

or for worse. of a story that has topped the world sked for six weeks, especially for a bunch of hacks who want the safety of some Mandarin speakers and a phone. I feel, too, that Graham feels compelled to leave because of me, although his desire to witness China's history in the making must be stronger even than mine. We stay, ~~taunted~~ infected slightly by the well-intentioned fear of the others. I consider the possibility of dying, and think that after all Adam will not know how much I care for him even if I live. In death he can at least imagine. So that is settled. The firing goes on, although less frequently. The national anthem goes on, more frequently. A student stands with a bucket at the bottom of the monument. There is a volley of surgical masks, bandages, handkerchiefs. She catches dunks and returns them like a circus juggler. These kids are expecting tear gas. Graham and I realize our "the monument is the safest place because they know the foreign hacks hang out there" justification is a crock of shit, and we move down to the east side of the square, hovering around a police box. At around 4, the lights in the square go off, and the students, by now all huddled around the base of the monument, brace themselves. Nothing. Even the firing has died down. Some people come up to talk to us, Graham deals with them wonderfully, while I ask them ridiculous stropy questions about their like links to