

## Arrangements

The grandfather clock in the adjoining room chimed quarter of an hour. Its pleasant melody reached Valkuda and she willfully stopped sobbing. The next moment she felt utterly embarrassed - she was in Dimitar's arms, his shirt sodden on the shoulder. She looked up at him and quietly pulled out.

'I am so sorry!' she muttered, then the proper manners gained upper hand, 'My condolences, Mr. Tanassov, I am so sorry for your grandfather.'

'I am sorry also, but I believe we had long ago agreed for you to call me Dimitar.'

'Dimitar, yes, I..., I did not mean to fall apart like that, I will go bring you another shirt.'

Dimitar caught her hand and pulled her to sit down in her chair. She looked at him confused.

'Valkuda, there are more pressing things than my shirt, aren't they?' They both looked at the corpse. Tanas Sr. was lying as if asleep and the lines of his face had started to relax.

'Sure, you would like me to start making arrangements for the funeral, I will start immediately, please don't worry about it, and I will call Mr. Tsarev immediately...'

'I am not worried about the will at all.'

Suddenly Valkuda grabbed his wrists, 'But you should be! We need to arrange your security! You will need a new cell phone and ...'

'What are you talking about?'

'Dimitar, listen to me!' the grip intensified.

He would probably have bruises, he thought.

'You may not know, well, you have no way to know, but the death of your grandfather makes you one of the richest men in the country! All those papers, and it is just the tip of the iceberg, we have been doing it since your grandmother passed away. You are the owner of practically everything Mr. Tanassov owned, it was donated to you inter vivos, you remember the power of attorney you gave him. The moment he died it is all yours, point! This house is yours, the house in Varna is yours, all the plants, the land, the restaurant business, the tobacco shares, everything! Mr. Tanassov did not want to make it known before for obvious reasons, but tomorrow morning the will shall be read to everyone involved and it will be no more a secret.'

We have tonight to arrange for your security, it will not be that hard, as Mr. Tanassov's people will continue to take care of the house, if you don't mind, but you may need a bodyguard and not one!

'Well, now give me a second and if you don't mind letting go of my hands, I don't feel my fingers!'

Valkuda looked at his wrists mortified, the red marks were turning purple. She opened her mouth to apologize again, but Dimitar put a finger on her lips.

'You have a grip of a weight lifter, you know!'

'I have been called worse!'

'That is better! Now, you were saying that right behind my back my grandpa transferred all his wealth to me. I thought he loved me - now I will be hunted by my own father and brother for a start.'

'Not exactly. All the transfers have a clause, that should you die, the property goes to your descendants in a blood line, but descendants only, neither sibling nor parents.'

'But I don't have descendants!'

'In case you die without leaving an offspring, it goes to me.'

'What? Repeat that slowly!'

'In case you die without leaving an offspring, it goes to me. In case I die before or together with you and you don't leave a blood offspring, it all goes to charity, each property is specifically assigned.'

'Than I am in the presence of the only person who may profit from my death and she wants to be in charge of my security, am I right?'

'You are...' the young woman turned fast away, but not before he glimpsed the fresh tears. Her voice sounded more muffled. 'I fought against it tooth and nail, I did. Mr. Tanassov says he has no other option, he has nobody left. I am sorry. He hoped that by the time his will will be opened you will be happily married, he will bounce some grandkids on his knee. I was supposed to be a precaution measure to thwart the immediate transfer, as there are lots and lots of people involved. It does not concern you only, there is the staff of the companies, the suppliers, the buyers, all the food chain, he felt responsible for them.'

Valkuda straighten her cuffs again and faced him square. 'On top of it, I have a ten-year contract as a general manager of all that, without option to fire me unless you are willing to pay me the full amount of ten-years salary plus benefits on the spot. Now you hate me properly?'

'Hate you?' Dimitar shook his head as if he was not sure he had heard the question right. 'Why should I do that?'

'Well, may be you will decide to join the family for a change, who knows. Sorry, cheap shot, you will not do it because of that. I know you are not like them. May be I am just used to being hated. I don't know anymore. May be because I am the one to profit if you die?'

