

# TIME MACHINE 14

This book is a time machine. Travel back 200 years to face the French Revolution.



**This book is  
your passport  
into time.**



**Can you survive  
the French Revolution?  
Turn the page  
to find out.**

# **TIME MACHINE 14**

## **BLADE OF THE GUILLOTINE**

**by Arthur Byron Cover**

**illustrated by Scott Hampton**



**A Byron Preiss Book**

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# ATTENTION TIME TRAVELER!

This book is your time machine. Do not read it through from beginning to end. In a *moment* you will receive a mission, a special task that will take you to another time period. As you face the dangers of history, the Time Machine often will give you options of where to go or what to do.

This book also contains a Data Bank to tell you about the age you are going to visit. You can use this Data Bank to travel more safely through time. Or you can take your chances without reading it. It is up to you to decide.

In the back of this book is a Data File. It contains hints to help you if you are not sure what choice to make. The following symbol appears next to any choices for which there is a hint in the Data File.



To complete your mission as quickly as possible, you may wish to use the Data Bank and the Data File together.

There is one correct end to this Time Machine mission. You must reach it or risk being stranded in time!

# **THE FOUR RULES OF TIME TRAVEL**

As you begin your mission, you must observe the following rules. Time Travelers who do not follow these rules risk being stranded in time.

1. You must not kill any person or animal.
2. You must not try to change history. Do not leave anything from the future in the past.
3. You must not take anybody when you jump in time. Avoid disappearing in a way that scares people or makes them suspicious.
4. You must follow instructions given to you by the Time Machine. You must choose from the options given to you by the Time Machine.

# YOUR MISSION

**Your mission is to find the controversial diamond necklace that helped trigger the French Revolution.**

In 1785 France was ready to burst into the flames of revolution. That year a Church official, the cardinal de Rohan, ordered a diamond necklace to be made in the name of the queen, Marie Antoinette. The French people assumed that the necklace was another example of the queen's extravagance. They were enraged.

A scandal erupted. The queen denied any knowledge of the necklace. Eventually it was proven that the cardinal had actually intended all along to give the necklace to his court favorite, the comtesse de La Motte.

The cardinal and the comtesse were punished for their trickery. Soon after, the angry French people revolted, and the necklace disappeared.

You must travel back to eighteenth-century France to find the missing necklace and learn what role it played in the Revolution. But be careful. The era of the French Revolution was one of the most turbulent in history!



**To activate the Time Machine, [click here](#).**

**TIME TRAVEL  
ACTIVATED**  
**Stand by for Equipment**



**[Click Here](#)**



# EQUIPMENT

On your mission to the French Revolution, you will be wearing trousers and a shirt. This type of clothing came into fashion among the peasants and working class during the Revolution, and many wealthy liberals supporting the New Order of France “dressed down” in inexpensive clothes as well.

You also have the option of taking a red scarf. Many of the most ardent champions of the Revolution wore one to signify their support.



To begin your mission now, **click here.**



To learn more about the time to which you will be traveling, **click here.**

# DATA BANK

To help you with your mission, here are some important facts about France during the period of the Revolution.

1) Until the eighteenth century, most people believed that monarchy was the only valid form of government, as ordained by God. The principle that kings and nobles rule nations through the will of God was called “the divine right of kings.”

2) In the 1780s, famous philosophers, such as Jean-Jacques Rousseau—and firebrands of the American Revolution, such as Thomas Paine—began to question the divine right of kings. They helped popularize the belief that a government had the right to rule *only through the will of the people*.

3) Eighteenth-century France was divided into three social classes. The nobility of France was called the First Estate. The clergy of the wealthy Church was called the Second Estate. The peasants and the middle class combined forces to become the Third Estate.

4) King Louis XVI came to power in 1774, at the age of nineteen. Weak and indecisive, he was supremely unsuited to steer his country through the troubled times ahead.

5) Louis’s queen, Marie Antoinette, was distrusted by the common people because she was a foreigner. The aristocratic court disliked her because she did not conform to the strict rules of court custom.

6) By the early 1780s, the earnings of the poor rarely matched the pace of inflation. Many peasants fled to the cities, searching for work, but found only more poverty.

7) In 1788, when the French government was about to go bankrupt, King Louis attempted to pass a new tax law. He found himself blocked by aristocrats calling for a parliamentary meeting—the Estates General, representing all three Estates—which had not been convened since 1614. The king refused to allow the meeting, but that summer, open, often violent tax rebellion raged through the countryside. Finally, the king was forced to give in.

8) The king consented to allowing more members of the Third Estate to be elected to the National Assembly, thus giving ordinary people a greater voice in the government. Elections were held in early 1789.

9) At the end of April 1789, the deputies of the new National Assembly arrived at Versailles to debate and vote upon various proposals. When it became clear that the clergy might throw their weight with the common people and support a constitutional government, the king ordered the assembly hall barred. The Third Estate met on a nearby tennis court and, on June 20, 1789, swore not to adjourn until a constitution guaranteeing the rights of man was ratified. This is known as the Day of the Tennis Court Oath.

10) On July 14, 1789, a Parisian mob stormed and captured the Bastille, an old medieval prison. Although there were just seven prisoners still inside, the Bastille had been a symbol of oppression for centuries. Thus the French still celebrate July 14 as their Independence Day.

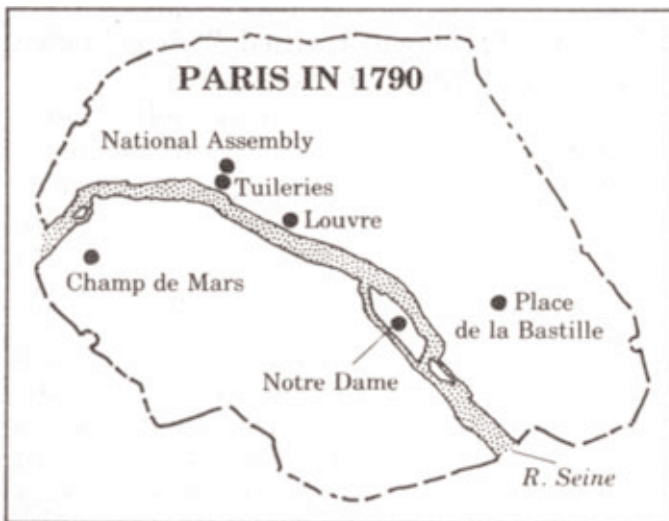
11) The National Assembly, supported by the common people and liberal members of the military and aristocracy, carried out a series of reforms in church and local government during 1789–91. The Assembly officially abolished the monarchy in September 1792 and began debating the fate of the royal family.

12) General Marquis de Lafayette, who had helped General George Washington during the American Revolutionary War, was regarded

as a friend of the people—and indeed he was, until July 17, 1791. Fearing that a mob would do violence to the king and his family, Lafayette ordered his soldiers to open fire on the crowd assembled at the Champ de Mars. The result was a massacre that cost Lafayette his popular support.

13) Georges-Jacques Danton, a lawyer, became a revolutionary when he realized that he would have to fight to find a place for himself in the new order. He became Minister of Justice in 1792.

14) A writer of remarkable power, Jean-Paul Marat became famous for his attacks on the aristocracy. He was murdered by the mad-woman Charlotte Corday on July 30, 1793.



15) Many in the Assembly came to believe that a democratic France could be achieved only after “the enemies of democracy” were guillotined. It wasn’t long before the “enemies” were merely those who disagreed with or opposed the most powerful.

16) In 1793, the deputies of the Assembly—now called the National Convention—set up a court called the Revolutionary Tribunal to try citizens accused of crimes against the state.

17) Fearing the strife of civil war, the Convention also set up the Committee of Public Safety, charged with maintaining order. The most powerful member of the Committee was Maximilien-Marie Robespierre, who ordered the execution of hundreds of opponents—or those he considered opponents. The period of Robespierre’s power—October 1793 to July 1794—is known as the Reign of Terror.

18) The Convention ordered the execution of King Louis XVI in January 1793. The Committee of Public Safety went one step further in October 1793—and executed the queen.

19) Hundreds of social reforms improving everyday life passed through the Convention. One reform that didn’t catch on was the New Calendar, ratified in 1794. The year of the overthrow of the monarchy, 1792, was Year One.

20) The National Convention was abolished in 1795, officially ending the French Revolution. The military, led by the war hero General Napoleon Bonaparte, helped to restore order after the civil turmoil of fifteen years. Thus Napoleon began his rise to absolute power.

**DATA BANK COMPLETED.**  
**CLICK HERE TO BEGIN**  
**YOUR MISSION.**



**Don’t forget, when you see this symbol,  
you can click it to check the Data File for  
a hint.**





**Y**ou're in Paris in May 1794, and the streets are teeming. People scurry about, shouting orders at each other. What's going on here?

You notice a tall man waving at you. "Hey! Can't you hear? Get out of the way!" he shouts.

He's right! Something loud is rumbling down the cobblestone street. You turn around to see a horse-drawn wagon coming toward you. The wagon's wheels shriek louder than the din of the horses' hooves, and the driver snaps his whip. "Coming through! Coming through!" he shouts at the people—but mostly at you!

You jump out of the way and look at the cargo as the wagon passes by. It's a statue of a tall, thin man wearing breeches and a ruffled shirt. He wears eyeglasses and holds an open ledger in his hands. His gaze is stern and merciless.

"Who's that?" you ask the man who warned you.

"That? You must be a country bumpkin, if you don't know who that is." The man glances about to see if anyone is within listening distance. "That's Robespierre—of the Committee of Public Safety. Somebody thought it would be a good idea to erect a statue of him during the Festival of the Supreme Being."

"What's that?" you ask.

"The new religious holiday Robespierre proclaimed after he and the Committee outlawed all primitive religions in the new France, of course." The man's eyes narrow in suspicion and he grabs you by the arm. "Where have you been? Everyone in Paris

knows about the festival.”

You notice that the man is wearing a red scarf, signifying that he’s a serious supporter of the Revolution. So is the fat man leaning against a stone building nearby. Other people look on with concerned expressions.

*Better be careful, you think. These two could belong to some committee.* “I’ve just arrived from the country,” you say. “Is there some way I can help out in the Festival?”

Your ready reply catches the tall man by surprise. He releases you and looks at you thoughtfully. “Just stay out of trouble—if you can.”

You nod at him and walk away with the steady pace of a person who knows where he’s going, and why. Actually, you don’t know which way to turn next. Trying to stay away from most of the crowd, you turn your thoughts toward the necklace. Let’s see . . . it’s 1794. It means that right now the necklace has been missing for nine years. By now it could easily have changed hands several times.

You hear footsteps from behind. The two men are following you! You quicken your pace, looking back occasionally. Pretty soon the men are lagging behind, trying not to be too obvious as they shadow you.

You keep walking. An hour or so later you’ve left the center of Paris and reached the end of a row of huge houses, each with a magnificent garden on the front lawn. Then you pass a bustling marketplace with many fine shops. Across the street is a jewelry shop. Of course! If anyone knows anything about the necklace, it would be a jewelrymaker. Maybe you can solve the mystery right away!

You walk in and introduce yourself to a round, bald man with a reddish complexion. He’s sitting behind a counter and examining a shiny golden bauble.

“What can I do for you?” he asks coldly, looking at you in disdain.

“Well, I’m looking for someone who knows the current whereabouts of the necklace that Cardinal de Rohan ordered in the queen’s name a few years before the Revolution.”



The bald man cocks an eye at you. “And who gave it to his lady-friend, the comtesse de La Motte. Yes, they both suffered for their indiscretion, but the necklace remains missing to this day.”

The door opens behind you, and the bell sounds. You and the jeweler watch silently as the tall man and his friend walk inside. Surrounded by the bright, valuable luxuries for sale in the shop, they and their coarse dress appear out of place. But they walk around, pretending to be interested in the wares.

The bald man behind the counter clears his throat. A silent look passes between him and the tall man from the street.

The bald man leans over and peers directly into your face. “I ask you, my friend, and I ask you but once—are you a friend of the Revolution?”

*Uh-oh!* you think, instinctively reaching into your trouser pocket. Did you choose to bring the red scarf?



**You brought the scarf. [Click here.](#)**



**You didn't bring the scarf. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou've decided to see if you can find a red scarf as easily as possible—and you've arrived in a rural neighborhood on the fringes of Paris. The streets are hard dirt; there are no cobblestones or sidewalks. Bushes and clumps of grass grow more or less at random between the street and the houses.

About twenty yards away, a blacksmith is clanging away at a horseshoe. Suddenly he pauses and wipes his face with a red cloth.

Hmmm. That cloth could be mistaken for a red scarf.

You walk up to the stable. "Good afternoon, sir!" you say, reaching for the handkerchief, which is lying on a wooden stump. "Mind if I borrow this for a while?"

The blacksmith reaches out and grabs your wrist before you can take the handkerchief. He looks you in the eye. "It's morning," he says grimly.

You look up at the sun, then smile weakly at him. "It certainly is," you answer with a nervous laugh. You try to pull your arm away, but he doesn't let you go.

"You know, a person can be forced to greet the Iron Maiden for the slightest offense," says the blacksmith. "What's more, you never know who's a Committee spy, keeping an eye on the common folk—particularly people who make their living serving the nobles of the First Estate the way I and my neighbors do."

