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CITADEL

Kate Mosse

ORION

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Principal Characters

THE 'CITADEL' NETWORK

Sandrine 'Sophie' Vidal
Marianne Vidal
Lucie Ménard
Liesl Blum
Suzanne Peyre
Geneviève Saint-Loup
Eloise Saint-Loup

IN CARCASSONNE

Raoul Pelletier
Robert Bonnet
Leo Authié
Sylvère Laval
Marieta Barthès
Jeanne Giraud

IN THE HAUTE VALLÉE

Audric Baillard
Achille Pujol
Erik Bauer
Yves Rousset
Guillaume Breillac

PROLOGUE

August 1944

COUSTAUSSA
19 AUGUST 1944

She sees the bodies first. On the outskirts of the village, a pair of man's boots and a woman's bare feet, the toes pointing down to the ground like a dancer. The corpses twist slowly round and around in the fierce July sun. The soles of the woman's feet are black, from dirt or swollen in the heat, it's hard to tell at this distance. Around them, flies cluster and swarm, argue, feed.

The woman known as Sophie swallows hard, but she does not flinch and she does not look away, returning to them a kind of dignity stolen by the manner of their death. She can't risk going closer – it might be a trap, it looks like a trap – but from her hiding place in the undergrowth that marks the junction with the old road to Cassaignes, Sophie can see the victims' arms are tied behind their backs with rough farm rope. The man's hands are balled into fists, as if he died fighting. He has blue canvas trousers – a farmer or a refugee, not a partisan. The skirt of the woman's dress lifts lightly in the breeze, a repeat pattern of lilac cornflowers on a pale yellow background. Sophie shields her eyes and follows the line of the rope, up through the dark green leaves of the old holm oak, to the branch that serves as the gibbet. Both victims are hooded, coarse brown hessian sacking, jerked tight by the noose and the drop.

She does not think she knows them, but she says a prayer all the same, to mark the moment of their passing. For the ritual of it, not out of faith. The myth of Christianity means nothing to her. She has witnessed too much to believe in such a God, such beautiful stories.

Every death remembered.

Sophie takes a deep breath, pushing away the thought that she's too late, that the killing has already started. Crouched, she half runs, half crawls, hidden by the low, long wall that runs along the track down towards the village. She knows there's a gap of fifteen feet, maybe twenty, between the end of the wall and the first outbuildings of the old Andrieu farm. No cover, no shade. If they are waiting, watching from the blackened windows of the house beside the abandoned cemetery, this exposed patch of land is where the bullet will find her.

But there's no sniper, no one. She reaches the last of the *capitelles*, the ancient stone shelters that cluster in the hills to the north of Coustaussa, and slips inside. For some time, they used them to store weapons. Empty now.

From here, Sophie has a clear view of the village below, the magnificent ruins of the castle to the west. She can see that there's blood on the whitewashed wall of the Andrieu house, a starburst of red, like paint splattered from a brush. Two distinct centres, blurred together at the edges, already turning to rust in the fierce afternoon sun. Sophie stiffens, though part of her hopes this means the man and woman were shot first. Hanging is the cruellest death, a slow way to die, degrading, and she's seen this double execution before, once in Quillan, once in Mosset. Punishment and warning, the corpses left to the crows as on a medieval gallows.

Then she notices smudged tracks in the dirt at the base of the wall where bodies were dragged, and tyre marks that head down towards the village, not towards the holm oak, and fears this means two more victims.

At least four dead.

She suspects everyone has been taken to the place de la Mairie while the soldiers search the farms and houses. Brown shirts or black, their methods are the same. Looking for deserters, for maquisards, for weapons.

For her.

Sophie scans the ground, looking for the glint of metal. If she can identify the casings, she can identify the gun and it might tell her who fired the shots. Gestapo or Milice, even one of her own. But she's too far away and it looks as if the killers have been careful to leave no evidence.

For a moment she allows herself to sit back on her heels in the welcome shade, propped against the *capitelle*. Her heart is turning over, over in her chest, like the engine of an old car reluctant to start. Her arms are a patchwork of scratches and cuts from the gorse and hawthorn of the woods, dry and spiteful sharp after weeks of no rain, and her shirt is torn, revealing suntanned skin and the distinctive scar on her shoulder. The shape of the Cross of Lorraine, Raoul said. She keeps it covered. That mark alone is enough to identify her.

