

Comparing changes

Choose two branches to see what's changed or to start a new pull request. If you need to, you can also [compare across forks](#) or [learn more about diff comparisons](#).

base: main

compare: kr5_original

✓ Able to merge. These branches can be automatically merged.

Discuss and review the changes in this comparison with others. [Learn about pull requests](#)

Create pull request

1 commit

3 files changed

1 contributor

Commits on Oct 13, 2024

Setting up comparison branch

omitted 3 minutes ago

a63b77d

Showing 3 changed files with 20 additions and 20 deletions.

SplitUnified

...t_Rider_5_Mirror_Image_eBook_v..1.1_-_Glen_A._Larson__Roger_Hill/OEBPS/7_chapter-1.xhtml	...
		@@ -17,7 +17,7 @@	
17	17	<p>His eyes watched the erratic red grid-screen mounted above the steering column. It was called the vox-box, and provided a visual display to accompany the patterns of the car's speech. The voice seemed to be that of a prim colonial tutor, with a patrician Boston twang to the vowels.</p>	
18	18	<p>'What are we doing wrong now?' Michael said, anxious for any diversion.</p>	
19	19	<p>'<i>We're exceeding the posted speed limits, which specify fifty-five miles per hour</i>.'</p>	
20		- <p>'Only by fifteen miles,' Michael sighed. 'We're barely crawling.' He knew from recent experience that the vehicle he was driving was capable of surface speeds in excess of 250 miles per hour. 'You mean you want to slow down and enjoy Boredom City for maybe another hour?'</p>	
	20	+ <p>'Only by fifteen miles,' Michael sighed. 'We're barely crawling.' He knew from recent experience that the vehicle he was driving was capable of surface speeds in excess of 250 miles per hour. 'You mean you want to slow down and enjoy Boredom City for maybe another hour?'</p>	
21	21	<p>The car did not answer; it often clammed up when it was miffed.</p>	
22	22	<p>Michael was speaking to the microprocessor locus housed within the impenetrable, molecularly-bonded, black armour hide of the Knight Industries Two Thousand. Acronym: KITT. Status: Partner to Michael Knight – a partner that had saved his hide on numerous occasions from several kinds of skinning. The sleek black automobile combined all the technological advances created by the multibillion-dollar Knight Industries cartel into a single mobile, intelligent unit. As an all-inclusive information centre, urban tank and highspeed companion, it lacked only one element – a driver of complementary capacities.</p>	
23	23	<p>Knight Industries had discovered that man in Michael Knight, formerly Lieutenant Michael Arthur Long of Homicide, Reno, Nevada Police. Left for dead in the desert following a high-stakes sting operation gone awry, Lt. Long was saved from death by Wilton Knight, the Howard Hughes of Knight Industries, who had descended from the sky like some mythological being to spawn progeny from his own forehead.</p>	
		@@ -58,7 +58,7 @@	
58	58	<p>The strategy of doubling-down consisted of doubling the amount of one's bet in return for a single draw card. Since the object of blackjack was to get your card total closer to twenty-one than the dealer, doubling down on an eleven was ideal – the largest card value you could receive was a ten or a face card equalling ten, so there was no way to exceed twenty-one, to go 'bust'.</p>	
59	59	<p>'I think I'm being hornsoggled,' said Michael. He hit the button. KITT caught a jack of diamonds. Eleven plus ten equals twenty-one.</p>	
60	60	<p>'<i>Pay up</i>,' said KITT.</p>	
61		- <p>'Beginner's luck,' Michael snorted. Now a balance-due figure appeared in the upper right of screen. 'Get your money down or you don't play.'</p>	
	61	+ <p>'Beginner's luck,' Michael snorted. Now a balance-due figure appeared in the upper right of screen. 'Get your money down or you don't play.'</p>	
62	62	<p>KITT's ante appeared onscreen – four dollars, twice his previous bet.</p>	
63	63	<p>'Hey, this is getting expensive,' said Michael. 'You sure you don't want to save some of that back?'</p>	
64	64	<p>'<i>Is the house in the habit of advising the player</i>?'</p>	
		@@ -67,13 +67,13 @@	
67	67	<p>When Michael had lost fifty-six dollars, the number two video monitor came on. 'What is it?' he said. 'You want to play two hands at once?'</p>	
68	68	<p>'<i>Not a bad idea, Michael. I could make money twice as fast that way. April is calling in from the Foundation office</i>.'</p>	
