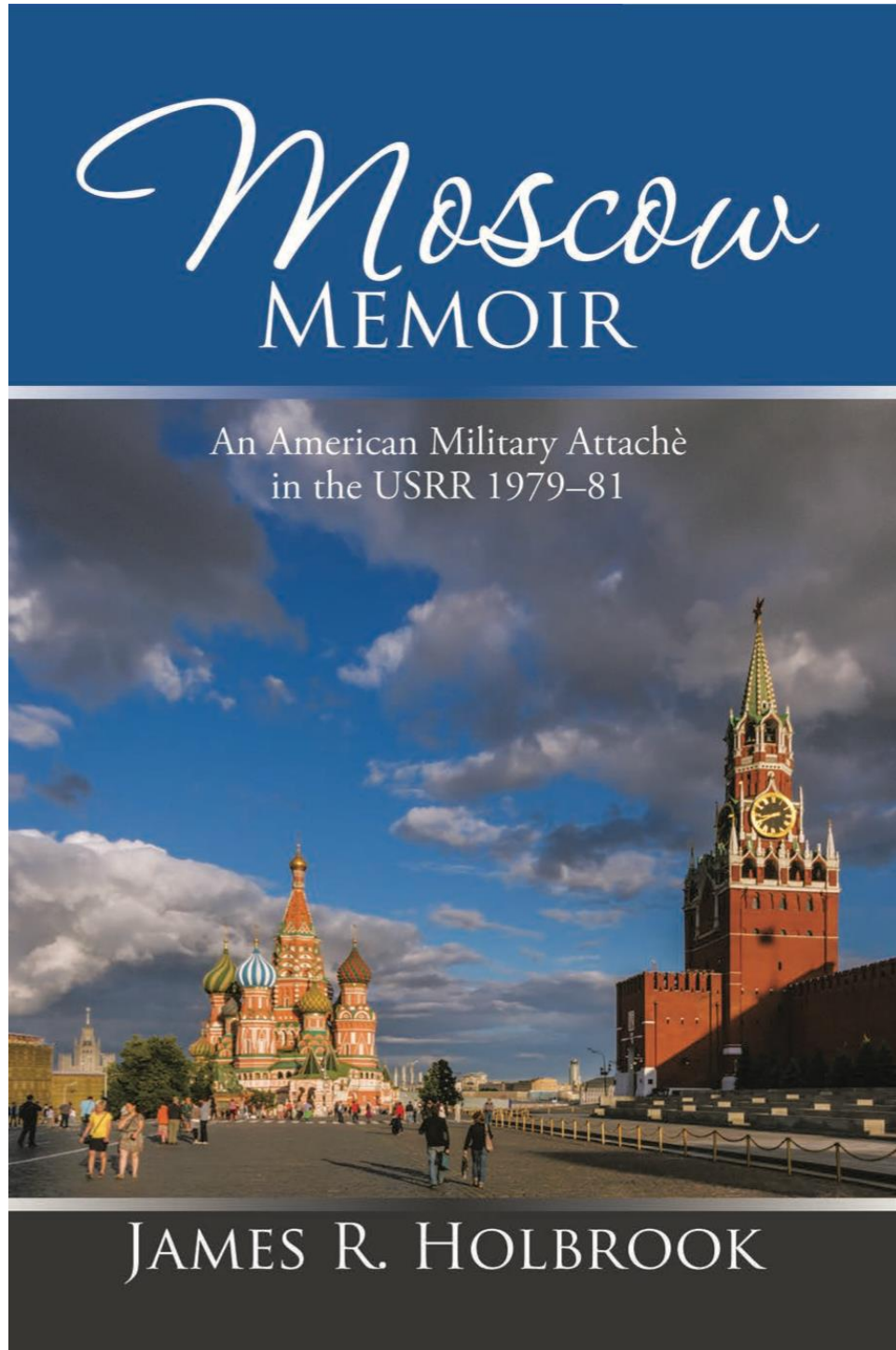


THE FOLLOWING IS A SAMPLE TAKEN FROM

Moscow Memoir:
An American Military Attaché
in the USSR 1979-1981



Visit <https://holbrookrussia.com/> to learn more or to purchase the book.

Forty years of having everything go my way ended the moment I awoke to the bang of the hotel room door being slammed against the wall.

The police and KGB rushed in. Repeated flashes from a camera temporarily blinded me as I scrambled out of bed and reached for my trousers. K sat upright and pulled the covers up to her chin.

In the next bed, Tom was just coming to. He sat up and rubbed his eyes.

“What the hell's going on?”

“It's the goons,” I called back to Tom as I walked out into the living area of the hotel suite, snapping my trousers shut. “And they've brought an entire delegation with them.”

“Who the hell you think you are?” I said to the police captain. “We're American diplomats, Comrade Captain. You have no right to bust in here like this.”

Tom remained in bed. I wasn't sure whether he was really awake.

“Mister Holbrook, it is our duty to inform you that you have violated hotel rules by having an unauthorized person in your room for the night.”

“You need the police and KGB to inform us of that? Is one of you the hotel manager?”

A tall man in civilian clothes at the rear of the delegation spoke up.

“I'm the administrator. I called the police because you are foreigners and I wasn't sure how to handle this.”

“What about all these other guys?”

“They're hotel employees. Security.”

“Security my ass. They're KGB.”

“Mr. Holbrook. We advise you to conduct yourself in a gentlemanly way.”

The floor *dezhurnaya*—the watchdog and holder of keys on each floor in almost every Soviet hotel—joined in. “And no swearing. Ivan Petrovich, did you hear him swear?”

“*Da*, I got it.”

A police sergeant with a clipboard wrote something down.

“Captain, I advise you to take these people and leave immediately. I will report this to the American Embassy in Moscow. This is a violation of diplomatic protocol.”

Tom said nothing. When I looked over at him, his eyes were closed again. He appeared to be sleeping in the sitting position.