

open, a couple of shots dance around the three of us, and the second chap, about 5 metres in front of me, goes down. I turn tail. By the time I am level with the history museum, the med students are loading limp bodies onto makeshift stretchers and into ambulances. For the 15 minutes that I am around after this, the stream of bodies, stretchers, ambulances is more or less constant. At a distance of even a metre it is hard to tell an unconscious body from a corpse, and I cannot swear before my heart that several dozen people died on the square. I can and did save my only tears for the inevitable moment when official television announced 在天安門广场, 没有一人死.

Past the medics and to Graham. There was a moment when a white flag flew from the barrel of a tank (that was three metres from us). I pointed it out to Graham: A moting. Like the firecrackers, it was a moting of ~~reality~~^{hope} in the face of ~~hope~~ reality. The tank had settled on the site of a tent; the white flag hung off the one bamboo pole that remained standing.