69	69	<p>'Punch her through,' he said, and the screen lit up with April's face in tight closeup, a ringer for the billboard girl. She looked superlative even given the harshness of the video image, and the unflattering lighting.</p>	
70		- <p>'Hey, good-looking,' she said, and Michael felt something squirm about in his stomach. 'I see KITT's giving you a bath. I designed that blackjack program myself.'</p>	
	70	+ <p>'Hey, good-looking,' she said, and Michael felt something squirm about in his stomach. 'I see KITT's giving you a bath. I designed that blackjack program myself.'</p>	
71	71	<p>'I begin to feel I'm being had.'</p>	
72	72	<p>'<i>Oh, April gets half my winnings</i>,' said KITT.</p>	
73	73	<p>'KITT, you're a doll,' she said. 'Devon's got a pit stop for you guys to make in Vegas.'</p>	
74	74	<p>'And how is dear old dad?' said Michael cavalierly.</p>	
75	75	<p>Devon's cultured visage appeared on the screen, with a downturned mouth. 'I am not dear, neither am I old, and a little more decorum, Michael, if you please, in front of April.' </p>	
76		- <p>'Aye, aye, sir.'</p>	
	76	+ <p>'Aye aye, sir.'</p>	
77	77	<p>Devon cleared his throat, and spoke too loudly for the camera's microphone. 'There's a Caesar's Palace employee named Rita Wilcox working out on the Strip, and I want to get your impressions of her. She came to the Foundation with a rather offbeat tale about her missing brother . . .</p>	
78	78	<p>'Will do. Does she know I'm enroute?'</p>	
79	79	<p>'No. But do me a favour – check her out for me. See how her story resonates when she tells it to you.'</p>	
		@@ -85,7 +85,7 @@	
85	85	<p>Devon harrumphed loudly in the background, and April wisely chose not to belabour the information any more. Instead, she told Michael, 'And you got some mail.'</p>	
86	86	<p>Michael never received mail, so this surprised him. 'Old creditors? I've been drafted?'</p>	
87	87	<p>'It's an invitation to a wedding,' April said, obviously reading the gilt card just below-frame. 'It's that David Dalton guy, and Joanna St. John – the two you met last month. They're getting hitched.'</p>	
88		- <p>'It seemed like yesterday that Dalton, a maverick government man not unlike Michael himself, had saved Michael's life during the Eduardo O'Brien case . . . and Michael had saved the life of his fiancée, Joanna, during an imbroglio encompassing millions of dollars in smuggled Mexican gold, hired assassins, and a raid on a secret Army weapons depot in the California desert not far from his present location on the highway. When David and Joanna had met, it was like introducing oil to vinegar . . . but they, like Michael, had ignored the powers of fate. So, in a way, their engagement had been a logical outgrowth of the danger they had all shared. The news made Michael happy, and just a bit jealous – Joanna had been attracted to him as well, and had proved herself sharp, resourceful, and graceful under pressure. 'That's terrific; send them a cable and let them know I'll make the wedding come hell or high water,' he responded. 'And April? What are you doing opening and reading my mail?'</p>	
	88	+ <p>'It seemed like yesterday that Dalton, a maverick government man not unlike Michael himself, had saved Michael's life during the Eduardo O'Brien case . . . and Michael had saved the life of his fiancée, Joanna, during an imbroglio encompassing millions of dollars in smuggled Mexican gold, hired assassins, and a raid on a secret Army weapons depot in the California desert not far from his present location on the highway. When David and Joanna had met, it was like introducing oil to vinegar . . . but they, like Michael, had ignored the powers of fate. So, in a way, their engagement had been a logical outgrowth of the danger they had all shared. The news made Michael happy, and just a bit jealous – Joanna had been attracted to him as well, and had proved herself sharp, resourceful, and graceful under pressure. 'That's terrific; send them a cable and let them know I'll make the wedding come hell or high water,' he responded. 'And April? What are you doing opening and reading my mail?'</p>	
89	89	<p>She looked flustered for a beat, then shrugged, 'It's addressed "care of" the Foundation, so I took "care of" reading it.'</p>	
90	90	<p>'Grand. Tell Devon I'll be in Vegas in about ninety minutes, and I'll give him a full report.'</p>	
91	91	<p>April winked, and signed off. The screen went blank.</p>	