'Valkuda, you remember what Grandpa asked me before he died? He asked me to listen to you, no matter what you say. And I promised. The Tanassovs may not be the best of people but I don't take my promises lightly. If he trusted you, I will trust you also, I don't have a choice. Credit the poor artist with some intelligence - you were with him for so long, if you wanted to trick him out of his wealth you would not need to do it in such an elaborate way as killing me, come on! Where he is going, wealth does not matter and I am sure he knew that. Grandpa had taken precautions to assure his people were as safe as possible, so why should I hate you for doing what he wanted? I don't say that it was not unexpected for me, but I will live. It just hit me that now I am expected to change everything in my life, that is it. I apologize if I have been rude.'

'I don't take my promises lightly either.' Valkuda sounded weary. 'I promised to take care of you and I will.' She shot him a watery smile and stood up. 'How about if I start doing that? I will go and call an ambulance as we need a death certificate to call his funeral agency and it is getting late today.'

'Is there something about Grandpa that you don't know?' Dimitar stood up as well.

'Probably a lot. For example, I know that in the safe there is a thick envelope for you, the contents of which are complete mystery to me, and it has instructions to be given to you as soon as possible after Mr. Tanassov's death. He kept telling me about it so many times that I can recite the instruction by memory. Now, will you stay here until I send someone to watch over Mr. Tanassov?'

Dimitar was about to say that there was not much to worry at that point but remembered the ancient superstition that a dead man was never left alone out of fear that a cat may jump over him and he may turn into vampire. He sighed. There were hordes that would swear that his grandfather was a vampire in life, so death would not do much of a difference. Dimitar knew Tanas Sr. in his late years and he was aware of his complicated character. Yet that was the same man who had encouraged him to pursue a dream so far from

the reality and family traditions, he had done whatever possible to help his grandson achieve the improbable, had found for him a key for a door the world considered sealed. In later years, Tanas Sr. had been discretely helping other people as well, but when the rumors about his generosity had hit the general public, the opinion was that he was doing too little too late and it was a demonstration to improve his image and not repentance for sins past. That his grandfather had not been exactly white and fluffy was a historical fact. There were no high ranking people in the internal intelligence of any country who had held their positions being angels on Earth and his old man had occupied his post for decades. He was loathed and feared for much more than he had actually done, as when the history started being re-written his former allies had tried to unload their own deeds on him. He had been shrugging it at the beginning, but at one point he had snapped and published few sets of documents. The so-called memoirs and comments had ceased immediately but the gossips had hit the roof and the hatred and uncertainty grew tenfold. Whoever had had something to do with him, some dark secret deal, was afraid that his name would be plastered next in the media. Few and far apart were the people in politics who had nothing to fear - may be only the very young generation, and they had to consult with their fathers and grandfathers before trying to attack him. For Tanas Sr. was known to never give up and be able to wait for ages if he really really wanted something. The page had turned few minutes earlier, Dimitar thought, looking at the body next to the big table with few chairs. Or was it? He had the feeling that his grandpa would be up to few tricks from the grave if needed.

The door opened silently and two young man dressed in identical dark suits appeared. Dimitar's first thought was "Now the funeral agents are damn fast!" and then he realized that the faces were familiar, the guys were part of the security team that his grandfather employed.

'The entire group is very sorry for your loss, Mr. Tanassov,' offered presumably the higher ranking one and his colleague nodded. 'How would you like us to proceed?'

'I don't know for the moment, but I believe Miss Martinova will be able to help you with it.'

'Would you like us to move Mr. Tanassov to the conference room and let the catering company clean up?'

'I think it should be done, please.'

'Miss Martinova is in her study, are you going to join her?'

'I better will...' Dimitar rubbed his cheek. The guard understood the gesture as a sign of the fatigue and offered to bring coffee and something stronger. Dimitar refused the stronger part but asked for two coffees. Before he left, he looked at the man and asked:

'Is any of your colleagues named Todor?'

'No, Mr. Tanassov, we don't have anybody even starting with the letter "t".'