Sophie has cut and dyed her hair, taken to wearing slacks, but thin as she is, she still looks like a woman. She glances down at the boots on her feet, men's boots held together with string and stuffed at the heel with newspaper for a less awkward fit, and remembers the cherry-red shoes with the little black heels she wore when she and Raoul danced at Païchérou. She wonders what's happened to them, if they're still in the wardrobe in the house in the rue du Palais or if someone has taken them. Not that it matters. She has no use for such luxuries now.

She doesn't want to remember, but an image slips into her mind, of her own upturned face on the corner of the rue du Mazagran, two years ago, looking up into the eyes of a boy she knew would love her. Then

later that same summer, in her father's study here in Coustaussa, and being told the truth of things.

'And there shall come forth the armies of the air, the spirits of the air.'

Sophie blinks the memories away. She risks another look, peering out from the cover of the *capitelle* down to the cluster of houses and then up to the Camp Grand and the garrigue to the north. Having warned the villagers of the imminent attack, Marianne and Lucie have taken up position to the west, while Suzanne and Liesl will launch the main assault from the ruins of the castle. There's no sign of anyone yet. As for the others promised, she does not know if they will come.

'And the number was ten thousand times ten thousand.'

The beating silence hangs heavy over the waiting land. The air itself seems to vibrate and shimmer and pulse. The heat, the cicadas, the sway of the wild lavender and shock-yellow genet among the thistles, the whispering wind of the Tramontana in the garrigue.

For a moment, Sophie imagines herself back in the safe past. Before she was Sophie. She wraps her arms around her knees, acknowledging how appropriate it is that things should end here, back where it all began. That the girl she was, and the woman she has become, should make their final stand here together, shoulder to shoulder. The story has come full circle.

For it was here, in the narrow streets between the houses and the church and the ruins of the castle, she played *trapette* with the children of the Spanish refugees. It was here, in a green dusk heady with the scent of thyme and purple rosemary, she first kissed a boy. One of the Rousset brothers, fidgety in case his *gran'mère* should look out the window and catch him. An awkward meeting of teeth is what Sophie remembers. That, and the sense of doing something dark and illicit and adult. She closes her eyes. Yves Rousset, or was it Pierre? She supposes it doesn't matter now. But it is Raoul's face she sees in her mind's eye, not the blunt features of a boy long dead.

Everything is so still, so quiet. Today, the swifts do not swoop and mass and spiral in the endless blue sky. The linnets do not sing. They know what is to come, they sense it too, in the same way, this past week, each of the women has felt the tension in the tips of her fingers, crawling over the surface of her skin.

Eloise was the first to be caught, five days ago, at the Hôtel Moderne et Pigeon in Limoux. Four days later, Geneviève was arrested in Couiza. The details of the *boîte aux lettres*, the fact that Sous-chef Schiffner was there himself, in person, left Sophie in no doubt the network had been betrayed. From that moment, she knew it was only a matter of hours, days at most. The spider's web of connections that led south from Carcassonne to these hills, this river valley of the Salz, these ruins.

She tries not to think about her friends incarcerated in the Caserne Laperrine on the boulevard Barbès, or within the grey walls of the Gestapo headquarters on the route de Toulouse, fearing what they will suffer. She knows how long the nights can be in those dark, confined cells, dreading the pale light of dawn, the rattle of the key in the opening door. She's drowned in choking, black water, submitted to the violent touch of hands on her throat, between her thighs. She's heard the seductive whisper of surrender and knows how hard it is to resist.

Sophie rests her head on her arms. She's so tired, so sick of it. And though she fears what is to come, more than anything now she wants it to be over.

'Come forth the armies of the air.'

A burst of machine-gun fire from the hills, and the answering staccato chatter of an automatic weapon closer to hand. Sophie's thoughts shatter, like fragments of bright glass. Already she's up on her feet, pulling her Walther P38 from her belt, greasy with goose fat to stop the springs jamming. The weight of it in her hand is reassuring, familiar.

Breaking cover, she runs, low and fast, until she's reached the edge of the Sauzède property. Once there were chickens and geese, but the animals are long gone and the door to the enclosure hangs open on a broken hinge.

