

Foreword:	'Reminiscences of an English Gentleman in Turkey and Surrounding Countries.'
Chapter One:	The First Birthday Present.
Chapter Two:	The Black Searchers.
Chapter Three:	The Second Birthday Present
Chapter Four:	The Society of International Tramps
Chapter Five:	Night Encounter on the Paris - Venice Express
Chapter Six:	The Dungeons in the Doge's Palace
Chapter Seven:	A Fax from home.
Chapter Eight:	The Stone Cross.
Chapter Nine:	Pete Crow Interrogated
Chapter Ten:	Lindy Alone
Chapter Eleven:	The Cistern of 1001 Columns
Chapter Twelve:	Pete's Long Wait
Chapter Thirteen:	The Old Citadel in Ankara
Chapter Fourteen:	Major Billings suggests a Phone Tap
Chapter Fifteen:	The Sunken Gorge near Nar Golu
Chapter Sixteen:	The Eighth Tower attacked
Chapter Seventeen:	The Mist that came Above and Below
Chapter Eighteen:	The Final Solution



- but it suited him not to refer to it.

If anyone ever reads this book they will be able to judge for themselves how culpable I was for I shall lay out the details as plainly and honestly as I can. 'If anyone!' It should be my son but I doubt he can read.

Not that his mother was ill-educated. The daughter of a village schoolmaster cannot be so, even if she lives in a small Turkish village. There was, however, never a real bond between us, partly because I had but an inadequate knowledge of her language, and partly because I was obsessed by my ambition to return to England and marry into the landed gentry.

I thought it was compensation enough to leave my wife and son the bulk of my treasure. It seemed to me a generous gesture. Pathetic clown!

They needed not the treasure but me, yet all I could think about was my wretched social status.

Perhaps it was foolish of them to take my injunction literally that they should be the Guardians of the Treasure, but then I am forced to realise that it was the simple honesty of my wife that persuaded her to carry out my instructions to the letter. It was only much later, when I was approaching old age, that I heard of the dreadful consequences of that decision.

As to my plans to marry into a higher class, they suffered the fate they deserved. I ended my days as a foolish old bachelor living alone in a small house in the Vale of Health on Hampstead Heath. It was from there that I paid my last incognito visit to Turkey in order to lay down some clues as to the whereabouts of Schliemann's (my) Treasure. I knew of no-one I could



bequeath it to. My wife was long dead and my son? Unthinkable.

In the end I left it to fate, thinking that the force that had dealt so harshly with me might look more kindly on someone else.

It is a strange feeling to know a great secret yet have no-one to tell it to. In some ways it sustains me. The first clue shall be in this book. Where will it end up?

If it remains undiscovered I shall instruct that it be auctioned, together with the rest of my belongings, the proceeds to be left tax-free to the Travellers' Club of which I am a member, after a sum has been laid aside to purchase a book-case with my name inscribed upon it. It will, of course, never house my book, for that will end its days in some stranger's book-case, where I hope it will be happy.

In due course, the stranger may well sell it himself, perhaps to one of those book-shops near the British Museum, perhaps to an uncaring relative. 'We bring nothing into this world etcetera, etcetera.' Here follows Chapter the First....