

2¢

DAILY NEWS

2¢

WORLD WAR TWO WILL NOT TAKE PLACE



A novel by

**BILL
JAMES**

"Darkly hilarious . . . Another winner from one of Britain's best
crime writers" *Booklist* Starred Review of *Full of Money*

DOUBLE JEOPARDY
FORGET IT
FULL OF MONEY
KING'S FRIENDS
THE LAST ENEMY
HEAR ME TALKING TO YOU
TIP TOP
LETTERS FROM CARTHAGE
OFF-STREET PARKING
WORLD WAR TWO WILL NOT TAKE PLACE

THE SIXTH MAN and other stories

WORLD WAR TWO WILL NOT TAKE PLACE

Bill James



This eBook is copyright material and must not be copied, reproduced, transferred, distributed, leased, licensed or publicly performed or used in any way except as specifically permitted in writing by the publishers, as allowed under the terms and conditions under which it was purchased or as strictly permitted by applicable copyright law. Any unauthorised distribution or use of this text may be a direct infringement of the author's and publisher's rights and those responsible may be liable in law accordingly.

This first world edition published 2011
in Great Britain and the USA by
SEVERN HOUSE PUBLISHERS LTD of
9–15 High Street, Sutton, Surrey, England, SM1 1DF.

Copyright © 2011 by Bill James.

All rights reserved.
The moral right of the author has been asserted.

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

James, Bill, 1929-

World War Two will not take place.

1. World War, 1939-1945–Diplomatic history–Fiction.

2. Secret service–Great Britain–Fiction. 3. Undercover

operations–Germany–Berlin–Fiction. 4. Berlin

(Germany)–History–1918-1945–Fiction. 5. Great

Britain–History–George VI, 1936-1952–Fiction.

6. Alternative histories (Fiction)

I. Title

823.9'14-dc22

ISBN-13: 978-1-7801-0012-8 (ePub)

ISBN-13: 978-0-7278-8003-1 (cased)

ISBN-13: 978-1-84751-330-4 (trade paper)

Except where actual historical events and characters are being described for the storyline of this novel, all situations in this publication are fictitious and any resemblance to living persons is purely coincidental.

CONTENTS

BOOK ONE

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

BOOK TWO

FIVE

SIX

SEVEN

EIGHT

NINE

BOOK THREE

TEN

ELEVEN

TWELVE

THIRTEEN

FOURTEEN

FIFTEEN

For a good deal of factual guidance on this period I am indebted to *Munich, The 1938 Appeasement Crisis*, by David Faber (Simon and Schuster), and *The Climate Of Treason*, by Andrew Boyle, though what I've made of this guidance is, of course, my own responsibility. As the title would indicate, the book adjusts some history.

La Guerre de Troie n'aura pas lieu
(The Trojan war won't happen)
– Jean Giraudoux

BOOK ONE

Mount flew to Berlin-Templehof in the afternoon, passported as Stanley Charles Naughton, a businessman. Section kept a service apartment under the S.C. Naughton name off Hindenburgdamm in Steglitz, a sedate, tree-lined suburb to the south-west of the capital. Mount had used it several times in the last couple of years and considered the address still reasonably anonymous. The apartment itself was on the second floor in a very modern, New Objectivity – *Neue Sachlichkeit* – style block, built in the late 1920s or early 1930s, Mount would guess, though much of the district's imposing grey stone and red-brick property went back to mid nineteenth century. It was a suitable kind of prosperous, developing area for the *pied-à-terre* of a British company's visiting executive. But no matter how right it might be, Section wouldn't lease this kind of accommodation for more than three years. An unusual pattern of usage – or more a *non*-pattern – might get it noticed. There'd be a change soon.

Mount knew what his mission was, of course. Stephen Bilson had briefed him earlier today in the painstaking style of his. But Mount had wondered (1) whether the objective was achievable; and (2) whether, even if it were, it would make much difference to the general international condition of power and politics.

Mount often wondered if his journeys and various activities for the Section had much point. But, Stephen Bilson told him not long ago, 'In this kind of work little is absolutely plain, Marcus.' The suggestion here was that, looking back later on, Mount might hindsight-understand how seemingly useless operations fitted into a master plan. And Mount would admit SB's hint usually turned out true – or as true as anyone could expect in this kind of work, where so little was absolutely plain, absolutely true, or absolutely anything. Bilson had served in France throughout the war and was at the Somme. He may have often wondered how – or if – some slaughterous spell of combat contributed to a general strategy. During such bloody fighting he'd picked up two medals, even if, at those moments he hadn't properly understood this or that battle's objective.

Just the same, Mount continued to think his present mission especially dud and doubted it would ever be proved otherwise. Bilson's decision to send him to Berlin had been too rushed, too impulsive. These were untypical words to use about SB, who habitually displayed absolute calm in all weather and whose thinking was methodical, sane, clear; except, obviously, at those times – fairly frequent – when it had to get professionally serpentine and, or, fog-producing, in the nation's interest.

There'd been an episode at another airfield yesterday: Heston, not far from London. Mount and Bilson had gone there together. Would it be exaggerating to describe SB's reaction to events at Heston as near panic? Mount didn't want to call it that. He needed something to believe in and, often, SB and his level-headedness and medals had been it. However, standing with Stephen Bilson then, on the rim of the crowd at Heston, Marcus Mount had thought he detected a quite swift, painful change in his chief: a move from satisfaction bordering on relish, towards anxiety bordering on despair. Mount had tried to work out what caused this, and when. Bilson had seemed fine, and more than fine, while they waited for the Lockheed to appear out of the clouds and make its descent. The seemingly bland mood persisted right up until the plane completed its landing and the Prime Minister appeared at the top of the steps, waving his peace piece of paper. But, surely, that's what SB had schemed for. Why should it distress him now, offend him now?

Chamberlain had done the job that Stephen, in his devious, oblique, commanding style, must have managed him into doing, or helped manage him into doing, at any rate. Shouldn't Bilson feel and

display delight? Some details of the PM's performance *were*, on the face of it showy and vulgar – did Chamberlain need to beam so manically, flourish the document so frenetically? – but that, surely, could not cancel the central, core worth of what he'd achieved in Munich. Politics would always be vulgar, and war politics especially. Chamberlain had the kind of face that found excitement or enthusiasm difficult to register. There seemed to be something permanently cowed and nervy to him, even when he talked as if he had nothing to be cowed and nervy about. At Heston, in fact, he had a kind of triumph to report, didn't he? Did he?

