

Of mixed Italian and Jewish heritage, LaGuardia went by the nickname Little Flower, which is the literal English translation of Fiorello. As a Congressman in the 1920s, LaGuardia had repeatedly spoken out against prohibition and the crime it generated. While on the mayoral campaign trail, LaGuardia had bitterly denounced city hall corruption and organized crime.

Like Dewey, LaGuardia was genuinely disgusted with the criminal underworld and its ability to manipulate legal and political institutions. He was determined to set a new tone for city government. On his first day in office, LaGuardia made a stirring radio address to the nation in which he promised to crack down hard on crime.

LaGuardia took personal aim at certain local gangsters, including Schultz. The new mayor ordered police to seize illegal slot machines Schultz had installed in various establishments around town. As the press looked on, the Little Flower took a sledgehammer and smashed these machines to bits. Other slot machines were thrown into the East River. Schultz raged but he couldn't do anything about it. Even for a gangster of Schultz's status, it would be suicide to threaten the mayor of New York City. But although his empire seemed to be crumbling, it wasn't all doom and gloom.

To the surprise of his associates, Schultz developed an interest in spiritual matters. He had always been a non-practicing Jew, but now he began exploring Catholic rites and rituals. Something about Catholicism fascinated him. He even toyed with the idea of converting. On top of this spiritual renaissance, Schultz had another transformation; he became a father.

On June 26, 1934, Frances, who was now calling herself Schultz's wife even though they weren't legally married, gave birth to a girl. The happy parents named her Anne

Davis Flegenheimer—the Davis being in honour of Dixie Davis.

This period of calm domesticity did not last long, however. With the new squeaky-clean mayor in town, federal authorities continued to strike hard against Schultz.

In late 1934, Henry Morgenthau Jr. (FDR's Secretary of the Treasury) put in phone calls to Mayor LaGuardia and J. Edgar Hoover—head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI). Arthur Flegenheimer was the subject of both calls.

Morgenthau told LaGuardia that they had a common interest in incarcerating Schultz. The Secretary of the Treasury pledged his full support for the mayor's crackdown on crime.

The Secretary told Hoover much the same thing. Hoover also promised to turn up the heat on Schultz. After his conversation with Morgenthau, Hoover announced that Schultz was now an undercover Public Enemy Number One. The designation meant the FBI considered Schultz to be one of the top criminals at large in America.

Schultz, who was still officially in hiding, was getting annoyed with all this attention. He wanted to get back to running his rackets without any undue interference from the law.

At this point, he finally realized he couldn't keep ducking the charges against him. Wise businessman that he was, Schultz had his lawyers travel to Washington D.C. in an attempt to negotiate a settlement of his income tax problems. Maybe if he paid up, the federal government would leave him alone.

Schultz's lawyers met with various officials around town. They also passed word to Morgenthau that Schultz would be glad to pay \$100,000 to settle his \$92,000 tax bill. A bribe was implicit in the offer.

The Secretary of the Treasury wasn't interested. His reply to Schultz's lawyers was stern and devastating. He told them

This transcript can also be found online at <http://feastofhateandfear.com/archives/dutch.html> and <http://www.killthedutchman.net/>.



Death bed of Dutch Schulz

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Internet Resources

www.crimelibrary.com



A recent photograph of Detective First Grade Salvador Grosso, "Sonny," wearing his customary turtleneck sweater

Deputy Chief Inspector Edward F. Carey and Detective Eddie Egan discuss the Fuca case (*Paris Match* photo)



electrical system was operative. The ignition was switched on. The unusual bolts were unscrewed.

The tinny plate covering the splash pan under the left front fender was removed first. There was a hollow trap inside — a detective was able to shove his entire arm into it without obstruction. The secret trap seemed to extend from the front of the car all the way to the back. Now they uncovered more traps on the other side of the Buick and behind and under the headlights. There was easily enough space for 112 pounds of heroin in small packages, and then some.

Using powerful vacuum tubes, the police investigators cleaned out the traps in the Buick and examined the residue. A small amount of white powder, perhaps as much as half an inch of cigarette ash, was found in the vacuum cleaner and tested. The Marquis test showed this residue to be an opium derivative.