This could be serious! You try again to pull your hand away, but the blacksmith holds firm.

"And there are some spies, I've heard," continues the blacksmith,

“who make it their business to see when a handkerchief is just a handkerchief—and when it’s a scarf!”

“Wait! I’m no spy! I was just—”

He pulls you closer. “You were just stirring up some trouble, to see if you could find some reason to make yourself look good in front of one of the revolutionary committees. I’ve a mind to trounce you in the name of the king!”

Oh, no! This man is a royalist! With a desperate effort, you succeed in twisting your arm away. You turn and run down the street.

The blacksmith’s steps are hard and fast behind you. He’s catching up!

You turn a corner and jump behind a row of shrubbery. You huddle to the ground as the blacksmith huffs and puffs past you.

What a relief! No one can see you, so you have time to jump. This time you’ll try going to the source of the scarves!



**Click here.**



**Y**ou grab the red scarf from your pocket and show it to the jeweler.

He looks crestfallen. Evidently he hadn't expected you to have one. He looks up helplessly at the two revolutionaries, then back to you again. "I see. Your scarf proves you're one of the faithful," he says glumly.

"Are you accusing this youngster of being a spy?" asks the fat man with a smile.

"Of course I'm not a spy!" you say quickly. "I want to discover the whereabouts of the necklace so I can donate it to the Revolution."

"Yes—that makes some sense," says the tall man.

"Yes, but would it be helping the people, or Robespierre, or who knows who else?" asks the fat man. "Still, this youngster sounds like a true revolutionary. If you will excuse us." He takes you by the hand and quickly escorts you out of the shop and into the street.

"Forgive my overzealous friends," he says. "It is difficult to tell who is friend or foe in these troubled times. My name is Pierre Camus, and I know someone who may have information about the missing necklace. There can be no harm in helping you if you are a patriot."

Then he escorts you through the streets. He's silent and thoughtful. You're anxious to learn what he knows, but you decide it's best to let him tell you at his own speed.

Suddenly a crowd begins gathering down the block. Pierre perks up. "A progression!" he exclaims. "Wonder if anybody I know is

taking part. Quick! Come with me.”

“A progression?” you ask. “What’s that?”

Pierre laughs. “You *are* the naive one!”

As you reach the crowd, a series of wagons pass down the streets. Each wagon is filled with prisoners. They look to be from all walks of life. Some are dressed in tattered finery. Most wear trousers or plain dresses. Just a few are dressed poorly or in rags.

“These people are about to greet the Iron Maiden!” Pierre whispers. “Be careful how you react—and watch what you say! The ruffians in the crowd don’t know it, but Robespierre’s spies may be standing right beside them!”

It takes a few moments, but the meaning of Pierre’s words suddenly sink in. These people are all going to be beheaded! “There must be a hundred!” you exclaim, feeling sick to your stomach.

“Indeed,” says Pierre thoughtfully. “A slow day. Hmmm. Nobody I know. Not a friend, not an enemy. I must be running low.”

“You seem to be taking all this in stride,” you say hoarsely.

Pierre places a friendly hand on your shoulder. “I’m afraid I’ve gotten used to it, since the Terror began. Few actually support Robespierre and his Committee of Public Safety, but all are afraid to denounce him. Come on. I must get back to my friends before they begin to suspect my motives for helping you.”

Soon Pierre has taken you to the outskirts of the city, to a neighborhood that is the poorest and dirtiest you’ve ever seen. The streets are teeming with playing children, with women doing chores, and unemployed men passing the time of day. You smell a hundred rank odors.

“I’m not even supposed to know about this place,” Pierre whispers as the two of you approach a rickety wooden door near the rear of a slum building. He raps on the door twice.

The door opens just wide enough for you and Pierre to slip through. The room inside has bare, wooden walls. It is completely empty, except for a long table in the center.

Eight people are sitting at the table. They don’t seem to notice you at first. “I say the Reign of Terror has gone on long enough!”

an angry young man says to the others.

“But how can we end it?” asks a pretty woman next to him. Dressed in a simple skirt and blouse, she has striking round eyes, high cheekbones, and a turned-up nose. Her black hair falls around her face like a headdress of wildflowers. “Are you, Georges, willing to stand up before the Convention and denounce Robespierre as an enemy of France?”

Georges shivers. “No . . .” he whispers.

“Are we to do nothing?” asks another man.

“We must wait,” the woman answers.

“When another, more powerful than we, speaks up, we must throw all our support behind him. We’ll be risking our necks even then, I’m sure.”

The others nod. It’s clear they regard her as the leader. They appear to agree for about ten seconds—and then they all burst forth at once into a heated shouting match.

“These people are getting too loud,” says Pierre to you. “They won’t be safe much longer. The woman—their group leader—is Emma Berthier. I’ve heard rumors that her relatives had something to do with the scandal of the missing necklace—though I’ve really no idea what. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I must return to my friends. *Au revoir.*”

“Good-bye,” you say lamely, as you watch Pierre go. What are you going to do if this lead turns out to be a dead end? What if Emma doesn’t feel like talking?

There’s only one way to find out. You notice that Emma has stepped away from the table. Her brows are knitted in concentration. She watches her friends closely.

“Excuse me,” you say, walking over to her, “but I’ve a problem you might be able to help me with.” You quickly explain that you’re looking for the necklace.

“Sorry, I can’t help you,” she says, drawing you to the other side of the room where the argument isn’t so loud. “My mother worked for the comtesse for a time, and it was rumored that the necklace briefly passed into the hands of one of my family. But I know noth-

ing about it. I sensed, even years ago, that one day it would be dangerous to know too much about the necklace. I sense it now.”

“I understand,” you say, just as you spot several men through the window. They are wearing red scarves. One of the men raps loudly on the door. “Open up!” he shouts. “The Committee of Surveillance has total authority over this neighborhood—and we’re acting under the orders of Robespierre himself!”

Suddenly the room is deadly quiet, as if the sound had been a candle snuffed out by a giant hand.

Then three of the members practically fall over each other in their efforts to reach the door first. Maybe they’re going to pretend to be glad to see the Committee.

To your left you see a narrow hallway leading to other rooms. You slip inside. No one can see you, so you can jump if it’s necessary. And you still have the option of revealing yourself if you want to.

You stand against the wall and listen as the Committee members stomp in.

“Are you Emma Berthier?” a man asks Emma in a gravelly voice.

“Yes,” she says.

“Then you must come with us to see Robespierre. According to his spies, you know the whereabouts of a necklace that should be the property of France!”

“Naturally I’ll come,” says Emma in a cynical tone.

How did the spies find out so fast? Pierre’s friends must have quickly become suspicious, and followed you!

What should you do now? You have two options. Emma said her mother worked for the comtesse. Perhaps you should jump to see the comtesse at a time when Emma’s mother was with her.

Or perhaps you should try to go along with Emma and see if she tells Robespierre anything more about her family secret. Robespierre doesn’t sound like the kind of person a revolutionary could afford to hold out on!

But you’d better make up your mind. You can hear the commit-





tee escorting Emma out the door!



**Visit the comtesse. [Click here.](#)**



**Go with Emma to Robespierre.  
[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou reach into your pocket—and discover that you didn’t bring the red scarf after all! You can’t run, but perhaps you can still talk your way out of this one.

“All right, what’s the matter here, Albert?” the tall man from the street asks the jeweler. He and the fat man move closer, backing you into the counter.

“This youngster’s looking for the queen’s necklace—and won’t say why!” replies the jeweler. “My guess is that we have a counter-revolutionary on our hands.”

“Makes sense,” says the fat man, grinning at you. “Probably in league with English or Dutch aristocrats.”

“Our friend the jeweler makes grave charges indeed,” says the tall man. “How do you plead?”

Are you on trial already? “I’m innocent, of course! I’m from the country—and I’m a proud member of the Third Estate, of the class of the common man!”

“Then where’s your red scarf?” asks the fat man.

“I left it at home!”

“A likely story,” says the tall man, leading you out of the shop.

“We’ve a new home for you,” says the fat man. “A nice, dark, damp one. Maybe your scarf is there.”

“Don’t I get a trial?” you ask.

“Of course,” says the tall man. “You’ll get a fair one. Then you’ll most likely be guillotined!”

The two revolutionaries guide you down a winding succession of

streets until you reach what looks like the gates of a prison. They push you inside and escort you down a narrow hallway lined on both sides by cell doors. Then you climb up a long flight of steps.

Finally you and the revolutionaries reach a cell door at the top of the tower. “See?” says the tall one. “I told you we wouldn’t get lost. And sometimes it pays to have a jailer for a brother.” He jingles a set of keys before he unlocks a cell door.

“It certainly will,” says the fat man, “on the day Robespierre decides to arrest *you*!”

The tall one answers his friend with an icy look. “That’s not so funny,” he says. “It could happen, you know. It could easily happen.” Then he turns to you and pushes open the door. “Inside, youngster!”

You obey. They lock the door behind you and walk away.

Instead of feeling trapped and depressed, you’re elated. At last you’re alone, free to plot a way out of this mess.

But wait! Someone’s lying on a cot next to you! You’re not alone yet.

“Good evening,” says the other prisoner, turning over so he can see you. “Or is it the afternoon?”

“Uh, I don’t really know. I’m not much of a judge of time.”

“You’ll get worse, holed up in here. By the way, my name’s Thomas Paine.”

You’re amazed. “The American revolutionary! The author of *Common Sense* and *The Rights of Man*? But what are you doing here in France?”

Paine swings his legs to the floor, sits up, and sighs pensively. “I came to this wretched land full of hope. After the Revolution was successful in the colonies, I thought that European man might also rise above the unfair institutions of the past—that the spirit of freedom would spread across the ocean and into the hearts of all people.

“But something terrible has happened to the Revolution in this land. When I suggested that King Louis might be spared the blade of the guillotine—that the state be merciful and merely banish him



instead—I succeeded only in making Robespierre angry. I, a seeker of freedom, was imprisoned for my efforts.”

“This Robespierre—everyone seems to be afraid of him,” you say.

“With good reason. The man’s a devil—an absolute monster. He’s true to his bloody cause—I’ll give him that. That’s what makes him so dangerous.” Paine yawns. “Well, there’s another cot here. Make yourself at home. You’ll find that one freedom in particular is plentiful in jail—the freedom to sleep!”

“Go ahead,” you say, sitting down on the other cot. “I’m sure I can make the best of my situation.”

Thomas Paine is soon snoring, and you’re deep in thought. If only you’d brought a red scarf! Perhaps one of the men who “arrested” you would have helped you instead! In any case, you’d probably be better off now if you had one.

*Those scarves have to come from somewhere*, you think. Perhaps you can find out who makes them, and where. Or maybe, instead of jumping all over time and place, you can “borrow” one from somebody. Whatever the case, languishing in jail isn’t getting you any closer to the necklace!



**Visit the comtesse. [Click here.](#)**



**“Borrow” a scarf. [Click here.](#)**



**T**his is ridiculous!

It's 1784. You've arrived at the comtesse de La Motte's mansion, but you've also materialized in the hollow torso of a decorative suit of armor—one that happens to be standing against the wall in her bedroom. Through a grill in the chestplate you see the comtesse sitting at her makeup table, with her handservants gathered around. If you move—or make a sound—they'll know it.

"And so then the cardinal invited me to join him on a journey to Rome," says the comtesse.

Her handservants giggle excitedly. "He's so handsome!" says one.

"And so noble," chimes another.

"Wait," says the comtesse. Her expression is suddenly serious and concerned as she leans closer to the mirror. "Is that a new wrinkle?"

"No, of course not!" says the second handservant.

"Impossible!" adds a third.

Hmmm. One of these women could be Emma's mother. But it seems you'll have to listen to their gossip for a clue.

You hope something happens soon. It's getting stuffy in here. Sweat is rolling down your face in salty beads.

Suddenly there's a knock on the door.

"This is the king's guard!" booms an official-sounding voice from the hall. "Is the comtesse de La Motte present?"

The comtesse freezes. Her servants gasp and shrink back. They

look terrified to be near her. They all step away, almost in unison, from the makeup table.

The comtesse stares at them, aghast.

“Madame! Are you present?” asks the official voice impatiently.

The comtesse pulls herself together. “I will come!” she shouts to the door. She stands proudly, picking up a cloak and swinging it over her shoulders. She opens the door and walks past the soldiers with her head held high.

The soldiers follow, almost meekly.

The stunned handservants stare at one another for several minutes. When the muffled, distant slamming of the front doors indicates that the comtesse is no longer in the house, one asks, “Now what do we do?”

Then everybody begins talking at once. Picking up the hems of their gowns, they rush through the door and out into the hallway.

Now’s your chance to look for the necklace!

But first you must get out of this armor. You grope around your prison and find a lever. You twist it to get a better grip.

Oops! You’ve twisted too much, too hard! The suit’s tipping over!

It’s falling—!

*Oooff!*

It hits the floor with a crash. You’re stunned from the impact, so it takes you a few seconds to realize that the chestplate’s two parts have broken open, freeing you.

The handservants are rushing down the hall toward you. Judging from the sound of the voices, a few men have joined them. It’s time to get out of here!

You run to the open picture window, draw the curtain behind you, and dart out onto the balcony. You look around. The full moon is infusing the mansion grounds with a brilliant silver glow—a glow so bright that it only takes you a few seconds to realize there’s no avenue down the side from the balcony.