When the next morning – this morning – Mount had spoken in the Section to Olly Fallows and Nick Baillie, about the Heston events, he'd said: 'Of course, I might be wrong about a swing of attitude in the SB. He's not easy to read.'

'Harder than *The Waste Land*,' Fallows said.

'He's sending me to Berlin at once – "Sub rosa, entirely sub rosa." But the whole thing at Heston should have been a celebration,' Mount said. 'He'd actually created the scene.'

'Well, yes, in a sense,' Baillie said.

'I'm sure Chamberlain wouldn't have gone and acted compliant, except for him,' Mount said. 'And he wouldn't have come back with promises for the adoring crowd and the relieved country, but for him.'

'They're known to have private conclaves, yes,' Baillie said. 'Stephen hates war.'

'He was good at it,' Fallows said.

'He wouldn't want more,' Mount said.

'But he'd also realize that war might be inevitable, and a delay would give us more time to stock up on the arms and barrage balloons and gas masks and blanco,' Baillie said.

'That's presumably why he wanted to be there for the PM's return at Heston,' Fallows said. 'He'd like to see the completion of his work at first hand. He took you with him, Marcus, to learn in a very vivid way what his purpose was, and what the Section's purpose should be – and perhaps to pass on that message to the rest of us young underlings. Did he say, "Marcus! Come along, sonny boy, and witness the sterling results of our work?"'

'Normally, he'd hate to join any public display for fear he'd get identified,' Baillie said. 'But he must have thought the PM's mission exceptionally, uniquely, successful – demanding his formal presence at the welcome home. He's persuaded Neville to stop a war.'

'Or, at least, postpone a war,' Mount said.

Perhaps Fallows and Baillie had it right. Possibly Bilson *had* wanted to educate Mount via the drama of Heston. And nobody could say it wasn't dramatic. The happy tension could be felt, in fact, long before Bilson and Mount actually reached Heston yesterday in the car. The narrow approach roads to the airport were jammed with vehicles and people on foot determined to make a joyous reception for Chamberlain. And when Bilson and Mount did reach the airfield they found a huge gathering of excited folk had assembled. Mount felt a kind of carnival spirit. Among the crowd he saw what he judged from their formal clothes to be a party of Eton schoolboys. Good God, there would be more than a hundred! They'd obviously been given leave to witness these triumphant moments. News of the Prime Minister's success in his talks with the Führer had, of course, reached Britain a good while ahead of his plane.

Like everyone else there, the boys continually stared up into the grey skies, looking for the airliner with the Prime Minister aboard. Such a turnout! And perhaps Chamberlain deserved it. Yes, perhaps Mount decided. In a little while, he'd heard the aircraft's engine, and then, after a couple more minutes, he spotted the plane descending majestically towards Heston. The Super-Lockheed 101 landed, taxied and came to a stop. Airport staff placed steps in position. The door opened, and Neville

Chamberlain appeared and waved happily to the people. Instantly, a cheer of response erupted. The Etonians, in a group and obviously organized, yelled his name, with the accent heavily on the first syllable: *Neville, Neville, Neville*. He came down the steps and turned to where microphones had been placed on the tarmac. He waved a piece of paper. 'This morning I had another talk with the German Chancellor, Herr Hitler, and here is a paper which bears his name upon it as well as mine. It asserts the desire of our two peoples never to go to war with each other again.' He waved the paper once more. The crowd gave a huge, prolonged cheer.

It was not long after this that Mount thought he noticed the abrupt and huge change in Bilson's mood. Mount wondered whether SB objected to that noisy clique of Eton schoolboys. But Bilson himself had, of course, come from one of the top public – meaning private – schools or he'd never have been invited into his present job. He'd know – just as Mount knew from his own school days – that the kids of well-heeled families could be especially excitable and loud. Bilson's attitude on social class might be complex, though. Apparently, he'd insisted on joining up as an ordinary soldier in 1914. The commission didn't come till well into the war – late 1916.

He and Mount had watched the Prime Minister's Daimler eventually move off on the way back to London. Other cars tagged behind in a triumphal procession, some carrying Press and broadcasting people, but most simply enthusiasts and sightseers. Several drivers blared their horns repeatedly in salute. At least this made sure the string of vehicles couldn't be mistaken for a funeral cortège, though the misery Mount sensed in Bilson might suggest a funeral was what it definitely was. Perhaps his sadness came from a larger cause than the schoolboys' behaviour. Did Stephen think he'd suddenly glimpsed the end of that vastly variable and internationally disputed quality, British honour? He wanted proper recognition of what the PM had achieved, but not on such a noisy, delirious, unthinking, reverential scale.

This morning, the Press was almost uniformly enthusiastic about the Munich trip. *The Times* had headlined its report of the meeting 'A Cordial Welcome From The Führer', and the Labour *Daily Herald* had sent him off with the large type message 'Good Luck' and spoken of united, cross-party support for his efforts.

At Heston, yesterday, SB gave the Daimler and its tail of admirers and news hounds half an hour to get clear, then followed. 'He'll report to the king now and most probably to the Cabinet in the morning,' he'd said. 'Delight all round. Out on the palace balcony with all the majesticals for the crowd, I expect. Our monarch, Edward, and his wife, Wallis, are fond of Adolf, aren't they? It's part of their affection for Europe. She's American. To her, Europe is Europe, whether it's Hitler's bit or someone else's. They have minds that generalize – are not good at differentiating. They'll be delighted with the outcome – pleased that the Prime Minister has preserved good feelings between the two countries. Come to me at noon tomorrow, Marcus. I'll want you to get over *sub rosa*, entirely *sub rosa*, to Berlin immediately.' He spoke it all in the same, matter-of-fact tone, as if Mount's trip must naturally follow the PM's encounter with the king and the Cabinet and all the majesticals – a natural, inevitable part of the same sequence.

Mount said: 'May I ask what is the—?'

'Noon. Silence on this, please, Marcus.'

But Mount had mentioned it to Nick and Ollie the next morning, this morning, as part of his account of the Heston sequence. 'At first, Stephen seemed happily caught up with waiting for the Lockheed,' Mount said. 'Then, only minutes afterwards, it's as if he suddenly had massive second thoughts.'

