

“I have photographs of them all,” says Beato, leafing through the album, the soft tones of his voice caressing the pages almost as gently as his hands. “Katsura, Sakamoto, even poor Kusaka. History will remember them, don’t you think? I thought it was important.”

*What about me? you think. I’m in none of these pictures. Didn’t I play my part too?*

There’s a photograph of the meeting before the Sakurada Gate. There they all are again, in a row: Genzui, Kogoro, Shinsaku, Ryoma. You raise a pointing finger to the page. “I must have been standing there. Just out of view.”

“Were you?” says Beato, closing the album. He looks you over. “Who are you?”