**The Intercept**

**by Jon Ingold**

**1**

They have me waiting here. I can hear the guards outside and the door is locked. I don’t even have a pen, so I can’t do any work. I’ve got a copy of the morning’s intercept in my pocket but just staring at the jumble of letters won’t do any good, it would only drive me mad.

I rattle my fingers on the field table.

• Wait (turn to 656)

**2**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 169)

• Smash the window (turn to 20)

**3**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1591)

**4**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4139)

• No (turn to 2183)

• Lie (turn to 171)

**5**

“At the moment when the machine halted, Peterson and Jefferies were by the work-table, Collins and Humph were out having a smoke. I was by the front of the machine checking over the dip-switches. Hooper was the only one around the back of the Bombe. No-one else could have done it.”

“That’s not quite the same as seeing him do it,” Harris remarks.

• "When you have eliminated the impossible..." (turn to 230)

• "You have to believe me." (turn to 3761)

• "Ask the others." (turn to 4411)

**6**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 951)

• Find something (turn to 693)

• Use something you've got (turn to 251)

**7**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2250)

• Try the door (turn to 2008)

• Smash the window (turn to 2106)

**8**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 1113)

• Disagree (turn to 890)

• Evade (turn to 4582)

**9**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2541)

• The pillow (turn to 1589)

• Something else (turn to 416)

**10**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 2131)

• Deny doing it (turn to 2755)

• Show him the component (turn to 1913)

**11**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 2773)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 513)

• "You're right." (turn to 4990)

**12**

“Yes. I suppose he was their agent. I should have realised but I didn’t. Then he threatened to tell you. I thought you would have me locked up: I couldn’t bear the thought of it. I love working here. I’ve never been so happy, so successful, anywhere before. I didn’t want to lose it.”

“So what did you do with the component?” Harris talks urgently. He grips his gloves tightly in one hand, perhaps prepared to lift them and strike if it is required. “Have you passed it to this man already? Have you left it somewhere for him to find?”

• I still have it (turn to 4986)

• I don't have it (turn to 3167)

• Lie (turn to 3167)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4986)

**13**

“No. I have no idea.”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 4918)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 178)

• Lie (turn to 4918)

• Evade (turn to 2014)

**14**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 1609)

• Find something to help (turn to 2445)

**15**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. I’ve cracked him a little at least. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3779)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 1730)

**16**

My anger deflates like a collapsing equation, all arguments cancelling each other out. The world, of course, owes me nothing; and I owe it everything.

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 2601)

• Say nothing (turn to 1149)

**17**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 534)

• Don't confess (turn to 128)

**18**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 2759)

• Put the cup down (turn to 1404)

**19**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 2379)

• Try the windows (turn to 7)

**20**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 4067)

• Find something (turn to 2693)

• Use something you've got (turn to 2685)

**21**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4699)

• Stay silent (turn to 1906)

• Confess (turn to 3221)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 4423)

**22**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4848)

**23**

“We’ll fool him. He’s waiting to be sure that I’ve been strung up for this, so let’s give him what he wants. If he sees me taken away, clapped in irons - he’ll go straight to that component and set about getting rid of it.”

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 1186)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 4477)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 2737)

**24**

“Of my standing. My reputation.” I don’t like to talk of myself like this, but I carry on all the same. “Hooper simply can’t bear knowing that, once all this is over, I’ll be the one receiving the knighthood and he...”

“No-one will be getting a knighthood if the Germans invade,” Harris answers sharply. He casts a quick eye to the door of the Hut to check the latch is still down, then continues in more of a murmur: “Not you and not Hooper. Now answer me.” For the first time since the door closed, I wonder what the threat might be if I do *not*.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 99)

• "I don't." (turn to 4289)

• Lie (turn to 4289)

• Evade (turn to 3568)

**25**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 1816)

• Look for another opening (turn to 4973)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 4167)

**26**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 3110)

• No (turn to 1254)

• Lie (turn to 3110)

**27**

“You mean he didn’t even hide it? Just put it in his shoe?”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2080)

**28**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 920)

• The jacket (turn to 4073)

• The bucket (turn to 2139)

**29**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 3892)

• Try the windows (turn to 4609)

**30**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 3669)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 1852)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**31**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1934)

• Try the door (turn to 2130)

• Smash the window (turn to 20)

**32**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 1374)

• Be disinterested (turn to 1825)

**33**

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 4355)

• Leave it (turn to 2357)

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**34**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 2379)

• Try the windows (turn to 7)

**35**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 2759)

• Put the cup down (turn to 1404)

**36**

“Of my genius. Hooper simply can’t stand that I’m cleverer than he is. We work so closely together, cooped up in that Hut all day. It drives him to distraction. To worse.”