'A revelation had hit him,' Baillie said. Nick was usually quick and definite in his judgements. 'Such might be the sort for epiphany-type revelations: super-balanced most of the time, but if that balance

disturbed by some epiphany – some massive revelation – his mind becomes very, very disturbed. This could shove our master towards breakdown, temporary or worse. It's a familiar psychological pattern. It would be made worse, perhaps, when he heard the PM had been invited to the Palace to get the king's thanks face to face. And the crowd outside yelling, "We want Chamberlain! We want Neville!" Then, later, much the same at ten Downing Street.'

'Suddenly, this very unlogged, false-papers mission to Berlin,' Mount said.

'To do what?' Fallows said.

'He'll brief me personally later today. For my ears only,' Mount said. 'I'm packed.'

'Skulduggery?' Fallows asked.

'I assume no weaponry,' Mount said. 'How does he get me something from the armoury if I'm not just *sub rosa*, but entirely *sub rosa*?'

'Think you'll need something?' Baillie said.

'It's Berlin,' Mount said.

'Well, yes,' Baillie said.

'Maybe he'll draw a handgun on the face of it for himself and let you borrow,' Fallows said.

'You think so?' Mount said.

'No,' Fallows said. 'You might go and kill someone and the gun could be traced to him.'

'Who might I go and kill?' Mount said.

'That's for you to decide,' Fallows said. 'Some SS thug giving you bother? How can I tell? You're skimping the information, Marcus.'

'I'm skimping because I haven't got any,' Mount said. 'Not till I see him, and it might be half a mystery even then.'

'Be severe with him,' Fallows said.

'With SB?'

'Come right out with it: "How's about a pistol, plus fifty rounds and a silencer, then, SB?" And he'll see the reasonableness of this and say, "Glad you asked, young Marcus. Have a brace and a hundred." And you'll reply, selflessly, "Won't this leave you light on one gun hip, sir? I wouldn't want to be responsible for that. A single will do, and the fifty."'

'I do love humour,' Mount had replied.

Now, he took a taxi from Templehof Airport to the empty apartment. It was neat and spruce: the building management sent a cleaning firm in once a fortnight whenever the place stood unoccupied for a while. The wallpaper always struck him as William Morris-y: mostly dark green, plenty of live leaves and stalks and gleams of sun through the foliage, very much pro-Nature, especially jungle. Mount could put up with the furniture. It had been bought to chime with the modernity of the apartment. A nest of three very black Bakelite tables sickened him a bit, but he liked the tall, slim hair mirror on a stand and the wide laminated birch and metal armchairs.

Several bronze and ivory statuettes of limbs-flung dancing girls cheered things up in the living room. This had two windows looking over the street. He raised the Venetian blinds. He'd leave the windows uncovered. The lights made an announcement: someone had arrived and required a visitor. It had been important to get an apartment on at least the second or third floor, so the message could be obvious, and so people walking the pavement couldn't gawp in. This signalling mimicked brothels, though their lights would be red, of course. It was one of the most primitive taught procedures for getting in touch with an agent, and fairly safe, although lights on in the day could cause curiosity. Telephoning would not have been primitive. Nor would it have been safe. Calls were randomly listened in on. Telegrams, even coded telegrams, could be a giveaway. Perhaps someone would

wonder why they needed to be coded.

Mount sat down for a while away from the windows and thought back. During the chat with Baillie and Fallows this morning, Baillie had asked: 'Have you considered the Etonians?'

'Considered how?' Mount said.

'*The Times* said a gaggle of senior boys had been allowed to cut school and get to the Heston party,' Fallows said.

'They intoned his name,' Mount said. 'At least a hundred.'

'Yes, *The Times* reported it as "Neville" over and over,' Baillie said. 'This could be crucial for SB's state of mind.'

'"Neville" over and over,' Mount said.

'The paper estimates 120 Etonians,' Baillie said. 'Might that have shocked SB? Perhaps made him wonder if he'd led Neville into a terrible error by humouring Adolf?'

'I don't follow,' Mount said.

Fallows clapped his hands twice. 'Ah, I believe I do. Very clever, Nick. Insightful. Look, Marcus, consider Sir Henry Newbolt.'

'"A breathless hush in the Close tonight"?' Mount said.

'It's public school cricket under way – probably Eton cricket,' Baillie said. 'We have a need for a game, the result touch and go. And Newbolt proudly declares that because these schoolboys learned how to battle well at cricket, they'd be able to battle well as officers in a war and magnificently rally the ranks at bad moments. It's where Britain traditionally got its army leaders: our public school boys. They were first over the top out of the trenches. Why so many got mown down. But didn't the braying Etonians at Heston turn all that inside out? They'd come to robot-bellow their support for the murky deals, for appeasement, and their adoration of the PM and his bit of paper, gloriously wrung from Hitler and his troupe – by handing Hitler and his troupe everything they asked for. Did that sudden, shocking revelation appal Bilson, bringing on a collapse into confusion and regret, shame and a vast change of mind?'

Fallows said: 'Or think of Rupert Brooke, public school poet and a First War officer, chortling at the start of hostilities in 1914: "Now God be thanked who has matched us with His hour." These lads at Heston hailed a cowardly, feeble, eat-dirt hour. That's what *they*'d been matched with. They exulted in the country's humiliation. We imagine, don't we, that SB's purpose must be to get Chamberlain to keep Hitler quiet for, say, another twelve months, perhaps more, so we have time to build up strength. But what use is that if the potential officer class don't want to fight – if the potential officer class flagrantly idolizes someone who's cravenly dodged out of fighting? Might that shred SB's strategy? And shred his morale?'

'But if Chamberlain and Stephen had decided we *should* fight now, *should* try to block Hitler now, the situation would be entirely the same, wouldn't it?' Mount said. 'If you're right, the so-called officer class, the Etonians and Old Etonians, wouldn't want to go to war tomorrow, any more than they would in a year or so's time.'

'The trip to Munich and early reports from there hatched a timorous, poltroon spirit,' Baillie said. 'Then it developed at a terrifying rate, overwhelming rate. True, we had the Oxford '33 union vote. "This house will in no circumstances fight for king and country, thank you very much." But that was only powerless, mischievous undergrads wanting to shock, and before we really knew very much about Hitler. Now, we have the Prime Minister seeming to back the students' attitude five years later when Adolf's aims are a good bit clearer – and bloody alarming. Think of that Reich Chancellery meeting with armed forces chiefs last November, where he said Germany's legitimate desire for more'

space for her people could only be realized through force. *Only* through force. He actually named Czechoslovakia and Austria as territorial hindrances, didn't he?'