Sophie vaults the low wall, landing on the remains of straw and uneven earth, then on to the next garden, zigzagging from one square of land to the next. She enters the village from the east, slipping through the unkempt cemetery, its gravestones like rotten teeth loose in the dry land. Crossing the rue de la Condamine, she darts into the tiny alleyway that runs narrow and steep and sheer along the side of the round tower and down, until she has a clear view of the place de la Mairie.

As she'd suspected, the whole village has been brought there, beneath the burning sun. There is a Feldgendarmerie truck at right angles across the rue de la Mairie and a black Citroën Traction Avant, a Gestapo car, blocking the rue de l'Empereur, penning the villagers in. Women and children are lined up on the west side by the war memorial, the old men to the south of the small square. Sophie allows herself a grim smile. The configuration suggests they expect the attack to come from the hills, which is good. Then she sees a ribbon of red blood and the body of a young man lying on his back on the dusty ground, and her expression hardens. His right hand twitches and jerks, like a marionette on a frayed string, then falls back to his side.

Five dead.

Sophie can't see who's in charge – the line of grey jackets and black boots, the field greens of the ordinary soldiers, blocks her view – but she hears the order, given in French, that nobody else should move.

Equipment is scarce, but these men are well armed, unusually so. Grenades at the waist, bandoliers slung over shoulders, glinting in the sun like chain mail, some with M40 sub-machine guns, the majority with Kar-98 semi-automatic rifles.

The hostages are caught between courage and common sense. They want to resist, to act, to do something, anything. But they've been told not to jeopardise the mission, and besides, they're paralysed by the reality of the murdered boy on the ground in front of them. Someone – his mother, his sister – is sobbing.

'*C'est fini?*'

Sophie can't breathe. She is seeing everything, hearing everything, but can no longer take it in.

That voice.

The one person she'd hoped never to see again. The one voice she'd prayed never to hear again.

But you knew he would come. It's what you wanted.

The rattle of a machine gun fired from the ruins of the castle snaps Sophie back to the present. Taken by surprise, one of the soldiers jerks round and returns random fire. He's no more than a boy either. A woman screams and pulls her children to her, trying to shield them. Jacques Cassou, a Pétainist, though a good man at heart, breaks away from the group. Sophie can see what's going to happen, but she's powerless to stop it. She wills him to wait just a moment more, not to draw attention to himself, but panic has taken hold. He tries to run to the safety of the rue de la Condamine, forcing his tired, swollen legs to carry him away from the horror, but he's an easy target. Sophie can only watch as the Schmeissers tear into the old man, the force of the assault spinning him round. His daughter Ernestine, a lumpen, bitter woman, runs forward and tries to catch him. But she is too slow, he is too heavy. Jacques staggers, drops to his knees. The soldiers keep firing. This second hail of bullets brings them both down.

Six dead. Seven.

The world breaks apart. The signal has not been given, but, hearing the guns, Marianne and Lucie launch the first of the smoke-signal canisters from the Camp Grand. It soars over the houses and lands at the edge of the square by the truck, disgorging a stream of green smoke. Another canister pops, then another and another, releasing plumes of blue and pink and orange and yellow into the stifling air. The soldiers are disorientated, cross-firing into one another's positions. They, too, are on edge, Sophie realises. Whatever they've been told about this operation, they know something doesn't add up. It is no ordinary raid.

'*Halten Sie! Halten!*'

The Kommandant shouts the order to hold fire, then repeats it again

in French. Discipline is restored immediately, but the hiatus is long enough for the hostages to scatter, as Marianne had told them to do, heading for refuge in the church, in the shaded undergrowth below the chemin de la Fontaine, the cellars of the presbytery.

Sophie does not move.

Now that the square is clear of civilians, Suzanne and Liesl launch the main assault from the ruins of the castle and the deep undergrowth that lines the rue de la Mairie. Bullets rake the ground. A grenade explodes instantly on impact with the war memorial.

Another order from the Kommandant, and the Gestapo unit divides into two. Some target the contingent in the hills, firing indiscriminately as they storm along the rue de la Condamine and out into the garrigue. The remainder turn towards the castle. Through the coloured smoke and the dust, Sophie glimpses the blue berets of the French Milice vanishing into the rue de la Peur and realises, with a sickened heart, that they do not mean to leave any witnesses alive.

