

Arda explained the plan to him. "We'll need more people," she said, "people we can trust."

"I can bring Ivo and Nazar," said Jago. "They sometimes help us to move art and I know we can trust them. Then we can arrange for more people to help us at the church. Leave it to me."

Two hours later it was dark. Arda, Jago, and the two other young men got into Jago's truck and drove to Amir Kalev's large house just outside the city.

"Hello, father," said Arda, as she kissed the top of the old man's head in the Kalastian sign of respect. She introduced the group to him in his comfortable living room.

"Good evening, sir," said Jago to Amir Kalev. "It's wonderful to meet you, and to be working with other followers of the Jurka." It was the first time that he had mentioned it, but Arda had guessed that Jago was a follower of the Jurka.

Amir Kalev was now in his seventies and a retired lawyer. Though he had never been in public life as his wife had, he had been a famous member of the Jurka in his day. "These are dangerous times to be in the Jurka," the older man said seriously. "You should all be very careful." He looked at the young men and then finally at his daughter. Amir didn't say anything to her, but Arda knew that he was thinking about Jana Kalev, the wife whom he had lost eight years before.

"Come on," said Arda, "we don't have much time."

Quickly, the four of them took the paintings from the basement of the Amir Kalev's house and loaded them into Jago's truck. Then Jago drove them to the old church. On the way he called the other young people who would help

them. When Arda, Jago, Ivo, and Nazar arrived at the old church, they were met by five more people—three young men and two young women—all dressed in dark clothes. "These are all friends of mine," said Jago, smiling. "Lovers of art—and of course, followers of the Jurka political party."

Jago had brought small lights for everyone, to help them see in the tunnel. Now he gave them out. Arda looked round the group. Their faces were young and keen, excited by the adventure. She could see their breath in the cold night air. Arda smiled at Jago and his friends. "Thank you for helping," she said to them.

"You're welcome," said one of the young women, smiling. "When Jago told us your idea, there was no way we could say no."

"We have to resist these Banda thugs!" said one of the young men.

"Come on." Arda led them inside the church. Gora had told her exactly where the tunnel came out.

Well inside the dark church, Arda lifted a stone square and showed the others the door in the floor that led to the tunnel. "You see?" she said. "If you go down these stone steps, you'll get to the tunnel that leads all the way to the National Gallery."

"How long is the tunnel?" asked one of the young men.

"Gora said it's about a kilometer," said Arda.

"Let's work quickly, friends," said Jago. "We have just six or seven hours before it starts to get light again."

*And we have a lot to do,* thought Arda. She wondered if they would manage it. They had to get the worthless art into the National Gallery, then hide the real art in the tunnel. Would