, for whatever reason.

Mrs. Bingley now left, closing the door behind her.

John let out a big sigh and started to lift a spoonful of soup to his mouth, when suddenly the absurdity of his situation struck him.

"Holy cow!" he cried out. "Who are these people? Dr. Dawson, Mrs. Bingley, Hugh Allen, the Breitungs. And the year 1900—that seems strange too. I feel like I know these people—or at least their names are familiar—and yet, I know I've never met them before."

He looked out the window again and saw a horse and buggy going down the street. "That's funny," he muttered. "Where are the cars?" and then he found himself surprised to think he knew what a car was. He could see one in his mind's eye, but he didn't know how he knew what a car was or why it felt so out of place in the situation he found himself in. As he mulled over all these thoughts,

he finished his soup. Eating it only seemed to make him hungrier. Then, almost instinctively—he wasn't sure later why he did it—he reached down to his pocket, as if to ensure he had something in it. Only, he discovered he had no pockets. For the first time, he realized he was dressed in some sort of hospital gown—no, it was more like a Victorian nightshirt for a man. Like Wendy's brother John wore in *Peter Pan*. He saw a cartoon character with a stovepipe hat on his head. Where had that thought come from?

But more importantly, where were his clothes? Oh, Mrs. Bingley had said they were all burnt up and in rags. But why had she thrown them out? They might have helped him remember. Whoever he was, he was sure he had never been in a Victorian nightshirt before. He felt like he was play-acting by wearing it. If only he could remember who he was and where he should be, and even what he normally wore.

"How will I ever find out?" he asked aloud. "What if no one in this town even knows who I am? How will I ever find out then?"

Then it occurred to him that even if Mrs. Bingley had disposed of his clothes, maybe he'd had some personal possessions she'd saved that might trigger his memory. He was just about to reach for the bell to call Mrs. Bingley back when the door opened.

## Chapter 2

“WELL, HOW’S OUR PATIENT?” ASKED a bearded man. He appeared to be in his late forties with just the slightest touch of gray to his otherwise brown beard.

“Okay,” John said, wondering to whom he was speaking. “I’m feeling better.”

“I’m Mr. Allen,” said the man, stepping out of the doorway and into the room, and thereby revealing behind him a young man of about John’s age. “And this is my oldest son, Hugh.”

“Hello,” said John, nodding to Hugh. “I can’t tell you who I am, but Mrs. Bingley and I agreed on calling me John for now.”

“She told us you don’t remember who you are,” said Hugh, stepping forward to shake John’s hand, “but I’m glad you’re awake at least.”

“Yes,” said his father. “That must have been quite a fall you took. You must have rolled right down that hill and over a little cliff. You were unconscious when Hugh and Santinaw—he’s one of our guides up at the Club—found you.”

“I—I don’t remember. I must have fallen, though, since I feel some pain and bruises. But my appetite doesn’t seem to have suffered at least.”

“That’s good,” said Mr. Allen.

“This is your house, right?” asked John. “Thank you for taking me in.”

“You’re welcome,” said Mr. Allen, sitting down in the chair to John’s right that had been previously occupied by the doctor.

“Am I throwing you out of your room?” John asked Hugh.

“Oh, no,” said Hugh, walking over to sit on the bed across from John. “I have my own room. This is my younger brothers’ room—Philip and Winthrop share it, and then I have a sister, Margery. They’re all still up at the Huron Mountain Club with my mother.



Just Father and I came back to Marquette with you so you could see the doctor. So anyway, no one is being thrown out of their room or bed."

"I'm afraid I've been a lot of trouble to you all," said John. "You're so very kind."

"It's the Christian thing to do," replied Mr. Allen. "But what can you tell us about yourself? Do you remember anything at all?"

"I think I recall some things," said John, noticing as he turned his head back and forth to speak to them that Mr. Allen and Hugh were both looking at him with deep curiosity. "I seem to remember the harbor—that picture on the wall looks familiar to me, at least, and I recognize the name of Marquette. I think I must be from Marquette. I mean, how else would I have gotten here?"

"But you were found up at the Huron Mountain Club," said Mr. Allen. "Do you know what you were doing there?"