She knows that she is outnumbered, at least seven to one, but she has no choice now but to show herself. Besides, she can see him, in plain clothes, standing with his right hand resting on the black bonnet of the car and his Mauser hanging loose in his left. He looks calm, disengaged, as the firefight rages around him.

Sophie drops the hammer on her pistol and steps out into the light.

'Let them go.'

Does she say the words out loud or only in her head? Her voice seems to be coming from a long way away, distorted, a whispering beneath stormy waters.

'It's me you want, not them. Let them go.'

It's not possible that he should hear her, and yet, despite the noise and the shouting and the kak-kak of the machine guns, he does. He hears her and he turns, looking straight to the north-east corner of the place de la Mairie where she has positioned herself. Those eyes. Is he smiling, she wonders, or does it pain him that it should be ending like this? She can't tell.

Then he says her name. Her real name. The soft music of it hangs suspended in the air between them. Threat or entreaty, she doesn't know, but she feels her resolve weaken.

He says it again and, this time, it sounds bitter, false in his mouth. A betrayal. The spell is broken.

The woman known as Sophie lifts her arm. And shoots.

PART I

The First Summer

July 1942

‡ Codex I ‡

GAUL
THE CARSAC PLAINS
JULY AD 342

The young monk looked across the river and saw the outline of the town ahead on the hill on the far side. A fortified castellum, the low walls sharply defined in the shimmering light of dawn. A crown of stone set on the green plains of Carsac. The slopes surrounding the settlement were abundant, rich, fertile. Row after row of vines, spread out like a peacock's tail. Silver olive trees and heavy purple figs ripening on the bough, almond trees.

In the east, the white sun was rising in a pale blue sky. Arinius drew closer to the water's edge. A low mist floated above the silver surface of the river Atax. To his right, wooded glades of elder and ash. The reed beds shifting, swaying, in the breeze. The distinctive silhouette of angelica, with its hollow fluted stems standing like soldiers to attention, the leaves as big as his hand. The familiar bell-shaped pink flowers of knitbone. The splash of fish and snakes, water boatmen skimming their silent way across the mirrored surface.

For week after week, one month, two months, the young monk had walked and walked and walked. Following the sweep and flow of the great Rhodanus from Lugdunum, south towards the sea. Rising before matins each day, with the memory of the gentle murmur of his brothers' voices in his head, he voyaged on alone. In the heat of the day, between the hours of sext and nones, sheltering from the sun in the dense green woods or shepherds' huts. In the late afternoon, as the first stirrings of vespers echoed from the chapel in the community, he would rise again and fare forward. The Liturgy of the Hours marking the progress of the days and nights. A slow and steady progress from north to south, from east to west.

Arinius didn't know precisely how long he had been travelling, only that the seasons were changing, spring slipping softly into early summer.

The colours of April and May, white blossom and yellow broom and pink phlox, yielding to the gold of June and July. The green vineyards of the Gallia Narbonensis and the sweep of barley in the fields. The driving wind whipping over the austere salt flats and the blue of the gulf of the Sinus Gallicus. That stretch of the journey followed the Via Domitia, the Roman wine route, along roads of tolls and taxes. It had been simple for him to blend in with the merchants and traders heading for Hispania.

Arinius coughed and pulled the grey hooded cloak tight around his narrow frame, though it was far from cold. The cough was worse again, leaving his throat raw. Bunching the material at his neck, he re-pinned his brooch. A bronze fibula, in the shape of a cross, with tiny white enamel oak leaves decorating each of the four arms and a green leaf in the centre. It was the only personal possession Arinius had been unable, unwilling, to give up on entering the community. A gift from his mother, Servilia, the day the soldiers came.

He looked across the Atax to the walls of the town and gave thanks to God for his safe deliverance. He had heard that here, men of all faiths and creeds were given sanctuary. That here, Gnostics and Christians and those who adhered still to the older religions lived side by side. That this was a place of safety and refuge for any and all who would come.

Arinius put his hand to his chest, needing to feel the familiar single loose leaf of papyrus beneath his tunic. He thought of his fellow brothers in Christ, each of them also smuggling a copy of a condemned text away from the community. They had parted company at Massilia, where it was said Mary Magdalene and Joseph of Arimathea had first come ashore to preach the word of God. From there they set sail for Smyrna in Asia Minor. From there, one was bound for the Holy City of Jerusalem and the plains of Sephal, another for Memphis, the last for Thebes in Upper Egypt. Arinius would never know if their efforts had been successful, any more than they would hear of him. Each was destined – burdened – to complete his mission alone.