Her red-rimmed eyes were the only thing that was different from the tough business lady that Dimitar had been seeing day after day. For the last week, by the time he woke up in the morning and came downstairs to go out for their first meeting at seven, she had been already working judging by the mountains of files around her desk. Her current work had not stopped just because she had to play chaperone to an absent-minded artist, he realized. Valkuda was on the phone and motioned for him to take a seat. Her study was adjacent to that of her director, a comfortably big room with two tall windows. Apart from the massive green ancient safe with lions' heads over the keyholes and polished brass levers, the rest of the walls were lined with locked filing cabinets custom made to match the color of the wooden frames of the windows and the floor. Her desk was a vast surface of polished wood as well and in front of it there were the only two chairs in the room apart from her mesh one, which was the only ultramodern piece in the room. There was something sad in the austere interior, some lack of feminine touch, in fact, lack of any personal touch. There was nothing that could tell a thing about the woman who worked there, no picture frames, no trinkets, even the mouse pad he could see was plain blue one. He wanted to know more about her, not about the business mind, but about the woman behind the desk. One could not count the brief encounters when their respective grandfathers had accidentally taken care of them at the same time as a solid friendship foundation. She was two or three years younger than him and Dimitar had left for France when she was wearing her pigtails and blue school uniform. The then ugly duckling had evolved into a black-feathered swan and if the gossips were true, with the character of the big bird fiercely guarding her privacy. Valkuda had never commented on the allegations about liaison with his grandfather, which most accepted as a tacit acknowledgment. Not a single living soul had dared to ask Tanas Sr. about it though. The people with long memories had noted that since the incident that had sent his wife to a nursing home almost three and a half decades ago, there had not been even a murmur about another woman in his life. The law would allow him to divorce without a

problem on the ground of his wife's incapacity. He had never made an attempt to act upon it, visiting the woman regularly, arranging for best possible care, trying any innovation that concerned her diagnosis, but her condition never improved. Some people thought that her death had finally released him of his old-fashioned sense of obligation and he had grasped the last fleeting chance at being someone's lover. Dimitar was not convinced, his grandfather was too much of a man to slide to shagging the girl he had carried as a newborn. Yet human nature was deceptive, he knew that and there was nothing impossible related to it. If not his grandfather, she was bound to have admirers and former and present flames; she was beautiful in her unique way. The economists were known for their way with the cold formulas, but that was not their one and only common talent.

Very few people had the number of Andon Tsarev's private cell phone and if one of them was calling on Easter, there was bound to be something serious. He answered and was surprised to hear Valkuda's voice instead of Tanas Sr.'s. Tsarev's long years in the law practice allowed him to guess the news even before she finished the brief apology. Andon was one of the minority who never bought the common gossip about Valkuda's progress being propelled by her affair with Tanassov. The woman had too much brain to need that, but the tears she was trying so hard to fight back were a serious chip on the gambling table against his conviction. He met her or Tanassov or both at least once a week and could swear he knew them fairly well. However the old man had been in the game of deception for longer than Tsarev had walked the Earth and he evidently trusted Valkuda with some qualities that the people around, Andon included, missed. How else one could explain the clauses of Tanas' will that bypassed his son and Tanas Jr. and left everything in the hands of Valkuda. That she would run his empire was beyond question - the guy who inherited it was an artist, as far from the business as his French stunt could bring him. He had been back to Bulgaria for few days every year and his grasp of the local reality was probably non-existent. Poor boy, Tsarev thought, his grandfather's death had opened the hunting season for him. The moment the contents of Tanassov's would hit the news, the artist would be fair game for the gold diggers, the scoundrels, the middlemen, and as he was still single - every ambitious Eve's daughter regardless of status and age. Was he aware that he would be hated by his own more than by the strangers? How long it would be before he lost his innocence? He would not be able to walk the streets again without the discrete presence of an armed man at his elbow. He

would not drop unannounced at a party if the list had not been scrutinized by his security. He would never be able to strike a conversation with a stranger without thinking what the other one may need from him. He would never know if the works he would produce were genuinely decent or the flattery was talking. He would read about the adventures he never had and interviews of "friends" he had never met. It would be next to impossible to find a woman who would not know who he was and what his bank account represented so he would always doubt if the affection was genuine or that was the reflection of gold that would illuminate their features. Was he prepared for that? He better be; he had roughly fifteen hours left of his own life.

'Miss Martinova, have you discussed the security issues with Mr. Tanassov?'

'Yes, but it had not sunk yet, I think. Hopefully by tomorrow morning I will be able to arrange something for the first few days.'

'Well, there is not much we can do before that then. I know it is somewhat premature, but are any funeral arrangements already in motion?'

'Yes, Mr. Tanassov left detailed instructions about the funeral and they will be followed. It is going to be in Varna and I would appreciate if you tell me tomorrow whether you will prefer to join the group that is going by bus or by train and how many people are coming with you. It will be no earlier than Wednesday as tomorrow is a holiday and many are out of town, until I reach everyone he wanted me to call it will be at least Tuesday night, plus the trip to Varna.'

