

Jung turned to Mary. “Now show us your photographs.”

Mary took the pictures from Döllersheim to the bulletin board. Jung and Dulles looked over her shoulder while she pinned up the first, a church with the windows boarded up. “This is Saints Peter and Paul before it was used for artillery practice . . . and this is after.” The next image showed the church, roofless, windowless, the walls pockmarked by shrapnel, craters all around it.

“Why did they do this?” Dulles asked, looking at the church.

Mary ignored him. “And this is the churchyard.” She put up the third photograph, a moonscape of shell craters cluttered with bones and shattered coffins. “According to my soldier friend, the graves had been emptied before the shelling, but apparently there was another layer of older, forgotten graves beneath them.”

The next three photographs displayed more human remains: the partial skeleton of a hunchback, and close-ups of disjointed hands and feet with six digits each. Mary pinned the rest of the snapshots on the bulletin board: dwarf skeletons, intertwined rib cages of Siamese twins, a hydrocephalic, and the complete skeleton of a two-headed baby, perfect except for mutual distortion where their skulls abutted.

Dulles examined them and shuddered. “*Dans Macabre.*”

Jung pointed at the pictures. “Döllersheim itself and its cemetery symbolize to Hitler his incestuous roots. Destroying them was his first method of eradicating his origins, but not his last, unfortunately.”