Eddie Egan and Sonny Grosso had a hunch where to start looking for clues to the hiding place of the eighty-eight pounds of junk which were still missing. Several times during the investigation they had observed Patsy in or near Anthony's Garage on East Broadway. Maybe that place was a drop for either the missing dope or the "bread" or both.

The two marched into Anthony's on January 27, assuming a pseudo-official air of stern suspicion, although of course they had nothing more incriminating than the fact that a key figure in a major arrest was known to have patronized the auto shop. Their bluff interrogation paid off to the extent that an intimidated Anthony Feola, owner and chief mechanic, nervously admitted that Patsy had paid him fifty dollars to replace the splash panels under the fenders of the 1960 Buick, and coat the bolts with some kind of mud from a jar that Patsy had given him. Then Feola parked the car outside on East Broadway and left it there. But this information produced little more than the satisfaction of filling in a few more details in the overall picture.

A thorough examination of the garage at No. 45 East End

Avenue had turned up nothing more enlightening than confirmation that Angelvin's Buick had been checked there for a couple of days. It had been deposited on Tuesday, January 16, by a foreign type (Angelvin) and driven out on the eighteenth by the same person. Between times, Patsy Fuca had brought Travato's Cadillac in, left it, and gone somewhere in the Buick; it had been out all one night (Tuesday) and was returned late the next day by Patsy, but where he had driven was still unknown.

The police decided that it was unlikely that Sol Friedman, owner of the garage, whom they knew to be a shrewd, cautious individual, would have risked permitting the actual transfer of so large a load of junk on his premises, sensitive as he had to be about his already shaky relationship with the law. They had small doubt that Friedman *knew* what was going on — though, again, this would be difficult to prove sufficiently to prosecute even a conspiracy charge. But they reached the conclusion that No. 45 East End Avenue had been only a relay station in the disposal operation. Patsy had transported the Buick somewhere else to unload.

Then, checking their files, they were reminded that Friedman had a near-silent partner, Arnie Shulman, a hoodlum who was known to have been involved in narcotics. Shulman had a share of the No. 45 East End Avenue concession and he also owned another commercial garage on Tremont Avenue in the Bronx in which Friedman had no interest. And this garage was only six blocks from where Patsy's brother Tony lived.

Egan and Grosso drove to the Bronx. With a picture of Angelvin's car they casually wandered into Shulman's garage and found an old mechanic working on a wreck at the rear. They showed him the picture and asked if this car had been in the garage. The mechanic looked at the picture and Egan thought he detected a flash of recognition — but the garageman at first was noncommittal. Egan bore in on him, and after a few moments of tough talk the mechanic remembered that the Buick had been brought in the week before by three men, one of whom he

thought he recognized from the neighborhood. The men had worked on it for most of an afternoon and then driven it away. Egan patted the old mechanic on the shoulder soothingly, commended him on his public-spirited attitude, and he and Grosso departed, winking at one another.

The detectives made for Tony Fuca's house. They had never figured that Tony was an important cog in the Angelo Tuminaro apparatus. Like Patsy's friend Nicky Travato, longshoreman Tony was roughhewn, little educated and, as far as the police could determine, not particularly bright. They had no past record on him. He had been around Patsy a great deal and obviously had been helpful to his brother, like tending the Brooklyn luncheonette on weekends. Even after the raid on his apartment which had turned up the three-and-a-half ounces of heroin and a loaded pistol, the police had regarded Tony as little more than a muscular stooge, an accessory surely, but hardly one to whom the Mafia might entrust a fortune in responsibility and goods.

But now Egan and Grosso reassessed probabilities. They remembered a monitored telephone conversation between Patsy and "Uncle Harry" the night before the arrests. Talking about some clothing that Patsy was supposed to have just acquired, "Uncle Harry" suggested that Patsy could "only use a few suits at a time" and that he ought to "put the rest away" in storage. The "few suits" could have been the eleven kilos seized in Joe Fuca's basement which was to have been current inventory for the local organization, as administered by Patsy for Little Angie. The "rest" could be hidden away in some reliable place, to be drawn upon according to the demands of the marketplace.