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		@@ -21,9 +21,9 @@	
21	21	<p>One man sat at first base – the seat immediately to the dealer's left, the first position to receive cards in a left-to-right deal – and he was sweating despite the air conditioning, which must have held the interior temperature at around forty degrees. He laid down a panic bet and gave up his last chip as a tip to the dealer. As he pushed back from the table, cleaned out, his eyes met Michael's.</p>	
22	22	<p>'Don't play against her if you're thinking about it, friend,' the man said, mopping perspiration from his brow with the sleeve of his cheap suitcoat. 'The good-looking ones are always pure poison.'</p>	
23	23	<p>'I feel lucky,' Michael countered, sliding onto a stool as the other, more heavyset man shambled away.</p>	
24		- <p>Rita's full mouth was open, and there was recognition in her stormy blue eyes. Her close-fitting dealer's blouse and apron revealed just enough for Michael to verify that she was a hale and attractive woman of fullsome dimensions. Her gaze was laser-sharp.</p>	
	24	+ <p>Rita's full mouth was open, and there was recognition in her stormy blue eyes. Her close-fitting dealer's blouse and apron revealed just enough for Michael to verify that she was a hale and attractive woman of fulsome dimensions. Her gaze was laser-sharp.</p>	
25	25	<p>'Garthe?' she said. 'Jeez – did you shave off your moustache? You look so-'</p>	
26		- <p>'I hate to say this,' he interrupted, 'But I'm not Garthe, I'm Michael – Michael Knight. The Foundation sent me to-'</p>	
	26	+ <p>'I hate to say this,' he interrupted, 'But I'm not Garthe, I'm Michael – Michael Knight. The Foundation sent me to-'</p>	
27	27	<p>He stopped talking when he saw the sexy slush of recognition on Rita's face quickly replaced by the cheesy paleness of sudden fear. She swallowed and fought to find her voice. 'I told them not to send anybody <i>here</i>!' she whispered harshly. 'I can't talk here!'</p>	
28	28	<p>'Then deal,' Michael said easily, laying down a ten-dollar bill in the betting circle.</p>	
29	29	<p>'Cash plays,' she announced over her shoulder to the pit boss, and shuffled four decks of cards into a dealing shoe. She regained her composure, hiding her surprise.</p>	
		@@ -33,7 +33,7 @@	
33	33	<p>'I get off at midnight,' said Rita, <i>so-to voice</i>. 'Meet me by the fountain, outside, okay?'</p>	
34	34	<p>To pass the time until midnight, he tooled around greater Las Vegas, bought some magazines, stored away a dinner at a place called the Green Shack, and lost some more money to KITT at computer blackjack.</p>	
35	35	<p>She appeared at the appointed location precisely at 12:02, and he escorted her to the car. Like most people who rode in KITT's passenger bucket, she gave the blinking and jumping readouts of the Super Dash a cocked-eye glance of interest and confusion.</p>	
36		- <p>'Thanks for the lift,' she said, more at ease now. 'And for waiting. Hated to do that but, you know, they're watching us all the time in there with cameras and stuff, and I don't want them to think I'm cheating the casino.' She crossed her legs in the deep footwell; they were a striking pair of legs, nicely outlined by black hosiery.</p>	
	36	+ <p>'Thanks for the lift,' she said, more at ease now. And for waiting. Hated to do that but, you know, they're watching us all the time in there with cameras and stuff, and I don't want them to think I'm cheating the casino.' She crossed her legs in the deep footwell; they were a striking pair of legs, nicely outlined by black hosiery.</p>	
37	37	<p>'You've been a dealer for a while?'</p>	
38	38	<p>She fidgeted, then launched into a story she'd obviously told before, many times. 'I came here to be a nightclub singer – with my brother, Ron, you know? He played keyboards and was just a musical wizard with pop-funk.'</p>	
39	39	<p>Michael stifled his immediate response. Everyone came to Las Vegas to be a star, as if it was some kind of low-rent version of Hollywood. Those women who didn't achieve overnight fame, and didn't become dealers, either became waitresses or prostitutes. Or they hightailed it back home, to whatever dingy small town they'd left behind for fame.</p>	
		@@ -56,7 +56,7 @@	
56	56	<p>'Do you know what the word <i>antithesis</i> means?'</p>	
57	57	<p>Michael smiled gamely, at sea. 'That one wasn't on my Word-a-Day vocabulary builder this month.'</p>	
58	58	<p>'You're the antithesis of Garthe Bishop – the opposite. Garthe without the earring and moustache. You seem benevolent; he's sinister. Like twins. Or Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. The resemblance is uncanny. I think I like you, Mr Knight, but please be sure of one thing.'</p>	
59		- <p>'What's that?'</p>	
	59	+ <p>'What's that?'</p>	
