



tales of deceit, betrayal,  
and espionage, in worlds  
that could have been our own.

edited by  
Kaye Chazan

# **substitution cipher**

**edited by Kaye Chazan**



Candlemark & Gleam

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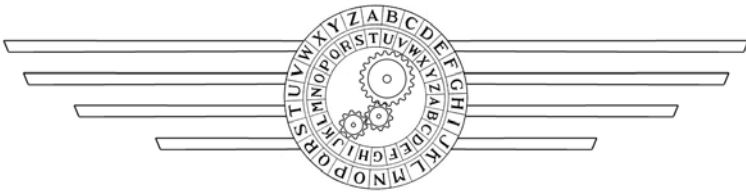
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# substitution cipher





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## INTRODUCTION

*Spies cannot be usefully employed  
without a certain intuitive sagacity.*

*Spies cannot be properly managed  
without benevolence and forthrightness.*

– Sun Tzu, *The Art of War*

**C**omedian George Carlin says that “military intelligence” is an oxymoron. It’s a good joke, a great icebreaker at parties among certain crowds, but like most humorous exaggerations, the kernel of truth is just that: a kernel. War may be inherently brutal, wasteful, and occasionally downright stupid, but a great many of the people who participate in it are not. At the front lines or behind them, providing crucial information from unstable positions, intelligencers and spies make many of the wartime decisions that can end a battle on the spot—or prolong it indefinitely—and carrying such a burden takes a dedicated individual with a keen mind.

Alternate history, too, relies on those lynchpin



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moments, those precarious instances where one left turn can prevent an assassination, or one turned ankle or bent horseshoe can delay vital information. Spies embody those moments, personify them, distill all the secrets and hopes of the war that employs them into one person. One choice, one *word*, and all of a sudden the July Plot succeeds, or the city-state secedes, or a well-timed riot prevents a wall from ever going up.

In short, spies make amazing protagonists. With all that knowledge concentrated in one person, they can make choices that undermine both history and fiction.

The six stories in *Substitution Cipher* call on six protagonists for whom “military intelligence” is far from a joke. In “So the Taino Call It” by M. Fenn, Rodrigo changes the course of Christopher Columbus’s journey to the New World. In “Spheres of Influence” by Rebecca Rozakis, Cadenza throws a wrench into the gears of a clockwork Venice. Our two World War II-era stories couldn’t be more divergent: Tyler Bugg’s “From Enigma to Paradox” centers on historical personage Wilhelm Canaris, while G. Miki Hayden’s “In God We Trust” turns North America inside out along with J. Edgar Hoover. C.D. Covington’s “Something There Is” pits protagonist Elisabet against the Stasi with only the broken city of Berlin for her ally. My own contribution, “The Ashkenazi Candidate,” offers you a spy who has a hard time keeping his name straight as he plays on both sides of a new Cold War. All of these heroes—inasmuch as some of them can be called heroes—control not only the directions of their respective stories, but history itself. They’re smart, and the

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stories are smart—as provocative as they are entertaining.

And who knows? In any of these new histories, George Carlin might be a spy.

— *Kaye Chazan*



# SO THE TAINO CALL IT

BY *M. FENN*



**T**his is a replica of the first and only European building in the entire western hemisphere.”

The museum docent, a stocky woman with long salt-and-pepper hair, pointed to a haphazard-looking fort situated a few feet away from the wooden walkway she was sharing with a small group of teenagers. A nametag on the woman’s mint-green uniform read “Ms. Mayagüez.” The walkway led to the history museum, a large, low-slung building constructed to emulate the longhouses that the island’s ancient leaders once lived in. It was made from wooden poles, woven straw, and palm leaves, but reinforced with steel and concrete.

The dozen boys and girls, in their early teens, looked down at the fort with varying degrees of interest as the

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woman continued.

“The Europeans built this shelter from one of their ships that ran aground. As you can see, it’s not very big. Hard to believe ninety men squeezed in there, isn’t it?”

“What did they come here for?” one of the boys asked. He ran his fingers through his hair, pushing it back from his angular face.

The docent smiled. “They were trying to sail to Asia.”

“They didn’t know that Aztlán was in the way?”

“No, they had no idea.”

The children looked at each other smiling. A couple couldn’t help but giggle.

“How could anybody not know that?” a small, thin girl asked, a look of disdain on her face.

“Well, it was a long time ago, Yahíma. Our people didn’t know there was a Europe either.”

“Did they go back home?”

“No. There was a battle further up this beach.” Ms. Mayagüez pointed past the fort. “Except for a few that surrendered, our ancestors killed them all.”

The children looked past the fort and down the low hill to the beach. The waves crashed into the shore; the tide was coming in.

“Why?” a quiet voice asked.

The guide’s face grew solemn. “When the Europeans landed on our shores, our ancestors welcomed them and treated them as honored guests. They thought the strangers might be gods come to earth, but they were rude and violent, except for a few. You’ve heard of one of them in your history classes, I’m sure: Rodrigo

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de Escobedo. He helped us against his own people and taught us the best ways to fight against them. Our people defeated the Europeans, and Escobedo's lessons spread to the other islands, even to the mainland."

She turned away from the fort and led the students to the next exhibit. This display was closer to the walkway. The figure of a tall, pale man stood in the center of a group of people who were crafted to look at him with an admiring gaze from wherever they stood or sat on the sand. He was dressed in Spanish armor.

Next to the man stood a woman who looked like the rest of the statues in the display: her long hair in bangs and flowing behind her shoulders, and her dark skin bare, except for a small apron tied around her waist. She wore the feathered headdress of a *cacica* and rested her hand on the man's arm. Her other hand was raised with his, clasping a sword.

"This is Rodrigo de Escobedo with Anacaona, the Golden Flower, two people instrumental to our people's survival and development."

The students spent more time studying the man than they did looking at the woman or the figures around them. Bare skin was still commonplace after all these years; pink skin was not.

Escobedo's facsimile was close to six feet tall. His brown hair, flecked with grey, fell to his shoulders; his sharp chin sported a thin beard. The artist who created him also gave him a beatific smile. The docent thought it was a bit much, but museum-goers seemed to like the look.

"The artists took some liberties in their creation," Ms.

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Mayagüez pointed out. “Anacaona wasn’t yet *cacica* when Escobedo arrived here. And Escobedo rarely wore armor, according to the records we have. Artists, though, like a bit of flash.”