Put the rest away, "Uncle Harry" had advised, and Patsy had assured him that he had. But, beyond a few odd ounces, no big stuff had been found in Patsy's own house, in his luncheonette, in Nicky Travato's apartment or in Tony Fuca's flat. But then one of the detectives who had arrested Tony returned from a brief holiday and revealed that only Tony's *apartment* had been searched the night of the arrests; the rest of the building had

been untouched. This opened a new vein of thought to Egan and Grosso. Tony's house was not far from Shulman's Garage, where they were sure the transfer from Angelvin's Buick had been made.

Tony Fuca lived with his wife Peggy and their two small daughters at 1171 Bryant Avenue in the lower Bronx in a building that was a half-step away from being a firetrap. It was a drab five-story walk-up of dirty brown brick, indistinguishable from adjacent buildings or, for that matter, from thousands of other walk-ups in lower-class sections of New York. The streets and sidewalks were littered with debris and scraps of garbage. The neighborhood was tucked in a dreary residential pocket bounded by busy thoroughfares such as Westchester Avenue and Southern Boulevard. At one time it had been shared largely by Italian and Eastern European Jewish immigrants, but now there had been an influx of Puerto Ricans, and few of the Italians and Jews remained. Tony was one of the few Italians. He and his family lived in a three-and-a-half-room flat on the top floor.

While Egan was scouting the neighborhood, Grosso went to see the janitor. At the side of the building was a ramp down into an alleyway separating No. 1171 from the adjacent apartment house. An ill-fitting wood door with glass panels in its upper half led into the basement. Inside, a narrow corridor off the entryway led to the boiler room, where Sonny found the janitor stoking the hot water heater. A lean, sharp-eyed man of fifty or more, he listened expressionless as the officer identified himself. Sonny explained that there had been a recent series of burglaries in the vicinity and that the police were quietly investigating each apartment house in an attempt to uncover a possible hiding place for the stolen goods. "We don't say it's this building," the detective said, "but in case it might be, where around here could people stash things that nobody would be likely to find?"

The janitor pointed behind Sonny back along the corridor. "Well, there's a closet for paint, and a storage room, for old



Jacques Angelvin pleads innocence as he is booked, January 18, 1962.
Eddie Egan, center, looks on (United Press International photo)



Record haul of 88 pounds of pure heroin is displayed by some of the arresting officers after seizure in Tony Fuca's basement (February 25, 1962). Tony, left, is held by Vinnie Hawkes; man in suit, center, is Deputy Chief Inspector of N.Y. Narcotics Bureau Edward Carey; on his left, Sgt. Jack Fleming of Special Investigating Unit; Agent Frank Waters of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, and N.Y. narcotics agent Ben Fitzgerald.

