

May, 1887

Elizabeth Hatton was just nineteen years old when she threw herself off the roof of her family home. The maid, dusting in the library below, was the same age.

Elizabeth screamed as she fell as if, in midair, she'd reconsidered jumping and realized her mistake. The maid heard the scream, and then the awful sound as Elizabeth hit the flagstones of the terrace. Within a minute she was at Elizabeth's side, gently holding her hand and trying to comfort her with soft meaningless words.

She knew Elizabeth would be dead very soon; everything about her seemed broken. Head and neck, legs and arms, were all at impossible angles, and a bit of jagged bone was visible coming through her mangled calf. A pool of blood spread rapidly across the carefully cut stones under her head. Elizabeth gasped several times for breath, but seemed unable to make the air penetrate all the way to her chest. Her eyes were locked on the maid's when she made a last feeble attempt to breathe, then her pupils expanded rapidly and she went completely still.

As she reached out to close the dead eyes, the maid thought what a stupid, stupid, waste. Until this moment, she had thought Elizabeth Hatton the most fortunate of creatures. "Wouldn't I have known what to do with such a life," she thought. Elizabeth had sparkled with it: pretty, clever, beloved by her family, she seemed to have everything. She had never known want, never had to work. She could do what she wanted, go where she wanted, she had access to books and art and music. And she had thrown it all away because of a young man who was, in the maid's opinion, dull, shallow, spoiled, and stupid. All his wealth, position, and good looks could not disguise his worthlessness.

Elizabeth's last cry had been heard in the far corners of the house and now others began to emerge through the doors of the library onto the terrace. The first to arrive was Edmund. His sister's scream brought him running at full speed out of the house, but he came to an abrupt stop when he saw the horrible scene. He collapsed to his knees beside Elizabeth's body, moving his hands over her as if there might be something he could do, though he knew there was not. He hardly noticed the maid until she reached out and gently placed his dead sister's hand in his.

He looked up, directly into the eyes of the maid. In the four years she had lived in the house, this was the first time he had ever met her gaze. His grey eyes were filled with fear and a wild grief.

Looking back, the maid could not help but note how much he looked like his sister lying dead between them. To think that on this day, of all days, the brother and sister had each, for the first time, really looked at her. Had they noticed that she was, like them, a human being?

She rose to leave as others from the household arrived. Edmund touched her arm to hold her back.

"Wait," he said. "Did she say anything?"

The maid shook her head.

"May we speak later?" he asked.

She nodded.

As she went back into the house she couldn't help thinking that there would be a mess of blood and brains to clean up.

Chapter 1

The reading room in the library was Lizzie's favorite place on campus. Part of the attraction was the cathedral-like space, but mostly it was the light. Green-shaded lamps cast pools of light onto the polished wood of the tables but left much of the high-ceilinged room in a comfortable dimness. The tall windows were filled with small diamond-shaped panes of wavy glass which filtered the sunlight into a pleasant haze, but nothing viewed through these windows could be seen clearly unless you stepped right up and put your face almost against the cool surface of lead or glass. There were no sharp edges in the room. It had a spaciousness and softness which created exactly the atmosphere that Lizzie thought was most appropriate for contemplation and study. In such a room she could slip easily into the past.

In the real world, Elizabeth Manning was a history professor at St. Patrick's College in Charlestown, Massachusetts. In the big canvas book bag slung over her shoulder were papers to grade, bills to pay, an article to finish, and a letter. It was the letter which brought her here; this letter held the potential to take her across time and around the world.

Lizzie's friend, Jackie Harrigan, was head of the reading room and had an imposing perch at one end of it. Her desk was raised on a pedestal several steps above the floor to give her a view of her whole domain. Jackie raised her head when the door opened, ready to shoot her serious librarian expression at whoever entered, but she smiled when she saw her friend. The two women were the only occupants, and Lizzie consequently burst into song. She had once commented to a horrified Jackie that the acoustics of the room were better suited for singing than silence, and ever since had felt compelled to prove it on those rare occasions when they were alone there. For Jackie's benefit, Lizzie mostly sang bawdy Irish songs, and as she proceeded up the side aisle of the long room she progressed through several days of the "Seven Drunken Nights."

"Professor Manning!" Jackie scolded. "Must I remind you that this is a library?" It was her stock response to Lizzie's singing and always made Lizzie sing even louder.

