

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE
Finally a Bit of Relaxation

“Hi, Jenci? It’s René.”

“How are you doing, pal? Are you in the mood for another trip like last time?”

“No, I thought this time just you and me could go somewhere. We can leave the women at home. I’m sure your wife wouldn’t mind spending a day with my wife. I thought we could do a bit of fishing.”

“That sounds great! When were you thinking of going?”

“I was thinking of this Saturday. There’s a lovely little pond about fifty kilometers from Budapest. My son-in-law Roland can take us in the company minibus. He’s taking his family to visit his parents this Saturday. He can drop us off at the pond in the morning and pick us up again when he returns home in the evening. I only hope they don’t mind the smell of fish when we load up with our catch.”

“I see you have it all worked out, René.”

“Apart from the beer. I’ll leave that to you. A couple of six-packs should be enough. I’ll give you a call in the next couple of days, once I’ve persuaded Irene that she would love to let me go fishing with you so that she and Julie can have a day out together.”

“Yeah, and I’ll play the dutiful husband to get Julie to agree as well.”



“Hi, you guys! Let’s put the fishing tackle and our supplies in the back.”

“By supplies I think you mean beer, don’t you, dad?”

“We may have brought one or two cans, Norie. Fishing can be thirsty work. There’s a lot of room in this minibus of yours, isn’t there? Actually, it’s a good thing we came.”

“Why’s that, dad?”

“Well, by taking us and our fishing tackle you are making full use of the available space.”

“So, in other words, you are doing us a favor by accepting a lift?”

“No, of course not, I’m only joking. And how is my little grandson? Come here and sit on granddad’s knee. Hasn’t he grown? Oh, Jenci, you



haven't met my daughter, have you? This is my daughter, Nora, and this is her husband, Roland. This is Jenci. You know, Norie, your mother and I went on holiday to Lake Balaton with Jenci and his wife, Julie, before you were born."

"By the way, dad, don't forget to give Roland plenty of warning before we reach the place you want us to turn off at."

"Don't worry, you can rely on your old dad. Hey, I really like this mini-bus. I wouldn't mind having one myself. Listen to the power in that engine and there's so much space!"

"Shouldn't we have turned off here, dad?"

"No, not here. We should have turned off a couple of kilometers back! I'm sorry, I must have gotten distracted. Can you turn around at that bus stop?"

"Here we are, dad, this is where we should have turned off. We'll drop you off in front of that boardwalk and we'll pick you up at the same place on the way home."

"What time do you think you will get here?"

"We should be here between six and seven. So, make sure you are ready with your stuff by six."

"All right, we'll be ready then. Well, you had better be on your way. Drive carefully!"

"We will, dad, don't worry! And you and Jenci be careful with the 'supplies', Roland and I don't want to have to go looking for you when we return."

"Listen to her talking, Jenci. You would think we were a couple of heavy-drinkers. Don't worry, we'll only have one or two cans. Rollie, say bye-bye to gan-gan!"

"Bye-bye, gan-gan."

"Isn't that cute? Bye-bye!"

"Right then, René, now the family has gone, let's get on with the fishing."

"First things first, Jenci. We'll have a beer first. We'll have plenty of time for fishing later."

"Aaah! I needed that."

"So did I."

"Why are you only using one fishing rod, René, when the permit allows you to use two?"

"No need to over-complicate things, Jenci. One fishing rod is enough."



If there are any fish in this pond they'll find the bait sooner or later, don't you worry."

"Let's hope it's sooner rather than later."

"Oh ye of little faith! Looks as though you've got a bite, Jenci."

"Yeah, I think you are right. It's probably some little carp on the verge of starvation. He's taking the bait nice and slowly."

"Come on, Jenci, what are you waiting for? It might be on the verge of starvation but may not want to commit suicide just yet."

"I've got it. Look the line has gone taut."

"Wow, look at the size of it! It must weigh twenty pounds at least."