'November fifth. Bonfire night!' Fallows said. 'Couldn't be more apt. Try not to let any of them use that force on you, Marcus, even if you are gunless. Maybe at Heston SB saw the link with that Oxford Union idiocy, despite all these subsequent developments, and it devastated him. And you, in your intuitive way, Marcus, sensed the devastation in him, diagnosed the *volte face*. Bravo! And now, off to Berlin! Weird.'

'Yes, fascinating, but not, not at all, unexplainable,' Baillie had said, explaining. Mount's description of SB's sudden mood change at Heston had handed Baillie a chance to try a spot of amateur psychology. And so, the reference to that mighty, officer-quality cricket match in Newbolt Close. After this, Baillie had categorized SB as a probable stoic, and then discussed what might happen if stoicism fractured. Nick fancied himself as a psychologist/psychiatrist. It could get tiresome. But, although he had no training in such mysteries – his degree was modern languages, double First, Cambridge, in French, German, Italian – now and then he would come up with a believable X-ray of someone's mind and motives. Perhaps he had SB right, Mount thought.

Stephen Bilson said, at the start of the noon meeting in Section earlier today, 'I'd like you to go over to Berlin and see friend Toulmin. Russia. I'm interested in Russia, Marcus. Toulmin works mainly on Jerry's Russian desk at their Foreign Office, doesn't he?' No mention of a handgun came throughout their conversation.

'See friend Toulmin.' Hence the signal with the living room lights now, in the Steglitz apartment. Instead, Mount might have loitered near the German Foreign Office, where Toulmin worked, and tried to intercept him on his way home, but that could be dangerous, too: Foreign Office staff came under routine surveillance periodically, like most government employees who possibly knew things worth knowing, and who might secretly hate what Hitler was up to, and try to undermine it, also secretly.

Of course, Toulmin was not Toulmin. SB collected antique clocks and took cover names for the Section's foreign agents from famous old makers and styles. Apparently, there'd been a Toulmin in the eighteenth century, a dab hand at ebonized, bong-bong-bong-striking models. SB had one. The arrangement with the current Toulmin required him to check the Steglitz windows at least every other day and call in immediately if he saw the lights. He had a key to the apartment. His stipend took account of these little reconnaissance trips, with payments generously credited for sixteen days every month, regardless of their length. He operated as second string in Berlin. The Section's major voice had been dubbed Fromanteel, after another ancient clockman. SB had one of his, too. Fromanteel would spill only to Stephen Bilson in person, or so Bilson said: all secrets people loved to feel they *owned* an agent, monopolized his or her disclosures.

In any case, SB thought Toulmin more likely to be right for the kind of queries required now – the Soviet area – and Toulmin would talk to anybody from Section. Mount had dealt with him before. Of course. Yes. Toulmin knew a couple of girls from the Toledo Club, and they brought them back to the apartment after drinks last time Mount was in Berlin. Toulmin had always used his cover name with them, so Mount considered the security risk very minor. One of the birch wood and metal armchairs had collapsed under Toulmin and Olga, a hearty brunette, when she so playfully straddled him on the floor. Neither seemed too badly hurt, although unprotected by clothes.

Afterwards, Mount divided up the chair wreckage into three lots and shared them around other apartments' bins. That seemed to him the wisest solution: he didn't want cleaners to find the fragments in the living room and speculate. When the lease ended there would certainly be inventories. Questions about the missing chair, possibly of a valuable design, so he'd put in a note to Section

explaining it gave way under him – him alone – and must have had a weakness. He did not claim for injuries, saying he suffered only bruising and shock. There was no question of docking money from Toulmin's little salary for the destruction, and, in fact, Mount had paid for both girls and the drink under 'reciprocal entertainment of various special contacts' on his expenses account. 'Various special contacts' as a species did not reach agent status, but might provide miscellaneous items of information. No names needed to be given for them, not even as ancient clockmakers.

'Yes, Toulmin, a reliable lad, I believe,' Stephen Bilson had said at the private Section meeting with Mount earlier today. He looked as if he was pretty much recovered from whatever undermined him at Heston yesterday. Mount still found it difficult to read his face, but he'd thought it did not show the doggedness and resolution that was customary for SB, but which seemed to slip for a while at the airport. Baillie had often suggested to Mount that SB's army experience in the war shaped his psyche, or reshaped it. Of course, this might be said about many who came back from the trenches in 1918. Baillie had done some research. SB started in the ranks as a rifleman, became a no-man's-land sniper, then corporal in charge of a machine gun unit, then sergeant and sergeant major and, by 1919, had been commissioned in the field. He left the army in 1919 as a lieutenant colonel with the Distinguished Service Medal, earned as a corporal, and the Military Cross, as an officer.

Baillie, this would-be psychologist, but not a stupid would-be psychologist, reckoned that stoicism – the magnificent, unflamboyant ability to keep bugging on – was what carried Bilson forward in the war and remained his chief strength. This had been Baillie's argument after the poetry babble about Sir Henry Newbolt yesterday. There might be something in it. 'The point about stoicism,' Baillie had said, 'is it works well, as long as it works well. But if it weakens, or fails altogether, there's not much left. The ex-stoic may become a breakdown case, his behaviour either fallen into paralysis, or gone wild, irrational, incoherent.'

Had this happened to SB? Was the Berlin assignment for Mount wild, irrational, incoherent? 'You're concerned about Russia? In which respect, sir,' Mount had asked him.

'Moscow cuddling up to Adolf. A potential pact. That respect. I want to know if it's happening.'

'Is it likely?'

'We in our little game don't necessarily deal in likelihoods, Marcus.' He said this mildly enough but it was severe, instructional, a right-hand jab at naivety. 'Possibilities are our meat. We have to guess at which way things might go. We pick through these possibilities until we reach what looks as if it could be a likelihood. Or we hope we do. And *if* we do – and that's not at all guaranteed, Marcus – we then tell our leaders about it. I'm afraid we might have overlooked a possibility. Or that *I* might have overlooked a possibility. And a possibility that could develop into a likelihood. My error. A bad one. I think I know how it happened. Get over there, will you, and send Toulmin sniffing.'

'For what in particular?'

'This love affair I mentioned. Stalin and Hitler.'

'An alliance between Moscow and Berlin?'

'An alliance, a treaty.'

Mount felt left behind. 'Excuse me, sir, but don't most people see Germany and Russia as out-and-out political enemies: one fascist, the other Commie?'