You can think of two ways out. Perhaps if you jump to the site of Cardinal de Rohan’s arrest, you’ll be able to ask him about the

necklace. Or you can try to catch the comtesse in the future, when she has more time to talk about the mess she's now in.

Uh-oh! The servants have discovered the fallen armor, and a man is already searching the premises, shouting loudly.

The curtains are beginning to draw apart. You've got to decide—the cardinal or the comtesse?—and decide fast!

Jump!



**Go see the cardinal. [Click here.](#)**



**Go see the comtesse. [Click here.](#)**





**Y**ou're still in Paris during May of 1794, but you're in an entirely different, dirtier section of the city. The air is full of blackened soot and a hundred horrible odors.

How can anyone tolerate working in this quarter of Paris? *Guess they don't have a choice*, you think. But people not only work here—they live here, too. Beyond the cramped maze of sweatshops and workhouses are rows and rows of slum dwellings—giant tinderboxes, really. It wouldn't take much to start a fiery holocaust here—just a stray match or two. And you imagine that if you could push over one dwelling, the ones beside it would fall like a line of dominoes.

With people crowded together in living and working conditions such as these, it's no wonder the slums were hotbeds of angry, desperate revolutionary activity.

You peek around the nearest doorway. You're in luck! This is a clothing sweatshop.

In one corner a group of craftsmen sit stitching elegant articles of clothing. But most of the sweatshop is occupied by long rows of women working at huge looms or stitching at tables. Everyone, including the craftsmen, looks bored and tired.

In the corner nearest the door, the foreman sits at a desk, quietly hand-sewing the borders of dozens of red scarves. He must be a revolutionary!

You walk through the front door and introduce yourself to him. He smiles and, with a wave of his hand, stops you from saying any-



thing more. “Wait! I can guess what you want. You need a scarf, don’t you?”

“Why, yes. How did you know?”

He casually rolls a scarf into a ball and tosses it your way. You catch the unfurling material with one hand.

“Thanks!”

“Think nothing of it. The master, who owns this hole, donates the material and my time to the cause. Despite all the trouble we’re having, the spirit of the Revolution will create a new and better France. Not that a constitution granting man his natural rights has improved conditions here that much!”

“Will it improve them in time?” you ask.

“Perhaps, but I’m not holding my breath. Still, one must hope!”

Wishing the foreman good day, you take your leave. Now you can go back and “prove” to the jeweler and the three revolutionaries that you’re a friend of the people.



**Click here.**



**T**he Committee of Surveillance is escorting Emma Berthier through the streets of the Parisian slum toward her forced audience with the dreaded kingpin of the Reign of Terror—Robespierre.

You run up behind them, grabbing Emma by the arm. “Hey! Wait! I’d like to join you!”

Looking you in the eye, Emma smiles bravely. “Are you certain, my friend, that you know what you’re doing? Who do you think has had an audience with Robespierre and lived to tell about it?”

“The innocent?” you answer.

“Not necessarily,” Emma replies, shrugging. “Come along if you wish.” She turns to one of the Committee members. “You’ve no objections?”

“It’s the youngster’s neck,” he replies. “Not mine.” But he rubs his own nervously, as if out of habit.

The Committee escorts you and Emma to an upper middle-class neighborhood. At number 38 Rue Saint-Honoré, you turn down the walkway of a magnificent mansion. Beautiful gardens stretch out on either side of you. “Robespierre must be quite rich,” you say.

“Don’t misunderstand the meaning of these luxurious surroundings,” answers Emma. “Robespierre is only a guest here. The house and grounds belong to one of Robespierre’s admirers, who has graciously supplied him with lodgings.”

“Where did Robespierre live before?” you ask.

“In a hovel, no doubt,” Emma says. “He lives only for his ideals.

It's said he cares little for anything else—even food or the company of friends. Don't underestimate Robespierre's sincerity. He's a true believer in the Revolution."

"A virtuous man!" says the Committee leader, knocking loudly on the front door.

Soon the Committee has turned you and Emma over to an indifferent-looking butler, who leads you down a long, empty hall toward a pair of tall, closed doors in the distance. The Committee follows behind. You hope their services will not be required again.

The butler opens the doors without knocking. Through the entrance you see a large meeting table. At the far end a tall man wearing a powdered wig stands with his back to you. His narrow shoulders are slumped, his head hung low, as if he's feeling especially burdened today.

The butler clears his throat.

"You may go, Georges," says Robespierre, still not looking at you or Emma as he walks to the fireplace and sticks the poker into the flames, moving the logs about. Bright red sparks rise up into the chimney. "It's cold, it is not, for Paris in May?" he asks idly, his gaze directed at the logs.

"For some, perhaps," says Emma icily, "but not for others."

Robespierre turns to stare at the two of you. He's a slight man for all his height, nattily dressed, with wire-rimmed spectacles that only intensify his steely glare. Replacing the poker in its rack, he smiles slightly. "Mademoiselle Berthier, it is a pleasure finally to meet someone who has done so much for the race of man," he says to Emma.

"I've done little," Emma replies formally. "So much more remains to be done."

"How true. And who is your young, doubtless very brave friend?"

You introduce yourself, adding, "I hope to be of some assistance to both of you during this interview."

"That is unlikely, but of course you can never tell about these things in advance," he says. "Perhaps, youngster, you hope instead

to be of some assistance to *yourself*, in your quest to gain possession of comtesse de La Motte's accursed necklace!"

You're flabbergasted. "How—how did you know?" you manage to stutter.

Robespierre smiles with a confident, superior air. "It's my business to know. The information was passed on to me by a certain jeweler who's been having trouble making ends meet. He described you and your mission quite accurately." He gestures to the chairs at the table. "Please sit." You and Emma comply, and he adds "Make yourselves comfortable" in tones designed to have precisely the opposite effect.

The interrogation is about to begin.

"Mademoiselle Berthier, my spies have informed me on numerous occasions that you might know who currently possesses the necklace—that it might even be a member of your family. The Republic has great financial need of the necklace."

Emma gives you a look before she answers. She lied to you earlier—or at least held back part of the truth. You can't blame her, though.

"I was unaware that the spoils of greed were of such importance to France," she says to Robespierre.

He flinches but quickly regains his composure. "What is important to the Republic is for me to decide."

"Are you the voice of the people?" you ask.

He glares at you. "Careful with that tongue, youngster, lest you lose it—and the head that carries it." Then he turns back to Emma without waiting for your response. "The burden of speaking for the people has fallen to me, it is true. Our fair land must be purged of traitors and scoundrels before it can give birth to a new breed of man. France has armies in dire need of ammunition and supplies. The sale of the necklace, for that reason alone, can have a profound effect upon the fortunes of our wars. Mademoiselle Berthier . . . Emma . . ."

Robespierre leans toward her. "Wouldn't it be worth your life to aid the people of France?"



Emma grows quite pale. She answers with an effort. "I—I'm afraid one of my three uncles has the necklace. Or had it for a while. I don't know which uncle, and I don't know what he did with it—if anything! My uncles are all good patriots, sir!"

"That remains to be seen," says Robespierre grimly. "What was your mother's name?"

"Brigitte Berthier."

"Why don't you know which uncle?"

"Mother never told me. She said she had sworn an oath!"

Robespierre snorts in derision. "A likely story. The kind I've heard many times before. Each time, the unfortunate ending has been the same."

"Mother stole the necklace the night the comtesse was arrested," Emma whispers. "In fact, at the moment of the arrest, she was on the other side of the mansion on a balcony, tossing the necklace to one of my uncles on the grounds below. That's all I can tell you."

You hold back an exclamation. Going directly to the scene of the comtesse's arrest would have been a mistake, a dead end! You'll have to be elsewhere *at the same time* if you want to find out which uncle got the necklace.

Robespierre pushes back his chair and stares, deep in thought, at the clear tabletop. Finally he nods and says, "Interesting information, Emma, but it's getting a little old by this time. The people of France will evidently have to wait until you grow bored with the monotony of dungeon life."

"Please, sir, I've told you everything—all I know! I swear!"

"And if the people must wait too long—" Robespierre finishes the thought by mimicking the drop of the guillotine blade with his forefinger. Physically the gesture is small, but its meaning is unmistakable. Robespierre raises his eyebrows, waiting for Emma's reaction.

Emma is able to hold her stare against Robespierre's piercing gaze for more than a minute. You're afraid to move or say anything. A single word could influence the outcome of their test of wills.

Then, without warning, Emma bursts into tears. She covers her



face with her hands and sobs uncontrollably.

“Sir, I really must protest!” you say angrily. “She has done nothing.”

“Even the act of doing nothing can be a crime against the Republic of France.” Robespierre replies. “In view of your remarks, youngster, I’ve no choice but to suspect you to be an enemy of the people!” He claps his hands twice, and the Committee, which must have been waiting outside the door for his signal, walks into the room.

They move toward you, anticipating Robespierre as he points his long finger in your direction. “Arrest that traitor!” he demands.

Uh-oh! Time to make yourself scarce. Before the men reach you, you dash across the room to a pair of doors, open them, and dart inside, slamming the doors behind you. You also slam—into a wall!

The men outside laugh. “The youngster’s run into a closet!” one exclaims.

“Let the little traitor stew inside for a moment,” says Robespierre, apparently unamused.

“I’ve waited long enough,” growls someone else, presumably the same person twisting and pulling at the door handle.

Time to jump—fast! You’ve got to leave Emma alone in the hands of these ruffians—now her life depends upon the success of your mission.

At least there’s one consolation. Robespierre is going to be in for quite a shock when his men finally open the closet!



**Click here.**



It's August 14, 1785, the day the Catholic Church calls Assumption Day, commemorating the anniversary of the Virgin Mary's ascent into heaven.

The people on the streets are celebrating with loaves of bread and hundreds of bottles of red wine, but the wealthy and the nobles are arriving a carriageload at a time at a cathedral close by. The cathedral, towering above the nearby residential housing, is massive proof of the Church's extraordinary riches. The huge stones forming the walls are pristine, cut to the most specific detail. The stained glass glitters in the sunlight, even from a distance. And ornate gargoyles adorn the edges of the roof.

The cardinal must be inside the cathedral. As you walk briskly toward it, you wonder how you can manage to be there when he's arrested. With luck, he should have something to say about the necklace that will help you on your quest.

Suddenly a squad of marching soldiers veers away from the line of arriving aristocrats and moves toward the side of the cathedral.

*Hmmm. This looks promising*, you think as you dash around and ahead of the squad, toward a door where various Church officials—all dressed in their finest, most ornate robes—are talking among themselves.

You slow down and stop before a young priest. "Excuse me, Father, I'd like to speak to Cardinal de Rohan. Do you know where I can find him?"

The priest smiles kindly at you. "He's already inside, preparing

for the service. I'm afraid not just anyone can speak to the cardinal. I myself haven't earned the privilege yet."

"It's a, uh, fairly vital matter, about an expensive necklace he purchased recently."

"Oh well, if it's about his all-too-human side, I'm sure he'll be interested." The priest waves you toward the door. "Inside, my friend."

"Thanks!" You turn without looking where you're going—and bang into the last squad member!

"Out of the way, youngster!" snarls the soldier, pushing you roughly to the side.

The rest of the squad is marching through the door grimly and purposefully. The cardinal's about to be arrested, and the scandalous controversy is about to begin.

And you're only minutes too late to talk to him. But, you realize as you sneak past a few curious Church officials peeking through the door, you're not too late to learn something.

Inside, the squad of soldiers is surrounding a middle-aged official dressed in dazzling white robes. His face is red with indignation. "What's happening?" he demands in a huffy voice. "What's going on here?"

"My apologies, your eminence," says the officer leading the squad, "but we're under orders to place you under arrest. Apparently you've made a grave mistake."

"I? A mistake?" blusters the cardinal. "Impossible!"

"Evidently not," says the officer serenely. "Take him away," he orders his men.

The Church officials are buzzing excitedly. "The cardinal will be in exile for a long time," says one. "Who will take his place?"

"I will," says one.

"No, I will!" says another.

Already the cardinal's plight is forgotten—at least momentarily.

You stand unnoticed inside the church, trying to decide what to do next. You can catch up to the cardinal a few years in the future, while he is in exile. You can try to talk to the comtesse de La Motte



sometime after she has been arrested by the king's guard. Or you can risk meeting Robespierre with Emma, in the hope of obtaining more information.

Decide quickly, because you're not going to learn anything else here!



**Go see the cardinal. [Click here.](#)**



**Go see the comtesse. [Click here.](#)**



**Go see Emma and Robespierre.  
[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou've arrived on the grounds of the comtesse de La Motte's mansion on the night of her arrest, in 1784.

You see someone approaching in the bright moonlight. You dart to the bushes against the side of the mansion and crouch low. You hope the man walking down the path toward the balcony won't see you.

Too bad you can't see *him* very well. His face is in shadow, though you can tell that he's wearing a simple shirt and trousers, as if he's one of the common people.

"Brigitte!" he calls up to the balcony.

Brigitte! That's the name of Emma's mother! Then you're just in time to discover which one of her brothers received the necklace! If you can see his face, that is.

"Brigitte!" he calls. "Do you have the necklace?"

"Quiet!" hisses someone overhead. "The king's men have arrived. We'll be in danger if we dally! Catch!"