“He’s so pale.”

“I like his eyes,” one girl murmured. She pulled at her ponytail as she studied the figure.

A tall, muscular boy caught the docent’s eye. “Why did he betray his own people?”

The woman smiled. “Good question, Macuya. It turns out that he was being paid to sabotage his captain’s mission.”

The students’ expressions became puzzled. A few started questioning her at the same time.

“Why?”

“Who paid him?”

“Why did our people think they could trust him?”

“For profit,” the docent responded. “The Portuguese. And they didn’t know. He didn’t tell them, but the journals he left behind told us.”

Ms. Mayagüez walked a few more feet, reaching the last exhibit of the tour, housed inside a walled porch that was open to the ocean view. Flat-screen monitors lined the three walls. The students jostled each other as they clustered around them.

“Escobedo kept a journal from the night he set sail from Spain until the day he died. You can see pages from these books on the screens. Go ahead and touch the screens to change the pages, if you’d like to.”

“What language is this?” one boy asked.

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“It’s Italian, Abey.” She chuckled. “But even if you could read the words, you still couldn’t understand what you read. It’s all in code.”

“Wow!”

The guide nodded. “He started using code because his work was secret, and he never stopped using it. That’s also why he wrote in Italian instead of his native language, Portuguese.”

“How did you figure out how to read it?”

“Our archaeologists found his cipher. It opened a new world of understanding for us. His place as one of our national heroes was assured while he was still alive, but there aren’t many records from that time. Finding the cipher allowed us to meet the man behind the hero. Fascinating fellow.”

The children studied the screens as the woman watched them. The girl who had liked Escobedo’s eyes was focusing intently on the pages in front of her.

“What are you finding there, Ana?”

Ana shook her head. “I just wish I knew the language. I’d love to break the code.” She looked at the docent. “I’d love to learn more about him.”

“Well, we have a few books on Escobedo in the shop. Your school library would have them, too.”

“Have the journals been published yet?”

“Not yet, no. We still have to decipher and translate the last few volumes. Hopefully in the next year, though.”

Ana frowned. “A year?”

Ms. Mayagüez patted the girl’s bare shoulder.

“How would you like to see translations of the first



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few volumes? I think I can arrange that.”

“Really?”

The woman smiled. “Sure. And any of your friends can read them, too.”

She looked hopefully at the rest of the group, but Ana knew better and returned her gaze to the screen in front of her. The kids looked uncomfortable, and no one responded. Finally, Yahíma spoke up.

“No offense, but Ana’s the book nerd in the group. Nice tour and all, thanks, but we have better...um...” Yahíma stopped, realizing too late that she’d put her foot in it again. She rolled her eyes at herself and looked away.

The docent pursed her lips. “I see. Well, you certainly don’t have to join in.”

She opened the door that led back to the main hall of the museum.

“This concludes our museum tour. I hope you enjoyed it.”

Everyone hurried by her, muttering their thanks.

*At least they can say “thank you,”* she thought. She looked up to see Ana watching her. The girl shrugged her shoulders and tried to smile.

“Sorry about them. They’re really all right. Just not as interested in history. You know.”

“Hm. Sadly, I do.”

“Um...” Ana paused, finding herself nervous and not wanting Ms. Mayagüez to think her as rude as her friends. “When might I be able to read the journals?”

“When do you have a free day?”

Ana thought for a moment. “The day after tomorrow.

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No school, and I'll be done with chores by mid-morning."

The guide patted her on the back and ushered her through the door.

"Very good. I'll make the arrangements and be in touch."

Ana grinned as she ran off to join her friends. "I can't wait!"



Two days later, Ana was rushing through her chores in the little house she shared with her father and his sister. Her father had to tell her twice to slow down before she broke something. Finally everything was done, and she stood by the front door, waiting to be released.

"You've taken your aunt her meal?"

"Yes, Papa." Ana forced herself not to roll her eyes.

"And she's taken her medicine?"

Ana sighed. "Yes, Papa. Everything's finished. Can I go?"

Her father tilted his bald head as he looked at her.

"You have your phone?"

"Yes!" Her exasperation was obvious, and her father chuckled.

"All right, then." He held her by her shoulders and kissed her forehead. "Be careful."

Ana shook her head. "Til later, Papa."

She kissed him on the cheek and ran out the front door. She grabbed her bike, brown and in need of new tires, from where it stood in the gravel near the side of

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their adobe home. Her father watched her pedal away down the busy street lined with houses identical to theirs. The only difference amongst them was the color of each house's trim. The trim on Ana's was a dusty rose. Others were turquoise, yellow, or ochre.

Ana's short legs pumped the pedals of the bike as she steered it through the city's labyrinthine streets, lined with little beige houses, dingy shops, charging stations, and vast factories. She wove through traffic of electric cars and buses. The sidewalks were full of people.

And then she was at the gate, a simple checkpoint that monitored everyone entering or leaving the city. Ana pulled an ID card from a pocket in her thin shorts and slipped it into the electronic reader. She hardly took a breath before the green light blinked on and the barrier lifted, opening the road to her.

A few more miles of riding through traffic took her to the northeast tip of the island, where the museum was. She parked her bike in a long rack filled with other bikes and went inside.

Ms. Mayagüez met Ana at the information desk in the museum's main hall. The place was filled with naked children running everywhere, their parents trying to keep up and others trying to avoid colliding with them.

Ana and the docent made their way through the crowd and through a textured glass door marked NO ADMITTANCE. The girl found herself in a moderately lit hallway, the crowd noise from the other room diminished to a quiet rumble.

"Here we are."



# SPHERES OF INFLUENCE

BY *REBECCA ROZAKIS*



**C**adenza Orseolo slipped through the night, black cloak clutched tight against the November fog rising from the canal. A catcall echoed off the stone walls, some foreign sailor clearly having mistaken her for one of the Republic's legendary courtesans. She smiled behind her mask. He would be quite surprised if he'd known whom he had propositioned.

But that was the ostensible purpose of the masks, was it not? To foster an illusion of equality between the classes, however temporarily. Although, in Venice, the citizens wore masks out of doors for the better part of the year. The fact that it made secrets and rendezvous, whether between lovers, merchants, or spies, all the easier certainly had nothing to do with the custom.

Venice wrapped herself in a cloak of mystery and

then invited all the world in.