'Yes, perhaps most people do see Russia and Germany as natural enemies. But I'd like you to ask Toulmin to find whether there've been any private dealings, or preparations for dealings, or soundings-out for preparations for dealings, or soundings-out for soundings-out for preparations for dealings, between Moscow and Berlin. That is his objective, and yours, Marcus. Discover whether a new agreement is being cooked up.' Some of Bilson's army experience poked through there. Troop

had to have clear, simple objectives. Mount and, via him, Toulmin, were SB's foot soldiers. 'This is not an un-hazardous one for Toulmin,' SB said. 'I hope we're always careful in what we ask our agents to do for us. Make it plain that we'll try all we know to protect him and get him, and any family, out of Germany if matters turn rough. And we'll up his retainer, of course. Go very cagily, Marcus. Jerry is improving his counter-us operation all the time. Matters, when they do turn rough there, turn very rough. The Third Reich is a new Reich and still feels vulnerable. Therefore, it defends itself ferociously.'

Then, Bilson seemed deliberately to move away from the perils of the operation. He said: 'An earlier German leader, Bismark, asked those around him, "What's the secret of politics?" Answer: "Make a good treaty with Russia." Perhaps Hitler believes likewise. You and Toulmin will, I know, find out. Off you go, lad.'

In the evening, after making himself a meal in the Steglitz flat, Mount went to the nearby huge Titania-Palast cinema, also built in that New Objectivity mode. Hitler and the Nazis disliked the style's plainness, coolness, lack of the ornate. They were Romantics – dark Romantics, but Romantics – driven by dangerous, passionate nationalism, dangerously boundless ambition, dangerous, master race, *völkisch* myth. Buildings should tally – should be something beyond the serviceable. Architecture should not just stand there and get used, it should assert, it should proclaim, the new formidable, bold spirit of modern Germany.

There'd be no more New Objectivity architecture. In one aspect, Mount found this odd: an alternative translation of *Neue Sachlichkeit* was 'New Sobriety', and surely the teetotal Führer should have approved.

Mount watched *Der Blaue Engel* – *The Blue Angel* – part of a Marlene Dietrich festival: the first German sound movie, and mesmeric. He'd left the apartment blinds up and the lights on. Good job Hitler had got the electric industry working well after some bad interludes. Compare Musso's success in making Italian trains run to time.

When Mount returned after the film, he saw from the street that his windows no longer showed light. But this was all right, wasn't it? This was positive, wasn't it? For a moment, he'd felt shocked. What though? Toulmin must be there, obediently waiting. He had lowered the blinds, reversed the signal, clever. Blinds up meant: 'I, alias Naughton, am here in Berlin and want to see you, Toulmin.' Blinds down meant: 'I, alias Toulmin, am here in your snuggery, Stanley, or most likely alias Stanley, awaiting your return.' Perhaps, also, he felt more secure with the glass covered, even on the second floor. Toulmin would occasionally get nervy. Well, of course he'd get nervy. He spied. Nerviness went with this game. So did a vengeful death for those who played it. All regimes detested spies and being spied on. This new-Germany regime would probably detest spies more than most, as Bilson had hinted, and would show it if they caught one, also as Bilson had hinted.

Of course, Mount, also, spied. But for him it was a profession, and a fairly decent profession, with sterling people like SB running things, some of them medalled, and Cambridge double firsts rankers: a sought-after, pensionable, classy career, hard to get into. But spying was not Toulmin's profession or career. No. In fact, Toulmin actually spied on people *in* his profession and career: on foreign affairs deskmen who knew him as a colleague, not as Toulmin, an agent working to Mount. As Fallows had said not long ago, 'One man's agent is another man's traitor.' Toulmin's behaviour would strike many as disgustingly corrupt and due no mercy if discovered. He'd be termed a renegade rather than a spy, although he spied for Mount. Toulmin had to live permanently among the people he spied on, bringing non-stop strain. On the other hand, Mount could go home now and then, resume normality, become simply and purely, for a time, Marcus Mount, known by friends and relatives as having 'some tidy government job in London with a lot of travel'.

Despite these contrasts, Mount often grew very nervy, too. He felt especially anxious now, even though the dark windows could be regarded – *should* be regarded – as simply a message board, and a message board that had been considerably kept up-to-date. Was his jumpiness stupid, perverse? He thought he might have been seriously pushed off-balance by SB's seeming plunge into crazy haste. Projects built in that kind of rushed, gimcrack way often failed. Also, he felt he might have been idiotically casual, over-relaxed, in drifting off to the cinema tonight. He was here to do a job for Stephen Bilson, not to drool over Dietrich.

Mount approached the apartment gingerly. *Procedures for clandestine penetration of occupied premises* had taken two full days in his training. Plentiful caution had been preached, and that stuck with him. But determination to get into the occupied premises regardless had also been part of the instruction. Normally, it would not be one's own premises that were involved, but those of a target. The same conditions applied, though. He couldn't be thoroughly sure lowered blinds accounted for the absence of light as he gazed up at the building. The windows might be dark because the room behind was. Why would Toulmin switch off, suppose it to *be* Toulmin? And, then, suppose not – who, for God's sake?

The wariness taught for *clandestine penetration of occupied premises* focused above all on doors and how to go through them. On the face of it, that's what doors were for – to go through when open. But an open door into the wrong kind of area carried some perils. Standing in a doorway even for half a second meant you were nicely framed, a simple potshot for anyone inside and waiting for you. Techniques on how to manage doors and passing through them in these special conditions differed

depending on whether the officer had a firearm or not, and, if the officer did have a firearm, differed again depending on whether it was '*blatant*' – that is, in the officer's fist and visible – or '*latent*' that is, holstered, handbagged or waistbanded, and out of sight. Neither the blatant nor latent approach concerned Mount. He had no gun. To draw a weapon from the armoury would have required signature and a proper record. SB didn't regard the visit as that kind of operation. The Berlin jaunt was unofficial – unknown, except to Mount and Bilson, plus, illicitly, Fallows and Baillie. The Section had an unaudited and unauditable emergency cash store, which SB must have used for the flight costs and Mount's spending wad. So, his ticket had been taken care of, and his working cash. But no pistol.