You watch the man catch the falling necklace with both hands. He pauses to hold it up in the moonlight. It sparkles wonderfully. Clearly it is a thing of unsurpassed beauty.

"Remember, brother," hisses Brigitte. "Half of what you earn from selling it is mine!"

Her brother laughs. "You'll get what it pleases me to give you, now that the necklace is in my hands!"

Brigitte sounds as if she's restraining a scream of frustration. You wonder how she would feel if she knew her crime would one day



endanger her daughter's life.

Uh-oh! You're about to sneeze.

Ah . . . Ah-hhh . . .

*"Achoo!"*

"A spy!" Brigitte wails from the balcony. "We've been betrayed!"

You dash out of the bushes and past Brigitte's brother before he has a chance to grab you. You run as fast as you can, and soon the mansion is out of sight.

Reaching a clump of trees, you sit down to think things through. You've confirmed Emma's story, but you still don't have the name of the uncle you're looking for!

But you know that other people, from time to time, have been interested in the necklace. What was it that Robespierre said? "It's my business to know!" The Committee of Public Safety must have a tremendous staff to help keep Robespierre so well informed.

The time has come to visit a hall of records and learn the official story of Brigitte's family. You're sure that then you'll have some strong leads to the necklace!



**Click here.**





**Y**ou stand in a field in late 1793, shivering in the howling wind. Nearby is a patch of bare, swaying trees and thick hedges. Leaves scurry across the ground. The echo of a mooing cow sounds like an eerie groan.

The sunlight is bright but cold, and the ground is rock-hard. It is a harsh winter.

A woman dressed in black stands before a barren mound. She doesn't move at all. You wonder what she is doing.

"Excuse me," you say.

The woman turns. She's wearing a black veil over most of her face, so it's difficult to guess her age. She does have beautiful dark eyes, eyes that grow wide at the sight of you. "A child!" she exclaims. "I didn't know there were any left in the village of Nantes!"

Suddenly she bursts into tears, covering her face with her hands.

"I'm sorry," you say, gingerly touching her shoulder. "Have I done something wrong?"

"No, but you must try to understand," says the woman after she has regained her composure. "Buried in this mound are my two children. So are all the other children of Naintes—all five hundred of them!"

"What? This is really a mass grave? What happened?"

"Carrier killed them—an insane revolutionary named Carrier! The men of our village protested the policies of the National Convention and rebelled. They fought and died—and Robespierre



and his Committee of Public Safety sent Carrier to punish Nantes. Then—then . . .” Her voice trails off, and she looks away toward the sky.

“It’s all right. You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to.”

The woman sobs once, then pats your shoulder tenderly, almost as if she sees the faces of her children reflected in yours. “No. I want to tell. Carrier decided that the whole populace of Nantes was made up entirely of ‘enemies of freedom.’ He ordered his army to gather all the children in the village square and then he . . . he had them executed—*guillotined*—one by one! My youngest was so small that . . . that his head didn’t fit the Maiden . . .”

“It’s all right,” you say weakly. “You don’t have to tell me any more.”

She smiles wanly. “I’m sorry, youngster. Sometimes it’s difficult for me to live with the pain, the knowledge that I must go on, while my little ones are in the hands of God.” She turns again toward the barren mound. After the two of you stare at it together for a few moments, she breaks the silence again. “The executioner himself died of horror after beheading four sisters. He’s buried here too, with the bodies of the many he has slain.”

The howling wind reaches a crescendo, and there’s a fresh chill in the air. You’ve decided it’s time to leave when suddenly the woman points to a horseback patrol approaching in the distance.

“It’s Carrier’s soldiers!” exclaims the woman. “You must run before they see you. They’ve been arresting and executing any child who comes near Nantes! Run, child!”

And you do, toward a cluster of trees that will enable you to jump without being seen. You leap without hesitation. You want to get as far away from this place and time as you can.



**Click here.**



It is a dark and stormy night. Tremendous lightning bolts appear and disappear above the turbulent ocean, illuminating the black clouds that loom like a malevolent pantheon of gods. A series of thunderclaps rumbles deafeningly above you.

You would cover your ears, but you're balancing precariously on a rocky shore. Wave after pounding wave slaps your back. Water beneath you surges between the rocks, and then is pulled backward in a powerful, treacherous undertow.

You're supposed to be here to meet the comtesse de La Motte, but she's nowhere in sight. And what is that forbidding-looking castle looming behind you?

Another lightning flash reveals a wooden ship bobbing uncontrollably on top of the waves. It'll be lucky if it isn't bashed against the rocks.

Before you can wonder exactly what the ship is doing there, a wall of water smacks you on the back and lifts you high above the rocks. You rush toward the beach as if you've been fired from a cannon.

You're vaguely aware of somebody pointing at you from the shore.

Then you see a lot of sand. Close up!

A few minutes later, you come to. You're pretty much unhurt, but you're covered with sand and seaweed. The thunder climaxes directly above your head, and for a moment you're afraid the earth

is going to open up and swallow you.

Then you think you hear voices.

Lightning flashes once again, and you see four people at the beach's edge. One is a man holding a rope tied to the bow of a lifeboat that has crossed from the bobbing ship to the shore. Two other men sit inside the boat, at the oars.

The fourth person is a woman in a cloak. It must be the comtesse de La Motte! She is about to step into the boat.

"Wait! Don't go yet!" you manage to croak. The spill has knocked the breath from you. "I must speak to you!"

One of the men leaps out of the boat, runs through the water, and dashes over the wet sand. He positions himself over you, pointing his flint pistol directly between your eyes. He says nothing, but he doesn't have to.

"I know what you're thinking," you say quickly, "but I'm not trying to disturb your plans. I just want to speak to the lady for a moment." The man points his pistol in the air and steps away from you.

"Get rid of this fool," he says to the woman. "Speak while I help my mates with the boat—and then tell the idiot to get lost!"

The woman pulls the hood of her cloak over her head and walks over to you. You struggle to stand up.

"I am the comtesse de La Motte," she says, her words almost lost in a roll of thunder. "As you have no doubt guessed, you have interrupted my escape from the prison in which I have spent many long years. I don't have much time. What do you wish of me?"

"Uh, I'm an adventurer, you see, who hunts down prizes for fun and profit," you answer. "Recently I've started looking for the diamond necklace you persuaded the cardinal to commission."

"I thought the necklace might have something to do with it," she says, pulling down her hood. Her skin is heavily wrinkled and her hair is gray. Her years of imprisonment have cost the comtesse her beauty. "Many have asked me about it, for many reasons, but at last I've met someone who wonders for the sheer thrill of it. At last I've found someone with a motive I can understand."

“Does that mean you’ve something to tell me?”

“Unfortunately, no. I’ve no idea whatsoever where the necklace is. I’ve never even asked about it. It was only the prize of a game to me, nothing more and nothing less.”

“Hurry, madame,” shouts the man holding the rope to the lifeboat. “The storm’s fury is dying—we have a chance to escape!”

“Well, I can see you must go,” you say. “And I’d better be going too.”

“Be careful, youngster—and good luck on your quest.”

You watch as the comtesse walks away and the men help her into the boat. Then you turn back toward the shore as they begin fighting the waves to reach the ship.

Wait! What’s that?

It sounds like barking dogs.

You turn to see a pack of hunting dogs rushing onto the beach. Several yards behind them is a squad of soldiers on horseback. The soldiers are too late to stop the comtesse, but they can certainly give you a rough interrogation, if you give them the chance.

You’ve got to jump—immediately!



**Click here.**



**Y**ou're in the second-story hallway of a musty, dusty building in Paris during May of 1794.

Peeking through an open doorway, you see an immense room furnished with desks, cabinets, and shelves. There's paper everywhere—cluttering up the desks, sticking out of every open drawer, immense bunches on top of and near every cabinet, crammed to capacity on every shelf, and piled in heaps all over the floor.

The men sit at desks, reading by the light of oil lamps. They shuffle papers, mutter to themselves, and take notes.

This is one of the record rooms of the Reign of Terror. Here copious notes are kept on any and all who were, are, or might become “enemies of the people.”

A studious young man wearing glasses suddenly looks up from his work and sees you. He's mildly startled, but he recovers his composure quickly. “Who are you?” he asks. “And how did you get past the guards?”

“I'm under orders from Robespierre,” you say, hoping to deflect his questions. “He needs some information as quickly as possible.”

The man stands and irritably throws his glasses on his desk. “That's what he said about the last four special jobs! How are we supposed to ferret out all the unknown spies if he keeps us busy keeping track of the known ones? Now tell me, how might I assist you?”

Fifteen minutes later, the man proudly hands you a stack of files, all concerned with Emma Berthier and her family. “See?” he says.







“No one is too obscure—and no crime too innocent—for the Committee of Public Safety.”

You thank the man profusely before you leave. You feel he’s going to begin taking notes on you the second you’ve gone. Finding a broom closet down the hall, you go inside, close the door, and sit on a ledge next to a window.

Emma’s life depends on how you decide to use the information in the files. Your fingers tremble as you open the first one. You steady yourself and resolve to read the material carefully.

According to the documents, on the night of the arrest Emma’s mother—Brigitte—had already been one of the comtesse’s hand-servants for several years. Brigitte’s husband had died in the army, and she had raised her daughter by herself.

When the authorities realized the necklace was missing, Brigitte reported that it had been stolen by a man dressed in the trousers-and-shirt style commonly worn by members of the Third Estate. When the authorities began to suspect that Brigitte might have had something to do with the necklace’s disappearance, she promptly dropped out of sight.

She reemerged a few years later after the scandal had died down. Her station in life had risen. Now she is married to a wealthy land-owner in the rural north of France—although currently, in 1794, both of their whereabouts are unknown.

Brigitte is just one who may know where the necklace is. The other possibilities are her three brothers.

Two of these brothers, the documents state, are in the army. The youngest, Jean, is an officer who commanded the regiment guarding the Bastille on July 14, 1789. Now he’s on the front, leading a regiment against the Prussians.

The middle brother, Jacques, is currently in disfavor because he served as an attaché to General Lafayette, the French hero of the American Revolution. Lafayette, you learn, was at first a moderate supporter of the French Revolution but was forced into exile because he ordered his men to shoot at a mob threatening to harm King Louis XVI.

Jacques is in exile with Lafayette. They are both serving time in an Austrian dungeon for their support, however moderate, of the French Revolution, which is actively opposed by every monarchy in Europe.

The brother with the thickest file is the oldest, Victor. It seems that he's been the most politically active brother of the lot. After years of being pursued by creditors, he suddenly appeared, in 1787, as a man of means. He joined the Jacobin Club and became an active supporter of the Revolution. He was a delegate of the Third Estate in June 1789, when the Tennis Court Oath was struck.

Victor was executed in April for the crime of supporting the views of Georges Danton. *Poor guy*, you think. But at least if you decide to see him, you can do it when he's alive.

You close the files. You hear the echo of footsteps growing louder and louder.

The person who's approaching is mumbling. You crouch close to the door and strain to catch what he's saying. It sounds like "Work, work, work. Sweep, sweep, sweep. That's all I ever do. Do you think the Revolution's going to reward me? No!"

It's the caretaker! He's going to open the door!

He's turning the knob!

You'd better decide whom you want to see within the next few seconds. Brigitte seems like the best choice. Only she can tell you who finally received the necklace.

Time to jump!



**Go see Brigitte in the countryside.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're standing in the Tuileries Gardens, next to the Tuileries Palace, which houses the royal family. The palace is huge, big enough to shelter a battalion. The gardens themselves are neat and well-tended. The flower arrangements are beautiful.

You realize you've no idea what year this is. For now you're just glad you've escaped the closet in Robespierre's office. Emma is safe for the moment, and in any case, you can appear before Robespierre the very next day—once you've found the missing necklace.

Still, the fact that Emma's life depends on you weighs heavily on your shoulders. You're going to have to figure out in which direction you should jump. To the past? Or to the future?

Suddenly a horse snorts behind you. Hooves pound the cobblestones. Wheels creak, and a whip snaps. You turn to see what's coming and find yourself staring directly into the sun. You try to shield your eyes, but it's taking time for them to adjust—too much time.

"Get out of the way!" shouts a woman in an imperious tone from the oncoming carriage.

You jump—not into the past or the future, but into a clump of flowers. "*Owww!*" you yelp. You've rolled into a rosebush!

You lie still for a few moments, trying to get your bearings. A hasty move could result in several cuts from the thorns.

The woman in the coach, whoever she is, orders the horse to a halt. She scrambles out of the carriage, rushes to you, and helps you stand.

Now that you can see her, you can tell that she's an aristocrat.





She's wearing an exquisite gown and wig, and her throat sparkles with diamonds. Her face is completely covered in white powder.

"Youngster, are you well?" she asks in a concerned tone.

"I'm fine," you answer quickly.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to run you down," she says, "but you seemed to come from out of nowhere."

"That's all right. Do you always race through the gardens?"

She purses her lips. "Not always. Just when I'm bored."

You step back from the lady as a pack of chambermaids and servants turn a corner and rush toward you. "Madame! Madame!" says the butler at the head of the pack. "We saw what happened! Are you injured? Has this brat harmed you?"

The woman steps between you and the butler. "The youngster is blameless. The fault was entirely mine!" As the butler bows obediently, the woman smiles and says. "Though I must admit, my driving *is* quite accomplished for a mother of four!"