Beneath her feet, Cadenza could feel the grinding of the great pumps that kept the city afloat. They were an engineering marvel, Venice's greatest defense against invasion and simultaneously, its greatest threat. Two generations before, they had held off Napoleon himself. But should the pumps fail, they would suffer more than the occasional flooding *acqua alta* the residents were accustomed to. The wreckage of the Campanile would barely break the waves with St. Mark's piazza at the bottom of the lagoon.

The heels of her shoes clicked against the folding joints of the tiny bridge, which lay quietly waiting for the next invasion. There would always be a next invasion. She shivered in damp chill.

It was a simple enough assignment, although she was not so inexperienced as to think that simple assignments would ever stay simple. She had heard enough of her father's stories. But the complications were not yet apparent. Meet the contact, reacquire the stolen item, and report back. Why this required a nobly born agent, Cadenza was not sure. Perhaps it was a test of her abilities.

She had wanted this, she reminded herself. Asked for it, begged for it, even. She had been proud to receive the summons to the Doge's Palace. They had directed her not to the public rooms, with their grand painted walls, but to the narrow, wood-paneled offices that lay hidden behind those walls. She had not needed to be told where the secret doors lay—she had played in many of those rooms as a child. But it was the first time she had been

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summoned in her own right. The chamber of the Secret Chancery was lined with cabinets filled with records from the Venetian intelligence networks for generations. Cadenza thought them infinitely more appealing than the fine paintings in the chamber of the Council of Ten.

It should have been her father, she knew. Or her brother. But the latter was dead and the former...was no longer the man she remembered. And if she wanted to uphold the Orseolo family tradition of service to the Republic, then this was up to her.

Well, if it was a test, she would not fail. She peered through the mist, lit hazily by irregular lanterns whose glow reflected off the canal and the wet stones. Nobly born or not, her father had ensured she knew every *riva* and *calle* in each of the six *sestieri*. She only hoped her contact had not wandered out and gotten lost.

She edged her way through the iron gate of the *pensione*, careful not to catch her skirts, despite the crinoline beneath them. Gardens were a rarity in Venice, with so little space available. But the tiny fountain bubbled next to a small tree. In the summer, oleander would blossom, repelling the mosquitoes. Such a sweet scent for so poisonous a flower. But now, the evening dew wet the remaining leaves on the branches.

A silhouette stepped out of the deeper shadows by the wall. To Cadenza's surprise, it mirrored her own bell-shaped outline. She immediately chastised herself for leaping to conclusions—that her contact was a man, or that this was her contact at all.

“There's a high tide tonight,” she ventured, hoping

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that the woman would respond with the appropriate phrase and not merely demand to know what Cadenza was doing in her garden.

“The wind ruffles the waters,” came the reply, slightly muffled and with a faint accent. Her voice was young, its speaker perhaps the same age as Cadenza herself. The woman drew close enough for Cadenza to see that she too wore a mask, the butterfly-shaped *volto*.

“The fish do not mind,” she said, completing the sequence. She scanned the garden surreptitiously for any observers.

“Oh, thank heavens,” her contact replied, pulling off her mask. “I don’t understand how you Venetians can wear these all the time.”

Cadenza blinked. It was like looking at a younger version of her mother. Or one of her infrequently visited cousins. Adelaide Orseolo had begun life as an Austrian countess, married to a Venetian noble in one of endless attempts to strengthen peaceful ties between the tiny maritime republic and the massive empire of the Hapsburgs. The only trace of Adelaide’s legendarily delicate beauty in her daughter was a pair of startlingly blue eyes. Cadenza had inherited her father’s dark hair, bronze skin, and stubbornly masculine jaw.

This young woman had the same eyes. But she had the milky skin and flaxen hair to go with them, with an adorable, saucily upturned nose to add insult to injury. Cadenza repressed a sigh.

The girl held out a hand. “I’m Maria.”

Amateur. And shockingly intimate. But then, they



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were hiding in the garden of the girl's hotel, which was not quite the normal setting for a proper introduction. Unfortunately, there was no way the girl would trust her unless she reciprocated now. She almost gave a false name. But if she did need to call on official authority, it might become embarrassing. Better to just leave off the surname until necessary. She reluctantly removed her mask. "Cadenza."

Maria smiled, showing perfect white teeth. At least Cadenza could place the accent now. She had to admit, the Austrian's Italian was quite good.

"So you are to help me, then?" Maria turned big eyes on her new benefactor.

She would need to hide a lot of sighs, Cadenza realized. "I understand that your orrery has gone missing?"

Maria nodded. "It's glass, you see. It seemed like such a clever gift—my uncle loves astrological models, and we ordered one made of glass instead of the usual brass. It was supposed to have been shipped here from Murano this afternoon, but it never arrived."

The great glassworks for which Venice was famous had been sequestered on the outlying island of Murano for generations, for fear of an accident setting the crowded city afire. It was a non-mobile island; the exquisite products were priceless results of trade secrets, but nothing an invading army would be interested in.

Cadenza nodded, caught herself, and continued nodding as if nothing had happened. An Austrian personally picking up a gift for an uncle, with fine manners and a well-bred air that reminded her of her own noble

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cousins. The girl's cloak pin confirmed it—the double-headed eagle of the Hapsburgs winked in the moonlight. No wonder the Council of Ten was concerned—this gift was intended for a member of the royal family of the Austro-Hungarian Empire itself. She felt a warm glow that they had trusted her with so delicate an assignment right before her blood ran cold. Everyone knew that Napoleon had only attacked the Republic in order to turn it over as a courting gift to the Hapsburgs. Venice, its onetime naval empire nearly erased by the Portuguese to the west and the Songhai to the south, feared their Imperial neighbors far more than they ever had the French. A diplomatic incident could always tip the scales against them, and all the strategic marriages in the world would not save them.

The question, of course, was how subtle a creature was smiling at her at this moment. Was the pin an oversight or a warning? Or intended to be taken as an oversight? Cadenza halted the spiral in its tracks. She could almost hear her father's voice—when one could only guess at a motive, it was time to gather more evidence.

So she smiled back at the lovely Maria. “Tell me: who was supposed to deliver your orrery?”

The other girl fished through her reticule and produced a handwritten address. Cadenza glanced at it, impressed despite herself. It was the home of the most renowned master glassblower in Venice. But then, if this toy was intended for the person she suspected, it should not surprise her in the least.

