

Lucia begged to be allowed out. They gave in to her entreaties only three, at most four times, she maintains. Ahead of time, the adults drilled into her what she should say if someone stopped and questioned her. Why are you not in school? Where exactly do you live? What are your parents called? Do you have brothers and sisters? How come you're so pale? Are you on your own? She was convinced she would not betray herself, would parry every trick question, would rather let herself be tortured to death than confess who she was and with whom she was hiding. Besides which, they headed out as a pair, she and Reinhold, after she had put on a pleated skirt from her collection of old clothes and slipped into the only pair of shoes that even half fitted her. They walked down the staircase, Lucia four or five steps ahead so that none of Reinhold's neighbours in the Werkstättenhof might get the idea that they were together. Only on the pavement of Hornbostelgasse did she come to a stop, squint in the sunlight and wait for him to catch up with her. They walked up Gumpendorfer Straße, caught the metro at the Gürtel and changed onto the tram at Nußdorfer Straße.

Lucia wanted to store everything she saw in her memory, but that wish itself thwarted her plan: she inspected everything so intensely that she straightaway

forgot whatever she had thought was worth remembering. Dirty grey façades with arrows pointing downwards, a fountain shrouded in bricks, a cinema playbill for *Rembrandt* with Ewald Balser in the lead role, a poster of three men drinking beer in front of a threatening-looking shadow. A coachman pummelled his weary horses. Two chattering girls, smaller than her, with school satchels on their backs and a boy her age in a brown Hitler Youth shirt carrying a shoebox with holes in it under his arm. A war invalid on one leg and two crutches leaned against the balustrade of the platform; a soldier stared at a woman conductor, who cadged a cigarette off him, brazenly, as unrestrained as her bosom. Two old women quarrelled noisily, coarse words over a place to sit.

In Grinzing, at the end of the line, Reinhold and Lucia strode away from the city between low vintner's houses and wine taverns. At the end of the village, they turned left onto a side path that led steeply uphill between vineyards. Shortly before where the path joined Höhenstraße was a bench made of weathered planks and a slender rusted frame. From here they had a broad, uninterrupted view over the city, the river and the outskirts to the east. But for this and for Reinhold's explanations of which tower or dome belonged to which building, Lucia had at that moment no time.

She kicked off her shoes, pulled off her stockings and charged away along the well-worn path next to the road; he watched her slender form grow rapidly smaller until it disappeared behind the trees or a bush. At the junction with Himmelstraße she turned around and hurtled back, running in the opposite direction, due north, past Reinhold, who in the meantime had pulled Rilke's *Book of Images* out of his jacket pocket. Lucia had discovered this slim volume a long time ago on the shelf next to their den and, as with all printed matter she got her hands on, wolfed it down greedily.

After a few hundred metres, she turned and ran back past Reinhold again. And so she went, four, five or six times back and forth, a girl in motion; now to the left, now to the right. Sometimes a military lorry or limousine rumbled across the Höhenstraße and, on the flank of the Latisberg on the far side of the road, sat the Cobenzl Schloßhotel, which she was under no circumstances to approach, he had drummed this into her, because it was being used as a military hospital, perhaps even as the command centre of the Vienna anti-aircraft brigade. After half an hour, a heated Lucia flopped onto the bench next to him; now they pointed out and named to each other the landmarks of the city they could see in the shimmering haze.