Arinius considered himself an obedient and willing servant of God. He was not a particularly brave man, nor a lettered one, but he had found strength in his conviction that the holy writings should not be destroyed. He could not watch the words of Mary Magdalene and Thomas and Peter and Judas burning. Arinius still remembered the crack of the flames licking the air, red and white and gold, as the precious writings were consigned to the pyre. Papyrus and vellum, the quires and scrolls, the blister of Greek and Hebrew and Coptic turned to black ash. The smell of reed and water and glue and wax filling the stone courtyard of the community in the capital of Gaul that had been his home.

The papyrus shifted beneath his tunic, like a second skin. Arinius

did not understand the text; he could not read the Coptic script, and besides, the letters were smudged, cracked. All he understood was that it was said that the power contained within the seven verses of this, the shortest of the Codices, was absolute. As great as anything in the ancient writings of Exodus or Enoch, of Daniel or Ezekiel. More significant than all the knowledge contained within the walls of the great libraries of Alexandria and Pergamum.

Arinius had heard some of the lines spoken aloud by a fellow brother, and never forgotten them. An incantation, wonderful words sent free within the cool cloisters of the community in Lugdunum. It was an act that had precipitated the Abbot's rage. Considering this Codex to be the most dangerous of all those proscribed books held in the library, he decreed it to be magic, a sorcery, and those who defended it were denounced as heretics. Enemies of the true faith. The novitiate was punished.

But Arinius believed he was carrying the sacred words of God. That his destiny, perhaps his entire purpose on God's earth, was to ensure that the truth contained within the papyrus was not lost. Nothing else mattered.

Now, floating across the still waters to where he stood on the banks of the river Atax, the toll of a bell for lauds. A simple song calling him home. Arinius raised his eyes to the city on the hill and prayed he would find a welcome there. Then he grasped his staff in his right hand, stepped out on to the wooden bridge and walked towards Carcaso.



Chapter 1

CARCASSONNE
JULY 1942

Sandrine jolted awake. Bolt upright, her eyes wide open, her right hand stretched out as if she was trying to grasp something. For a moment she was neither asleep nor awake, as if some part of her had been left behind in the dream. Floating, looking down at herself from a great height, like the stone gargoyles that grimaced at passers-by from the cathédrale Saint-Michel.

A sensation of slipping out of time, falling from one dimension into another through white, endless space. Then running and running, escaping the figures hunting her down. Indistinct outlines of white and red and black, pale green, their faces hidden beneath hoods and shadow and flame. And always the sharp glint of metal where should have been skin. Sandrine couldn't remember who the soldiers were or what they wanted, if indeed she'd ever known, and already the dream was fading. Only the sense of threat, of betrayal, remained. And those emotions, too, were slipping away.

Little by little, the room came back into focus. She was safe in her own bed in the house in the rue du Palais. As her eyes became accustomed to the dark, she could pick out the bureau of bleached mahogany against the wall between the two windows. To the right of her bed, the high-backed couch covered with washed-green Chinese silk and the bamboo plant stand. Opposite, beside the door, the low bookcase, its shelves filled to bursting.

Sandrine wrapped her bare arms around her knees, shivering in the chill of the early morning. She reached for her eiderdown, as if by touching something real she would feel less insubstantial, less transparent, but her fingers found only the cotton of her crumpled sheet. The eiderdown, kicked off in the night, lay on the floor beside the bed.

She couldn't see the hands on the clock on the chest of drawers, but there was something in the quality of the light coming through the gaps

in the shutters, the song of the blackbirds in the street outside, that told her it was nearly morning. She didn't have to get up, but she knew she wouldn't go back to sleep now.

Sandrine slipped out of bed and tiptoed across the room in her bare feet, trying to avoid the worst of the creaking floorboards. Her clothes were piled, raggle-taggle, over the arm of the cane-backed chair at the foot of her bed. She wriggled out of her nightdress and dropped it to the floor. Though she was eighteen, Sandrine still looked like the tomboy she had been, a *garçon manqué*. She was all arms and legs, there was nothing soft about her. Her black hair refused to be tamed and she had the deep complexion of a country girl, tanned from days spent out of doors. Powder made no difference. As she threaded her slim arms into the sleeves of her cotton blouse, she noticed a smudge on the inside of the wide round collar where she'd experimented yesterday with her sister's face powder. She rubbed at it with her thumb, but it was stubborn and wouldn't shift.