"Never mind that! Get it in the landing net. That's it. There you are, René, you can be quite useful when you put your mind to it."

"I don't want to touch it, though. I hate it when my hands smell of fish. Even if I scrub them with a nailbrush the smell lasts for days."

"After landing such a fish, I don't care what my hands smell like."

"I don't want to spoil your moment of triumph, Jenci, but I forgot to tell you that I hired a couple of scuba divers to stick that fish onto your hook. There they are, just climbing out of the pond now."

"Very funny, René. It's perfectly understandable that you should feel envious. But, you know, some of us have the gift and some of us don't."



"Hi, dad. We thought we'd come back a bit earlier than we said, so that we could enjoy the peace and quiet here. Have you caught anything?"

"I haven't, but Jenci has caught a beauty."

"What a massive carp! I've never seen one that big before!"

"Well, Nora, we will all have a taste of it when your dad invites us to eat fish soup at his place!"

"Good idea, Jenci. You caught the fish and we'll cook it."

"You mean mom will!"

"I think we should set off shortly, dad, because the traffic will be heavy on the way home."

"All right, Roland, you are the boss. I wonder what your mother-in-law will say, when she finds out that we are having fish soup tonight."

"I think she will be pleased. You and Jenci look a bit worse for wear. I think you've done more drinking than fishing."

“Well, it’s been a hot day and we didn’t want to get dehydrated. Isn’t that right, Jenci? Where are you?”

“He’s over there leaning against that tree for support. He certainly doesn’t look dehydrated!”

“Come on, Jenci! We’re leaving now. You can sleep it off in the car.”

“Sleep what off? There’s nothing wrong with me!”

“No, of course not, and you’re not leaning on that tree, are you, you’re stopping it from falling down. Come on!”



“Bela? It’s René. Could I come and see you now?”

“Yes, no problem.”

“Right, I’m on my way.”



“Hi, Bela, what’s up? Did you forget something? Have you rung back so quickly because you’ve forgotten something?”

“You’d just like me to forget everything! You know who I am, don’t you?”

“I don’t remember exactly but I think your name has something to do with baking. Ah, yes, it’s Mr. Cake!”

“It’s lucky for you that you remembered my name.”

“Why, what if I hadn’t?”

“Nothing, but that’s not why I called you.”

“I won’t ask you why because you’ll tell me anyway.”

“I certainly will! Have you come to your senses yet and given up your plan?”

“I have several plans. Among others, I intend to discover your identity and then we can have a little chat, that’s of course, if you don’t mind.”

“That’s not what I was thinking of but you can try if you like.”

“I will try, don’t worry, Frankie!”



“What’s the big hurry, René?”

“Nothing really, I was just anxious to hear your opinion about what I



wrote at the weekend for the essay. I had a word with Mr. Kovács about only writing the book but he insists on having the essay first. Only after I've written that and he has his winnings from the bet, can I start on the book. I told him I wouldn't mention this to you but I don't see how I can keep you in the dark about it."

"Perhaps he is right. There is no need to rush things."

"Writing this essay is a lot more difficult than writing police reports. In the police, all I had to do was to fill in a standard form. But with this essay, nothing is standard!"

"Well, what did you expect, René? We're breaking new ground with this study."

"Perhaps if you asked me a few questions, I would be able to see if I am on the right track or not."

"All right, I'll give you a bit of guidance if you like."

"Thanks, Bela. There's another thing that has been bothering me."

"What's that, René?"

"Well, with these revelations that we're making are you not worried that we might be shattering the faith of millions of people? People have celebrated Palm Sunday and Good Friday for centuries. Now we are going to tell people that Palm Sunday should really be celebrated on a Wednesday. Good Friday will have to change as well, won't it? These revelations are going to cause a big stir, Bela."