John shook his head. "No, the name seems familiar to me, but that's all."

"The Huron Mountain Club is a private hunting and fishing club north of Marquette," Mr. Allen explained. "I'm one of the members. It's a private club—private property, so you had no business being there unless you worked there. I know you're not one of the members or I would have recognized you. There are a few people who work there that I don't know just because I'm in town so much, but no one up there who saw you seemed to know who you were."

"Neither Santinaw nor I ever saw you before," Hugh piped in.

"That's strange," said John. "I mean, I'm not sure why since I can't remember, but I'm pretty sure I'm a law-abiding citizen, not the kind to go trespassing. Maybe if I went back up there, I might see something that would help trigger my memory."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Allen, raising his eyes as if considering the suggestion. "But I think you better rest for a while before we try returning up there with you."

"You don't remember your name?" asked Hugh.

"No," John repeated. "Mrs. Bingley suggested she call me John, and that name seemed familiar to me, but I'm not sure it's my real name."

Mr. Allen frowned. "So, no guess then what your last name is?"

John thought for a moment. Funny; he hadn't even wondered about that. He tried to think what it might be, but nothing came to him. "No," he finally said in defeat. "I can't even be sure my first

name is John; it's just the one that stood out when Mrs. Bingley listed off a bunch of names for me."

"That's too bad," said Mr. Allen. "Well, you've only been awake for a little while. You were in a coma for a couple of days, so we can't expect everything to come back to you right away. Have you been out of bed yet?"

"No," said John, "although now that I've eaten, I do feel like I need to use the bathroom."

"I can show you where it is," said Hugh, standing up.

"Do you think you can walk?" asked Mr. Allen.

"I think so," said John, pulling back the blankets and looking at his legs. After a second, he moved them sideways over the edge of the bed.

"Do you need a hand?" asked Mr. Allen, standing up and putting his hand on his arm. Meanwhile, Hugh walked around the bed to help if needed.

"I think I'm okay," said John, slowly standing up. He did so successfully and then took a step. "My leg's a little stiff, but I think I'll be all right."

Hugh reached out and put his arm around John's back so he could lean on him as he half-stumbled to the door. They were about the same height, which made it easy for John to lean on him, but once they got a few steps to the door, John said he thought he could manage by himself.

Hugh backed up and let John lean a hand on the wall. Then he led him down the hall to the bathroom. Mr. Allen followed behind to catch John if need be.

"You're walking fine," said Hugh. "If you eat a little more to get your strength back, maybe you can go to the parade with us tomorrow."

"The Fourth of July parade?" asked John.

"Yes. We were going to spend the Fourth up at the Club, but with you to look after, we figured we'd stay here for the parade."

"You can go, Hugh," said Mr. Allen, "but I think John should stay home to rest. I can stay with him."

"No," said Hugh. "Mrs. Bingley will do that."

"She has tomorrow afternoon off," Mr. Allen reminded him.

"Oh," said Hugh. "Well, it won't be any fun going by myself."

"What about Howard?" asked Mr. Allen. "Isn't he coming home tomorrow?"

"No, not until Friday."

"Oh," said Mr. Allen.

"I'd like to go to the parade," said John as Hugh stopped in front of the bathroom door. "I might be up to it. I seem to be able to walk fine."

"Well, here's the bathroom," said Hugh.

"Can you manage on your own?" asked Mr. Allen.

"I think so," said John.

"I'm going to go bring your tray down to Mrs. Bingley then," said Mr. Allen. "Hugh, you stay and wait outside the door in case he needs anything."

"Thank you, sir," said John.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Allen, and he returned down the hall.

"Just yell if you have trouble in there," said Hugh. "I'll wait out here for you."

"Thank you," said John before entering the bathroom and closing the door behind him. Until that moment, as he faced the bathroom, he had not really considered the look of his surroundings. Now he was greeted by dark purple and brown Victorian wallpaper that made the room look as small as a closet rather than like a bathroom. There was an old tub—nothing close to a shower. The sink had strangely shaped faucets and a large basin. A mirror hung above the sink, but there was no medicine cabinet. To the side of the mirror was a shelf with several items on it. And then there was a toilet. John was relieved to see it was a flush toilet. For a second he had feared he'd have to use a chamber pot. Still, it all looked very old-fashioned.