“Well, then I suppose we ought to pay a visit.” She pulled her mask back on and the Austrian followed her

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lead with a sigh. She gestured for Maria to precede her, giving herself a moment to look again for any other witnesses. She saw no one. But the darkened windows of the house above could conceal anything.

There was no reason to think that this was anything out of the ordinary yet. It could be a simple theft, or even a badly concealed accident, as easily as some kind of diplomatic incident. But the hairs on her neck still rose as she turned her back on those windows.

Maria hesitated outside the garden walls, but she was facing the correct direction for the Barovier family's residence. Cadenza briefly considered guiding her to where her personal gondola waited. She had chosen to arrive on foot to be inconspicuous, but it always made sense to have transportation on hand. But gondolas implied wealth, which attracted attention.

So they made their way back through the fog on foot. It was thicker now, the irregularly placed lanterns a dull glow here and there, good more for ruining night vision than lighting much of anything. Their footfalls were muffled. Cadenza had a peculiar feeling of privacy, as if she and the Austrian were the only two people in the world and no one could interrupt or overhear them.

"I expected some sort of a policeman," Maria confessed in a low voice. She glanced around at the empty street.

"I think perhaps the council thought you might be more comfortable with a guide," she answered. If Maria was not going to bring up the diplomatic ramifications, neither was she. "Someone similar to yourself." As she said it, she realized that Maria might have no idea that

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Cadenza was of noble birth at all. As far as the young woman knew, Cadenza might as well be the courtesan she had been thinking about earlier.

“A guide?” Maria snorted. “Then why so many passwords? Admit it—you Venetians are so in love with intrigue that you cannot resist complicating everything.”

Cadenza smiled, despite herself. It *was* a bit ridiculous. “Ah, but that is our charm, is it not?”

“That may work on the men, but it won’t work on me!” Maria laughed. The fog deadened the echoes, so her voice sounded more like they were in a small room. “But really, not to be terribly rude, why are you involved?”

Cadenza’s feelings were slightly hurt, but she could understand. And how could she explain? “For the same reason they sent you to pick up the orrery in the first place, I suppose—because sometimes a young woman can get farther than a man.”

Maria laughed again. “I think we shall be friends, you and I,” she said, linking her arm with Cadenza’s.

It startled her, enough that she did not immediately pull away. Friends were not something she was quite used to considering. Allies, yes, and pawns. Her father had trained her well to maneuver, determined that even when she married out, his daughter would not be useless to her family, or helpless. And when her brother, the Orseolo heir, had died, she had done her best to step up to maintain the family honor and traditions. It left very little time for friends. And an Austrian might well be the most dangerous friend possible. But—she could not quite help herself—she liked the bubbly young woman.

# FROM ENIGMA TO PARADOX

BY TYLER BUGG



**T**he rumble of Panzer engines still echoed in the distance and the stench of burning oil, gasoline, and human bodies still hung in the air as a sleek black command car pulled to a halt beside the shattered row of vehicles; a small French flag still bravely flew from the front of one wreck. Birds in the trees above still shrilled in annoyance at the smell and smoke, fluttering from branch to branch in anger and trying to get out of the stinking black clouds.

Hauptmann Hans Jageur stepped out of the car as it pulled to a halt, ignoring the sounds of the wildlife railing at the humans that disturbed their carefree lives. The tall, lean man straightened the peaked cap on his head, touching the brim of the Schirmmütze with the

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delicate grace of a man who was more likely to be seen playing a piano or giving lectures on Ancient Rome than in the middle of a battlefield. The grey uniform he wore gave him a commanding presence—though almost every person wearing the Third Reich's colors could give off a commanding aura, from a lowly private to the Führer himself. His sharp eyes darted among the trees of the back country lane, peaceful until the moment that a couple of low-flying Luftwaffe fighters had noticed the vehicles rolling down this stretch of road.

Men—both in the dark blue tunics of the French and in the feldgrau that he himself wore—were lying on the ground, fit for nothing more than a brief service at the side of this road and another entry in the casualty lists of the conflict. Others, wounded, were being cared for by the few medics present; the serious cases were to be carted back to a hospital behind the lines. A few soldiers who had thus far survived the series of battles into the Low Countries, then into France itself, were running over the dead bodies of the French soldiers, picking up packages of cigarettes and other supplies and goods that the British blockade of the North Sea had cut off from the Reich. Without good tobacco, German cigarettes had gone from bad to worse since the conflict started, and these lucky men could now enjoy some of the contraband they'd been denied since September of last year.

The German officer walked briskly up to a gaggle of men surrounding the vehicles. They all turned and gave off a brisk salute to their superior, who graciously returned it.

“Where is your commanding officer?” he asked, his melodious voice better suited to an intellectual than a military man. And, indeed, Jageur *was* an intellectual—a teacher of Latin and Greek at Munster University, though now simply a reservist called to arms. Fortunately, though, that ability to decipher dead languages had allowed him to skip going to fight at the front this time. Instead, when the conflict with Poland began, he was invited to join the Abwehr: the Reich’s military intelligence agency. Since most of his students had already been called to the flag, he agreed. His university seemed pleased enough; one less person they would have to pay at a time when very few students were attending.

An older sergeant, who must have seen battle in the trenches over twenty years before, nodded to a young man who was still peering into one of the massive trucks in the convoy. “Leutnant Karlz is over there, sir,” he said with a voice that no officer could miss, but couldn’t quite claim was insubordinate—that of an old soldier having to rein in a young man not far removed from being a boy, who had yet to see the truly awful aspects of war. Jageur nodded knowingly to the sergeant before walking over to where Karlz was standing, trying to do his best to feign interest in whatever was inside the truck.

Before Jageur could say anything, though, the young Leutnant surprised him with an about-face; he snapped his right arm to attention and bellowed a “*Sieg Heil!*” that startled what few birds were left in the nearby trees. Jageur returned the salute, though he refrained from barking like the young man did.

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“Why did you send for me?” Jageur asked, relaxing a bit now that the formalities were over. The rigidity of military life just didn’t come naturally to him.

“Sir, my men stumbled across this convoy as we continued the advance for the victory of the Fatherland!” Karlz bellowed, making Jageur understand why the sergeant felt the way he did about his superior. He was too steeped in the propaganda of the Reich, blind to the realization that this advance could be halted at any moment by a successful counter-attack by the Allies. He believed that Germany was triumphant over all, and they deserved to master all that opposed them.

