

***“Sailors play with the wind,
and the wind plays with the sailors.”***

- Dr. Freckles

LSD #3: “The brief history of a homeless man ...”

“Chunky”, as his friends called him, was fuck-ass old. So old his skin had become crinkly, his eyes sunken into his skull, and young homeless chicks would touch his face, as if he were Peter Ustinov in the film Logan’s Run, and they “ain’t never seen a homeless man so old ... shit.” Yes, Chunky was a survivor. “His face feels weird ...”, that’s what the young girls would say, as if Chunky weren’t even there.

Chunky’s real name was Peter Norse, and he was 90 years old - more or less.

Chunky had lost most of his marbles during the 60’s - back then, for a homeless man, the world was simpler, less dangerous in some ways, more dangerous in other ways. But by 2020, Chunky was drifting in and out of his memories, his regrets, and his fragments of self. He wasn’t crazy, he was just old and alone. Even on the streets, very few of the other

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homeless saw him, and he didn't talk that often - he kept his own counsel.

Chunky was born on May 3rd, 1930, in Seattle, WA, at his folk's place on Beacon Hill. His father managed a cannery, his mom worked as a book keeper for his father at the cannery. "The Great Depression" was a tough time for young families, and youth generally - and then, when the great nightmare was in its 10th year? - NAZI Germany invaded Poland, and WW2 began ...

Chunky was 13 years old when he conspired to lie his way into the U.S. Army. He was brighter, brighter than most he knew, and he looked older than his years - and by 1943, the U.S. Army wasn't looking too close at applications for enlistment. He lied about his age, and he obtained a fake birth certificate. He told his parents he was going to work at a logging camp in Alaska - his mom didn't understand why he was dropping out of school, but his dad had done something similar, while younger, and he understood the need for a young man to break free.

Chunky tested into the U.S. Army Air Corps, and after he finished basic training, he went to Camp Foster, in Arizona,

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for advanced training to be a turret gunner and part of a B-17 air crew.

The training was tough, but Chunky did well.

The training lasted about 3 months, and then he was off to Europe. He showed up, joined the 5th Air Group at Wooster Field, near Dover, England. When he reported for duty to SGT Hank “Hot Wire” Thompson, he was harassed, hazed, and put through the “new guy” rituals – this was normal.

SGT Thompson was in charge of the plane, but CPT Vance was the plane’s commander and primary pilot. By the time Chunky showed up, they were only a few weeks from “OPERATION NIGHT WALL” and what would come to be known, within the secret community, as “The Battle of Karlsruhe”.

Following the raids on Dresden, and the use of Tesla-bombs to ignite a horrifying fire storm, allied intelligence began to pick up chatter about some “new front”. They did not understand the reference, and believed, wrongly, that this referred to another counter offensive – like the “Battle of the Bulge”. Allied forces were under tremendous pressure, in December 1944, and there was concern that the allied Western front might be split in half. The last thing

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Eisenhower, or his generals wanted, was another “Battle of the Bulge”.

In April, 1945? - the war seemed almost over, and it was, nearly so, but not quite.

The “new front” was not some spectacular counter offensive, it wasn't even a reference to Hitler's “Zeit Krieg” or Time War. No ... the “new front” was really short-hand for Martin Bormann's plan to set up a final base of operations, in Neuschwabenland, Antarctica - the last piece of Nazi territory on the planet not under constant attack. The outpost was founded in the late 1930's, prior to WW2 and served as a secret submarine base AND a specialized location for “advanced weapons testings” as Bormann would tell Hitler, when Hitler (or Albert Speer) asked about it.

The allies knew of the Antarctic outpost of the NAZIs, but they believed it was insignificant, simply a research outpost, maybe 12 full time occupants. It was the lowest priority for the allies.

Bormann, Hitler's private secretary and NAZI strong-hand, had risen in the ranks of the NAZI party beginning in the 1920's. He never sought the spotlight, Bormann enjoyed working in the shadows, as all spiders do. He began

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modifying Albert Speer's plans, on the edges, beginning in 1943. Bormann was not as intelligent as Speer, but he was in many ways more of a NAZI zealot than even Hitler himself. Sure, the "skimming" (read: accounting fraud) was hard, and dangerous, and could get him shot, but Bormann dreamed of a bigger "Reich" than even Hitler could conceive of. Hitler only ever dreamed of a unified Germany - Bormann dreamed of a NAZI world reich.