The two women knew each other well enough, and saw each other often enough, that they seldom bothered to exchange pleasantries, but burst headlong into the middle of conversations. Today, Lizzie was anxious to get Jackie's opinion of the letter, and she had it out of her bag and onto the librarian's desk before either of them said hello.

"Here's something interesting," she said, "a letter from one George F. R. Hatton of Hengemont, Somerset, England." She tapped the envelope with her finger. "He has a coat of arms!"

Jackie turned the envelope around to examine it. On the shield of the crest was a heart being pierced by a long cross-shaped sword. Below it a curving ribbon held the motto "*Semper Memoriam.*"

The librarian looked up at her friend. "Yuck!" she said. "A sword stabbing a heart? That's pretty graphic. It hardly seems like they need the motto there to tell you to remember it."

She pulled the contents from the envelope and quickly read the letter aloud. It was an invitation to Lizzie to come to George Hatton's home in the west of England and advise him on a collection of artifacts made by his ancestor, Lieutenant Francis Hatton of the British Royal Navy. The collection had been made on the third voyage of Captain James Cook to the Pacific Ocean. Jackie's tone changed as she read the letter.

"This is a wonderful opportunity for you, Lizzie," she said. "A Cook collection!"

Lizzie nodded. "Here's the best part," she said, pulling two photocopied pages from underneath the letter. "The guy kept a journal and it has never been published."

Jackie quickly scanned the pages. She was one of the few people Lizzie knew who could read old handwriting as well as she did herself.

"Did you know about this when you were working on your book?"

"No!" Lizzie said emphatically. "No one did. It isn't in any bibliography, I've never even heard of it." She sighed with frustration, then took the pages from Jackie and began to point out certain passages. "It's an especially good one, too," she continued. "Francis Hatton was a wonderful writer, and a sympathetic and careful observer. I'm practically in love with him already, and I've only seen two pages."

Jackie looked again at the letter and its envelope. "Interesting that he invites you to stay at his house," she said, quoting a passage from the letter which promised Lizzie a "comfortable place to live and work" for however long she could spare for the project. "A castle perhaps?" Jackie continued, raising an eyebrow. "Or a stately home?"

Lizzie pointed to the return address, which said simply "Hengemont, Somerset."

"I think that's the name of his house," she said, beaming. "A house with a name!"

Jackie smiled and murmured under her breath about the dangers of reading too many British novels before asking her friend if she intended to accept the invitation.

"Of course," Lizzie answered quickly. "Martin and I talked about it a bit last night, and I've pretty much decided to go during the January break." She folded the pages. "I just want to find out what I can about Lieutenant Hatton before I jump off the deep end."

"Help yourself," Jackie said, gesturing toward the door to the library stacks. "You know better than anyone where the Cook material is."

Lizzie picked up her bag and was reaching for the letter when Jackie asked if she could keep it for a few minutes. "Let me see what I can find out about George Hatton while you look up his ancestor," she said.

Lizzie smiled her thanks and headed into the dusky world where the library kept the rare book collection on row after row of metal shelving. She knew exactly where to find the narrative of Captain James Cook's third voyage to the Pacific Ocean and she pulled it off the shelf on the way to her study carrel. She turned immediately to the crew list and his name jumped out at her: Francis Hatton, First Lieutenant on HMS *Resolution*. Among his shipmates were William Bligh and George Vancouver.

She began to compare the two pages from Francis Hatton's journal with the published account of the voyage. They described activities of the English expedition on the coast of British Columbia in 1778. Charming, well-written, and filled with detail, Hatton's text caught the immediacy of the exotic situations in which he found himself, and totally captivated Lizzie. She alternated between feeling a thrill of discovery and frustration that she hadn't known about this material when she was working on her dissertation and the book which resulted from it. In fact, she wondered again, why hadn't Hatton's journal ever been published? Every known scrap of manuscript material from Cook's three voyages had been pored over by scholars and publishers for two hundred years.

She had been working for half an hour when Jackie came down the spiral iron staircase with a stack of papers in her hand.

"I'm off to lunch," she said, handing them to Lizzie, "but here is some stuff on that Hatton guy. He has a rather interesting family." Beneath the letter were several photocopies topped by the title page to *Burke's Peerage*.

"You are a peach," Lizzie said. "I would never even have thought to look him up there."

"He's a Lord," Jackie said with a mock British accent.