"Well, that's not our fault, is it, René? If people are unable to change their beliefs in light of newly revealed facts, if they prefer to take the path of least resistance instead of doing what would be pleasing to God, then that is their problem. Nobody is going to force them to accept these facts and to stop observing Good Friday, for instance. That will be their decision. But you and I have a duty to inform as many people as possible about what we know. And the best way to do this is by publishing the book that you are going to write. Our aim is not to cause controversy but simply to tell people what we have discovered. If our book encourages people to look at the Bible with renewed interest and compare it with the original text, as I have done, and check the truth of what they have been told, then that will be a good thing. After that, they will have to decide what they accept and what they reject. Of course, there are some people who prefer to be told what to believe."

"But not you."





“I don’t like arguing for the sake of it. But there are some things that I just can’t swallow.”

“Such as?”

“Well, for instance, people who are stupid but pretend to be clever, or rather, people who don’t realize how ignorant they really are. I can’t stand people who lie to my face or those who don’t use rational argument but instead think that their high status, superior age, how long they have been studying certain topics and that there are millions of people who support their views are sufficient arguments in themselves.”

“So, you are no respecter of age.”

“I respect older people but I don’t respect age itself. I never speak patronizingly to older people as though they were on the verge of senility. I always behave politely to them but I’ve been in several situations where older people have behaved to me extremely discourteously. I judge everybody on their merits, whatever their age.”

“You don’t mind me repeating what you’ve said in the book I’m going to write, do you?”

“No, of course not. In fact, we could write it together.”

“Well, I’d already decided it was going to be a joint effort because I’m going to write down everything that happened in the investigation. With the way our national holiday has fallen out this year, I’ll probably be able to write a good bit of the essay at the weekend.”

“Then you can finish it off at Easter.”

“After this investigation, I don’t think I’ll ever look at Easter in the same way again.”

“That’s because you will be looking at it in the light of what you have discovered, with my help, to be the truth about the death and resurrection of Jesus. This is knowledge that has been lost for centuries, but let us hope this good news reaches as many people as possible. This definitely is good news because it proves that Jesus was telling the truth, albeit only after detailed research to verify what he said. This is proof for Christians and non-Christians alike. There is now one less reason for doubt. Jesus was the son of God and spoke the truth. He was the Messiah, the Anointed, that is to say the Christ. There will be no more signs, only the sign of Jonah, which is that, like Jonah in the large fish, Jesus spent three days and three nights in his tomb before he rose from the dead. Jesus said that there would be no more signs. Just as we have proved that what Jesus prophesied about himself was true, so what he





said about there being no more signs is also true. Not for anybody. This means that whoever believes absolutely and sincerely in this sign, that is to say, that Jesus rose from the dead after three days and three nights, is a true believer in Jesus and in God. Those who still do not believe in the sign of Jonah, no matter what they might say or do, are not true believers in Jesus and in God.”

“Your words have the ring of truth about them, Bela. I’ll have to check my Bible, though. But is there any discrepancy between what my Bible says about the sign of Jonah and the original Greek text?”

“Not, as far as I know. But we can talk about this another time. Well, René, I hope you enjoy the holidays, but don’t forget, you have that essay to write.”

“Don’t worry, Bela. I know how important it is.”



“Hello! Is that Mr. Cake?”

“Who the hell’s that?”

“It’s René Gate. I thought I would call you for once.”

“How did you get hold of my telephone number?”

“That’s not important, Mr. Cake. I just wanted to tell you that you are badly mistaken if you think you can intimidate me. I have a gun permit, so you would be well advised not to try anything stupid. I have also informed my commando friends of your failed attempt to grab me the other day. They had a good laugh about it and said they would love to practice some of their techniques on you and your hot-headed boys, in their official capacity, of course.”

“All right, Mr. Gate, there’s no reason to blow this little incident up into something more than it was.”

“I think you should tell your friends of our little conversation. Although I know who they are and where to get hold of them, I think it would be better for them if we didn’t meet again.”

“Okay, I’ll tell them, Mr. Gate.”

“You do that, Frankie.”