'What do you think about Saturday? That will give a chance to everyone who cannot get a day off to come. I am coming anyway, whatever date you decide to schedule, so please don't worry on my behalf.'

'You are right. Saturday will be better. Thank you about it. We will be in your office a little bit before ten. I will take care to inform the rest of the family and the others.'

The lawyer closed the small silver set and thought about the people he was going to meet in the morning. Neither Tanas Jr. nor his father were expected to meekly accept the conditions of the will. Although he was not much concerned that they may attack him violently he would not put it past them. He was known to be Tanas Sr.'s legal adviser for years and they might turn their anger at him. Valkuda would be probably coming with her people and Dimitar was covered, the rest were representatives of institutions with no real impact on the lions' shares. Lions! Two of them jackals for sure, he had developed even more unpleasant

comparisons during the years of witnessing Tanas Sr. bailing them time and again from what they have been inflicting on themselves and the others. Tsarev was still bristling at some scenes that were decade old. He looked at his watch and thought that he should call the security company that he used, to send two people for nine-thirty just in case. It would be expensive estate settlement if it went like that, but Tanas Sr. had been a generous client and it would be well worth it if the young man decided to trust him. Tsarev picked up the receiver of his landline and dialed.

The funeral agency director showed himself to pick up the body of Tanas Sr. The news had found him at his villa not far from Sofia where he was having some friends over a spiced stuffed lamb that he had prepared himself in his new stone-built outdoor oven and was soaking their envy garnished with decent red wine and well-baked red meat. The pleasantly pliant effect of the spirit had evaporated at the brief report of his on-duty team leader. The director had dropped the company in his girlfriend's care and jumped in his black car. He was thanking his lucky stars that the lamb and the rest of the party supplies had proved too big for his small red sports car and he had decided to use the official company vehicle which normally should have been at the office garage. That more than compensated for the juvenile jokes of his friends who had deliberately parked their SUV's to form a mock cortege at the villa. His team would come with a hearse but it saved him the embarrassment to show unprepared. People who dealt with the dead did not have days off. Nor they have nights off in places like Sofia, he grumbled to himself; he had been called at odd hours and sometimes arrived not much later than the police squad for some of his most prominent clients. The pathologist who worked for him was a young man with twisted sense of humor. He insisted that he should be called a post-mortem plastic surgeon and also claimed that if he was not so proverbially lazy he would dream of opening a beauty clinic with facial restoration profile. The bastard may have been lazy but he was good, damn good in piecing up what was left after car crashes, assault rifle attacks, knife wounds and other small accidents known to terminate life effectively. The director did not want to know what his pathologist's dreams were, he had enough nightmares of his own. One of them was sitting in front of him and patiently explaining that she would place two arm guards in his office for the time the body of Mr. Tanassov would be held in storage before dispatching it to Varna. What were these for, for the dead not to beat him? He was dead already, right. The young woman was probably colder than the body in the conference room that his

people were packing. She patiently repeated her imperatives and suggested that if her conditions were too hard to accept for his company, she would regret to accept the less excellent service of his competitors in exchange of following her instructions for which she was paying. Two more men in dark suits would hardly be visible among his stuff and hardly would inconvenience him that much. No, she did not doubt that his company was the best; she just wanted to fulfill the last wish of Mr. Tanassov. The hearse to transport his body to Varna would also be escorted in accordance with the company's policy; Mr. Tanassov did not stop to be part of his empire even if he was not alive. The director was shaking mentally his head at the picture of someone trying to kidnap a dead body but the green eyes of the woman in front of him were as sharp as two shards of bottle glass and she was right, she was paying for it, he would take care that the bill was appropriate. The smile that slid over her lips made him think of the cold room in the office, which if compared to the lady was infernally hotter. He stood up and the door was opened by a young man in a dark suit waiting for him. His partner, sitting in the chair on the other side of the door, stood up to follow.

The hearse left and the funeral director looking somewhat flustered followed it with the two guards in tow. Dimitar saw them off at the gates and went slowly back to the house. He nodded at the new set of guards already at the entrance office and stopped indecisively in the middle of the big open space. Going up to his room was not an attractive perspective, although the other options were not many. He went to Valkuda's office and tapped.

'Come in!'