The skirt was too big, a hand-me-down. Their housekeeper, Marieta, had moved the hook and eye, taking in a good two inches at the waist, so even though it didn't hang quite right, it was wearable. Sandrine liked the feel of the sateen lining against her legs, the way the chequered pattern shifted through squares of red and black and gold when she walked. In any case, everyone wore hand-me-downs these days. The sleeveless pullover was her own, a blowsy burgundy, knitted by Marieta last winter, that half argued with, half suited her colouring.

Perching on the edge of the chair, Sandrine pulled on her écossaises, the precious tartan socks her father had brought back as a gift from Scotland. His last trip, as it turned out. François Vidal had been one of the many Carcassonnais who had gone to fight and never come home. After the months of waiting, seeing no action – the *drôle de guerre*, the phoney war as it had become known – he was killed on 18 May 1940 in the Ardennes, along with most of his unit. A muddle of orders, an ambush, ten men dead.

It had been two years. And although she still missed her father – and her nights were often broken by bad dreams – she and Marianne had learnt to carry on without him. The truth was, much as Sandrine hated to admit it, the outline of his face and his gentle smile were less clear in her mind with each passing month.

In the east, the sun was rising. Light filtered through the patterned glass of the arched window on the stairwell, casting a kaleidoscope of blue and pink and green diamonds on to the rust-red *tomettes*. Sandrine hesitated a moment outside her sister's bedroom. Even though it was her

intention to sneak out, she had a sudden urge to check that Marianne was there, safe in her bed.

Sandrine put her hand on the ornate metal door handle and crept in. She tiptoed over to the bed. In the grey half-light, she could just make out her sister's head on the pillow, her brown hair wrapped in complicated knots of paper and rollers. Marianne's face was as beautiful as ever, but there was a spider's web of worry lines around her eyes. Sandrine could just make out her shoes beside the bed. She frowned, wondering where she had been for them to be caked in mud.

'Marianne?' she whispered.

Her sister was five years older. She taught history at the École des Filles on Square Gambetta, but spent much of her free time at the centre run by the Red Cross in the rue de Verdun. Quiet and principled, Marianne had offered her services as a volunteer with the Croix-Rouge after France's surrender in June 1940, when tens of thousands of dispossessed people from the Occupied Zone had fled south to the Languedoc. Then, her work had been to provide food, shelter, blankets for refugees fleeing the advancing Nazi forces. Now, it was monitoring the condition of prisoners being held in Carcassonne's gaol or being sent to internment camps in the mountains.

'Marianne,' whispered Sandrine again. 'I'm going out. I won't be long.'

Her sister murmured and turned over in her bed, but did not wake.

Considering her duty done, Sandrine stole back out of the room and quietly closed the door. Marianne didn't like her going out in the early morning. Even though there was no curfew in the *zone non-occupée* – the *zone nono* as it was known – there were regular patrols and the atmosphere was often jittery. But it was only in the stillness of the early morning, free from the restrictions and tensions and compromises of everyday life, that Sandrine felt herself. She didn't intend to give up these moments of freedom unless she had to.

Until she had to.

Sandrine carried on down through the silently sleeping house, trailing her hand over the warm wood of the banister. Diamonds of coloured light danced at her heels. For an instant, she wondered if other girls, in other times, had felt the same as she did. Confined, caught between childhood and the adult life to come. And in the air around her, the echo of all those stifled hearts, trapped spirits, fluttered and sighed and breathed. So many different lives, passed over centuries in the narrow streets of the medieval Cité or in the Bastide Saint-Louis, whispered and cried out to be heard. Sandrine could not understand them, not yet, though a certain restlessness moved in her blood, her veins.

For the ancient spirit of the Midi, buried in the deep memory of the mountains and hills, in the lakes and the sky, had long ago begun to

stir. To speak. The white bones of those sleeping in the cimetière Saint-Michel, in the cimetière Saint-Vincent and in the country graveyards of the Haute Vallée, were beginning to awake. A shifting, a murmuring through the cities of the dead, words carried on the wind.

War was coming to the south.