Lizzie grinned at her friend. The two women had met in an Irish language class at St. Pat's and spent many late afternoons sharing pints of Guinness in the pub on campus. Their early relationship had been defined by tipsy explorations of the British victimization of their Hibernian ancestors, a subject Jackie returned to often.

"Thank you for warning me," Lizzie said, bowing. "I'll be sure to take my groveling clothes."

Jackie handed her the papers. "I think you'll find this very compelling reading, *mo chara*."

"Do they mention Francis Hatton's voyage with Cook?"

"Absolutely," Jackie answered. "He gets as much ink as any of them."

"So don't you think it's strange that his journal was never published?"

Jackie agreed that it was odd. "Could he have been hiding something that he didn't want made widely known?"

This had not occurred to Lizzie, and she thought it unlikely. "Like what?"

"I don't know," Jackie mused. "Maybe an affair with a Polynesian woman?"

"All the British sailors had affairs with Polynesian women!" Lizzie answered with a derisive laugh. "And I don't think they were all that embarrassed about it." She thought for another moment. "Of course they didn't usually document that kind of behavior in their *own* journals—they saved those descriptions for the actions of the *other* guys!"

The two women smiled at each other.

"Men!" Jackie sighed. "There were probably dozens of little Hattons scattered across the Pacific after the voyage."

"Well, not surprisingly, George Hatton did not choose to share that with me in my first encounter with the information," Lizzie said. "It will have to wait until I get to England and see the rest of the journal."

"Something to look forward to beyond the usual details of wind and weather," Jackie responded, turning to climb back up the stairs. "See you for lunch on Thursday," she said as she left.

Lizzie felt the small stack of pages in her hand. There wasn't time to look at them all before she had to be back in her office to meet with students.

Before she closed the volume of Cook's *Voyages*, she went back a last time to the crew list and ran her finger softly across the name "Francis Hatton, First Lieutenant." She knew already that he was a man she wanted to know better. Reading those few pages from his journal had been like the first introduction to a person who would become a fast friend. The relationship held great promise for developing into something deeper, more meaningful, even important. She felt a tingle of excitement knowing that before long she could be living in his house, walking where he had walked, reading his private papers.

There were times when Lizzie found the past very tangible, when a connection was formed between herself and some person long dead, or some event long forgotten. Then a feeling was evoked which could not be duplicated by any other kind of experience. It was for those moments that she had become a historian, and she felt very strongly that this was the beginning of a string of those moments.

Chapter 2

As she drove home through the rush-hour traffic that afternoon, Lizzie thought of her conversation with Jackie. Her friend knew her very well, but neither she nor Lizzie herself had ever really plumbed the depths of Lizzie's conflicting feelings of attraction to and condemnation of the English aristocracy. In fact she *did* feel all the romantic possibilities that George Hatton's invitation held. She had no desire to live in the past, but she loved to vicariously luxuriate in it. Jackie would, she knew, consider any enjoyment of the Hatton experience a betrayal of her Irish heritage.

When she got home she quickly changed into sweat pants and an old shirt and went to find her husband in his studio. Over the years Lizzie had lost too many sweaters to enthusiastic painty embraces to risk going there directly, but she was eager to resume the discussion they had started the evening before about the possibility of her going to England.

"Hello, my love," Martin called to her as she opened the door to his studio. He was on a ladder, working on a canvas that covered one entire wall of the room.

She sat down in the chair that was reserved for her; it was the only flat surface in the room that was not covered with bits of paper, chalk, crayons, cups of cold coffee, photographs, tape, brushes, or tools. It occurred to Lizzie as she pondered his clutter that they might be too much alike to live together successfully. She leaned back and watched the New York skyline emerge under her husband's deft hands. She loved to watch him work and she knew that serious conversation would have to wait until his current frenzy of inspiration was spent.

It was a good view. Martin was wearing a red tee shirt and she could see the muscles of his back moving beneath it. He had a rumpled look that made her feel comfortable with him, but he also had a dark exotic handsomeness and Lizzie still felt a strong physical passion for him after almost fifteen years together. If anything, he was more handsome now at forty-five. His face was certainly more interesting and the grey that was beginning to appear in his black hair was wonderfully attractive.