Now, days before the destruction of Karlsruhe and SITE GAMMA, Bormann's Antarctic base might be the last place on Earth where any NAZI could survive.

At 6:00 AM on April the 19th, 5th Air Group held their meeting to distribute the operation's order for "NIGHT WALL" - Chunky's plane, "The Scarlet", would carry only Tesla-bombs, and would be involved in the second wave of attacks. The second wave of attacks that would coincide with the final breaching of the bunkers at Karlsruhe - 5th Air Group would knock out critical infrastructure and power generation prior to the final assault, some of the planes, like Chunky's, were detailed to take out a bridge, not far from Karlsruhe, over the Rhine River.

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By 4 PM on the 19th, every airman, every crew, was in their plane - the whole 5th Group - waiting to take off at 1 AM for the attack on SITE GAMMA and Karlsruhe Castle.

The flight time to the target zone was going to be 4 hours, with 15 minutes over the target - and no more.

Intelligence briefed that there would be anti-aircraft guns, 88 mm, and some scattered rocket fire - but nothing serious. What the intelligence team didn't know, what allied HQ didn't know or CPT Vance Chunky's commander? - arrayed around Karlsruhe was a new kind of German radar system, more advanced than "Freya" (the current system for detecting bombers). There were also 3 new, state of the art, totally camouflaged aerodromes hosting 200 ME-262 jet fighters and 67 ME-163 "KOMET" rocket plane interceptors. Along with several batteries of experimental surface to air missiles using radio guidance and television cameras.

At sunrise, "The Scarlet", and Chunky, were over Karlsruhe - this was Chunky's first, and last, mission during WW2. Chunky didn't know it at the time, but he would never really make it back home. After this mission he would never quite find his way back to where he came from, back to

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“himself”; he was young, perhaps too young, to see what he saw. Some scars run too deep.

While still miles away, their squadron came under attack from FW-190 interceptors – standard, limited, very little damage, nothing unexpected.

When they neared Karlsruhe, this is when all hell broke loose ...

The battle had been ongoing for more than a day now, and Patton’s ground forces were preparing for their final assault on the commander bunkers – deep underground.

“The Scarlet”, and three other B-17s, were tasked to take out a bridge not far from the bunker – blocking SS panzer support troops from relieving the base.

“OK GUYS, LET’S GIVE THEM SOME HELL!”, CPT Vance cried, over the noise of engines and sporadic .50 cal fire ...

They were 5 minutes from their target ...

3 ME-262 jet fighters made a run at Chunky’s plane and the 3 others in formation. Chunky saw the cannons of the German fighters light up, and then moments later the plane next to him – and men he’d never gotten to know – exploded. One of the armor piercing rounds from the German fighter triggered a Tesla-bomb onboard the B-17. Chunky saw the

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look on the other gunner's face, right before a ball of light vaporized him and their entire crew. He thought it was the look of seeing God - startling, frightening, and impossible to ignore. "A queer expression", Chunky thought.

The other two planes were undamaged and proceeded to attack the bridge over the Rhine.

Captain Vance and his crew would make the last run on the bridge and would submit damage assessment photography to G-2.

The two planes went in for the attack - "Desperado" and "Dixie Land". "Desperado" dropped her Tesla-bombs and was able to make it out of the way of AAA fire (anti-aircraft artillery).

Captain Vance pushed the throttle, looked at his co-pilot, and began his run. At this moment, an ME-163 began an attack run on Chunky's plane.

Chunky grew up in the middle of nowhere, he read about Buck Rogers in the pulp rags. He never expected to be shooting at a "rocket plane" and he was almost frozen when he saw it. A strange thing, moving so fast, and then, coming up from behind - and Chunky was in the tail of the plane, staring this demon down.

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Chunky was the tail gunner, and it was his job to make sure that no one could line up for an attack like this. He squeezed the trigger on the turret control and released a burst of .50 cal fire from his twin guns, but nothing happened.