In other words, a perfect follower of Hitler and the National Socialist Movement.

Jageur personally did not care what others thought. He was a historian and teacher of ancient languages, more at home in a lecture hall than on a battlefield. The Nazis had done well since taking power, he’d admit; they’d righted the wrongs of the Treaty of Versailles, punished the Poles and Czechs for mistreating Germans, and now handed one defeat after another to the French and British for foolishly declaring war on them. However, he was a bit repelled by their treatment of the Jews—many of his colleagues before 1933 had been Jewish and not one still held his post. Some had managed to get out of Germany, but others now lived in the slums, working as simple laborers for the Nazis.

But he would never admit that he hadn’t voted them in. He was a nationalist, yes. But not like the men running Germany now, and not like the people their educational



efforts were churning out. And he damn well knew he never would be.

Jageur sighed softly and turned his thoughts back to the work at hand, since Karlz still hadn't told him why he was here in the first place. He glanced at the charred wreckage of the convoy truck and was about to turn around and hop back in the car to return to his other duties when he noticed a half-burnt wooden box inside. Curious, he stepped closer, gingerly reaching in to pick up the wooden case and carefully trying to withdraw it from the wrecked hulk of the French vehicle.

"A lot of the French swine had tried to hold us back from here, but the brave Aryan soldiers of the Reich prevailed, as they always shall!" Karlz continued, extolling the virtues of Germany's soldiers in a way that would make Goebbels proud.

"Though I have to wonder," he mused, "How come so many were defending this useless pile of scrap metal? This convoy only carried boxes of papers, most of them destroyed, but we still had to call for an intelligence officer to deal with them. Sir."

Jageur finally managed to get his hands on the wooden box, and tugged it out of the wreck. The front of his jacket was now covered in black soot marks, but he was more concerned about the box in his hand. It was heavy, about the weight of a typewriter, and it still seemed to be intact.

A loud crack dispelled the theory that it was, indeed, undamaged. Both Jageur and Karlz leaped out of the way as the insides of the box tumbled out, nearly crushing the reservist's toes in the process.

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Jageur muttered something so vile that even the sergeant he talked to before might have gaped. He bent down to look at the object that had fallen out and stopped, his hands inches from the device.

“It’s a good thing you called,” Jageur gasped, his fingers twitching.

“What is that?” Karlz asked.

“Our secret weapon,” the older officer replied, his voice quiet and trembling. “The one weapon that could make or break the war for the Reich: the Enigma Machine.”



Hans Jageur stood outside a pair of massive oak doors after coming down the length of the largest hallway ever, dwarfing the Hall of Mirrors in the Palace of Versailles three times over, or so he was told. He had never dreamed he would be standing inside the massive Chancellery Building that Albert Speer had built for the Führer, and yet... He took a deep breath, trying to do his best to not show his apprehension and nervousness. Never in all his life had he such an important lecture to give.

A lecture to Adolf Hitler himself, to tell him that the Allies had managed to break into the German military’s secret codes before he even came to power. He wondered if being the messenger would save him or if he would simply vanish, erased like so many had been since Hitler became Chancellor.

He looked over to the man standing beside him,

Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, his superior, and head of the Abwehr. He seemed calm, his face an impassive mask that didn't betray a single thought. After all, any spymaster who couldn't keep a secret would never have become a spymaster. Jageur knew he was not an expert on the psychology of the human mind, and so he didn't even try to guess what might be going through Canaris's mind. Would he be having the same doubts? Jageur highly doubted it. He would no doubt be used to such meetings, such lectures. After all, the admiral's job was to give all the news, good and bad, to the high command so they could make the decisions with which to run the war and the nation.

Canaris craned his neck around to look at his subordinate. "Feeling all right, Jageur?" he asked.

The professor-turned-spy nodded quickly before returning to his thoughts.

Canaris chuckled. "I wouldn't worry too much about this. The Führer may well start ranting and going on after you tell him; of that, there is little doubt. However, he may also see the advantage in this opportunity. It's a way to make sure that our enemies are led in the wrong direction until the right moment, when we shall strike and annihilate them."

Jageur's mind suddenly clicked back into gear again, the nervousness replaced with the curiosity that his intellectual side was born of. "I thought you weren't a Nazi, Admiral."

"I'm not. Nor will I most likely ever be. But I'm a German, and a German I will remain."



# IN GOD WE TRUST

BY *G. MIKI HAYDEN*



**G**eneral Warashi Thundertalk stood on a narrow watchtower promenade forty feet in the air, binoculars in hand. His ancestors had climbed the nearby red sandstone cliffs herding their goats and sheep up from the plains to summer in the hills. Now, he looked out across the barbed wire fencing that divided New Mexico—held by the United Tribes—from Old Mexico—to which the Francspanics clung stubbornly despite two hundred years of intermittent UT efforts to oust them from this continent.

Thundertalk could easily make out the Francspanic patrol along the other side of the border, three bearded men whose ammunition belts crisscrossed their well-muscled torsos. The general pulled the field glasses away

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from his face. “Nothing unusual then?” he asked his lieutenant.

“Since the tanks on maneuvers three days ago? Not a thing.”

Thundertalk grunted. Air recon had come up with nothing in particular, either. “The videotapes flown in from New Paris are rather disturbing,” he commented.

“Yes,” said Lieutenant Hitachi. “It’s a full-scale famine. Any warlike posturing on their part might be an attempt to divert the attention of their people. But they’ll need a pretty big distraction to take away the focus on that.” He shook his head glumly.

“*Warui*,” sighed General Thundertalk. The footage of malnourished youngsters who could barely raise their heads to gawk at their American visitors had kept him up most of the night.

He didn’t like standing across an artificial divide from these people, imagining their youth drying up like grass under a blazing sun. With three little ones at home and a clan of fifteen more children and seventeen adults under his direct care, the vision nagged at his conscience. Sad.

“Do you think the Americans will help them?” asked Hitachi.

Thundertalk nodded. “I think they’ll try to. If they can get Chief Nakasone to sign on to a humanitarian mission.”

“And Nakasone? What’s his intention?”

Thundertalk shrugged. “We go into the sweat lodge tonight to pray. Whatever the Holy People mandate, that’s what Nakasone is committed to carry out.”