“You’re suggesting Hooper would sabotage this country’s future simply to spite you?” Harris chooses his words like the military man he is, each lining up to create a ring around me.

• Yes (turn to 323)

• No (turn to 4786)

• Evade (turn to 2577)

**37**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. I’ve cracked him a little at least. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3929)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4000)

**38**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 514)

• No (turn to 2567)

• Lie (turn to 4229)

**39**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2315)

• Try the door (turn to 2537)

• Try the windows (turn to 3153)

**40**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 1421)

**41**

“Or be thrown into the river.”

“Hmm.” Harris chews his moustache thoughtfully. “Well, that would put us in a spot, seeing as how we’d never know for certain. We’d have to be ready to change our whole approach just in case the part had got through to the Germans. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 4703)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 3955)

**42**

“So he’s an idiot, and he hid it in his shoe.”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1440)

**43**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 3539)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 3719)

**44**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 1964)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4909)

**45**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 4585)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1129)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**46**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 1017)

• Persist with this (turn to 1785)

**47**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component.”

“Well, as soon as it went missing the machine started to malfunction. We recognised the discrepancies in our results straight away...”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 15)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4261)

• Lie (turn to 15)

• Evade (turn to 709)

**48**

“If you’ll excuse me, Russell. I was about to take a bath.”

“Oh, of course. Well, you’ll hear soon enough. Can hardly hide the fact there’ll only be three of us from now on.”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but its recovery does mean I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**49**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3846)

• Blame someone (turn to 2941)

**50**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4317)

• No (turn to 4273)

• Lie (turn to 4273)

**51**

There is nothing to be gained here. I have the component now; maybe it will be of some value tomorrow.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 4912)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

**52**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 909)

**53**

“You can’t do this!” I cry. “It’s murder! I demand a trial, a lawyer; for God’s sake, man, you can’t just throw me overboard, we’re not barbarians...!”

“You leave me no choice,” Harris snaps back, eyes cold as gun-metal. “You and your damn cyphers. Your damn clever problems. If men like you didn’t exist, if we could just all be *straight* with one another.” He gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear for the future of this world, with men like you in. Reich or no Reich, Mr Manning, people like you simply *complicate* matters.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3791)

**54**

“I’ve thought so before.”

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 354)

• Be dismissive (turn to 3326)

• Say nothing (turn to 2895)

**55**

“Trust me. He hasn’t. If I know that man, and I do, he’ll have wanted to keep his options open as long as possible. If the component’s gone then he’s committed and he’ll be hung for what he’s done. He’ll want to wait a week at least, make sure he’s escaped suspicion. And then he’ll pass it on.”

“And if we keep applying pressure to him, you think the component will eventually just turn up?”

• "Yes." (turn to 206)

• "Or be thrown into the river." (turn to 1537)

**56**

“Right now, I think you take that role, Harris,” I reply coolly.

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 1642)

• Be dismissive (turn to 4536)

• Say nothing (turn to 4086)

**57**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 4094)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 1195)

**58**

“Please, Harris. You can’t understand the pressure they put me under. You can’t understand what it’s like, to be in love but be able to do nothing about it...”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 1510)

• No (turn to 2273)

• Lie (turn to 2273)

• Evade (turn to 2100)

**59**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 3844)

**60**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 3792)

• Find something to help (turn to 2553)

**61**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1790)

• No (turn to 3748)

• Lie (turn to 3748)

• Evade (turn to 2549)

**62**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 797)

**63**

“Awkward,” I reply, looking him straight in the eye.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“There really isn’t any time to be wasted,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 616)

• No (turn to 578)

• Evade (turn to 4667)

• Lie (turn to 578)

**64**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 2734)

• Stay silent (turn to 1505)

• Show him the component (turn to 1244)

**65**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4156)

• No (turn to 1910)

• Lie (turn to 2314)