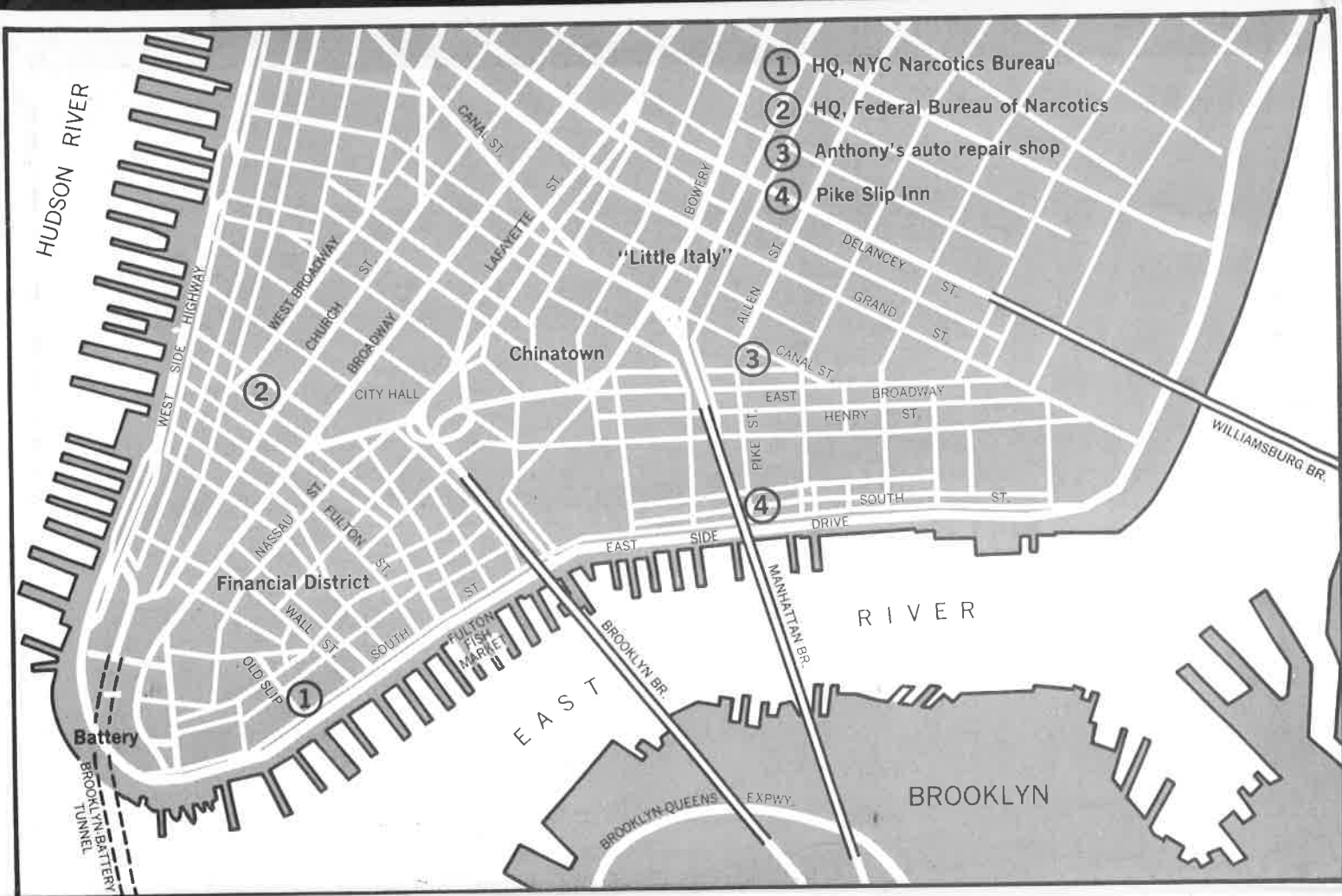
from January 14 to 16, 1963, neither side was sure what the court. Again, the police and d what they felt was overwhelming ants, were concerned lest one tec ing the judge to rule against use trial.

But on April 15, Judge Com press. The trial finally was set fo ten months after the arrests of