An overweight nobleman dressed in layers of colorful silk breaks through the crowd. "My queen!" he says. "My queen! I saw what happened! Are you well?"

Suddenly you realize you were almost run over by Marie Antoinette—the queen of France! The man is none other than Louis XVI, the king of France!

"I am fine, husband," the queen says. "It is this child we should be concerned about. Can we invite the youngster to share our feast with us, to make what amends we can?"

Louis appears rather surprised at the notion. "Why, yes, if it pleases you, my wife," he says.

Naturally you accept the invitation! A feast will have other guests, and maybe you'll be able to learn what year this is.

As you follow the king and queen to an area on the other side of the palace, the queen says, "I'm pleased you granted my wish, husband."

"I never fail, when it is within my power."

"Indeed. But if more of the common folk knew how much you cared for them, that you are ultimately concerned with their welfare—as well as that of the realm—then I'm sure our troubles would be over.

The king sighs wearily. “Perhaps, perhaps. But it is so difficult to know the right thing to do.”

You and your escorts soon reach a formal garden, where a gathering of aristocrats are feasting on pastries and drinks and listening to a nearby string quartet.

“Be seated over there, on the other side of the pool,” the queen whispers to you. “I wish to speak to you shortly.”

You try to look inconspicuous as you sit and listen to the music, but it’s hard. The aristocrats keep glancing at you and whispering to one another. Unfortunately, what little conversation you overhear gives you no clue as to what year this is. Still, something the queen has said nags at your mind. You think back over her every word.

The queen soon moves away from King Louis and beckons you.

“Your accent interests me,” she says. “What country are you from?”

“Uh, the American colonies, of course!”

Marie Antoinette looks at you coldly. “I should have guessed. My noble husband was quite pleased to support your cause of independence. But I must say, he’s become afraid that some of the common rabble have taken some of your patriots’ ideas too seriously.”

The queen suddenly appears to lose interest in you. “I must get back to my guests, child,” she says, walking away. “Perhaps we shall meet again.”

“Yes. Perhaps,” you reply grimly. No matter what year you’re in, it’s only a matter of time before Marie Antoinette and her aristocratic friends will face certain doom at the hands of a new regime.

The question is: How much time?

Trying to appear casual, you stroll to a secluded area in the garden where no one can see you. By now you’ve gained enough clues to figure out which way you should jump.

To the past? Or to the future?



**Jump to the future. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump to the past. [Click here.](#)**





**Y**ou're standing in the tranquil French countryside. The birds sing and the bees buzz in a patch of wildflowers next to you. A monastery stands on a distant hill, baking in the hot sun.

It's so quiet and peaceful here. It's difficult to accept that somewhere else some Frenchmen could be waiting their turn to face the Iron Maiden.

You walk toward the monastery. Perhaps someone there will know where you can find the cardinal de Rohan.

As you near the gate of the monastery, you meet a middle-aged monk. He's wearing a simple, coarse robe that's completely different from the fine robes the Church officials in Paris were wearing on Assumption Day. Overall, the Catholic Church in France may be extraordinarily wealthy, but this monk—and his monastery—appear poor and humble.

"Good day, traveler," the monk says. "Seek you sanctuary—or a meal?"

"Good day, father. Actually, my main purpose is to speak to someone who may be living here: Cardinal de Rohan."

The monk stops walking. You stop with him. "I am the cardinal," he says. He seems noticeably less friendly than before. "How might I assist you?"

Suddenly you're very embarrassed. You didn't recognize him! In Paris, the cardinal was pampered and arrogant; here he is lean and kind. You try to explain, but all you can do is stammer.





“You need explain nothing,” says the cardinal, a twinkle coming to his eye. “I know something of the good and bad of human nature. I can see your heart is good and you mean no harm.”

“Uh, yes, but, ah, you see, you’re quite a bit different than you were in Paris. You’ve changed.”

“Indeed. Here in the countryside, away from the temptations of the old, sordid life I once knew, I have again experienced the inner peace that only God can bring. Instead of spending my days in debauchery, I devote myself to God and the needs of my fellow man. Now, my young friend, what do you want to know?”

You open your mouth to speak, but suddenly you realize there’s no point in asking the cardinal about the necklace. Even if he knew who had it when he was arrested on Assumption Day, he would have no further leads because now that kind of knowledge means nothing to him.

“Never mind,” you say. “I’m too hungry, and it’s not very important.”

“I must say, I can’t understand why you would venture so far from civilization only to forgo your mission. But you are welcome to share our humble repast, nonetheless,” says the cardinal, putting his hand on your shoulder and guiding you toward the gate.

You have a meal of bread and vegetable broth and a pleasant conversation with the cardinal and some of the other monks. But you’re no closer to the necklace than you were when you arrived here. Seeing the cardinal in exile has proved to be a dead end.

What do you do next? Should you try to find the comtesse’s current whereabouts to see if she knows anything about the necklace?

Or should you stay with Emma during her meeting with Robespierre?



**Find the comtesse. [Click here.](#)**



**Go see Robespierre with Emma.  
[Click here.](#)**



It's 1789. You're standing between two squalid stone buildings in a country village. From here you can see the main square. Behind it is a rocky cliff, and perched on the top of the cliff is a mansion that overlooks the entire village.

A crowd of ragged, desperate-looking peasants are gathered in the square. Some are carrying pitchforks and clubs, and they appear to be arguing heatedly among themselves. You can't make out any of their words.

But Brigitte Berthier lives in this village. She's married to the wealthy landowner, Baron Claude Jarre. You walk toward the people in the square, intending to ask one of them where the baron lives.

What's that noise? You pause for a moment and glance to the left of the mansion, toward a winding dirt road going up the side of the hill. A rising cloud of dust breaks apart in the breeze.

A cloud of dust? you wonder, moving on. What can it mean?

You know the answer to your question when you hear the hollow noise of galloping hooves. Someone shouts, "It's the baron! And he's brought men!"

The crowd immediately panics. People run in all directions, and no one seems to know what to do.

The baron and several of his men ride their horses through the crowd. The baron is pretty easy to spot. He's riding the finest, sleekest horse. He wears a wig, a ruffled shirt, and breeches, in the manner of the aristocracy. He also carries a whip, which he snaps



around the head and shoulders of any peasant unfortunate enough to get too close to him.

You back up against a wall, away from the action. It looks as if the baron and his men—there are eight—are trying to scatter the crowd. For a moment their plan seems to be working.

But then a man grabs one of the baron's men from his horse and pulls him to the ground. Instantly a group of peasants surround the man and beat him with whatever instruments they have handy.

Horried, you look away—only to see two other men being pulled from their horses.

Another one of the baron's men fires a pistol at the crowd. Immediately he's plummeted by rocks thrown by the peasants. He falls, unconscious, from his horse before he can fire another shot.

Then you see the baron, by now on foot, trying to break away from the crowd. But a burly man grabs him and hurls him—hard!—against a tree.

The baron falls to the ground and tries to crawl away, but the peasants catch him easily.

“Now we'll set fire to your mansion,” snarls one of the men kicking the baron. “We'll burn all your precious possessions and the records of our ‘obligation’ to you! Perhaps we'll burn your pretty wife, too!”

“Please! Not my wife! Not my darling Brigitte! Don't harm my wife!” the baron pleads.

But the peasants ignore him as they run up the road toward the mansion on the cliff top.

The baron's wife is in for trouble. Should you try to talk to her now?

Or should you try to find her later, when she is no longer in danger?



**See Brigitte now. [Click here.](#)**



**See Brigitte later. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're inside a grain warehouse in the city of Toulouse during the summer of 1789. What a stench! The odor of grain baking in the heat nearly overpowers you.

Outside, people are shouting, and there's the hustle of running. "Line up over there!" someone shouts. "And don't give an inch!"

"If it was your family that was starving, you wouldn't be giving us such a hard time!" someone else shouts.

You climb into the loft, pull yourself over bales of grain, and sneak a peek through a window. Outside, beneath the stark sun of a cloudless sky, a ragtag mob of peasants stands defiantly before an armed platoon of French soldiers.

"Let us feed our children!" demands a thin man, shaking his fist.

"This grain must be shipped to your countrymen—stationed at a dangerous outpost!" shouts an officer, moving between his men and the people. "There will soon be plenty of grain. Just be patient!"

There's a dissatisfied murmur from the crowd. Things here could get pretty grim, pretty fast.

You move away from the window. At least the warehouse itself is deserted. You have the opportunity to figure out just where you went wrong and how to get back on the path to the missing necklace.

But suddenly the people are shouting even more excitedly, and a dog is yelping in panic.

The people seem to be moving. But where?

Over there—to that broken window near the corner. Being careful to use the bales of grain as cover, you go to the window and look outside to an alley below.

The people have cornered a stray, mangy mutt, and they're acting as if they want to eat it raw. Whenever a man approaches it—usually with a knife or stick—the dog charges forward, snaps at the person, then pulls back into the corner.

The men spread out and slowly advance as a unit toward the animal. Its moments are numbered—unless you do something. Fast!

But how? All you have are these sacks of grain.

Then the answer hits you. *Grain!*

You pick up a sack and hurl it through the window. “You want food?” you shout as loudly as you can. “Then have some grain—on the house!”

You quickly toss out two more sacks, then look out to see what sort of effect they've had.

The dog is still cornered, but everyone is looking up at you—everyone, that is, except for the three people clutching bags and pushing their way through the crowd.

“Give us grain! Give us grain!” the people shout.

You throw out more bags. You keep throwing them until the dog, spying his opportunity, darts through the thinning—and by now indifferent—crowd.

At the entrance to the alley, a soldier sees what you're doing. “Someone's inside!” he shouts. “Throwing grain to the rabble!”

Almost immediately, the front doors of the warehouse swing open, and several soldiers run through toward the ladder in the back. Others begin climbing up the two ladders in the front. They're going to try to corner you in the loft.

It looks as though you're trapped.

You duck behind a stack of grain bags, where no one can see you.

You could go back four years and try to see Cardinal Rohan in 1785. He might know what happened to the necklace. Or you can







chance going with Emma to her meeting with Robespierre.

Whatever you decide, jump quickly. The angry soldiers are rapidly closing in on your hiding place!



**Go see the Cardinal. [Click here.](#)**



**Go with Emma to see Robespierre.  
[Click here.](#)**



**D**own with the bridges! Down with the bridges!” shouts the unruly multitude standing before the moat surrounding the Bastille.

You’re looking down on the scene from inside the fortress, from the vantage point of a great stone tower, on July 14, 1789. One day the French people will mark this afternoon as the true beginning of the Revolution.

Nervous soldiers stand on the other side of the gates, inside the Bastille itself—their muskets loaded and bayonets ready.

“Down with the bridges!” shouts the crowd. “No capitulation! No capitulation!”

Soldiers on levels below you reluctantly load cannons. Apparently they don’t relish the thought of firing on their countrymen. Neither, you hope, does Jean Berthier, the man you must find if you’re going to get a lead on the necklace.

But finding him in all this turmoil is going to be difficult.

“You there! Hold!” someone shouts. Walking briskly toward you is an officer, his sword drawn, his free hand clenched in a fist. He’s young and red-faced with anger. “How did you get up here?” he demands.

“I just . . . uh . . . dropped in,” you answer uncertainly.

The officer glares at you and contemptuously sheathes his sword. “How would you like to sample the hospitality of the Bastille for, oh, about ten or fifteen years?” he asks.

“I’d be happy to leave, but right now I can’t. I’m looking for



someone.”

The officer crosses his arms. “And who is that?”

“Captain Jean Berthier.”

“I am he,” the officer says simply.

“Well, I’m searching for the comtesse de La Motte’s missing necklace. And I’ve reason to believe that it may have fallen into your hands.”

Glaring at you, Jean shakes his head. “Or your sister’s hands? Or one of your brothers’ hands?” you ask hopefully.

“I’m afraid I can’t help you,” he says tersely. “I know nothing about the necklace. And I make it a point never to pry into the financial affairs of my family. Especially my immediate family!”

You wonder if he would be so reticent if he knew his niece’s life depends on whatever information you can obtain. Of course, the fact that her danger is five years away might make your story a bit unbelievable.

“Can’t you see we’ve got a dangerous situation here?” Jean continues, taking you by the arm. He escorts you down the steps to the bottom of the tower. “You must hasten to leave. The governor has threatened to blow up this fortress if the people do not disperse. Personally, I doubt the governor will give the order. But my men and I are sitting on a hundred powder kegs!”

You obediently follow the captain across the fort and up to another level. You look over the edge. The moat is below, and on the other side are shouting commoners. But you and the captain seem to have reached a dead end.

“Where do I go now?” you ask.

“Oh, that’s the easy part,” says Jean, picking you up by the belt and collar.

For about six seconds you feel utterly weightless. You imagine you’re flying over the battlement. Then you realize what’s happened—and what’s happening—as you begin to drop like a stone. The captain has thrown you into the moat!

“Just providing you with a little entertainment!” Jean shouts down.

You hear his last word the instant you strike the water.

It's definitely time to jump away, you decide, struggling to the surface and grabbing a rope tossed to you by someone on the other side of the moat.

Once you're on safe ground, you thank your rescuers and begin pushing through the crowd. After you've traveled about fifty yards, you break away from the people and duck behind a squad of approaching soldiers.