As a painter, especially one who did much of his work outside, Martin was very physically fit. His arms, chest, and thighs were very muscular. He had softened somewhat around the middle over the last several years, but not as much as Lizzie had. She always meant to get more exercise but, unlike her husband, she had a completely sedentary job. She spent too many hours in a chair in front of a computer while he was going up and down ladders.

Her eyes swept from her husband to the wall of framed posters that announced the installation of various of his murals in locations all around the globe. He had come a long way from his Los Angeles upbringing and Mexican roots.

Martin finally began to back slowly down to the floor, looking at what he had just added to the painting as he did so. Lizzie could see his head turn from side to side as he scanned back and forth across the canvas. When he turned to her he was smiling.

"It looks great!" Lizzie said with real enthusiasm. The mural was a commission for a New York bank and incorporated different views of Manhattan and the boroughs. "I especially like what you've done with the bridges."

Martin stepped behind her chair and massaged her shoulders as he concentrated on his work for another several minutes. She was glad she had changed her clothes; his hands were covered with chalk and charcoal and he was inadvertently, though vigorously, transferring it to her shirt.

When he leaned down to kiss her, Lizzie knew she would now have his full attention, but only

until the next moment of inspiration came. He sat down on a high stool and put his foot on the arm of her chair. She reminded him of the letter she had received the day before and Martin was immediately back into the conversation of the night before. He was not by nature suspicious, but he didn't know what to think of George Hatton or his motives.

"Why you?" he asked for at least the tenth time. "And what do you know about him?"

Lizzie had the letter in her hand. "He says that Tom Clark at the British Museum recommended me and that he has read my book."

"And how well do you know this Tom Clark?" Martin asked, pushing himself back on two legs of the stool.

Though he had never fallen, this move always made Lizzie nervous. She reached out to touch his leg, as if she might catch him by it if he fell, and explained again that she had corresponded with Tom Clark for more than a decade and had met him several times at conferences. Why he would have passed an opportunity like this on to her was mysterious, but she was self-confident enough to believe that she was qualified and deserving of the offer from George Hatton, and she told Martin so.

Martin put his feet and those of the stool firmly on the floor and leaned forward to put his arms around Lizzie. "Of course you deserve it," he said, kissing her lightly on the forehead. "It just seems like a strange thing to come out of the blue."

"This journal is absolutely genuine, though," she said, looking once again at the two pages that George Hatton had copied and sent her. They were now covered with color where Lizzie had marked several passages with highlighting pens.

"You know," she added, thoughtfully, "I've been wondering if I might have met George Hatton at some point. The name sounds so familiar."

"Hatton?" Martin asked.

She nodded.

"Isn't it your dad's middle name?"

Lizzie nodded again. "And my grandfather's, but that's not what I was thinking about."

"No relation?" Martin joked.

"Hardly!"

"Just for my peace of mind, will you call Tom Clark?" Martin asked. His eyes had been going from Lizzie to the canvas and back, and she knew that she was about to lose his attention again.

"If I do this, it would keep me from going to New York with you," she said. She liked to go with him when he installed a mural, and had planned to spend a few weeks in New York City while he finished those parts of the painting that couldn't be done in his home studio.

"Well I won't have time to do much that's fun anyway," he answered, "given where I am on the work right now and the timeframe for finishing."

He stood up and pulled a rag from his back pocket. Lizzie sighed when she saw it; it used to be part of her favorite blouse and he was using it to clean a spot off a palette before he daubed it with paint.

Martin would be spending at least three weeks in New York in January to finish the mural on site, and she had the whole month off. St. Pat's liked to keep its doors shut during January, nominally to send students off on community service projects but really to save on heating expenses.

"At least the timing is convenient," she said, standing.

Martin was already back at his ladder. He positioned it so that he could get at a spot he had been studying and then climbed to make several small strokes on the canvas. When he seemed satisfied with the changes he turned again to Lizzie.

"Maybe when I get this piece finished I can come join you for a few days in England." He

perched himself on the top of the ladder as he continued. “I haven’t had a chance to tell you yet, but I got an inquiry about a commission from a group in Newcastle.”

Lizzie asked for the details and found that he was very interested in pursuing it. Though banks and corporate offices were his principle business—and kept the couple in very comfortable circumstances—Martin liked especially to work with community organizations, and tried to volunteer his services on at least one project every year.

He came down long enough to clean and fill his palette with paint, and then returned to the ladder. “Don’t forget to call Tom Clark,” he said, giving her another quick kiss before he went back to work.