He entered and looked at her. No surprise the funeral director looked perturbed - she looked like a Nemesis and it took her few seconds to relax her face.

'I just talked to Tanas and your father; they will be at Tsarev's office at ten. I don't know if you would like to talk to them yourself, I will give you their cell phone numbers.'

'Thank you, but I doubt they would like to talk to me much, I did not even know they are in town until today.'

'They are here since Tuesday. Mr. Tanassov told them you are here also.'

'Where are they staying?'

'There are two company's apartments next to each other on "Maria-Luisa". They use them when they are in town. The rest of the time the places are empty, but there is maid service and someone goes and checks them regularly.'

'So I am the only one to be accommodated next to Grandpa?'

'Yes. You are not coming that often.'

'And that is the only reason?'

'No. Mr. Tanassov is very private person as you know and he would prefer less strangers coming around.'

'They are not strangers!'

'They are not, but sometimes their guests are, how to say, overwhelming.'

There was a brief silence. Then Valkuda sighed and said 'I better go home then.'

'Where do you live?'

'I have a small apartment not far from here.'

'A company one as well?'

'No, my own. Don't believe everything they will tell you about me.'

'Why not?'

'Because most of it is not true.'

'Oh, but some of it is then!'

'Of course some of it is true, how otherwise the good folks will believe in the rest of it? By the way, this is your envelope.' She was holding a large white envelope, almost an inch thick. He took it and she started fishing in her pockets.

'It is yours, just don't put it on!' she was holding a wedding band on her palm.

Dimitar blinked, shook his head. 'You are giving me a ring and want me not to put it on?'

'I am not giving you a ring; I am returning an heirloom to you. This is Mr. Tanassov's wedding band and he wanted you to have it. You should not put it on, as it is someone else's wedding band and if you do, it will be hard to marry you, that is all,' she sounded somewhat exasperated, but may be it was just fatigue. The day had been long and none of them had even thanked her for the organization of the meeting in the morning or the funeral arrangements. No matter whether she would be paid for it or not, they owed her an apology for

Tanas Jr.'s rudeness and for the trouble in general. He opened his mouth to do it, but something different came out. 'Do you have plans for tonight?'

'No, or in fact, yes, but they are gone down the drain. After the family reunion Mr. Tanassov, you and I were supposed to have a long talk to bring you up to date with the situation and to go over the main assets that would be yours. Then we were going to go to dinner and tomorrow I would have a day off and you will spend more time with your grandfather. So much about planning.'

'And why don't we follow the plan then?'

Valkuda looked at him as if he were retarded. 'Well, if you have noticed...' she started, but Dimitar interrupted her.

'I know that Grandpa is dead and it will not be proper to go for a dinner, but we can order some food to be delivered and sit down and talk. I apologize for tomorrow, I wish it was not like that, you deserve your rest and I am really grateful for putting up with all of my family, and I will be even more grateful if you fill me in about the situation. It seems to me that I am in for much more surprises than I thought originally.'

'You don't have any idea how right you are! And it is better for you not to go out tonight anyway.'

'Because a cat can jump over me and I will become a vampire?'

'No, you are not dead yet. If you want to go, I will have to call another bodyguard from the reserve group and I would not like to do that if it can be avoided, it is a holiday after all.'

'OK, no going out. What happened to the food from the dinner?'

'It should be in the kitchen on the first floor. Or, if you want something else, we can order.'

'No, I am famished. Let us attack it.'

Stalling was not an option, Konstantin knew, as both his brother and their parents would get suspicious if they had not got a call before eight. He called Georgi first and literally blurted the news. The startled silence was not long, he heard his younger brother drawing a steadying breath and his brief exchange with Lorelei. They would be flying with the first flight on Monday morning that they could arrange, he said, asked if Konstantin needed anything and said he was going to pack for a week.

'Bro, how about if you let Mom sit before you drop the news on her?' he said after a moment of hesitation.

'You know, better talk to her first.'

'Yeah, if Dad picks up the phone, I will ask for Mom, right? Just wish me luck!'

But the luck was scarce and it was their father who picked up the receiver in Montreal, full of good cheers and started a nice small talk that he would have another hour to sit and enjoy his wine before Mom dropped the lamb on them, few friends coming for dinner. But something in his son's voice registered with him and he paused in mid-sentence. 'What is up?'

'Dad, I know there is no way of doing it right, but we need you here.'