Mount saw the Berlin flit as an untypical SB impulse, a twitch. He would have to try to compensate through special prudence and organization. But, of course, special prudence and organization couldn't eliminate every risk. He'd shown the Stanley Charles Naughton passport at Templehof, as usual, and said the purpose of his visit was business, as usual. That had seemed to be accepted by the squat little officer who let him through. And it had always been all right when S.C. Naughton had made his previous visits. Would there come a time, though, when an officer started wondering what kind of business this businessman, S.C. Naughton, did in Germany? 'Welcome to Berlin!' this officer had said, and gave a very genuine looking smile. That disturbed Mount.

The training warned against lifts, and Mount did not use one now on his way back to the apartment. Lifts made a noise. And, when they reached your floor, and the doors automatically opened, there you were, cosily presented in a well-lit metal box for someone with an automatic. He went quietly and swiftly up the stairs. When he reached the apartment door, he didn't attempt a subtle, almost silent use of his key. Training manuals recommended hard against this. No matter how subtle you might be to the enemy inside, if it *was* an enemy, could be expecting you and alert to the slightest sound. He would deduce from your flagrant delicacy with the lock that you expected trouble and that you were ready for it. Therefore, your enemy would act first, before you could counter. That is, you might be neutralized at once – given no chance to defend yourself. The danger would obviously be greater if the space you wanted to penetrate offered your enemy a cover of darkness – possibly like the apartment while you were fully illuminated by your background when trying to enter, as Mount might be: this was an expensive apartment block with good amenities, including well-lit corridors. Against this, you rammed the key in as normal, and shoved the door back heartily as normal, your enemy would think you unprepared and unsuspecting. He might marginally delay. And that could offer the opening to neutralize *him*. Or, of course, *her*.

Obviously, this bit of optimism only worked if you had a gun to neutralize him with before he neutralized you with his. But the manual and the training did cover occasions when the officer might have *no* gun, like Mount now. In such instances, key the door as noisily as you liked and swing it open as forcefully as you liked. But do not, DO NOT, attempt to go through it at this point, nor stand in the opening. Get to the side of the door space immediately, and out of sight from the hallway or room, your target. Perhaps like that you have won a fragment of surprise: he wouldn't know to which side of the open door you've gone. An unarmed-combat jugular chop blow might then be possible when he pushes his head out to see where you are, especially if he chooses to glance the wrong way first. Or she. But even if he – she – doesn't, you might have a chance, as long as you hit fast and hard, and on exactly the correct patch of neck. This correct patch of neck was, of course, also taught in training.

Mount opened the door wide and stood to its left, his back against the corridor wall. After a while Toulmin called out in German from the living room: 'Is that you, Mr Naughton? Come in, do. No need to be shy in your own quarters.'

Mount stepped into the apartment and closed the door behind him. Toulmin was standing in the

middle of the living room floor, plump, flushed, russet hair in retreat, fine tailoring, high-grade black shoes. Although he had sounded relaxed and jokey when he shouted just now, Mount felt some of the nervousness radiating from him, as he had occasionally in the past. But, after Mount's rigmarole with the door, perhaps *he* radiated nervousness, too. The room seemed pretty well as he had left it, but he sensed a difference, though he couldn't fix on what. Well, he knew he ought to have been able to fix on what: he was supposed to be a qualified spy, and spies were supposed to notice things.

He went to the kitchen and made coffee. Then he and Toulmin sat in a couple of the birch and metal armchairs. The door to one bedroom off this lounge was closed, the other slightly ajar. They'd been like this when he left for the cinema, hadn't they? Hadn't they? Oh, God, he ought to be certain about such details. The doubt showed pathetic slackness. It clashed with his decision to be extra watchful. Spying, you were always watchful. That's what spying meant. But at times, and quite frequent times, you had to pile on the watchfulness if you wanted to be alive and fit enough and free enough to go on being watchful, and possibly extra watchful, tomorrow.

What was it he feared? What he feared was simple and obvious. He feared what he and all other secret intelligence functionaries always feared: that one of their agents, while still apparently one of their agents, had in reality been turned and now served the other side. It would happen like this: the agent had been detected by a counter-espionage unit and arrested, interviewed, probably tortured, but instead of getting immediately hanged, shot or garrotted, was forced to help trap someone bigger – the officer-spy he'd previously fed his insights to, such as Mount. If that worked, or if it didn't, the agent could still be hanged, shot or garrotted, but later: his captors had the penny and the bun.

Suppose this had happened to Toulmin. Had he brought people with him to eavesdrop on the discussion through a part open bedroom door, then make the more important catch – Mr Stanley Charles Naughton, so called? Was the yelled, wordy, formal, agreed, genial greeting from Toulmin meant to tell a reception group to get ready, safety catches off? Naturally, Toulmin would appear tense if he'd been recruited for that kind of plot. Mount saw no rough-house signs on Toulmin's face or hands. But it would be a basic precaution in this sort of catch-a-spy programme to concentrate interrogation brutalities on parts of the body normally covered by clothes, and to make sure nothing was broken, so that normal walking, talking, hand-shaking remained possible. The agent could then be presented to the world and his espionage contact as undamaged, and false in only a two-faced way: not the three of a double agent: his normal workaday face; his secret face as an agent informing to an enemy, or potential enemy; his other secret face as an agent in reverse, and now informing against the alien officer-spy who had first recruited him as an informant.

'I've been to the cinema,' Mount said. He wanted some banal, unincriminating conversation, at least to start with while he went on assessing. This was how a businessman might talk. If he'd been to the cinema he'd say he'd been to the cinema, as explanation for his absence.

'Ah.'

'*The Blue Angel.*' He was Stanley Charles Naughton, a British businessman, and so spoke English. Too much fluency in German might be unwise.

'This is a famous film.' Toulmin also used English.

'Marlene Dietrich,' Mount said.

'Indeed.'

'It's not new, yet it is still very effective.'

'I concur entirely.'

'It was the film that brought her to the attention of Hollywood,' Mount said.

'From being a German actress, she became an international star.'

‘The first German film with sound.’

‘Her voice – exciting and full of romance. It could be heard in this film, and that gave her additional opportunities to impress,’ Toulmin said. It was as if he, also, wished to limit the conversation to harmless drivel. But that would be useless for an entrapment. He must get Mount to damn himself by talking spy matters. Of course, Mount had gone right through the apartment after his arrival from Templehof; an elementary drill. He struggled to remember how the place had been when he’d left for the cinema. Had he closed a bedroom door and left the other slightly open? The bedroom with the closed door now was the one he slept in. He had put his suitcase in there for unpacking later. His memory would take him no further than this.

‘They made *The Blue Angel* in German and English,’ Mount said.