Something whizzes by your head. A rock strikes the ground. You look back to see that the commoners are stoning the soldiers!

The situation's heating up, and you're back to square one. You have two choices. You can look for Jacques at Versailles or Victor at the tennis court.

Who of the two has the greater chance of knowing something more about the necklace?



**Go see Victor. [Click here.](#)**



**Go see Jacques. [Click here.](#)**



It's 1789. You're following an angry crowd up a mountain road. The peasants hope to burn down the mansion and destroy the baron's—their landlord's—records of their obligations, so they will no longer be in debt to him. You hope to learn if the baron's wife is the Brigitte Berthier who helped her brother steal the necklace.

Some of the men are lighting torches. "We'll need to see in the dark," jokes one. The sun is setting behind distant mountains, and long gray shadows are stretching across the land.

It's already dark when the crowd reaches the top of the ridge. Within moments the peasants have reached the huge front door of the mansion and gone in. They start shattering windows and breaking open doors. Those who aren't smashing furniture inside are busy stealing what valuables they can.

"Burn the house to the ground," shouts a man carrying a torch. "Burn it and we'll be free!" The man sticks his torch through an open window and holds it to the curtains. Then he calmly moves down to the next window, breaks it, and sets another curtain afire.

Now a middle-aged woman in a fine dress rushes outside. She runs up to the man with the torch. "Please, sir, spare my home!"

"It's too late, Baroness Jarre," he says.

Baroness Jarre! You take another look at the former Brigitte Berthier. She has covered her face with her hands. Someone throws an oil lamp against the wall inside—and the people scatter out of



the drawing room.

“Oh no!” she cries. “What have you done?”

The peasants, eager to escape with whatever they’ve stolen, ignore her as they run away. You run up to the baroness. “Brigitte, you don’t know me, but I’m a friend. Come with me.”

“What about my husband?”

“Don’t worry. The last time I saw him, he was all right.”

“I must go to him! There are horses in the stables.” She darts off. You follow.

The horses at the stables sense the fire. They neigh in panic.

“Quick! Release the horses,” says Brigitte.

But she stops you as you start to open the stall of a white stallion. “Not that one!” she says. “That’s my steed!”

After you have both freed the other horses, she goes into a stall to change into peasant clothes that were hidden in the stable.

“Other landlords have been murdered in France,” she says. “We took precautions.”

Brigitte emerges in a plain shirt and trousers. She reminds you of her daughter.

“You look just like Emma,” you say.

“How do you know my daughter?” she asks in awestruck tones.

“Oh, I met her recently.”

I’ve been meaning to send for her,” says Brigitte with regret. “Perhaps the time will come when I’ll be a proper mother to her!”

“I’m sure you’ve done fine so far,” you say, helping her into the saddle. “But you’d better go to your husband fast! The last time I saw him, he was at the bottom of the mountain!”

Brigitte kicks the side of the horse, rides out of the stable at top speed, and vanishes into the darkness.

“Wait!” you call. “There’s something I wanted to ask!” But it’s too late. She’s gone.

You consider your options. Now that Brigitte has disappeared, perhaps you should find one of her brothers.

Should you see Jacques, the attaché to General Lafayette? Or



Jean, on guard at the Bastille? Or Victor, friend to Danton?



**Go see Jacques. [Click here.](#)**



**Go see Jean. [Click here.](#)**



**Go see Victor. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're on the vast parade ground known as the Champ de Mars, on July 17, 1791, in the middle of a crowd of men who seem to be mostly just waiting around.

"What's going on?" you ask a man beside you.

"If you don't know, why are you here?" he replies with a sneer.

"I'm a follower of the Revolution," you say, pointing to your red scarf. "Whenever I see a crowd of commoners, I always try to find out what it's about."

"To help the cause of freedom, eh?" the man says, now with approval. "I guess you didn't get the word. We've gathered here today to sign a petition calling for a more republican government. The city is rife with appointed revolutionary committees, but when are we going to begin electing our own officials?"

"Are you implying, sir," you ask, "that the committees are holding onto their power unnecessarily?"

The man nods with a smile and puts a hand on your shoulder. Then you both face a speaker. You can barely hear his words, but the man listens with rapt attention. You move away from him toward the fringes of the crowd.

About four hundred yards away, at the end of the parade ground, a few platoons of soldiers stand at ease, near several officers casually walking their horses. Although the soldiers are relaxed, you suspect they're keeping a wary eye on the proceedings here.

Perhaps General Lafayette and his assistant, Jacques Berthier, are here. You decide you'll walk over and find out.

But before you've taken three steps, a fistfight breaks out without warning near the center of the crowd. People shout, "Fight! Fight!" Soon they shout, "Spies! Spies!"

"Who are they spies for?" you yell out.

"The Revolutionary Tribunal!" some shout.

"The aristocracy!" shout others.

The soldiers begin marching. A few of the officers gallop ahead, their mounts carrying them quickly to the fringes of the crowd.

You wonder what's going on, why these people are so frustrated and quick-tempered. Since it's 1791, in the middle period of the Revolution, perhaps they've begun to realize it's in danger of falling apart.

The crowd's getting moodier, and some people are picking up the white rocks separating the marching path from the green grass. "It's Lafayette's men!" someone says of the approaching officers.

"Isn't that good?" you ask the man next to you. You wish there was a way out, but you're caught between the crowd and the officers.

"Lafayette says the people must be patient," says the man. "He's helped before, but I wonder where his sympathies truly lie."

The people jeer at the soldiers. The officers ride back and forth, trying to calm the crowd. But the people refuse to be placated. "Be wary of the generals!" someone yells. "They'll want to rule us in the king's stead!"

The angry men roar with approval and hurl a few stones at the officers. You begin to make your way slowly across the line of the crowd. You can always find Jacques later.

The platoons of soldiers kneel. They're ready to fire their rifles! But this only makes the people angrier.

An officer rides up from the platoons to the people. "I am the marquis de Lafayette!" he shouts. "Please! We must restore order! Give us the men you accuse of being spies, and the army will find out the truth!"

"You'll release them!" some yell.

"You'll give them to the Tribunal and *they'll* release them!" oth-

ers yell.

Suddenly a group of people surge up and pull one of the officers from his horse.

Others throw stones at the remaining officers, who are desperately trying to turn their horses so they can gallop away. Some of the officers—including Lafayette—succeed. Within seconds they're riding toward the kneeling platoon. "You give me no choice!" yells Lafayette as he goes.

A few officers fail.

One, not fifteen yards away from you, is struck on the head by a rock. A few people rush up to beat him as he falls off his horse. But the mount, confused, turns around in circles, and the officer is too close to the horses's hooves for the people to reach him.

You see Lafayette in the distance, raising his sword to the sky—giving a signal!

"Oh, no!" you shout. "Everybody run!"

It's too late. Lafayette lets the sword fall. The people are silent for a split second.

Then smoke gushes from the rifle flints.

A deafening noise echoes throughout the Champs de Mars.

People fall or scramble to get away. You hit the ground.

Another round of shots is fired. There are more screams, more panic. You glance about to see that the people who were too shocked to run after the first round are running now.

The soldiers, meanwhile, one by one, lower their sights and rise. Lafayette stands with his shoulders slumped, as if stricken.

You run to the fallen officer. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, I am," says the man hoarsely. "Are you sure you can risk helping an officer?"

"I came here looking for an officer. Captain Jacques Berthier. Do you know him?"

"Know him?" He laughs as you help him stand. "That's me! You came here to see me?"

"Yes. I need to ask you about a necklace which, as I understand it, was in the possession of your sister Brigitte for a while."



Jacques nods. “For a little, *little* while. My sister is what you might call a social climber, and I’m afraid that her moral standards have been known to slip from time to time.”

“So you know who has the necklace now?”

“Not Brigitte. I’m afraid one of my brothers has even lower morals than she.”

“Which one?”

“Victor. The last time he wrote me, he bragged that he had the necklace and was soon to make a big profit from its sale. He’d already used it as collateral for several business loans, which he’s always managed to pay back—by hook or crook—after making a profit.”

“Thank you. I’d better be going.”

“And thank you for assisting me. But there’s one thing I must ask.”

“What’s that?”

“The next time you must see me, pick a day when I’m not so busy!”

The two of you share a laugh before going your separate ways. You’re much closer to the necklace than you’ve ever been. All you have to do is jump to meet Victor. According to the files you’ve read, Versailles on the day of the Tennis Court Oath should be a good time.



**Click here.**



**Y**ou arrive at the site of the mansion on the day after the peasants have burned it to the ground.

All that's left standing are the charred remains of the massive frame. The rest is rubble, and a few peasants are sifting through it, searching for valuables that have escaped damage.

This means you have no choice but to jump to the night before and try to see Brigitte while she's in danger.



**Click here.**



It is a November night in the streets of Paris in 1793. Men of all ages, most simply but elegantly dressed, are talking loudly among themselves. The mansions in this section of town all appear to be public clubs of some sort.

“What’s going on?” you ask a man drinking wine.

“Robespierre’s arch-rival Danton has returned to Paris to challenge the current course of the Revolution. They say there’s going to be a battle before the Convention. Will Robespierre denounce Danton? Or will Danton denounce Robespierre?” The man takes a lusty swig of wine before moving on. “I can hardly wait to see it!”

“Thanks, sir!” you call out after him.

Since you know from reading the files of the Committee of Public Safety that Victor remained friends with Danton until the bitter end—only a few months away—the chances are good that you’ll find him with Danton tonight.

Wait—! You should have asked that man another question. You run after him. “Sir! Sir! Where is Danton tonight?”

“At the square two streets away. He’s going to make a speech to kick off a demonstration.”

You head toward the square. You smile as you imagine Victor’s expression when he sees you. He will also realize that you’re serious about finding the necklace, because he won’t expect you still to be looking for it.

When you reach the square, a heavysset man dressed in fine clothing is standing atop a makeshift platform, trying to be heard



over the buzzing din of the crowd. It's only a matter of moments, however, before his loud voice overcomes all other distractions. And a few moments after that he's holding the crowd in the palm of his hand.

"That Danton," someone whispers near you, "is a wonderful speaker."

"A free society cannot abide this kind of intolerance!" Danton says. "We overthrew the *ancien regime* to live our lives as we see fit, to form the society we see fit—not to have fellow countrymen tell us what to say, who to say it to, and what to believe!"

Danton permits himself a slight smile of satisfaction as the people cheer. Then, as the shouts and applause begin to die, he speaks again, never once loosening his control over the people.

As he speaks, you walk through the crowd, searching for Victor. Finally you see him standing near the makeshift platform. He's watching Danton with cold, indifferent-looking eyes, but he's obviously paying rapt attention to his friend's every word.

You walk up to Victor and tug at his sleeve.

Victor turns angrily to face you. But then he seems to recognize you, and his expression of anger is replaced by one of confusion.

"Remember me?" you ask.

"You! You found me at last!"

"How long it took depends on your point of view. As you can see, I am serious about finding the necklace!"

"Shhh!" Victor hisses, escorting you away from the center of the crowd. "I no longer possess the necklace, so I have no qualms about telling you about it. I sold it back to its maker—the noted craftsman, Carnot Mulhouse."

"You didn't tell him how you happened to come by it?"

Victor smiles and shrugs. "I told him I had purchased it at an exorbitant price from a disreputable Englishman. Mulhouse was so grateful that he offered to reimburse me in full. Yes, I've made a pretty penny from that necklace."

"So Mulhouse has the necklace now?" you ask.

"Not likely. Mulhouse died in the Year One. What happened to



the necklace after that, no one knows.”

You’re stunned. You lean against a tree to maintain your balance. The man doesn’t know it, but his games may doom his niece! “What day? What day did Mulhouse die?”

Victor becomes distracted as Danton marches by, leading the crowd deeper into the city where, presumably, the throng will grow and grow. “Still wedded to the old calendar, eh, youngster?” he says offhandedly.

“Wait! Tell me more!” you say. “When? Where?”

Victor turns and smiles evilly. “Where? Thirty, Rue de Cordelieus, that’s where. When? I’ll give you the date, nothing more: July thirteenth.” He laughs. “You’ll have to learn the year on your own!” Then he disappears into the crowd.

The New Calendar? Year One?

Hmmm. Victor said “recently.” He could have meant this year, or he could have meant 1792.

But which one?

You’d better decide fast. Standing around here isn’t getting you any closer to the necklace.



**Jump the Rue de Cordelieus in 1793.**  
**[Click here.](#)**



**Jump to Rue de Cordelieus in 1792.**  
**[Click here.](#)**



**I**t is October 1789. You arrive unnoticed in the midst of a large force of women marching toward the palace of Versailles. The women come from all classes and professions. Most are carrying improvised weapons—sticks, pitchforks, or rolling pins, and even some muskets and scythes. All are in a state of frenzy from hunger and fear for their families.

“Where is the king?” shouts a woman at the head of the crowd. “We must have bread! Bread!”

“We are thousands strong!” shouts another, “and we’ve no bread for our families and children! Where is the king? He must help us! He is the king of France! He will help!”

“We need not only bread!” shouts someone else in a suspiciously deep voice. “The power of the National Assembly must be affirmed! The king must declare his support for the rights of man!”

You try to get a closer look at the woman with the distinctly masculine voice, but “she” slips away in the crowd as soon as the other women have taken up “her” cries. It seems that certain people have no qualms about trying to use the anger of the mob for their own purposes.

