THE FORGOTTEN PAINTING

A Historical Mystery Novella

"Where it all began ..."

Gabriel Farago

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Warsaw Ghetto: 15 May 1943

The major looked at the devastation around him, and smiled. It was over. The uprising that had begun on 19 April 1943 had been crushed. His superiors would be pleased. Streets littered with corpses, smouldering ruins and the stench of death was all that remained of the once crowded ghetto. A gentle rain had made the pools of congealed blood on the pavements slippery. Grey skies wept, lamenting the senseless brutality and slaughter. The major's men, all SS, were methodically searching every building for the few remaining survivors who had gone into hiding. Everyone else was either dead, or had already been deported to concentration camps.

'Herr Sturmbannfuehrer, in here!' shouted one of the major's men, waving from the other side of the street. 'We found some.' The major crossed the road and followed the man into the building. 'They were hiding under the floorboards,' continued the officer, 'a whole family. Quite ingenious.'

The major looked at the bearded man sitting next to a frightfully thin woman and three children—two boys and a girl—cowering on the floor in front of him. The man was clutching a violin case to his chest. 'Your name', demanded the major.

'Krakowski', stammered the man, barely able to speak.

'Your wife and children?'

The man nodded.

The major pulled his gun, a Luger, out of its holster and pointed it to the man's head. 'Are there any others hiding in this building?'

'No', whispered the man. 'Spare them. It was my idea; let the children go.' The major was about to pull the trigger when something caught his eye; a painting hanging on the wall above a sideboard. He lowered his gun, walked over to the painting and looked at it. 'Yours?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'Where did you get it from?'

'It was given to me.'

'By whom?'

'The artist himself.'

'How come?' asked the major, and turned around to face the man on the floor.

'It was after one of my concerts in Paris in 1920.'

'You are a musician?'

For a while, the major looked thoughtfully at the wretch on the floor in front of him. Then he turned to the officer standing in the doorway and said, 'Take them to the train station.'

'Jawohl, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer', replied the officer.

'Yes. I play the violin.'

As soon as he was alone, the major reached into his tunic and pulled out a pocket knife. *Extraordinary*, he thought, staring at the signature at the bottom. Then he lifted the painting off the wall, placed it on the sideboard and began to carefully dismantle the frame.

**** End of Chapter Excerpt ****

The journey into the past has just begun, and Jack Rogan is on the cusp of uncovering a treasure that resonates through time. What secrets does the forgotten diary hide? What masterpiece lies undiscovered? The answers are within reach in *The Forgotten Painting*. The next chapter of this enthralling mystery awaits your discovery. download the full story now!

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