The “KOMET” got closer, and Chunky did his best, then the belly gunner joined in, Tommy Wilson from Boston, and he and Chunky talked it out.

“Listen ... Chunky ... we need to stop this bastard!”, cried Tommy and they did their best.

200 feet from the B-17, Chunky’s guns split the rocket plane in half, and then there was an explosion – one of the wings of the rocket plane was propelled forward and cut through “The Scarlet” with ease – all the way to the cockpit, to Captain Vance, and his co-pilot, Steve, and Vance himself was cut in two. A spray of blood, mist, filled the cabin. Tommy, the belly gunner, jumped – but his shoot got hung up on the B-17, and Tommy was quickly beaten to death, by the plane, not far from Chunky – Chunky could see Tommy’s blood flowing down the canopy of the tail gunner turret.

“The Scarlet” fell apart at 3,000 feet, and Chunky had learned, from training, the method for bailing out at low altitude – not really a “method”, more of a sense of urgency.

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At 3,000 feet, you were seconds from the ground, and seconds from certain death.

Chunky pulled the emergency latch that kept the tail-gunner's bubble in place, kicked out the bubble, unlatched his safety belt, and jumped out. All of this happened fast, it needed to; Chunky had been told, during training, that any hesitation, once the plane is lost, means certain death, and this was doubly true for low altitude jumps.

The tail section of the B-17 became separated, and the torque from the uncontrolled spin would trap Chunky - he needed to act fast.

“Lord in Heaven, watch over me ...” - and he jumped.

The memory of seeing all of his crew mates killed, instantly, haunted Chunky ... he never got over it ... he never talked about it ... he was never normal again. He didn't see much, until the “KOMET” tore through the main fuselage ... but he saw the blood ... he saw his friends smashed ... the plane in pieces, and he was tumbling, to the ground, in the tail section ... “I've got to get out ...”, and he did, he made it out, he just never made it home.

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Chunky landed in a field miles west of Karlsruhe, and within his own friendly lines - but what happened next shook Chunky too.

After he was picked up by allied rear-guard forces, Chunky was taken to an Army field hospital, treated for wounds and a broken arm, and then 2 men, from army intelligence, grabbed him and took him to another location.

“You think you’re smart?”, one of the cold men said to him. Chunky was in shock. His hands were shaking. He still had dried blood from several of his comrades caked on his clothes.

“You think you’re a smart guy, boy?”, the other man, turned to look at him. Chunky was in the backseat of an army staff car - and these men did not seem like “friends”.

The intelligence officers drove Chunky to an abandoned farmhouse and questioned him for hours. They interrogated him about the mission, about the planes he saw, the German planes mainly, and they kept asking him about “a missile”.

“Did you see it?”

“See what Sir?”

“THE ROCKET, THE MISSILE?”

“Sir, I saw a rocket plane.”

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“That’s bullshit, what about the missile?”

This went on for 8 hours, until Chunky was completely broken down.

Chunky was only 14 years old ...

Chunky didn’t know if he was scared, he didn’t know there were emotions beyond fear.

Chunky just sat their, shaking, mumbling, blood and tears mixed with snot and the smell of aviation fuel - but the intelligence officers were relentless. They wouldn’t stop asking him about the “missile” and what Chunky saw.

When the intelligence officers were finished with Chunky, they took him back to an Army hospital. Chunky’s wounds, injuries, were taken care of and because of his broken state he was assigned an Army psychiatrist. The psychiatrist figured out, in a matter of minutes, that two things were true: 1) Chunky had “shell shock” (they didn’t call it PTSD back then), and 2) Chunky wasn’t 18 years old. Chunky was immediately given orders to head home, an honorable discharge, with the agreement that he, Chunky, would never speak of what he saw to anyone, ever. To keep this a secret, no matter what, “for the sake of America.” Chunky needed to talk, and the Army was telling him to shut up.

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Sure, Chunky had only one mission during the war ...

Others had seen much more than he had.

Others had done worse, experienced greater horrors.