60	60	<p>'Garthe Bishop isn't going to like you, one bit.' Then she turned and nearly fled to her apartment.</p>	
61	61	<p>Michael sat there wondering just what on earth Devon had got him into <i>this</i>.</p>	
62	62	<p> </p>	
		@@ -70,7 +70,7 @@	
70	70	<p>'No one's invented a better phrase. I'll stick by it. Vodka and tonic?' She lifted a glass.</p>	
71	71	<p>'Ah. You remembered.'</p>	
72	72	<p>'Of course.' She stared at him eye-to-eye, leaning on one small fist on the bar, watching him, examining him, drinking him in. Devon finally turned his attention back to the window – discreetly.</p>	
73		- <p>'I was surprised – though pleased – at your phone call to the Foundation. It's been well over three years.'</p>	
	73	+ <p>'I was surprised – though pleased – at your phone call to the Foundation. It's been well over three years.'</p>	
74	74	<p>'Three years, six months, ten days and . . .' she consulted a diamond-studded watch . . . twenty hours. But who's counting?'</p>	
75	75	<p>Devon was surprised by the speed with which his old, accustomed caution around Elizabeth leapt back. He had always been wary of her, and knew that her capable directness and considerable charm could become keen-edged without warning, like a concealed weapon suddenly whipped forth.</p>	
76	76	<p>Anticipating him, she beat him to the punchline: 'I suppose we've known each other too long and too well to dismiss my call as a social excuse to see you. You're waiting for me to tell you what I want, correct?' Her smile had not wavered.</p>	
		@@ -86,15 +86,15 @@	
86	86	<p>'That made her laugh, and her laugh made him happy. I've had Jordan prepare some hors d'oeuvres. Shall I call him in to serve?'</p>	
87	87	<p>'As long as he leaves immediately afterward.'</p>	
88	88	<p>'Excellent,' she nodded. 'I want you all to myself.'</p>	
89		- <p>'Sounds ominous. Or perhaps, hopeful. Are you sure you don't have some ulterior motive tucked neatly between the canapés and the small talk?'</p>	
	89	+ <p>'Sounds ominous. Or perhaps, hopeful. Are you sure you don't have some ulterior motive tucked neatly between the canapes and the small talk?'</p>	
90	90	<p>She broadcast a sage expression. 'Ah, but I gave up ulterior motives years ago. When I desire something from a man, he's generally aware of what I want.'</p>	
91		- <p>'The temperature in the room seemed to be rising subtly. Devon said, 'Perhaps we can open a window as well, and enjoy the view.'</p>	
	91	+ <p>'The temperature in the room seemed to be rising subtly. Devon said, 'Perhaps we can open a window as well, and enjoy the view.'</p>	
92	92	<p>'That's what servants are for,' she said. 'Let's get Jordan out of the way for the rest of the evening, shall we?'</p>	
93	93	<p>She yanked on the bellrope with anticipation glimmering in her eyes.</p>	
94	94	<p> </p>	
95	95	<p class="no-indent">'You'd better not have another twenty,' Michael warned KITT, dourly staring at the blackjack display on the number two monitor. 'That would be three in a row.'</p>	
96	96	<p>KITT revealed his hand – a jack and a ten. '<i>Twenty beats nineteen. Thank you, Michael</i>.'</p>	
97		- <p>'Stop thanking me!' he said as he drove back to Caesar's. 'It's just beginner's luck.'</p>	
	97	+ <p>'Stop thanking me!' he said as he drove back to Caesar's. 'It's just beginner's luck.'</p>	
98	98	<p>'<i>Correction. It was beginner's luck yesterday. Today I am no longer a beginner, in addition to which luck is no longer a factor. The odds for blackjack give the house – you – an advantage of point-six percent. But if the player uses logic and -</i>'</p>	
99	99	<p>'Okay, okay. Did the analyzer give us anything on the key Rita gave us?'</p>	
100	100	<p>'<i>Tests reveal little. The key was ground from commercial stock blanks, available anywhere. Not likely we can trace the locker from the key . . . but I'm working on it.</i>'</p>	
		@@ -104,7 +104,7 @@	
104	104	<p>April looked harried. She also appeared to have stayed up all night, or slept in her clothes. 'Michael? You've got to come back to L.A. right away!'</p>	
105	105	<p>'What's up?'</p>	
106	106	<p>'It's Devon – he went on his date last night and -'</p>	
107		- <p>'And he hasn't come back yet,' Michael chuckled. 'That sly old silver fox. April, don't worry about him; I'm sure he can take care of himsel-'</p>	
	107	+ <p>'And he hasn't come back yet,' Michael chuckled. 'That sly old silver fox. April, don't worry about him; I'm sure he can take care of himsel-'</p>	
108	108	<p>'No, no, you don't understand! He's here, right now, in the study with Dr Alpert. He wants you to come back immediately.'</p>	
109	109	<p>'But I haven't finished with Rita Wilcox yet. He told me to find out about -'</p>	
110	110	<p>She interrupted him again, upset. 'Michael, Devon was poisoned last night!'</p>	