Lizzie made the call the next morning. Tom Clark did not remember exactly how her name had come up in his conversation with George Hatton, nor had he seen the journal or any of the artifacts, but he knew the man and could vouch for his reputation. Lizzie called George Hatton next and agreed to come to England during her term break. He seemed genuinely pleased to hear from her, sounded perfectly civil, very English, and not at all suspicious. Lizzie considered putting Martin on the phone with him, just to reassure her husband, but decided that she would trust her instincts, and he would have to as well.

Every Thursday Lizzie had lunch with her friends Jackie and Kate. It was a small ritual of gossip and female bonding that was a highlight of the week for each of them. In addition to being friends, the three women all worked at St. Patrick’s College, and so their conversation generally included campus politics and the venting of professional frustrations as well as personal confidences and general news. Kate Wentworth was the captain of St. Pat’s research vessel, *Brendan’s Curragh*, and on this day Lizzie planned to pick her brain about some nautical details in the Hatton journal.

Their lunch venue was always the same: an Italian restaurant in Boston’s North End, across the bridge from their Charlestown campus. They were well known at Geminiani’s, and Rose Geminiani frequently joined them at their table. As a result, the restaurant owner knew as much about what happened at St. Pat’s as did most people on campus, and was generally current on the important issues in the lives of Lizzie and her friends.

Rose was pouring them each a glass of wine when Jackie asked Lizzie if she had made the arrangements to visit her “English Lord.” Kate and Rose were both interested so Lizzie explained about Francis Hatton’s journal and the invitation to go to England and live in the Hatton household while she researched the mariner and his collection.

“It sounds great!” Kate said enthusiastically. “A ripping good sea yarn *and* a chance to live the good life in a stately home.”

“Well the first part sounds great,” Jackie countered, “but that last bit is awful! I don’t see how English people can stand to live with these persistent medieval social distinctions.”

Lizzie smiled. “You can’t really blame George Hatton for having been born into his own family.”

“I can blame him for continuing the exploitation which probably still underpins his position in society.”

“Yikes!” Lizzie exclaimed. “I’m going to have to wait until I meet him before I accuse him of that particular crime.”

“I still think it sounds great,” Kate said, determinedly. “Lizzie can exploit the rich and powerful for a change.”

They all laughed.

“And I don’t really see what’s wrong with it anyway,” Rose added, pulling up her own chair. “What’s wrong with being rich and powerful? Isn’t it what we all want?”

Jackie turned to her. “Even if it is, which I’m not ready to acknowledge, isn’t it better to *earn* it than inherit it?”

Rose gestured around her restaurant. “I’m working awfully hard here, and I’m not rich yet.” They were laughing again when a head poked around the door of the kitchen and Rose was called away.

Jackie was now on a roll. “I don’t understand why Americans continue to be so captivated by the British aristocracy more than two centuries after throwing all that out with the Revolution.”

Rose returned with their lunches. “I loved Princess Diana,” she said, setting the plates in front of each of the women and then sitting down again herself. “She was one of them, but look how much good she did.”

“Jayzus!” Jackie said in a thick brogue. “There you have it! The power of the princess myth.”

“She wasn’t a myth,” Rose said, grating cheese and milling pepper onto the pasta of her friends. “Diana was an actual person who did many good things, and was a victim of the aristocratic system as much as she was a symbol of it.”

“A victim of what?” Jackie said incredulously.

“Of the press,” Kate said, answering for Rose.

“And of palace intrigue,” Rose added. “The rest of them were jealous of the attention she got.”

“We know nothing about her,” Jackie argued. “She was a clean slate when she came to public attention, and all the rest was carefully constructed.”

“Constructed by whom?” Rose demanded.

“By the public. People projected their fantasies onto her and she then tried to live up to them. And then, of course, the press just amplified it all.”

“Oh, I have to disagree,” Rose said, her hands moving in wonderfully animated Italian gestures. “She was a humanitarian; just look at all her work with AIDS and land mines.”

“But lots of people do many fine things and are not canonized for them,” Jackie answered. “Besides, how do we know that it wasn’t all a public relations campaign?”

“You are so cynical,” Kate said. “Lizzie, tell her how cynical she is.”