'Something with Mom and Dad?'

'Yes, both. They, well...'

'They both died today, you want to say?'

'Yes, Dad...'

'I know, I knew it was coming...' his father sighed. 'Sometimes I hate when she is right, your grandma! I doubt we will be able to fetch a flight tonight but may be tomorrow morning will be better; we will reach you by midnight on all accounts. Did you talk to Georgi?'

'He is flying tomorrow with Lorelei.'

'Is Mitzi around?'

'She is downstairs; do you want me to get her to talk to you?'

'No, I just want to know she knows.'

'She does, she was there; we were all there. Sorry, Dad, I will take care of the accommodation. Kiss Mom. Take care.'

'Thank you, you too.'

Konstantin looked at his watch and decided that it is not too late to pay a visit downstairs. He went through the wardrobe and found Mitzi and Rada in the study. Rada was still curled in her grandfather's armchair and Mitzi looked drawn. She looked up at Konstantin and said 'I have almost run out of paper towels!' She slapped her forehead, 'I did not give you Elka's envelope! How could I forget?'

'Gran left an envelope for me?'

'Yes, she gave me an envelope in case something happens with them. It is somewhere around, hold on!'

Mitzi was looking through the papers on her desk. 'Here!'

It was a pretty big envelope for a note which doctor to call, thought Konstantin, but on the other hand, his Gran's middle name was "Organization" and it was hard to believe that at ninety-four she would not be prepared. He started to open it, but thought of something.

'Rada, will you come with me upstairs?'

'Why?' was so muffled that it was hardly audible.

'I don't want to be alone when I open this!'

Mitzi was about to frown but saw Rada uncurling a little.

'Please?' Konstantin held a hand and Rada stood up, trying discretely to stretch. 'Mitzi, may I come back a little later?'

'Of course! How about I fix something for a late supper, we need to be strong!'

'Thank you!' the young man led her granddaughter up the stairs.

'I forgot to call! It is not too late to call someone at home at eight-thirty?'

'I don't think so.'

'Now where did I put Konstantin's number... I wrote it on a piece of paper today...' Dimitar was pulling out the contents of his pockets. He found the page with the parliament building imprinted on the top and Valkuda raised her brows.

'Your friend is an MP?'

'Who, Konstantin? No, he is a banker. Why did you suggest that about MP?'

'Because the bankers do not use the parliamentary notepads usually or so I have been told.'

'A, the paper, we were both visiting a friend of his grandparents and Mitzi, you know Mitzi, don't you?'

'Everybody knows Mitzi.'

'Well, she probably knows everybody also. So the friend, Mr. Mihailov, is the MP.'

'Are we talking about Vesselin Mihailov?'

'Yes, you know him also?'

'Not as well as Mitzi, but the man is familiar. Especially around the Economics Faculty.'

'He teaches Economics? I did not know that.'

'He does not, but his father was the dean for a while and a major theoretic, his works are fairly modern even now.'

'The Mihailov I met today was rather nice to be an economist! Now, you don't need to look at me as if I ate all the lamb!'

'He is not an economist, he studied law.'

'So he was a fat lawyer before, did not earn enough and decided to enter the politics?'

'No, he wasn't a lawyer. It is a long story... But you were going to call someone, you said?'

There was a disbelieving silence on both sides of the line - Konstantin knew perfectly well who Tanas Sr. was, there was hard to find a person involved with money that did not, and keeping in mind all the publicity around him last week, he gave the impression that like his grandparents, he would go forever. Dimitar's voice sounded dazed and Konstantin thought about the blow to his permanently pensive but kind-hearted friend, who had always been closer to Tanas Sr. than to anyone else of his family. Who could blame him - if a tenth of what the yellow press was claiming were the escapades of the other two Tanassovs was true, they were not the lot to socialize with. It was hard to believe that Tanas Jr. and his dad had come from the same stock, but so was Dimitar, completely different from any of them. He had the tenacity of his grandfather but the talent was his own. Konstantin thought that he should ask Mitzi where they had met; she had never mentioned she knew any of the Tanassovs. Or may be there was never a talk about them; that was it. Dimitar quickly promised to send e-mail when he knew more and put down the receiver. Konstantin saw that Rada was staring at him staring at his cell phone without talking and quickly closed it. He debated for a second about burdening her with one more bad news but it would be probably on the morning news if not on the late night editions, so he plunged ahead.