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		@@ -31,21 +31,21 @@	
31	31	<p>'I'm surprised he wasn't skinned right away.'</p>	
32	32	<p>'While he was awaiting execution, he was befriended by Tsombe Kuna. You know the name?'</p>	
33	33	<p>Michael nodded. 'The main man of the so-called Pan-African Liberation Movement– the terrorists who use the little palm tree as their insignia.'</p>	
34		- <p>'Tsombe Kuna was freed by a PALM raid; he took Garthe out with him . . . that is, we <i>think</i> that's what happened.' Devon spread his arms to indicate the enormity of what they did not know. Speculation had to fill in the gaps – even news correspondents found out nothing in the war-torn province . . . except how to get their own hides out of the country during the thick of a revolution. 'Garthe had extorted a great deal of deeded African land in the southern part of the country. Much of the property incorporated diamond mines that had been shut down for being unsafe.'</p>	
	34	+ <p>'Tsombe Kuna was freed by a PALM raid; he took Garthe I out with him . . . that is, we <i>think</i> that's what happened.' Devon spread his arms to indicate the enormity of what they did not know. Speculation had to fill in the gaps – even news correspondents found out nothing in the war-torn province . . . except how to get their own hides out of the country during the thick of a revolution. 'Garthe had extorted a great deal of deeded African land in the southern part of the country. Much of the property incorporated diamond mines that had been shut down for being unsafe.'</p>	
35	35	<p>'Sounds like Garthe and Tsombe Kuna made a deal.'</p>	
36		- <p>'Garthe supplied the real estate, and Kuna provided the labour force. His Red Berets are fanatically devoted, crack troops. They would follow any order Kuna gave, no matter how outrageous.'</p>	
	36	+ <p>'Garthe supplied the real estate, and Kuna provided the labour force. His Red Berets are fanatically devoted, crack troops. They would follow any order Kuna gave, no matter how outrageous.'</p>	
37	37	<p>'And he ordered them to take up diamond mining, to re-establish a financial power base.' Michael understood.</p>	
38		- <p>'They needed high-technology weapons in order to make themselves a viable threat. But more than that, Kuna and Garthe became fast friends, based on a mutually parasitic relationship. During their first year of operation, they pulled approximately fifty million dollars out of their illegal diamond mines.'</p>	
	38	+ <p>'They needed high-technology weapons in order to make themselves a viable threat. But more than that, Kuna and Garthe became fast friends, based on a mutually parasitic relationship. During their first year of operation, they pulled approximately fifty million dollars out of their illegal diamond mines.'</p>	
39	39	<p>'That's quite a cash base.' April had returned with the coffee tray. Michael served himself while she tended to Devon.</p>	
40	40	<p>'I'm convinced,' Devon continued, 'that Garthe contacted his mother sometime last year. Whatever they're planning together has been in the works for at least that long.'</p>	
41	41	<p>'What about the, um . . . ' Michael stroked his shaven chin.</p>	
42	42	<p>' . . . the family resemblance.'</p>	
43	43	<p>'Partially the fault of genes,' said Devon. 'Garthe was the spitting image of his father. Partially Wilton himself – you see, he never quite got over the loss of Garthe, particularly when Garthe ran so contrary to everything Wilton believed in. It was easy to imagine his son dead. And so, when the doctors were surgically rebuilding your ruined face, their reference came not only from the old OSS photographs of the younger Wilton, but from the very few photos that existed of Garthe. Wilton didn't even keep them in the house; he never looked at them, or mentioned Garthe's name. But the use of the taboo Garthe photos was by explicit order of Wilton's.'</p>	