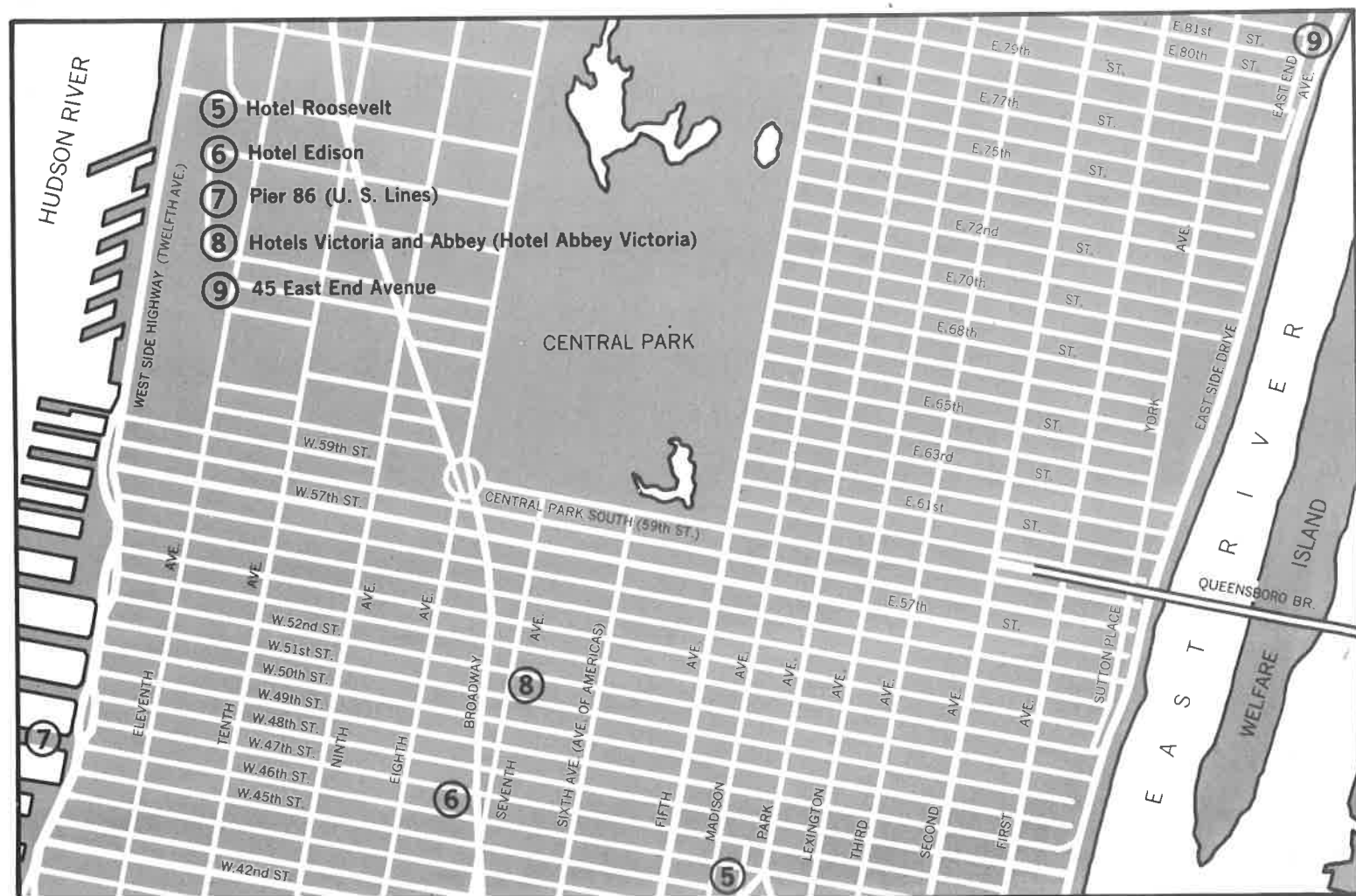
Meanwhile, the district attorn paring the case. At the special Detectives Egan and Grosso were specifically assigned to help prep Fuca case and remain in this ca Assistant District Attorney Fran cute, with Egan and Grosso secu Municipal Building at Borough E every detail of the case from the Copacabana that fateful evening the walls with maps prepared b Every place where Patsy Fuca a served through January 18, 196 and calendars. A recording and the office and every tape of the surveillance of the defendants rev

Immediately after Judge Com Attorney Frank Bauman left for evidence originating there.

Shortly after his departure, to the most reliable police "stools" for Egan and Grosso, most vital had let a "contract" to eliminate The report even had it that the k



- ① HQ, NYC Narcotics Bureau
- ② HQ, Federal Bureau of Narcotics
- ③ Anthony's auto repair shop
- ④ Pike Slip Inn



- ⑤ Hotel Roosevelt
- ⑥ Hotel Edison
- ⑦ Pier 86 (U. S. Lines)
- ⑧ Hotels Victoria and Abbey (Hotel Abbey Victoria)
- ⑨ 45 East End Avenue

- ① Patsy's Luncheonette
- ② Joseph Fuca's house
- ③ Patsy's house
- ④ Nicky Travato's house
- ⑤ Anthony's auto repair shop
- ⑥ Pike Slip Inn
- ⑦ HQ, NYC Narcotics Bureau
- ⑧ Hotel Roosevelt
- ⑨ Hotel Edison
- ⑩ Pier 86 (U.S. Lines)
- ⑪ Hotels Victoria and Abbey (Hotel Abbey Victoria)
- ⑫ 45 East End Avenue
- ⑬ HQ, Federal Bureau of Narcotics
- ⑭ Tony Fuca's house



B R O O K L Y N

B R O N X

Q U E E N S

M A N H A T T A N

N E W J E R S E Y

QUEENS

BROOKLYN

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The first cop on the scene was a short, balding guy in a plaid sports coat named Teddy Wasynczuk, a detective from Homicide who'd seen so many murders in his tour of duty that he actually found he was whistling as he parked his car near the corpse. At least this one didn't get him out of bed. It was high noon, and although high noon in Miami meant heat rippling off the tar like upside-down lava, he'd still be home for supper. That is, if some other poor dolt didn't get caught in the cocaine crossfire before the day was through.