Chunky just wanted to “serve his country”, he wanted to “understand”, and he never expected to be questioned after such a thing happened. Chunky grew up believing that hard work and courage were met with “respect and healing”, but instead he felt like he did something dirty, bad, and worse, he had to keep it a secret.

Chunky wasn't special, however ...

Every surviving airman of the Battle of Karlsruhe was interviewed, provided with a document to sign stating they would NEVER speak of it, and then discharged from active service, with bonus. Because of the bonus, every single airman involved in the battle signed the document, including Chunky. Chunky took the money, and his pain, home.

Chunky would have to spend a few more months on a military base, in isolation, until the end of the war in Europe - and then a bit longer, processing out of the service.

Chunky arrived back, in Seattle, on July the 4th, 1945.

The war in the Pacific was still ongoing, but his war was finished. He went to see his parents who were shocked to

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learn he had joined the army and NOT gone to Alaska. His dad, who had served in WW1 and did not like to discuss it, was happy to see his son, and afraid to ask too much, knowing how war haunts a person, the things you see, the things you must do.

That first night, back home, Chunky just stared into the distance out of the living room window, listening to Benny Goodman on the record player, drinking a few beers his dad brought him - but saying nothing, not even changing his clothes.

A month later his dad had a “talk” with him, he wanted to know what was the matter, what he’d seen ...

This is what Chunky said:

“Dad ... I saw the mouth of hell ... I saw demons flying, planes cut in two, torn, burning ... I saw my own comrades covered in each other’s parts ... guts ... blood ... and then I saw the angel of the lord, and he said that all of this would be finished, soon ... the Lord said we are doomed.”

Chunky’s dad didn’t respond, he wasn’t religious, he never had been; he simply got up, and went up to his bedroom, and left Chunky there, in the dark, listening to the record player. As he had, each night, since Chunky’s return.

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The next day Chunky was gone.

No letter ...

No explanation ...

Just the mystery of another soldier, come home from a war, but not really. His dad knew of many, in 1919, who did the same - just gone, never to be seen again, except maybe in a bar or a soup line.

A decade later, Chunky, who had been homeless and drifting about for several years, saw his dad at a news stand in downtown Seattle - he wanted to say something, but his face was covered in hair, a big scraggly beard, the hints of urine and feces, the smell of being lost, and he was just another hobo, transient, and someone to be ignored. This was the last time Chunky, aka Peter Norse, would ever consider the "normal life" again. He watched his dad for 10 minutes, and then Chunky cried, and then Chunky got drunk.

By the 1960's, Chunky was in an ocean of drug use, random sex, and anything that would take his mind off the loss, pointlessness, and pain of his miserable life.

By the 1970's, Chunky was on his 3rd stint in County Jail for vagrancy, petty larceny, and other minor crimes most drifters, eventually, are found guilty of; he had spent a few

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times in the psych ward as well, he liked the psych drugs, they quieted his troubled mind.

By the 1990's, Chunky hoped, every day, that some gentle spirit would take his life - maybe a heart attack, maybe he'd freeze to death in the streets, "that would be nice".

By 2020, Chunky was almost done ...

Sitting out on the corner of Jackson Street and Rainier Avenue ...

With a sign that says "FUCK, GIVE ME MONEY. I WILL USE IT TO GET DRUNK!"

These days Chunky was just another lost soul on the streets - older than most, but not as old as some (if you ignore chronology).

Age on the streets isn't measured in years, it's measured in scars, emotional landslides, the existential sediment of one lousy experience after another; a beating, a rape, a cop with a chip on his shoulder, the time all your shit was stolen, broken memories of broken people in a broken world. This was aging on the streets, and as old as Chunky was, he'd seen enough to know this: some 15 year old kids were nearly as old as him.

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This day, as most, Chunky just sat on the corner, hoping that some kind soul would give him \$20 to forget for a while, maybe only \$10 ... maybe just a bunch of change, and perhaps all Chunky can get is a can of Chili and a 40 OZ bottle of Colt 45, and “that would be a hobo party” Chunky quipped to himself.

Chunky, despite the damage, had a decent enough memory - and he remembered people, on the street, that were kind to him.

“Harry? Harry is that you?”

“Yo ... Chunky ... how you doing?”