44	44	<p>'You were the guy who pulled the photos,' Michael recalled.</p>	
45	45	<p>'Yes, and to me, at the time, it wasn't a deception. Garthe Knight was dead for all of us. And Wilton had to exploit what he saw not only as an opportunity to launch his FLAG program . . . but to "remake" his lost son, literally in his own image, as you accused him of doing when you first came to us. I was offended by your cheek, then. Now, I acknowledge it as a bitter truth.'</p>	
46		- <p>'So Wilton Knight got what he wanted all along – the FLAG program, piloted by a "good" version of his errant son.' Michael whistled slowly between his teeth. 'What a spectacular foul-up . . . '</p>	
	46	+ <p>'So Wilton Knight got what he wanted all along – the FLAG program, piloted by a "good" version of his errant son.' Michael whistled slowly between his teeth. 'What a spectacular foul-up . . . '</p>	
47	47	<p>'Only because Garthe didn't die in Africa, as he was probably destined to.'</p>	
48		- <p>'Michael shook his head. 'Destined to? You mean because he was "evil"? You know, Devon, a lot of the African people hold residual superstitious beliefs. Maybe Garthe survived through the power of his own evil. Maybe he's a zombie, returned to haunt Wilton Knight . . . only he's a bit too late.' 'That gives me the willies,' said April.</p>	
	48	+ <p>'Michael shook his head. 'Destined to? You mean because he was "evil"? You know, Devon, a lot of the African people hold residual superstitious beliefs. Maybe Garthe survived through the power of his own evil. Maybe he's a zombie, returned to haunt Wilton Knight . . . only he's a bit too late.' 'That gives me the willies,' said April.</p>	
49	49	<p>'I don't believe in the supernatural,' said Devon, with rock-hard conviction.</p>	
50	50	<p>'He goes by the name of Bishop, now, according to Rita,' said Michael. 'What about that?'</p>	
51	51	<p>'His mother's maiden name – the one she received her support cheques from the Foundation under, as I recall,' said Devon. 'Ironic, in a way.'</p>	
		@@ -63,7 +63,7 @@	
63	63	<p>'Wilton Knight foresaw the danger of recording the formula anywhere. Instead, the components were divided into three groups of two each. Each two-ingredient list was entrusted to a hand-picked confidant. Wilton knew the entire formula of course, but hypnotized himself in order to lock it up in his brain behind certain key words none of us knew. However, the three aides were his fail-safe. Any two of the three could combine their knowledge and reproduce the formula – but one, working alone, could not.'</p>	
64	64	<p>'You talk as though you were one of the three.'</p>	
65	65	<p>'I was. That's what has me concerned.'</p>	
66		- <p>'I ran a data fetch on the other two men,' said April. 'Prof. Henry LaCosta is alive and well in Geneva. But Dr Kyle Elliot disappeared from his hotel in Rio de Janeiro last Tuesday . . . and no one has seen him since.'</p>	
	66	+ <p>'I ran a data fetch on the other two men,' said April. 'Prof. Henry LaCosta is alive and well in Geneva. But Dr Kyle Elliot disappeared from his hotel in Rio de Janeiro last Tuesday . . . and no one has seen him since.'</p>	
67	67	<p>'Devon picked it up. 'Dr Alpert identified the toxin residue in my blood as an extract from the African gum tree. It's called <i>oluta</i>. Masai warriors used to tip their spears with it. In more sparing doses, <i>oluta</i> serves quite nicely as an herbal version of sodium penicathol – truth serum.'</p>	
68	68	<p>'Elizabeth Bishop slipped you an <i>oluta</i>?</p>	
69	69	<p>'Right into my vodka-and-tonic. I was so suffused with self-satisfaction at seeing her again I never noticed the flat taste. Five minutes later, <i>bang</i>! Darkness. And I woke up with April and Dr Alpert hovering over me.'</p>	