The second person on the scene was Sherry Estabrook, a fact that made Wasynczuk whistle even more brightly. He loved reporters, especially if they managed to spell his name right, which Estabrook always did. She was one of the best in town. And a real treat to talk to. A flirt. A beautiful, funny, sassy-mouthed flirt.

Wasynczuk stepped out of his dented police-issue sedan and called her name. But Sherry was already too far away to hear him, crouching above the dead body and examining its wounds dispassionately. In one hand, she held a reporter's notebook, in the other a fountain pen. A moment later, she stood up, straightened her short red skirt, checked the bottom of her high heels for muck, and jotted down a few words.

"Sherry, Sherry—you mistress of Miami murders—how ya doin'?" Wasynczuk was by her side now, chatting familiarly. "When they gonna graduate you off the streets and into the air-conditioned comfort of the editor's desk?"

"Never!" Sherry cracked back. "I'm never going to let them." She smirked, and Wasynczuk couldn't help but notice that even her smirk was charming. As usual, she was made up with the perfection of a high-fashion model—no lipstick on her teeth, turquoise eyes carefully outlined in black, her long hair sprayed into a sexy mane. The word around the station was that Estabrook was the daughter of some muckety-muck Boston judge and that

Eleanor Estabrook had put small notes on every tray—*We love you, Sherry*, or *Please let us know what you need*, or once, in her mother's hand, *Dear, was the pot roast too dry? I'm so sorry*. But Sherry hadn't answered, except once, to write, *I'll come out when I can*. She had run out of things to say after her first night home, when she sat her parents down in the living room and talked to them, her head bowed or her eyes averted out the windows toward the sea, for five hours straight. She told them the whole story of her failed escape to Miami, from the moment she talked her way into a job in Jack Dougherty's office to the moment she saw herself reflected in Manuel's eyes. She told them about the day she dumped her trash on the Beauregards' front lawn, about the raucous sound of Brazil's laugh, about Jeanie's rain-colored eyes and her baby's innocent Cracker stare. She told them about getting screwed by Charles in the backseat of the car before Alice's wedding, about her dead-of-night meeting with Mimi Lopez, about the lovely look on Belinda's face as she lay dying. Every word she spoke was the truth, at last. When she was done, she looked up to see her parents still sitting side by side, holding hands in the faithful way she knew so well, looking exactly as they had when she began, except that their faces had gone ashen with shock and their clothes were drenched with tears. The only times she had seen them since then were from her third-floor window—her mother frantically forcing dormant rosebushes in the frozen ground of February, her father walking on the seawall in his shirtsleeves late at night, both of them looking lost and half-mad. She barely recognized them. And now, in the kitchen, she knew why. They had changed as much as she had.

"Dad," Sherry said abruptly, "I want to tell you that I'm really sorry—"

But Laurence Estabrook wouldn't let her go on. "Don't apologize to me, Sherry," he said quickly, as if he'd been waiting to say the words for a long time. He leaned back in his chair and placed his arms across his chest awkwardly. "It's my fault, everything is. Your mother and I have discussed it—and it's really my fault, Sherry. It was the way I handled that thing"—his face closed down in a pained grimace—"that incident in my study. Terrible. Just terrible, Sherry. I shouldn't have told you those things." His voice trailed off.

But Sherry wanted him to go on. "Told me what?" she asked

She found him in the kitchen, alone, drinking black coffee from a china teacup and reading the newspaper through tortoiseshell bifocals. For a moment, she stood in the door to watch him in wonder—how he had changed, Sherry thought sadly. Gone was the sturdy Yankee expression, the ramrod back, the critical blue eyes. Since she'd come home, he'd let his hair grow longer—it hung over his ears messily now—and his eyes had aged and lost their exacting glance. His lips sagged slightly into a melancholy frown, and his whole body had slouched earthward, as if it was an effort to stay erect. Even his way of dressing had changed, from his proper dark suits to a pair of old work pants and a wrinkled blue denim shirt with a sloppily knotted red bow tie. It looked like he'd been up all night or slept in his clothes, Sherry couldn't tell which.