‘It contains the famous number ‘Falling in Love Again’. A nightclub singer marries a professor, doesn’t she? Another German film with “blue” in the title is *The Blue Light*. This was directed by the famous Leni Riefenstahl and concerns mountains, but I have not seen it.’ Abruptly, he turned his head and yelled at the part-open door in German, “Come out now! Now!” Both ‘now!’s crackled with urgency, the second more.

At once, Mount stood, to be better able to defend himself. Not *much* better. Maybe worse: standing he’d be a bigger target. Toulmin began to laugh very loudly, all stress seemingly gone, the treacherous sod. But in a treacherous trade, cater always for treachery. And Mount had, more or less. It should have been less of the less and more of the more, though.

The bedroom door was tugged fully open from inside and the two girls who had been here with Mount and Toulmin last time came slowly out. It had to be slowly because they carried an armchair between them, above their heads, both with two hands on it. Getting it and themselves through the door space and under the lintel demanded skilled manoeuvring and adjustments of height. They had their clothes on. Now and then, despite the effort needed to hold the chair steady, they, too, laughed but not an outright laugh like Toulmin’s; rather, slightly breathless giggles. The chair matched exactly those Mount and Toulmin were sitting on tonight, and the one that collapsed under the weight and vibration of Toulmin and the rounder of the girls, Olga, on that previous visit. It had furls of gift-wrapping paper and there on its legs and armrests. They gazed up at the chair with a kind of reverence, as though they were a throne or a dear one’s coffin. The girls did a lumbering dance with it to the spot in the living room where they’d decided it should go, like a burlesqued ballet scene by a couple of liquor-soaked stagehands. Now, they lowered the chair to the floor and stood proudly behind it.

‘This is a gift,’ Inge said in German. ‘The three of us have bought it for you. We feared you might be in trouble with the apartment owner because you were one chair short. Or with the head of your business company who rents the apartment for you.’

‘We will not put the chair to such use again,’ Toulmin said. ‘That previous occasion was deeply pleasant, but perhaps a little unwise.’ He spoke German, too, now. ‘Tonight, we will be more civilized with your permission, Stanley.’ He pointed to the bedrooms in turn. ‘The same couples as before, I think. It would be deeply unromantic, otherwise, and take away some significance from the relationships.’

‘This is true,’ Olga said.

‘You will not object to this sameness, Stanley?’

‘How could I?’ Mount replied.

‘Yes, how could he?’ Inge said. ‘How could any of us?’

‘There are some people who, in this type of situation, would wish for change.’

‘Fortunately, we are not of that kind,’ Olga said.

‘We seek the meaningful,’ Toulmin said.

Mount saw why Toulmin’s chatter had been so safe and ordinary: the girls believed he and Mount were business colleagues, only business colleagues, and the pretence must be nurtured. Mount felt comforted and a little guilty. Toulmin was not a tool of the *geheime Staatspolizei* – the secret State Police. It seemed offensive now to think he might have been. Perhaps he had come to the apartment during Mount’s absence from Berlin to check the design label on an armchair so they could match perfectly. Mount didn’t feel happy about that, though Toulmin’s and the girls’ intent was entirely kind and good. And if you gave someone a key to your apartment, perhaps you should expect him to use it.

They had several drinks and danced a little to the gramophone. Mount had bought some Roseland Carroll Gibbons and Woody Herman records on earlier visits. They did swap partners for some of the numbers, and Olga got a leg up hard into Mount’s crotch for most of the slower, blues-style tunes she danced with him. Perhaps Inge did the same with Toulmin. But interchange went no further than this. Mount thought the girls would regard these dry rubs as simple friendliness, on an international basis, in his case.

It became very late. Mount decided the three should stay the night. He’d regard it as inhospitable to turn them out after such generosity about the chair. As Toulmin had suggested, Inge went to bed with Mount, and Olga with Toulmin, so as to preserve and develop the romantic nature of things, and the meaningfulness.

Next day, Mount got up early, hoping for a chance to talk to Toulmin alone before Inge and Olga awoke. Inge opened an eye as he left the bed and put trousers and a shirt on; then she surrendered to more sleep. Toulmin would have to go to his office at the normal morning time, but the girls probably didn’t start work until evening. Mount made enough scrambled egg for four and a large pot of coffee. He considered eggs sustaining, and scrambling the easiest way to serve them.

While he was having breakfast in the kitchen, Toulmin appeared, already dressed, and asked if he could use Mount’s electric razor. ‘Have something first,’ Mount said, pouring coffee and helping him to food. Toulmin sat opposite. ‘These are girls who greatly help with relaxation and up to date and guaranteed clean,’ he said.

‘Their thoughtfulness concerning the broken chair is remarkable,’ Mount replied.

‘It is very typical of their character.’

‘I need to know about Russia,’ Mount replied as Toulmin ate.

‘Russia? Yes, I thought that might be it,’ he said. They spoke English.

‘You know something of this?’

‘I can see where a curiosity about such matters comes from. You wonder if there might be a future non-aggression treaty between Germany and the USSR – on top of the 1926 Neutrality Agreement?’

Mount wondered why Toulmin was considered only number two of the Berlin agents. ‘My chief wonders. And what my chief wonders, I feel I’d better start wondering about myself.’

‘Your chief is smart. Yes, there have been visitors to the Auswärtiges Amt.’

‘To the Foreign Office. From Moscow?’

‘Not of any great eminence. Not so far. Middle rank.’

‘But you’ve seen or heard about these visitors to the AA? Perhaps clearing the way for other, more important visitors?’ Mount said. ‘Usual diplomatic procedure.’

‘I wasn’t sure you’d be interested, as they weren’t major people. They are not people with power, not real power. They can’t produce any immediate result.’

‘Yes, interested.’

‘I’ll look for more on it, shall I?’

‘Please. I know it might be very delicate.’

‘Yes, delicate,’ Toulmin said. ‘That’s one word for it.’

‘Risky.’

‘Yes, risky. The counter-spy experts from two countries, not just one, will make it so.’

‘We’ll work on arrangements to bring you out of Germany if things become difficult.’

‘Yes, they might become difficult, as well as delicate and risky.’

‘This will be very much in our mind,’ Mount said. Toulmin would never speak about money. Mount had to show he knew the dangers and would see they were properly paid for, and in sterling or dollars, not the chaotic German mark. ‘What about telegrams? Memoranda?’ he said.

‘Yes, some. I don’t see everything, of course.’