When at last the women reach Versailles, they’re stopped by several lines of soldiers. Officers immediately begin conferring with the leaders of the mob. Perhaps the officers are trying to persuade them to return home. If so, the women remain adamant.

“We must see the king!” a woman shouts.

“The king! The king!” shouts the crowd.



Hmm. Things are getting tense. Something's going to give, soon. Wait! What's that noise? Those clouds of dust? Reinforcements!

"It's Lafayette!" says someone. "He's a friend of the people! He'll help us see the king!"

Riding a horse at the front of the army is a stately, red-haired soldier. His expression is at first surprised, then concerned.

"Bread!" shouts a woman. "We must have bread!"

"And what about our rights?" shouts someone else.

Lafayette smiles wanly. Riding behind him is a staff of officers. One of them is probably Jacques, but right now you've no idea which.

Dismounting behind his ranks, Lafayette orders his men to escort three of the mob's leaders to him. He, his staff, and the women are talking earnestly as you push your way through the crowd. If you can talk to Lafayette, surely you can convince him to point out Jacques.

Suddenly the crowd starts to surge through the wall of soldiers. People are pushing and kicking their way past you. You lose your balance and fall to the ground. A knee raps you on the temple as you struggle to stand, and the resounding shot of a musket, echoing off the buildings, reverberates in your ears.

Maybe you should try to see Jacques a little later in his life. This near-riot could keep him busy for a while.

You'd better jump quickly or you'll be trampled!



**Click here.**



It's June 20, 1789, and you've come to watch the daily gathering of the National Assembly. Victor Berthier, the oldest of the brothers who may have helped Brigitte steal the necklace, is a delegate representing a tiny county for the Third Estate.

But when you walk between the front columns of the opulent building known as the Rue des Chantiers in Versailles, you notice that it's strangely silent. You'd expected, at the least, to hear muffled shouts of approval or disapproval through the walls.

But there's not even a crowd outside. Instead, two soldiers with bored expressions are leaning against the barred front doors. Maybe you can still get inside.

"Excuse me," you say to the guards, "but I've got a friend in the Assembly I must see."

"That's all right with me," says the guard, "but you won't be able to see him here."

"The king ordered the assembly hall doors locked this morning," says the other guard. "I guess he thought that without a place to meet, the delegates wouldn't be able to pass any resolutions limiting his authority."

"Did it work?" you ask.

"Not at all!" says the first guard, grinning. These two guards, although following their king's orders, clearly sympathize with the goals of the people. "It only made the delegates angrier."

"More determined than ever, if you ask me," says the second

guard, nodding grimly.

“Where did they go?” you ask eagerly. “My friend must be with them!”

“To the tennis court,” says the first guard.

“Go west, turn left at the second building, and it’s the third building on your right,” says the other guard.

“Thanks!”

Soon you hear a noisy mob. The din is coming from an indoor tennis court. The building is surrounded by groups of men from all walks of life, in all manner of dress. Suddenly a tremendous roar from the court seems to shake every building in the vicinity.

What’s going on in there?

A teenaged youth runs through the doors of the tennis court, jumps onto a soapbox, and shouts, “Count Mirabeau has proposed that the Assembly take an oath! If his resolution passes, the Assembly won’t adjourn until a constitution has been ratified!”

Some of the men outside cheer; others curse. The youth, meanwhile, stands on his soapbox and looks pleased.

You push your way forward. “Who’s Count Mirabeau?” you ask him.

“Don’t you know?” he asks, jumping off the box. “The count proposed a few days ago that the Third Estate call itself the representatives of the people of France. He’s a leading voice of the Revolution!”

You grab the lad by the arm and say to him in a confidential tone, “A friend of mine is a delegate. Victor Berthier. Do you know him?”

“Yes.”

“I must see him at once. Can you take me to him?”

“Sure. I don’t see why not. Come with me.”

The lad takes you through a side door. “This is the servants’ entrance,” he explains.

Inside, the roar of the delegates—arguing among themselves and with the commoners in the balcony—is deafening. A fat, well-dressed man with smallpox scars on his face is standing at a



makeshift rostrum on a bench. All the delegates are standing on the tennis court—right on the net!

“That’s Count Mirabeau,” says the youth, pointing to the man at the rostrum.

The count’s voice echoes from the tennis court walls, drowning out those of the delegates and the people in the gallery. “The king has forced us to act. He will hesitate as always. And while he wonders what must be done, we—the elected representatives of the Third Estate—shall create a new France. Our new France shall be founded on the sound principles of reason and shall be dedicated to the new spirit of man. I repeat—we must not adjourn until we swear to write a constitution—for the new Republic of France!”

Deafening cheers reverberate throughout the tennis court. Some of the delegates are so moved that they cry. Others laugh and slap their comrades on the back. A few pray. But whatever their reaction, there is no doubting their dedication to their cause, their determination to mold a new nation.

The youth who helped you inside has a wide grin of uncontrollable happiness. “I’m truly blessed to live this day!” he exclaims.

You smile in sympathy and begin scanning the crowd. “Which delegate is Victor Berthier?” you ask.

“That one!” the boy says, pointing to a tall, dark man standing silent and alone in a corner. He’s wearing trousers and a simple jacket, cut in the plain style of the day. Yet he still possesses the arrogant air of the aristocrat.

“I must see him,” you say to the boy. “Thanks!”

You walk up to Victor and introduce yourself.

Victor glares down at you. “It must be a pretty important piece of business you have with me, if you think I would miss part of the proceedings to discuss it with you.”

“It’s about a necklace. . . .”

Victor glances around to see if anyone’s within earshot. When he sees that everyone is paying attention to the count’s speech, he grabs you roughly by the shoulders and shakes you—hard!



“So that’s what you want, eh, youngster? Well, I hate to disappoint you, but that necklace has given me the opportunity to take advantage of the natural rights of man! It’s given me wealth and freedom—and no one is going to deprive me of those prizes. Understand?”

“I don’t want it!” you exclaim. “I just want to know about it!”

He smiles patronizingly and pats your shoulder—right on a bruise he’s just given you. “Sure,” he says ironically. “Listen, why don’t you come and see me in a few years, after you’ve had more time to think about it? I might be willing to tell you more.”

“All right! I will!”

Victor laughs as you turn and walk out of the tennis court. He probably thinks he’s never going to see you again. If so, he’s in for a shock!



**Click here.**



**Y**ou arrive at 30, Rue de Cordelieus on the evening of July 13, 1792. Thunderclouds loom large and high in the sky. Off in the distance, flashes of lightning erupt, then quickly fade.

You look up at the house at the end of the path. Maybe Carnot Mulhouse lives there and maybe not. Only one way to find out. As you walk up the path, you almost feel the weight of the necklace in your hand.

You knock timidly on the front door. *We'll soon find out if this is Year One*, you think—and wait. You knock again.

A dour, middle-aged woman wearing a black dress and a white wig answers. “Yes? What can I do for you, youngster?”

“I’d like to speak to Carnot Mulhouse, the jeweler. Is he receiving company?”

“Perhaps, but not for much longer. You see, my father is dying.”

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that.”

“You might be the only one. I’ll see if he minds doing any more business before his time comes.” She turns and walks away. You follow.

She seems to be dressed for mourning, but she acts as if she can’t wait for her father to die!

A few moments later, you’re alone with Mulhouse, an old man of over seventy, who’s practically skin and bones. He’s obviously lying on his deathbed. His skin is yellow, and already the smell of death is in the air.

“Who are you?” He wheezes, stifling a cough. “What do you want?”

You tell him your name, adding, “What I want seems unimportant under the circumstances.” *Except that Emma might feel differently about it*, you think to yourself.

“My daughter only permitted you entry because she hoped it would annoy me. She’s a spiteful person, and she believes I’m wrongfully denying her part of her inheritance.” Suddenly Mulhouse is seized by a terrible fit of coughing. You help steady the old man and then try to make him more comfortable by fluffing up his pillows.

“I want to ask you,” you say, “about a necklace you made for the comtesse de La Motte and bought back from Victor Berthier.”

“That necklace is the part of the inheritance my daughter wants. When I made it, I believed, with all my heart, that it was the most beautiful object I’d ever made. Its effect was hypnotic. I should have known that it would attract only evil.

“Since the necklace has returned to my possession, I’ve been afraid my daughter will steal it. She gets everything she wants. Still, that’s no reason for her to have it.” He coughs furiously, as if his body is about to break open.

You steady him and ask, “Where is it? I must know!”

The old man’s breathing is starting to become irregular. It’s apparent he has only moments left. “I hid it from my daughter. The answer is in a riddle. You must go to the northeast corner of the garden. There a plant grows, a plant with an *underground stem* that feeds the hearts and souls of the people.”

A violent coughing fit overtakes him. He sits upright in bed and tries to control himself. Suddenly he freezes, his staring eyes fixed on some point on the ceiling. Then he falls backward onto his pillows and lies still.

Carnot Mulhouse is dead. And all he’s left you is a riddle.

An underground stem. Growing in a garden that’s either a real one or a symbolic one.

You have two options. Either you can jump to a real garden and



look for a northeast corner there . . .

Or you can visit the National Assembly, where a lot of underground stems are growing, each one trying to force-feed the hearts and the minds of the people.



**Go to the garden. [Click here.](#)**



**Go to the National Assembly. [Click here.](#)**



It is the early dawn of July 28, 1794. You've arrived in the shadows of a prison cell in the courthouse used by the Revolutionary Tribunal.

Sitting on the cot is a wounded, defeated-looking man. A dirty bandage is all that's holding his bloody jaw to his skull, and he looks as though he's in intense pain.

The man is Robespierre. He's been watching the sunrise through his prison window bars. He turns his head in your direction. Holding his jaw in place, he says between clenched teeth, "Step forward, intruder. I know you're there."

You step into the light. Now Robespierre can see who you are.

For a moment he appears to be searching his memory. He recognizes you but cannot place you. Then his eyes go wide, and for a moment he seems to forget his pain. "You? The one who escaped from the closet! How did you get here?"

"The same way I left." You take the necklace from the box and dangle it before him.

His eyes go wider. His fingers twitch, but he doesn't reach for it. "It's taken you a little too long," he says sarcastically.

"What? Do you mean Emma has been executed?"

Robespierre half laughs, half sneers. "No. The court was too backed up for me to schedule her trial. She'll probably go free soon, if they haven't released her already. My trial and subsequent execution aren't even scheduled yet, and already the weaklings are releasing the political prisoners. They cannot wait for my death to begin



undoing my work.”

You return the necklace to the box. So Emma may have never needed your help after all! Oh well, at least you’ve accomplished your mission.

The only question remaining is, now that you’ve got the necklace, what do you do with it? Robespierre’s certainly not going to need it!

Suddenly the cell door opens. “Someone else is in there!” a man exclaims.

You dart past two men in the hall.

For a moment you’re alone in pitch-darkness with the necklace and its box in your hand. You’ve only a few seconds before the men grab you.

Quick! Jump!



**Click here.**



**Y**ou're standing at 30, Rue de Cordelieus, on the evening of July 13, 1793, in the Faubourg Saint-Germain quarter of Paris. If this is Year One, then old Monsieur Mulhouse will still be alive and living here, and you might be able to discover the whereabouts of the necklace.

A young woman about twenty-five years old, wearing a cloak, a white dress, and a hat with green ribbons, walks past you and up the path to the house. You fall in behind her. You hope she'll cause a distraction at the door that might at least make it easier for you to get inside.

If the woman notices you, she gives no indication. She raps loudly on the front door.

A matronly woman answers. Immediately she snaps at the young woman. "I told you earlier today that the master isn't expecting any visitors!"

"But I'm Charlotte Corday, and I have very important news for him," the young woman protests.

"And I told you—he isn't receiving . . ."

"Is he here?" the young woman asks eagerly.

The matronly woman is taken aback. "No. He isn't here!"

And so on and so on. This seems like an awful lot of trouble for a jeweler, regardless of the circumstances. You wonder if you've chosen the wrong year.

Suddenly someone calls from inside the house. "Simone! I hear voices! Who is it? What do they want?"

The matronly woman shrugs her shoulders in defeat. “Oh, dear! I do wish he’d make up his mind!” She turns her head toward the house. “There are people here who claim to have urgent business with you!”

“There are traitors about!” shouts Charlotte.

“Traitors!” says the voice from the house. “Well then, show them in. *Immediately!*”

“What’s he doing?” you ask the woman as she escorts you down the hall. “Is he dying?”

“He’s afflicted, but he’s not dying,” is her reply. “He’s taking a bath.”

Once in the room, you realize that you selected the wrong year. The man of the house is not a dying old jeweler, but a middle-aged man with painfully red skin taking a hot bath while scribbling notes furiously on a makeshift desk-board laid across the tub. The man squints in pain as he gestures for you and Charlotte to come closer. “Leave us, Margaret,” he says to the woman.

Then he sighs with relief as he settles back into his old position. “Forgive me. I am not being deliberately immodest. But as you can see by the texture of my skin, I am suffering from an excruciating skin disease. Only in a hot bath can I find relief from the constant agony.”

“You are Marat?” asks Charlotte. Either she’s forgotten you or she’s ignoring you. Her attention is totally directed toward the man in the tub. She seems both fascinated and horrified by him.