"Hi, Dad," she said softly.

Laurence Estabrook jerked up his head in shock, dropping his newspaper to the table and pulling off his glasses. "Sherry!" he said. "You're here—I mean, you're out of your room—I think that's just grand—"

"Thanks," Sherry said. She sat down at the table beside him and folded her hands in her lap to keep them still from trembling. "Where's Mom?"

Laurence Estabrook checked his watch, and Sherry couldn't help but notice his hands were trembling, too. "Well, let's see, it's just after nine, dear, so I'd say she's probably at the homeless shelter." He smiled tentatively, and Sherry realized his voice had lost its bold patrician tenor. "You know," he said, "she still feels quite an attachment to the place, and I think it's a wonderful service, too, I really do—"

He stopped suddenly and jumped up from his seat. "But let me fix you some breakfast!" he said, clapping his big hands together as if he liked nothing better than to cook. "Let's see, I can just mix up a few eggs—"

Sherry motioned him to sit down. "Dad," she reminded him gently, "one of the housekeepers already brought me something."

"Oh, yes, of course," he said, falling back into his seat. "Yes, yes, why, of course." Since her return from Miami, Sherry had taken three meals a day in her room. They always arrived at the same time, arranged on the finest Limoges, delivered by a maid and left outside the door with a soft knock. At first, Laurence and

of the church, the priest touched Belinda's casket with holy water. "I wanted to be someone else, and now I am." She tried to laugh ironically, but only a tight gasp of pain came out. "There's no place else for me to go but back where I belong."

Klein nodded and gave Sherry one last hug. Then they both turned to watch as six pallbearers, led by Eladio and Brazil, carried Belinda's coffin down the aisle and out of the church.

The next morning just after daybreak, Sherry left 43 Lem-onlime Road forever. There was nothing to bring with her except one suitcase of clothes; she sold everything in the place for two hundred dollars to the new tenants, an elderly couple from New Jersey, renting for a while to make sure they liked Miami before settling in for good. Sherry wished them well and assured them they would. There was so much to love about Miami, she said, it was a city of glimmer-colored sand, cerulean skies, of tender sea breezes and unending hope. It was city of crazy, impossible dreams where everyone was free to make mistakes. The trick, she told them as they stared at her, smiling but completely perplexed, was never to make the same one twice.

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The morning after the nightmares stopped, Sherry came out of her room. It was March. Three months had passed since she had returned to One Hundred Endless Horizon Lane and her parents' tenderness, three months of remembering and asking why, and now, it seemed, perhaps three months of healing.

From her bedroom window, Sherry could see testament of the previous night's heavenly midnight snowfall, and just as she had guessed from her rooftop perch, Marblehead Neck was covered with a thin, crisp layer of white, as if everything were brand-new. She had never seen such a breathtaking view in her life. She opened the door to her room, and on legs weak from days and nights curled in a tight fetal hug, she walked downstairs to look for her father.

of incense over Belinda's closed white casket. "We gather here today in the name of Jesus Christ," he intoned, "to send our sister Belinda to the home of the Lord." Over his voice, Sherry could hear the hoarse sobs of many women and a lone man—Eladio. He had been sobbing when he visited her in the hospital to ask her if she remembered Belinda's dying words. Sherry had started to tell him no, but then changed her mind. "She called your name," she told him. "She said she loved you."

It was, she promised herself, her final lie.

"Look, Sherry." Adam Klein was talking again, now caressing her hand warmly, "if you want, you can come to my office tomorrow—"

"No," Sherry cut him off. "I'm going home tomorrow."

"Home?" Klein sounded startled. "You're going back to Marblehead? After everything you did to get free of the place—"

"Yes, *because* of everything I did to get free of the place," Sherry sighed, "I have to go back." The decision had come to her the night before as she lay in the utter darkness of her bedroom, trying to make sense of her life, and all its horrible errors of judgment, from beginning to end. Time and again, she was so paralyzed by a memory that all she could do was moan out loud in anger and self-loathing. Perhaps it was just as Jack had told her before he left for Detroit: She and Manuel were just two very sad, very love-starved, very ambitious people on a fatal collision course. But Sherry knew there was more to it than that—more because the collision could have been prevented if she'd had the moral strength she demanded of everyone else. There had been so many clues—so many messages—all the way, telling her to stop. She heard Manuel's seductive voice under the banyan tree saying he'd been waiting for her; she remembered Sherman Otis's ominous warning, she thought of the little yapping Pekingese, with its mosquito-sting bite. And she saw Laura and Alvin Beauregard, naked as newborn babies, tied in their plastic lawn chairs, dripping in blood.