Hitachi looked at Thundertalk without speaking, each

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of them wondering if Nakasone still held the favor of the Holy People; that is, if he ever had. And the general speculating, not knowing if Hitachi thought the same about his superior—if he, Thundertalk, might soon assume the post of Chief Over All the Tribes, or if he even wanted to. From such a seizure of power as he was on the verge of, only death, death, and more death was ever known to emerge.

In the year of Jesus Christ, 1949, as the prevailing European-American calendar designated it, the general wasn't certain that he wanted death to be the heritage he left his house.



U.S. President Eleanor Roosevelt stood by her telex machine and read line by line the report that slowly rose up, so eager was she to determine how the situation stood on the Old/New Mexican border. Her emissaries had returned late last night from deep inside Old Mexico and the pictures they had brought her were heartrending in their pathos. The Francspanic Empire was on the verge of utter collapse. A series of unfortunate weather-related catastrophes had destroyed another year's crops, and all the empire's limited resources—those few that remained—took the form of added troops on the perimeter that separated Maximillian IX's holdings from his neighbors.

The telex message was from the president's ambassador to the United Tribes, which held the vast wastelands west of the Mississippi/Arkansas borders.

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Thank God, the proposed Louisiana Purchase had fallen through more than two hundred years before. Otherwise, Eleanor herself might have inherited the responsibility for the whole western portion of the continent, a burden that now rested in the hands of Chief Nakasone, his generals, and the United Tribes' long-time Far Western allies, the Japanese Empire—a sovereignty that stretched from the Kurile Islands down to the great land mass of Australia and its smaller neighbor, South Nippon, and across to the utmost northwestern shores of this Newer World.

The news from J. Adger Hoover was more non-committal than discouraging. Nakasone had gone into a mighty vision quest with his advisors. The border between the other two Middle American powers was quiet.

Eleanor hoped against hope that Nakasone would allow the United States to drop aid into the neighboring regions without his declaring war and riding to battle against the densely populated, stronger, yet more vulnerable country: her own.

“Inshallah,” she muttered to herself. God willing! Her faith in Allah, the one God, was strong.



Anjo Black Wolf, shaman of the Bitter Water clan, entered the hospital hogan just prior to dusk. It reassured his patients to see him here at this period of the evening. The slipping away of daylight was a fearsome time to some whose illnesses were powerful, and whose faith in the Holy People was weak. Seeing their shaman go about



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his healing work with a quiet chant to Spider Woman or Corn Boy lifted their spirits and kept them from too quickly departing this Middle World.

A death in the hogan would be unfortunate, requiring a long chantway to purify the entire 70,000-square-foot building. The last time it had happened—two months before—they'd had to call in fourteen shamans from as far away as the Badlands to participate. In the meantime, there had been near riots among the families of the ill. They feared the ghosts of the dead more than the physical illnesses of their relatives. And something in the *hitali*/physician had shuddered in empathy.

Most of the time, Anjo and his staff managed to heal the patients who came for their help. And those who didn't get better over time were brought out to the Sacred Places to prepare for their deaths.

Anjo's mouth sang the chantways given to the People, his people, the Navajo, so many centuries before, but his mind was elsewhere. He drifted toward the private wing of the hogan where his special patients lay. Anjo was bent on advancing the curative arts well beyond the horizons of those who preceded him. When he had first returned to New Mexico from his studies in East Tokyo—a series of seven volcanic islands halfway between French California and Japan—Nakasone had been encouraging of the new sciences that Anjo brought with him. But as Nakasone grew older, and bitter at his lack of success in several areas where he longed to leave his mark, the chief became more protective of the old ways. Anjo's new sciences remained under debate.



# SOMETHING THERE IS

BY C. D. COVINGTON



*15 June 1961*

**I** had another vision today. During the news, when Secretary Ulbricht said that no one intended to build a wall, I felt a heat as if the air itself were angry and heard a buzzing like a hundred swarms of bees.

“He’s lying,” I told Papa. I couldn’t explain it, but I knew it was a lie. Papa looked at me very strangely then, and my heart started pounding. I thought he might turn me in for sedition. My own father! But all he did was ask me what I meant.

I just said that it was a lie.

I don’t know if I should even be writing this. My parents could be Stasi informants, reading my diary, for all I know, but I need to make sense of this.

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This isn't the first time something like this has happened. As long as I can remember, I've had experiences I can't explain. I knew where things were that I'd never heard of, or that weren't there anymore. One time I went looking for a bakery that I swore was just up the street, but there was a butcher's shop where I thought it was. We've lived in this apartment my whole life! I know the area, but I was absolutely convinced there was a bakery halfway up the next block. It turned out there'd been one there fifty years ago.

My mother once caught me talking to myself at the train station. She decided I'd made up an imaginary friend, but I was talking to a ghost. There was a little girl, about as old as I was at the time, in a fancy dress and a bonnet waiting beside the tracks. She told me her family was going to Rügen for the week. I told her that's where we were going and that she could come along.

I knew she was a ghost. But I felt like I had to offer her that kindness to let her rest. I found out a few years ago that she'd died of measles two weeks before her family's trip. I was sitting in the park and I suddenly remembered the little girl from the train station. I wondered idly what had happened to her, and I had the urge, the need, to get up and walk to a particular building outside of the area I usually went. When I got there, I touched the tan stone and felt a shock as the memories flooded into me: the little girl, Katrin, playing with her brother and sister; her falling ill; her parents watching over her bedside until she took her last breath.

That wasn't as bad as the time I stumbled onto a house where Jews were murdered. After that, I resolved not to

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touch buildings unless I had to.

I think the city is trying to tell me something.



*5 July 1961*

I don't know how to write about today, so I'll start at the beginning. I went to school, like I do every day. I went to my first class and my teacher called me to the front before I could even sit down. Her face was white as a sheet.

"Miss Schneider," she said, "you're wanted in the principal's office."

I had no idea what was going on. I hadn't done anything wrong, not that I could think of. I'm a good student, and I'm a member of the Free German Youth. I had my uniform on for the meeting this afternoon. But as frightened as Ms. Waldemann looked, I was sure I wasn't going to get any commendations when I got there.

As I walked down the hall to the principal's office, I saw my eighth-grade Russian teacher and my ninth-grade math teacher. Neither of them looked me in the eye. I started to get scared; I'd just been nervous before.