Lizzie took a bite of pasta and a sip of wine before answering. She had been pondering the “aristocracy question” for four days and wasn’t ready yet to share all her thinking with her friends. About this particular aristocrat, however, she was pretty much of Jackie’s way of thinking. “Well,” she said, chewing and swallowing, “I don’t think we actually ever heard her say much. How much were we influenced by the fact that she was extremely photogenic?”

“Oh yes, she was beautiful,” Rose nodded.

“But that doesn’t make her good,” Jackie argued. “I mean, she seemed like a perfectly nice sort of person, willing, even inspired, to hug lepers and shake hands with people with AIDS. But each and every good action was documented by a hundred photos.”

“I loved her clothes,” Rose said. “I loved every article about her. I miss her since she’s gone.”

“*People* magazine still hasn’t recovered,” Jackie said with an exasperated sigh.

“On the Diana front, I’m afraid I must agree with Jackie,” Lizzie said, entering the fray again. “The worship she inspired is a mystery to me. All those people when she died, crying about how they had lost a friend, how she was one of them. How was she one of them? They were all ages, races and social classes, and I don’t think she represented them at all.”

“So you are saying that the only people who could really have a valid connection with her were rich aristocrats?” Rose asked. “I don’t think you’re giving her enough credit for having a common touch.”

“I just don’t understand,” Jackie continued, “why you, Rose, the owner of your own business, and you, Kate, a sea captain, for God’s sake—both excelling in nontraditional occupations—still

find yourself attracted to this whole romantic princess nonsense.”

The wine was fast disappearing and the commentary came rapidly. Jackie and Rose had the opposing camps staked out, with Lizzie providing the support for Jackie, and Kate leaning toward a greater sympathy with Rose. When Jackie began to develop a list that included private helicopters and personal psychics, Lizzie felt it was time to bring the conversation back to the question that had begun the discussion.

“Okay, but what about *me*?” she asked with mock seriousness. “What about going to England and living among the swells for a month. Will it ruin me?”

“There is some danger,” Jackie answered. “You like Jane Austen novels far too much for my comfort, and I know you are a sucker for history and its innate romantic possibilities.”

Lizzie balked a bit, but smiled. She had been trying hard not to admit to herself that there was something very appealing about the prospect of delving into the history of an ancient English family that had not only a coat of arms, but an address that required only the name of their house and the county in which it sat. While she felt at her core that there was something fundamentally wrong about the whole idea of an aristocracy, she could not entirely cast off all the romantic notions that came from years of exposure to fairy tales, novels, movies, and the popular press.

For once, the perceptive Jackie didn’t notice her hesitation. “You must behave like a spy for the little people,” she continued. “Show no deference and constantly challenge the power structure!”

“Absolutely not.” Kate gasped. “How rude. You must behave like the polite and civilized woman you are, and appreciate the fact that there might even be a book in this for you.”

“And enjoy being pampered!” Rose added, refilling the wine glasses and gesturing for one of the waiters to take the plates. She turned back to Lizzie. “Will that gorgeous husband of yours be going with you?”

Martin often invaded their lunches when he wanted to take a break from working and all of the women knew him well.

“Maybe at the very end,” Lizzie answered. “Martin is working on a commission for a bank in New York and has to spend most of his time there while I’m away.”

“The best of both worlds,” Kate said, raising her glass one last time. “An exotic adventure and a husband waiting at the end.”

“But don’t be changed by the experience!” Jackie said. She winked at Lizzie as she raised her glass. “‘Semper Memoriam,’ as the Hattons say! Always remember who you are.”

Lizzie looked around at her friends. The four women were all in their late thirties or early forties, all born and raised in American middle-class families. Though from different parts of the country, they had grown up watching the same shows on television, listening to the same music, and using most of the same products. As friends they were a well-matched quartet for confidences. Differences of opinion were regularly, even loudly, expressed, without hurt feelings or fear of censure. They were all intelligent and self-confident, but they were not alike, and it was those differences that Lizzie celebrated as she raised her glass.

“Ladies, I believe this is the last time we will meet before the Christmas break and my removal into the luxurious den of the lion.”

The four women clinked glasses. “Should I come back altered in any way, you have my permission to whip me with al dente pasta.”

“I’ll have it ready,” Rose laughed. “Have a wonderful time.”

“Take advantage of all the opportunities that present themselves,” Kate added.

“And be careful,” Jackie cautioned. “Don’t fall for the superficial romance of the aristocratic life!”

When Lizzie turned to laugh off the warning she saw that Jackie was completely serious.