‘I think you’re at Level Two for Confidentiality Clearance,’ Mount said.

‘Your index cards are very accurate. Yes, Level Two, and this is strictly applied. We Germans do apply regulations strictly, don’t we? We are laughed at for that. However, I see some telegrams and so on.’

‘And these would be from, and to, what you call “major people”?’

‘State Secretary in the AA. Ambassadors. The Foreign Minister himself. But most of it vague, so far. I didn’t think—’

‘Friendly messages?’

Toulmin had a think about this, maybe unsure of the full implications in English of the word ‘friendly’. He said: ‘Constructive. Forward-looking. Each side suggests there could be even greater amity, greater commercial cooperation. Russia wants armaments from the Czech Skoda works and a “understanding” about her “sphere of influence”. Russia would like to regard that sphere as fair and immense – the Baltic, the Black Sea, the Baltic States, Finland. Obviously, political and ideological differences have to be kicked into touch, as I believe you say. Communists and fascists don’t normally fraternize much. But now, several telegrams from Berlin argue that the real enemies of both National Socialist Germany and the Soviet Union are not each other, but corrupt, imperialistic, aggressive capitalist Western democratic states. AA communications point out that Russia was dragged into the last war against Germany and suffered almost catastrophically for it. Now, says Berlin satirically, Western countries would like Russia to become an ally with them in a new war, also against Germany. Surely, our Foreign Office declares, the Soviet Union cannot really want that.’ Toulmin stood. ‘Now, I must shave, get myself looking presentable and go. This is important in the office. I have to be a model employee. Thus, the good suit, custom-made shoes. Thank you for breakfast. I hired a van to bring the chair. It’s outside.’

‘But Russia’s Foreign Commissar, Litvinov, seems very pro-West. Does he favour this new sweetness towards the Reich?’

‘Ah, Litvinov.’

‘He shows no hostility to Britain. The reverse. Or am I being naive?’

‘I get the feeling from some of these telegrams and from rumour in the office that Litvinov might not be there for much longer. A year? Less? He and Stalin disagree on fundamentals. It’s extremely unprofitable to disagree with Stalin on fundamentals.’

‘On anything.’

‘Molotov will probably take over. Stalin favours him. Both of them suspect the West. Litvinov leaves so, as you say.’

Mount kept the eggs warm. At about nine thirty both girls got up. Mount had another cup of coffee with them while they took breakfast. ‘He paid most towards the chair,’ Olga said. ‘Sam. He is a good

man. I expect you know that.'

'Yes,' Mount said.

'What is his other name?'

'Toulmin.'

'Is that a German name?'

'I think a long time ago his family made clocks,' Mount replied.

'And we don't know *your* name,' Inge said. 'Except for Stanley.'

'I am in Germany quite often,' Mount said.

'You speak German very well.'

'My work requires it.'

'But some questions you don't answer,' Inge said.

'Probably this is true of many people,' Mount replied.

'Is that to do with your work?' Inge said.

'What?'

'Not answering questions,' Inge said.

'Naughton,' Mount replied. 'Stanley Charles Naughton. It's no secret, not at all. Why should it be?'

'I don't know why it should be,' Olga said.

'Germany today does not like people with secrets,' Inge said. 'Sometimes, the government will send officers to find out people's secrets. It's best not to have any.'

'I agree,' Mount said. 'Whether it's in Germany or elsewhere.'

'Elsewhere, secrets might be all right,' Olga said. 'Not here.'

'I'll remember that,' Mount said.

Not long after they had gone, someone knocked at the apartment door. A man's voice called 'Naughton? Delivery.'

Mount checked through the judas hole. A couple of elderly, manageable-looking men in dungarees stood there alongside a birch and metal armchair. He opened the door. They brought the furniture in carrying it in an unidolatrous, waist-level way, very different from Inge and Olga, and as if a chair were only a chair. They put it down near the one the girls had placed there yesterday evening. In London, Section must have passed on Mount's note about the disintegration of the original Overseas Accommodation and Equipment. Perhaps they had complained to the manufacturer or the seller. Now came a replacement. 'You are very fond of this kind of armchair?' one of the men said, looking around the living room and counting.

'I do a lot of entertaining,' Mount said. 'In the way of business.'

'It's good to be comfortable. Our instructions were to ask the caretaker to open the apartment if it was unoccupied. But fortunately you are here.'

'Yes. Here I am. It *is* fortunate.' And it was: Overseas Accommodation and Equipment wouldn't have known he'd be in residence. It was an on-the-quiet visit, after all. He tipped the men and they left.

On previous stays in Berlin, he'd noticed a high-quality furniture shop near the Steglitz town hall and he walked there during the afternoon to ask if they'd come and take the newest chair away. They could have it free. It seemed the simplest, least bothersome way of dealing with the glut. When he reached the shop, though, he found it closed down. A yellow star had been stuck on the window alongside a notice saying the business had temporarily ceased trading but would reopen shortly under new ownership. He went to a hardware store and bought a good sized screwdriver, a shifting spanner and a saw. He wanted to make the job easier this time. In the evening, he dismantled the fifth arm

- [**click Rock Chick Revolution \(Rock Chick, Book 8\)**](#)
- [**download online The Dawn of Innovation: The First American Industrial Revolution**](#)
- [**read Power, Inc.: The Epic Rivalry Between Big Business and Governmentâ€™ and the Reckoning That Lies Ahead pdf, azw \(kindle\), epub**](#)
- [click Trust Me, I'm Dr. Ozzy: Advice from Rock's Ultimate Survivor](#)
- [read Kim's Convenience](#)
- [Medea: A Modern Retelling online](#)

- <http://aneventshop.com/ebooks/New-Games--Postmodernism-After-Contemporary-Art--Theories-of-Modernism-and-Postmodernism-in-the-Visual-Arts-.pdf>
- <http://www.gateaerospaceforum.com/?library/The-Dawn-of-Innovation--The-First-American-Industrial-Revolution.pdf>
- <http://hasanetmekci.com/ebooks/Power--Inc---The-Epic-Rivalry-Between-Big-Business-and-Government---and-the-Reckoning-That-Lies-Ahead.pdf>
- <http://toko-gumilar.com/books/King--The-Key-to-Magic--Book-3-.pdf>
- <http://www.uverp.it/library/Kim-s-Convenience.pdf>
- <http://www.freightunlocked.co.uk/lib/Introduction-to-Wine-Laboratory-Practices-and-Procedures.pdf>