I don't know what I was expecting when I got down to Mr. Ackermann's office, but it definitely wasn't Erich Mielke himself. I hadn't done anything to make the Stasi notice me! Had I? I wanted to walk back out the door and run, run as far as I could, but no matter how far I ran, they'd find me. They had their ways.

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“Please, Miss Schneider, have a seat,” Mr. Mielke said. Mister? Minister. The head of the Ministry for State Security. *Mister* sounds too informal for someone like him.

I sat in the empty chair across from him. Mr. Ackermann was behind his desk and he looked like he wanted to hide under it. I felt a little better that I wasn't the only person in the room intimidated by Minister Mielke.

I waited for him to ask me questions. There was no way I'd be asking him anything! I didn't want to have “impertinence” added to my list of sins, even if I didn't know what the other sins were.

Mielke rested his elbows on his knees and leaned forward. “I hear you've called Secretary Ulbricht a liar.”

My heart stopped. I wish it had done so permanently. I wish I could have come up with a better answer than, “Who told you that?”

“A little bird.”

I felt like *I* was a little bird, and he was the cat who was going to eat me. I sat there looking at him like a dope. He just sat, too, watching me, waiting for me to make the wrong move. So I waited. Mostly, I was just terrified.

“Why would you call the Secretary a liar?” he asked.

I realized I could try to get away on a technicality. I wasn't sure it would work, but I gave it a go. “I only said that he was lying about one thing, not that he always lies.”

Mielke raised an eyebrow. “I hardly see the distinction. You've slandered the Secretary.”

My body started shaking. I was going to Hohenschönhausen. I'd never see my friends or family

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again. Then I felt like the room got cooler, and it smelled like spring in a meadow. It was calming. I looked up at Mielke and said with a confidence I didn't feel, "No one has the intention to build a wall.' That isn't true."

I wouldn't want to play him at poker. His expression never changed. "What gives you that idea?"

I knew I had to explain it. If I didn't, it would be off to prison. If I did, he'd probably think I was mad and lock me in a mental hospital. I'd rather have the latter. "This is going to sound very strange, but sometimes, I get these feelings. If something is false, the room feels hot, and sometimes there's a noise that goes with it. When I saw the Secretary on the news, I felt like the room was on fire."

He just...*looked* at me, like he was peeling my skin off to find what was underneath. I've always had a healthy fear of the Stasi, but after today, it isn't theoretical anymore. I was willing to confess to anything, just to get him to stop looking at me.

"Interesting, Miss Schneider." He stood up and picked up a pen from Mr. Ackermann's desk. He wrote something on a piece of paper and signed it. "You've been excused from school for the rest of the day. Please come with me."

Mr. Ackermann stared helplessly at the note. There wasn't anything a mere principal could do to stop the head of the Stasi from doing whatever he wanted. He nodded and mumbled something that sounded like "Go with him."

It wasn't as if I had a choice. I picked up my bag, said

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goodbye to Mr. Ackermann, and followed Minister Mielke out through the school. Classes had already started, so I didn't run into anyone else in the hall. My whole body shook and I thought my heart was going to beat out of my chest. My legs felt like I'd hiked five kilometers up a mountain and back, all wobbly and exhausted. I started to panic.

I don't remember getting into the car, but I must have done so. I don't remember when I started crying. Would they tell my parents where I was? Was it Papa who'd told them what I'd said, and he already knew what was happening? Minister Mielke sat beside me in the back of the car. He gave me a handkerchief. It was an oddly human gesture.

I knew it would be stupid to say anything unbidden, because he could use my words against me, so I sat silently and watched the city pass by. I thought about jumping out the door while we were stopped at a light, but I knew I wouldn't get far. I resigned myself to my fate. I'd never get to go to Budapest for the Socialist Youth conference. I'd never see my sister or our dog again. How would Mama and Papa explain it to her? "Elisabet said something bad about Secretary Ulbricht, and Minister Mielke took her away." Silke would be extra careful not to say anything bad and be a good little socialist, not like her sister, whom the Stasi took away like the bogeyman.

The driver pulled into the garage. Mielke got out of the car and the driver opened my door. I realized there wasn't a handle on my side. They thought of everything to keep their captives from running.



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Mielke told me to follow him. I froze beside the car. I didn't want to go. I think I started crying again. The driver waited behind me, probably making sure I wouldn't run. I couldn't have run if I'd wanted to. I couldn't even *walk*.

"Come, Miss Schneider," Mielke ordered.

I felt a power flowing into my legs and I started walking. It was as if the cement of the garage floor was pressing up against my feet, moving them along. I wasn't doing it myself. Then I felt something like a hug, or a warm, cozy blanket wrapped around my shoulders. The city would protect me.

It seems mad, as I sit here writing this, but I'm sure of it. The city, Berlin herself, wants to keep me safe. I don't understand it, but that's the only explanation I can come up with.

I followed Mielke through the halls of the headquarters and into his office. I slowly realized that this wasn't going to be a regular interrogation. Surely they'd take me to Hohenschönhausen if they wanted to lock me up, not to the minister's private office. Right?

Mielke told his secretary that he was unavailable except for an emergency. Whatever reason I was there, it was important. Maybe they weren't going to lock me up after all?

Mielke sat behind his desk and a pair of officers stood on either side of it. They couldn't consider me a threat to the minister, not after leaving me alone with him so far. Could they? I'm not much of an athlete. I get decent marks in sport, but I'll never make it onto an Olympics team. Surely they'd know that. They knew everything else.



# THE ASHKENAZI CANDIDATE

BY KAYE CHAZAN



*4 January, 1977, 13 Edward IX  
Day 1003*

**I** have been spelling with extra Us for the past three years. At this moment, I'm telling my coworker, in writing, that it's been an honor to work with him and that he should get well soon and, God willing, get back in the field, just to spite the Yanks. So I add the extra U in honour, and go on with my sympathies, and sign it, *buck up, Harris.*

Harris Weber-Pritchard is like me: neither slight nor white enough, with a nose the Germans can't look at straight without unspeakable apologies frothing at the corners of their mouths. Forty years old and younger in the face, small eyes, black hair that curls at the ends

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against the grain of English style. Facility with languages (or so Harris's superiors say), a fair hand at poker, a nearly ideal getaway driver.