He turned around to sit down, pulling up the nightshirt. He was kind of alarmed to find he had no underwear beneath it.

"What happened to me?" he asked himself. Somehow, he knew none of this was normal for him. He was embarrassed to think Hugh was outside the door, listening to make sure he didn't fall. John felt a bit dizzy when he stood up, but at least he did not feel weak. He flushed the toilet and washed his hands, and then taking a look in the mirror, he saw he had some stubble. He usually shaved every day—funny that he remembered that. He was too tired to shave right now, though.

"Is everything okay?" Hugh asked as John opened the door.

"Yes," said John. "I'm a little dizzy, but I don't feel weak."

"That's good," said Hugh. "You've been in bed two full days so you probably just have to get used to being on your feet again."

"I look awful," said John.

"I don't think so. You're not pale anyway," said Hugh, stepping out into the hall so John could start down the hallway. John didn't grab ahold of the wall this time so he could see if he had the strength to walk back to the room himself. "You look healthy and strong to me," Hugh said as if trying to give him confidence. "Do you remember how old you are?"

"No," said John.

"I think you must be my age or a little older. I'm eighteen, although I don't have much of a beard coming in yet."

"That's what I mean," said John. "I look awful. I usually shave every day."

"You're lucky," said Hugh. "My friend Howard shaves every day. He's a year older than me, so maybe you are too."

"I don't know," said John. "Do you have a razor you can lend me?"

"Sure," said Hugh.

"I won't shave today, though," said John. "I think I need to lie back down."

By now they were back at the bedroom. John turned and walked toward the bed, happy to see it again.

Hugh, without asking, put his hand on John's arm to steady him as he sat down. Then he helped him scoot back a little and John lay down. Hugh pulled the blanket over him.

"Do you need anything?" asked Hugh. "Can I do anything for you?"

"No, I'm fine," said John. "You're very kind, and please tell your father how grateful I am."

"We're happy to help," said Hugh, sitting down in the chair by the bed. "I hope you get better and we can find your family or at least figure out who you are."

"You don't recognize me at all?" asked John.

"No," said Hugh. "I just graduated, and I don't remember seeing you at my school. But maybe you went to school out east somewhere like my friend Howard. I wish he went to school in Marquette because I only get to see him in the summers and on break, and now he's going to college at Cornell, but I'll be going there this fall. Howard's on the rowing team and I hope to make the team too."

John didn't say anything. Nothing that Hugh was talking about was familiar to him.

"Do you think you went to school in Marquette?" asked Hugh.

"I don't know," said John. "I wish I could remember. I seem to think I went to college."

"Do you go to the normal school?" asked Hugh. "If you're a year older than me, perhaps you were studying to be a teacher?"

"I don't know," said John, who felt his eyes wanting to close.

"Well, we'll get to the bottom of it," said Hugh. "We'll see how you feel in the morning. Maybe then you'll remember something. You were walking just fine."

"Thanks," said John. "I think I just have to sleep. I don't mean to be rude."

"Not at all," said Hugh.

"Maybe I could have a glass of water. I feel kind of warm."

"It is a warm day," said Hugh. "It was about eighty today, though it's cooling off now that the sun is going down. I'll go get you a glass of water. I'll be right back."

John closed his eyes after Hugh left the room. He was just drifting off to sleep when he heard, "Here you go."

"Thanks," said John, opening his eyes but not getting up.

"Did I wake you?" asked Hugh.

"Not yet."

"Are you thirsty now?"

John struggled into a sitting position and then took the glass Hugh handed him, but he only drank a little, too tired to want to have to get up and use the bathroom again right away.

"Well," said Hugh, once John handed him back the glass, "I'll let you sleep then. Have pleasant dreams and here is to hoping you remember everything in the morning."

"Thank you," said John as Hugh set the glass on the table. Then his host left the room, closing the door behind him.

In another minute, John was sound asleep.