Harry Cork was a 34 year old man ...

Harry worked jobs, well, Harry worked when he could, as so many of his generation did; a job here, a job there, bartender, counter, dishwasher, driver, and even computer programmer.

Harry had a couple of jobs, three or four times a year. He was divorced, cynical, and basically happy to have a few bucks, some rent money, food, beer and a few nuggets of weed. Harry’s desire was to keep it going, the parts of life he enjoyed, as long as that was possible.

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Harry was also one of the few people who ever saw Chunky - not just “glanced” at him.

Harry didn't see Chunky's crinkly face, he didn't see the beard, the smell of Chunky didn't bother Harry, nor did any of Chunky's aspect. Harry knew he was, at best, 90 days from being homeless himself, at any time or moment ... “what business is it of mine to judge my own future or their present” is what he thought when he saw a homeless person.

Harry thought that Chunky reminded him of his grandpa, and he missed his grandpa - so Harry would, when he had a few bucks, give them to Chunky and listen to him for a few minutes, off and on.

“Harry, you got something nice for Chunky?”, Chunky smiled a crooked smile under his years of old man beard.

“Yeah, a couple bucks.”

“Shit, thanks Harry, want to know what's up?”

Harry nodded, and sat down on a concrete slab next to chunky, on that corner. Harry more or less tuned out the inchoate tales of drunken fights, weird theories, hooker dramas, and meth-head fantasies of strange powers. Harry learned one thing clearly - life on the streets was only survived by the inventiveness of a mind, a mind that can

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surround itself with the fantasies, with the Potemkin village of sham experiences and pseudo recollections.

Harry looked into Chunky's can, the one for "donations" - not much was there, and that was ok too. He dropped in his \$20, so that Chunky wouldn't notice - Chunky always did ...

"Thanks Harry my son!", Chunky smiled, shook his can a little, and then leaned back and lit a half smoked cigarette he'd found. "Shit Harry ... I'm getting too old for this." Harry chuckled, and Chunky just sat there with his crooked smile.

"Crazy Koh" and "Sideways Sally", an old Korean pimp and his 60 year old hooker, were stumbling up the sidewalk listening to music on some nasty, tinny, portable speaker ... tuned into some old time'y radio station, on this day, the station was playing the wrong FUCKING song ...

"SHUT THAT SHIT UP!", screamed Chunky, "... SHUT THAT FUCKING SHIT UP! SHUT IT UP! SHUT IT UP!"

Harry could see that Chunky was shaking ...

Chunky was mostly beard, and skin, and bones, but what was still there shook, shook hard. Chunky stood up, his normally white or grayish skin was turning red, and that heart attack Chunky had been hoping for? - seemed on its way.

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Harry could also see, if only briefly through furls of hair, the tears of an old man remembering something terrible.

In 1972 Chunky was mostly hanging out in the University District, in Seattle; he'd been beaten up, several times, in the summer of 1969. At one point, people claimed he was "Buzzy Aldrin" and he was nearly beaten to death.

While he was on the streets, in 1972, he heard something for the first time, the second time, the first time in his life - right?

"This is a rock-n-roll ballad ready to lift your spirits, on the dial at 97.5 FM ... your rock and FM stereo paradise ... here's a new one ... Hold Your Head Up, by Argent ..."

Chunky froze ...

He'd heard that music play, repeatedly, over the radio, during the last hour of their assault on Karlsruhe in 1945. He thought, at the time, it was just normal NAZI psychological warfare. He had to admit though - at the time, he kinda loved the song.

During their mission briefing they were told that German radio jamming tech was advanced, very advanced, and they could play music, noise, anything over allied radio frequencies when they got close enough to their targets.

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B-17 commanders had a secondary encrypted channel for command and control, but during these “jamming parties”, no voice over radio was possible or allowed.

Chunky went crazy - tore up a “Patchouli Oil Shop”, started yelling shit like “FUCKING NAZI SPACE DEMONS ARE COMING!” He kept screaming about NAZIs and demons and Buck Rogers - it took a few cops to subdue him, and on the way to the precinct Chunky started crying for his mom.