I have been Harris Weber-Pritchard for the past three years. Five years ago, I was Steve Wallington, for eighteen months. Before that, David Eisenberg, for eight. They're like me, like Harris is like me, but younger, less facile, like I was. Harris, I think, is more like what I am.

I pass the sympathy card on down the line. My station at SIS Central, 54 Broadway, London, isn't so much an office as a square within three columns of framed blocks, like the chits on a voting ballot. Here, we don't keep secrets from one another, not at Harris's level, so there's no need for any doors but the ones that let us in and out. It feels, more than anything else, like a roomful of accountants toiling at typewriters, generating an incomprehensible stream of numbers. These are the children of the men who revised Enigma for the Germans. I had to be careful not to learn my machine too quickly. Codebreaking hasn't been my specialty since David Eisenberg.

David Eisenberg was my first job, a stint in Copenhagen. Some of my-his-friends were developing the older model of that new Enigma machine. Engineers, not spies, otherwise they would have never talked about it. I'm very good at pretending I don't know what other people are talking about, especially when it has to do with science or art. I did that a lot, growing up. I was always careful not to stick out. The tallest poppy fosters serpents in its shade, and all.

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“Mr. Weber-Pritchard,” someone says beside my desk. It’s Sir Thomas, and that *Sir* is about the only excuse for using a superior’s first name in a place like this. And unlike the rest of the Sirs around here, Sir Thomas was knighted publicly, for a different kind of professional pretense than what I do. He was King Edward VIII’s favorite actor and he’ll have us all know it. I swear he thinks he’s Christopher Marlowe.

“Sir Thomas.” I smooth a hand over my desk mat, nod in the way that’s almost a bow. “Happy Christmas.”

“Happier for you, working a gentile’s overtime,” he says. “For all that we’ve pricked you, I haven’t seen you bleed.”

I’d laugh at that joke even if I weren’t Harris. It’s only polite to think your boss is funny.

He raps his knuckles on my desk. His gloves muffle the impact. They’re brown today, matte leather, creased at the knuckles and smooth at the wrist under the bracelets holding them on. “Come.”

I remember, and repeat inwardly, that it’s all right to be nervous when the supervisors summon you, that sometimes it really does mean your job, that it’s fine for Harris to show all concern. Harris can be concerned. It’s just that no one can see that *I* am, under here.

They’ve been planning to move the SIS offices from Broadway since long before I got here, and it hasn’t happened yet. (It’s difficult to lobby with Parliament for a city block when you don’t officially exist. I can’t afford to forget that it’s not like the CD2 or the KGB here, where the whole point is that everyone knows who’s protecting

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them.) So since we—they—we can't move, the halls are glistening with new wallpaper and glass displays and artifacts that I should probably be spelling with an E, not an I. The top brass lives on the bottom floor, in case they need to survive a nuclear strike. I'd be glad to know I'm so expendable to the CD2 brass back home, but I don't think they know the layout of SIS Central at all.

That's what they sent me here to find out. That, and just how many warheads they have. How they're operated. How fast they'll go. What American cities they'll target. I know it all now.

Sir David's secretary invites us in. Harris admires and fears Sir David a great deal more than I do. That's because Harris doesn't know just how easy it would be to play Sir David. Not that he'd ever tell all under his real name, but when a David J.M. Cornwell treatise hits the ban lists of American booksellers, I won't be surprised.

"Weber-Pritchard," Sir David says, as genuinely pleased to see me as he can convey behind thick glasses, smiling in the glint of the overhead lights. "Please, sit down."

I do, and Sir Thomas remains standing over my right shoulder. I try not to think about that, and say nothing aloud.

"You've made a great effort for us, young man," Sir David says, as much to the files on his desk and the back of his glasses as to me.

"I'm not so young as that," I say. It's true: neither I nor Harris is more than ten years younger than Sir David.

"But you are untried," he says, with a glance at Sir

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Thomas, who *is* old enough to call me young and mean it. “And this order comes straight from Sir Vivian, so let me dispatch it in his style. You’ll be shipping out, Harris, and God be with you.”

Shipping out: unlooked for, but not un hoped for. How many people will I have to be? “Of course, Sir David. And where am I going?”

“The Indies. You touch down in Cuba tomorrow evening—our time, that is, and God willing. Everything you need to know is in this file; if you have any questions, please, don’t hesitate to drop by before the end of the day.”

It’s poor form to read what he hands me while sitting in his chair, so it’s not poor form to ask, “Any reason for the sudden vacancy?”

“The Yanks are giving us a few circles of hell,” Sir David says. “Not enough to damn us, of course, but you know how Yanks can get. Move one missile silo and they think it’s the end of the world.”

I laugh because he wants me to. “Of course.”

“I’m sure Trevelayn will explain everything when you rendezvous,” he says, adjusting his glasses, and for the first time since I landed on English shores, Gabriel Waltman beats against the bars of my chest like a gorilla in a zoo.



*Somewhere else, it is 1961, and I have never deciphered a code that wasn’t made of lemon juice, and I am sitting in a chair of Trevelayn’s design, catty-corner to a table he built to*

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*accommodate the chair's rounded arms instead of our reasonably short torsos. He wasn't Trevelayn then, but still Hugh, Hugh Harrison, and he's sitting with his back against my shins, sketching.*

*"We can't sit in bowls, Hugh," I tell him.*

*"Your cosmonauts can," he says, and I think his tempered South London accent is the sexiest, most forbidden thing in the world. "How's your friend in the program?"*

*"Hell if I know," I say, ignoring the page I have to turn in my law book. "They'd be censoring his letters if he sent them."*

*"Where was he last?"*

*"Kamchatka, I think."*

*"I think the chair should be shaped like an egg," Hugh says. "The kind you can shut yourself back in if the world's too big."*

*I knee him in the shoulder, not hard, just hard enough. "I think it looks like something out of Disneyland."*

*He puts down his charcoals. His fingertips are as black as ash. They leave streaks on my ankles, stain my socks so deeply that I'll have to buy new ones. I don't care as much as I should.*

*I don't know as much as I should.*



"Trevelayn," I say, and Harris manages to keep my tremor out of his voice and my larynx safely confined in his throat. "Hugh Trevelayn?"

"You've heard of him," Sir David says, a smile bright across his jaw.

It's a joke. I don't laugh.

"It will be an honor to work under him," I say instead.