But it was the memory of her own grotesque reflection in Manuel's dead eyes that made her realize she had to go home. In truth, she knew, she'd never left. Home, with all its lies and deceptions and missed connections of love, was as much a part of her as her soul. She'd been running away all these years just to run back again.

"I wanted to start over," Sherry told Adam Klein. At the front

"Sherry, did you know Mimi Lopez planned to leave the country?"

"Sherry, how do you feel about Roberto Lopez's arrest?"

"Miss Estabrook, in your own words, why didn't you turn the kid in to the cops?"

Sherry held up her palms in submission. "No answers," she managed to say in a voice creaky from weeping, but the crowd of journalists surged closer to her, and she felt herself stumbling, as if she might collapse completely, knees to pavement. Then, suddenly, there was a firm hand on her arm, pulling her toward the door of the church where a police officer was stationed to keep out the press. Sherry looked up and saw Adam Klein. "Let me help you," he said softly. He put his arm around Sherry and forced a path through the crowd.

A moment later, they were inside, squeezed together in the last pew, and Adam Klein was gently hugging Sherry, holding her head to his chest and rocking her. "I'm sorry, kiddo," he murmured. "I don't know what else to tell you."

Sherry shook her head. His attempt to comfort her only intensified her anguish. "You already told me everything," she said. "I should have listened to you, but I was only listening to myself. I had this plan—" She stopped to wipe a fresh explosion of tears off her face. "I was going to show my father—" Again she stopped, choking on the words, and she dropped her head to her chest as if she might never lift it again. "I can't blame anyone but myself," she wept.

Adam Klein pushed Sherry back slightly, holding her by the shoulders so he could look into her face, and the vulnerability and sorrow he saw there almost broke his heart. "We can talk about it some more," Adam Klein suggested in a low, comforting murmur. "We can get through this thing—"

"There's nothing left to say," Sherry whispered back. "I killed Belinda, and I killed her baby. It should have been me." She shut her eyes for a moment and once again imagined Belinda's lifeless body in the muck of Devotion City, her head turned to one side, a faint smile on her lips but her neck spilling blood. "Oh, God," she said, "it should have been me."

At the front of the church, the priest began to pray. He was a young, fresh-faced man, wearing a simple white robe and a large, unadorned wooden cross around his neck. He swung a ball

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Two days later, Sherry went to the funeral alone, swathed in layers of anonymous black despite the suffocating heat, wearing impenetrable sunglasses and a veil to hide her face and the ravages of exquisite grief.

But her attempt at camouflage backfired. The moment she arrived at the tiny Catholic church in Little Havana where Eladio's family had gathered to bury Belinda, dozens of unfamiliar reporters descended upon her shouting questions, yelling her name over the snap and pop of camera shutters and klieg lights. Even in her benumbed, listless stupor, their presence shocked Sherry—hadn't the *Citizen* just issued a press release that answered everything? Manuel's story, it said, was—by and large—the truth. The only missing detail was one the paper could never have confirmed—and that was the fact that Manuel Velo, sixteen, had apparently been fired by the Lopez family for excessive use of force. The *Citizen's* management deeply regretted that the boy was killed after making his story public, and it considered Belinda McEvoy Alvarez's death a tragic accident in the line of duty. The *Miami Citizen* planned to establish a journalism award in her name. Sherry Estabrook, the press release concluded, has been relieved of her duties as a staff reporter at the *Miami Citizen*. However, the district attorney has decided not to bring charges against her in the shooting of Pepe Reborado because of the forced circumstances of her involvement and her agreement to turn her notes over to prosecuting authorities. All questions should be directed to Garrett Newman, Publisher's Office, *Miami Citizen*.

But all questions were suddenly hurtling toward Sherry as she tried to make her way up the narrow steps into the church.

"Miss Estabrook, is it true you were having an affair with Manuel Velo?"

"Sherry, did Pepe beg for mercy?"