Chunky stayed catatonic for several days at the County Hospital, in 1972, after hearing that fucking song ...

Chunky was stabilized after a week, given a prescription for Stelazine (a drug given to schizophrenics) and directions to an outpatient psych clinic he could go to for the injections. Chunky didn't remember much of what happened, or what triggered it - and he never thought about it much ... not after the first few weeks of the drinking binge that followed. He once told a homeless man he'd been “drunk for 2 years” - he was referring to the 2 years following the “Argent” incident.

“GOD DAMMIT, YOU NASTY OLD GOOK PIMP! TURN OFF THAT FUCKING SONG!”

“Crazy Koh” was the son of a Republic of Korea Army Officer, Li Koh. Li Koh settled in Seattle after the armistice of

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1953, and opened a small electronics repair shop. The shop failed, and Li Koh killed himself in 1965. William Koh, “Crazy Koh’s” real name, was in foster care after his dad killed himself ... after that? - he went into the same dark world that almost everyone in the system enters, crime, prisons, more crime.

“YOU FUCKING OLD MAN, SHUD DA FUCK UP ...”, Crazy Koh vomited after saying this. His hooker, Sally, tipped over at that moment and dropped the blue tooth speaker - and the music stopped.

“THANK CHRIST ... THANK CHRIST!”, Chunky picked up his can, his stuff, and quickly shuffled up Rainier Ave toward the shelter where he stayed, most days ... he was agitated.

Harry, who saw all of this, followed Chunky.

“You ok Chunky?”, Harry asked.

Harry was curious about the incident, he rarely saw Chunky in any other mood than the passive and almost stoic (if you didn’t know Chunky) way he would sit, with his sign, asking for “money for beer” - in such an openly honest way.

This is why Harry started giving Chunky money ...

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Harry knew the streets were tough, but like most in Seattle, in 2020, he did his best to avert his eyes - to pretend that the homeless are not there.

One day, in late 2017, just after Harry moved into a crappy micro-studio in the neighborhood, he came across Chunky, at his spot, on Rainier Ave.

Harry saw the sign about “money for beer” and he thought to himself “fuck, this might be the most honest man in Seattle”. After that, when Harry had a little extra, he would take that walk past Chunky’s perch, and toss a few bucks in the can, and sit and listen to the crazy stories of Chunky. Harry was perhaps the only person to show any real or sustained interest in Chunky since that last night with his father, in 1945.

“Can’t talk young boy, I need to sleep.”

“Chunky, what’s up?”, Harry didn’t usually touch people. Harry didn’t like being touched. But he placed his hand on Chunky’s shoulder, and then Chunky placed his hand on Harry’s.

“My boy, I’m just a mad crazy old piece of shit ... there’s nothing to say.”, Chunky’s voice was broken, a sadness still present, some secret stuck inside Chunky’s throat.

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“Chunky, I don’t know ... I might not even care ... that’s the truth. I don’t really know you, but I have 30 minutes, if you need to talk.”

It was late in the day, around 4 PM. The sky was a nasty gray silvery monstrosity, like so many “cloudy skies” these days. The sun had not shown itself at all that afternoon, and now the sun was slowly disappearing to the west - one would presume, not having seen it.

It was April, and the air was warm, and Harry could swear he smelled someone cooking something, not too far down the road - it did smell good, like BBQ.

Chunky sat down on a retaining wall off of Boren Avenue, his gaze cast down towards the ground.

Harry sat down next to him - about 1/3rd Chunky’s age, but Chunky knew something Harry didn’t ... Chunky knew that time was broken ... time didn’t work right ... that young people can be used up in a few years on the streets, and nasty old scary men seemed to be immortal.

After a few minutes of sitting there, Chunky spoke.

“You sure you want to hear this Harry?”

“Chunky, I told you I had some time ...”, Harry sat down next to Chunky ...

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There was a pause, for a few moments, and then Chunky began to unload ...

“Harry, I’m going to tell you something I’ve never told anyone ... not my dad ... not the fucking Army ... not those bastards from Army intelligence ... nobody ... you are about to hear the true story of the Battle of Karlsruhe.”

Chunky began to speak.

Harry began to listen.