You can understand why. The man is terrible to look at, but you can’t take your eyes off him.

“I am Marat,” he says. “You say you have news of traitors?”

She nods grimly. “Yes. There is a plot against you. A club of citizens, their influence with the Revolutionary Tribunal at an all-time low thanks to your scathing indictments of their ideas, has decided that for the ultimate good of France, you should be—*eliminated?*”

Marat scowls at her and winces as he wraps a towel around one of the sores on his arm. The bathwater reeks of sulfur. “What club is this?”



“The Girondins,” she replies.

“Of course. I should have known,” says Marat coldly. “Their belief that stronger price controls are necessary could have created a panic . . . a panic endangering the Republic. The Girondins needed to be neutralized, so I did so in my latest pamphlet.”

“Perhaps they protest the zeal with which you carried out your duty,” Charlotte says, edging her way behind Marat’s tub, where it is difficult for him to look at her.

“My campaign against the Girondins is purely political,” he says. “My personal feelings have nothing to do with it. Still, I must speak to Robespierre as quickly as possible. The nation must be secure. If another two hundred thousand heads must fall . . . *so be it!*”

“Yes—so be it,” whispers Charlotte, reaching into her cloak.

You stand stunned as she withdraws a knife, awkwardly reaches over his shoulder, and plunges the clean silver blade into his chest.

Within moments his bath water is red with blood. Marat struggles to climb out, but he’s already too weak. He falls back in with a splash.

Charlotte stabs him again.

You don’t wait to see what happens next. You open a nearby window and dive out onto the street. Maybe you’ll be accused of being an accomplice in the murder, and maybe not. You have no intention of finding out.

You duck into a dark alley. For a moment, you’re alone.

It’s time to jump to Year One, 1792!



**Click here.**



**Y**ou arrive in the meeting hall of the National Assembly on July 26, 1794. You're surrounded by darkness, because you've arrived beneath the rostrum in the northeast corner of the hall!

Maybe you've made the wrong decision.

Through the cracks in the boards you see the tense members of the National Assembly. Then you look up. Through the slats of the platform you see Robespierre nervously pacing back and forth as he winds up what must have been a long speech.

"Every scoundrel insults me!" he cries out. "Let them prepare hemlock for me. I will wait for it on these sacred seats. I have promised to leave a formidable testament to the oppressors of the people. I bequeath to them truth and death!"

Robespierre finally stands still as he awaits the applause to which he has no doubt grown accustomed. But the applause is scattered and long in coming. Evidently his speech and his promise of more deaths haven't gone over too well with the members.

A man bounds onto the platform. He pushes Robespierre out of the way, takes the rostrum, and turns to face the members.

"Before I am dishonored, I will speak to the French nation," the man says. "It is time to tell the whole truth. Only *two* alone are paralyzing the will of the people. *One of them is Robespierre!*"

Suddenly the applause is deafening. The chambers echo with shouts of approval.

Evidently surprised by this turn of events, Robespierre backs to

the edge of the platform.

The man continues. For some reason he's pointing to the boards beneath him, to . . . Uh-oh! He's pointing at you! What do you do now?

"And the other traitor," the man calls out, "is hiding beneath me at this very moment. Robespierre has planted his spy beneath a rostrum erected for the purpose of permitting men to speak freely. No doubt all of your names have been added to his personal death list!"

Moments later, a gang of delegates is pulling you from your hiding place. "Execute the spy!" someone says. "Execute the spy at once!"

Their accusing faces are spinning before your eyes. You try to stand up, to break from their grip, but you've suddenly become too faint.



**Click here.**



It's the middle of the night. You're in a potato garden that comprises most of a field extending for acres in the center of Paris. A full moon glows brightly in the sky, highlighting the clouds billowing on the horizon.

In the distance you can see the faint outline of what appears to be a palace. The shape of the outline—in fact, even the subtle contours of the field—seem familiar to you.

You've been here before! But when?

Suddenly you realize that the building is the Tuileries Palace, where you met King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette!

So the revolutionary government converted the palace grounds into a potato garden. The move makes sense. The people of Paris can get more nourishment from potatoes, which have underground stems, than they can from flowers.

You walk toward the northeast corner of the field, searching for clues as to where the necklace might be hidden. There *are* no clues, so you just begin digging with your hands in the corner once you reach it.

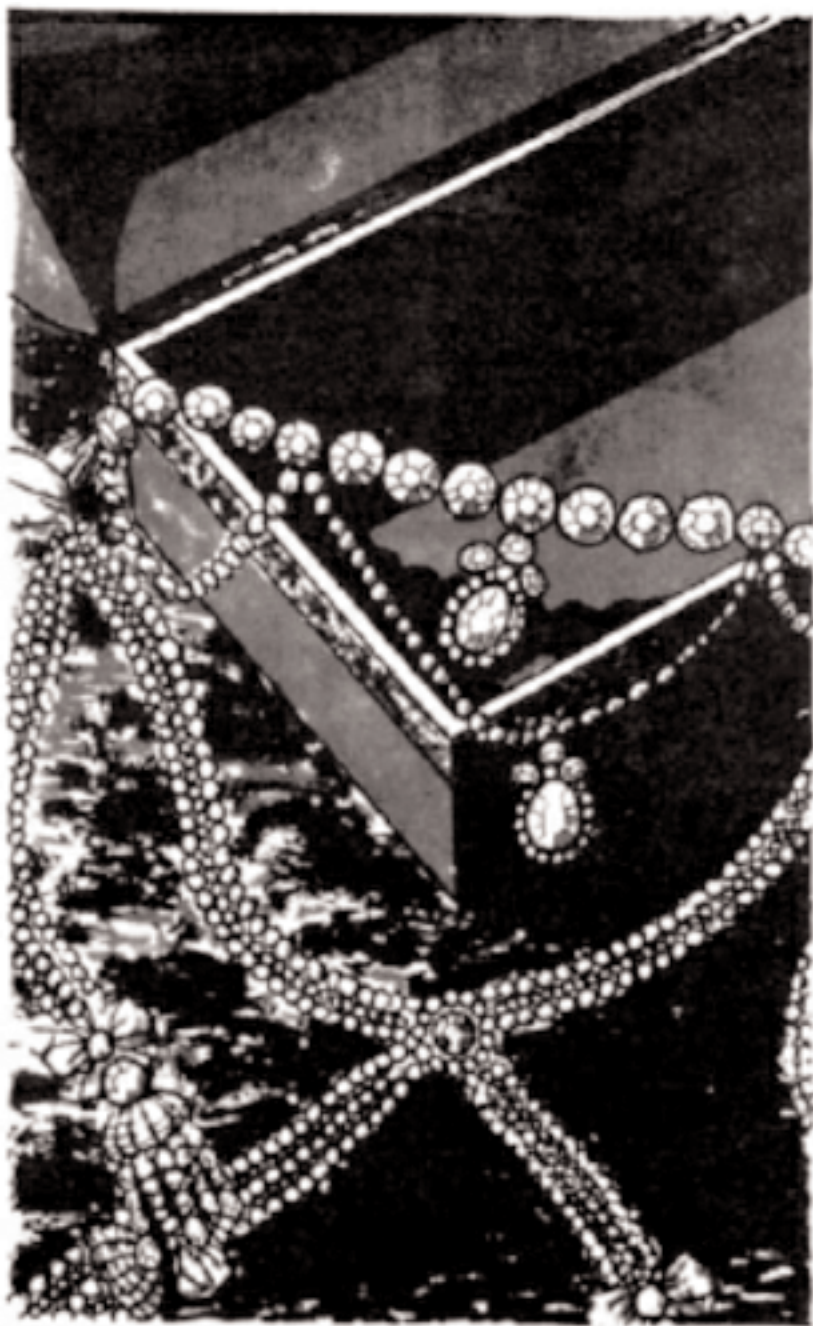
It isn't long before you feel a cold slab of metal beneath the grains of dirt. Gingerly you clear out the area around the box and then lift it from the soil.

Your heart is beating fast. The blood is pounding in your temples. This could be it!

You open the box.

And pull out the necklace.





Your head spins as you watch the emeralds and rubies and diamonds shimmer and twinkle in the moonlight. The effect is dazzling. For a brief moment, you understand why people risked so much for this collection of stones.

Then you come to your senses. You drop the necklace into the box and close the lid.

It's time to go see Robespierre—and to save a life!



**Click here.**



**T**he shaking of a horse-drawn cart wakes you from your faint. You open your eyes to discover that you're lying in a pile of old, rotting straw. Your wrists are tied together. Several other people are also in the cart. All are bound at the wrists. They all stare down at you with blank, dull eyes.

You struggle to a standing position. The others are burdened with the thought of what they must face. They don't see what you see—the people lining the streets, looking out the windows, or eagerly following the cart to its destination.

On the other hand, you're only slightly less burdened than your companions. You won't die, because you can jump before the guillotine blade falls. But if you jump in front of a crowd, you may be stranded in time! You'll never go home again, and you'll never know if Emma survived the Reign of Terror.

The driver of the cart makes a turn. "There it is!" he says in a gloating tone. "The guillotine—what they call the Iron Maiden. The kiss of her is the kiss of death!"

He laughs gleefully.

You notice that the blade of the guillotine shines in the sunlight. Soon, you think, it will be dull and bloody, but you won't be around to see it.

You vow to give these people a show they'll never forget. They'll tell their grandchildren about the person they saw disappear—right before their eyes!

The terrible procession is suddenly interrupted by the arrival of



a man riding a horse at top speed. Gasping, he reins his horse to a halt in front of the cart.

“All executions have been canceled!” the guard cries out. “It’s official! Robespierre has fallen! The nation of France has been freed from its liberators!”

“The executions? Canceled? you exclaim.

Much to your surprise, the bystanders let forth with a tremendous cheer. Several swarm into the cart and begin helping the prisoners out.

One man is cutting the prisoners’ ropes with a knife. You hold out your hands before him. He smiles and cuts loose your bonds.

You climb out of the cart and slip into the crowd. Looks as if you’ll have your chance to find that garden after all!



**Click here.**



**Y**ou've jumped "blind" to elude the grasp of Robespierre's captors. Still holding tightly to the box with the necklace, you realize you're standing between a thick curtain and a wall. What city is this? What time is this?

You hear the shouts of arguing people. Presumably they're walking on nearby streets, but you can't make out what they're saying. At least their language seems to be French.

You tense as someone raps on a door.

"Yes, what is it?" asks someone *inside the room with you*.

A door creaks open. "General Napoleon, there are mass demonstrations in the streets. The people protest your new curfew regulations, and they believe there are still traitors in their midst. What are your orders?"

Napoleon strikes a match. In the sudden flash of light, you see through the curtain gauze that he is sitting at his desk. You are standing behind him, slightly to his right.

"Fire at will, of course," he says, lighting an oil lamp near some papers. "The people must understand that France can never achieve greatness if the provisional government permits disorder in the streets. It is October 1795, and a new age is dawning. An age of order and discipline that will unify Europe!"

"If you say so, sir!" says the soldier, slamming the door behind him.

"You may come out now," says Napoleon a few moments later.

You feel the blood draining from your face. He's talking to you!

“And then you may tell me what you are doing here, youngster,” adds the general.

You step out from behind the curtain. Should you salute? You’re not sure, so you wave awkwardly. “Good evening, General. As you may have guessed, I came to see you.”

Napoleon nods wearily. “What about?”

“About this,” you say, taking the necklace from the box and handing it to him.

He is momentarily overwhelmed by its beauty. He holds it and turns it over and around in the light, in order to study it from all angles. When he looks up, his attitude toward you has completely changed—from one of irritation to one of respect. “Why have you come to see me about this necklace?”

“I found it by accident. It belongs to a friend whom I’ve been unable to locate.”

“Who’s that?”

“Her name is Emma Berthier. She was once active in revolutionary politics.”

“Fortunately for you, I can help. Mademoiselle Berthier has become engaged to one of my staff officers. She met him the very night she became reconciled with her mother, who introduced them during a society party.” He stands up. “I shall see that she receives it.”

You imagine that he probably will. “Thank you, General.”

You walk out into an empty hallway. The guards, it seems, are stationed downstairs.

So Emma has become engaged! The necklace should make a fitting wedding present. Although she has lost an uncle during the turbulent years of the French Revolution, it seems that she and her mother have found each other again!

Outside, gunfire echoes throughout the streets. It sounds as if order is being restored. The French Revolution is finally ending.

But the dream of freedom, which became a nightmare during the Reign of Terror, will not die in the hearts of the French people. The *ancien regime* is gone forever, and with it the terrible injustice suf-







ferred by the common people. After centuries of inequality, France has at last set foot on the road to true democracy.

You've witnessed the birth of a new French nation and completed your mission. It's time to go home!

**MISSION COMPLETED.**

## DATA FILE

**Page 11:** Do you think you've gained enough information from Emma?

**Page 15:** What's the best way of obtaining a scarf without arousing suspicion?

Page 18: Who actually “owned” the necklace? Who would be more likely to want to know where it is?

Page 31: Think: Who's likely to have the most information?

Page 49: How many children does the queen have?

Page 55: How long do you think she's going to stick around?

Page 59: Who's the most likely to know what happened after the necklace was stolen?



Page 77: What event does Year One commemorate? Check your Data Bank.

Page 89: Mulhouse's answer might reflect his more "practical" side.

### About the Contributors

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