**66**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1939)

• The blanket (turn to 4027)

• The pillow (turn to 4358)

• Something else (turn to 3527)

**67**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 4586)

• Listen at the door (turn to 4372)

• Wait (turn to 2086)

**68**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 2106)

• Wait (turn to 1865)

**69**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 4498)

• Deny doing it (turn to 2535)

**70**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1370)

• Something else (turn to 1512)

**71**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4139)

• No (turn to 2183)

• Lie (turn to 171)

**72**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 4088)

• Look around instead (turn to 4732)

**73**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4153)

• Stay silent (turn to 4151)

• Confess (turn to 3012)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 2533)

**74**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 4737)

**75**

“Here at Bletchley? Of course I do”

“Here, now,” Harris replies firmly. “We’re not talking to everyone, you understand. I can imagine you might feel pretty sore about that, old man. I can imagine you feeling picked on. You always were a sensitive soul.”

• "I'm fine." (turn to 4559)

• "Damn right." (turn to 1752)

• Be honest (turn to 1752)

• Lie (turn to 4559)

**76**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 611)

• No (turn to 675)

• Lie (turn to 675)

**77**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 3674)

• Listen at the door (turn to 3)

• Wait (turn to 4558)

**78**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 104)

• The pillow (turn to 4719)

• Something else (turn to 3942)

**79**

Morning comes with the call of a rooster from the yard of the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up off the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

It’s not long after that Harris enters the hut. He closes the door behind him, careful as ever, then takes a chair across from me.

“You smell like a dog,” he remarks.

• Be optimistic (turn to 3518)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1561)

**80**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 1610)

**81**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 3821)

**82**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4517)

• Blame someone (turn to 121)

**83**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 825)

**84**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 35)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3919)

• Lie (turn to 35)

• Evade (turn to 4258)

**85**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 3455)

• Tell the truth (turn to 509)

• Lie (turn to 2069)

**86**

“You’re the one applying pressure here,” I answer smartly. “I’m just waiting until you tell me what is really going on.”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 82)

• Disagree (turn to 2953)

• Lie (turn to 2096)

**87**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 4135)

• Shrug (turn to 3139)

**88**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4579)

• No (turn to 2361)

• Lie (turn to 2361)

**89**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 4708)

• Disagree (turn to 2919)

• Evade (turn to 3402)

**90**

“I did.”

I have become, somehow, an accustomed liar - the words roll easily off my tongue. *Perhaps I am a traitor*, I think, *now that I dissemble as easily as one.*

“Go on,” Harris says, giving me no indication of whether he believes my tale.

• "I saw him take it." (turn to 1417)

• "It couldn't have been anyone else." (turn to 4458)

**91**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1139)

• No (turn to 2452)

**92**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1159)

• Something else (turn to 1885)

**93**

• The jacket (turn to 450)

**94**

“For God’s sake,” I answer, voice quivering. “I’m no traitor.”

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 737)

• "I don't." (turn to 1395)

• Lie (turn to 1395)

• Evade (turn to 621)

**95**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2401)

• Try the window (turn to 2087)

**96**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 4693)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 3570)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 1265)

**97**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 2178)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 2997)

**98**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 717)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 3180)

**99**

“Yes.”

Harris smiles with satisfaction, as if your willingness to talk was somehow a result of his clever techniques.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 4837)

• Say nothing (turn to 2628)

**100**

• The jacket (turn to 3147)

**101**

“Of my genius. Hooper simply can’t stand that I’m cleverer than he is. We work so closely together, cooped up in that Hut all day. It drives him to distraction. To worse.”

“You’re suggesting Hooper would sabotage this country’s future simply to spite you?” Harris chooses his words like the military man he is, each lining up to create a ring around me.

• Yes (turn to 1464)

• No (turn to 555)

• Evade (turn to 895)

**102**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 2877)

• Look for another opening (turn to 3731)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 2272)

**103**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 657)

**104**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 2799)

**105**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1904)

• Something else (turn to 100)

**106**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 917)

**107**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 1614)

• Leave it (turn to 3389)

**108**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3660)

• Something else (turn to 2803)

**109**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 3892)

• Try the windows (turn to 4609)

**110**

“I know where it is.”

Harris smiles with satisfaction, as if your willingness to talk was somehow a result of his clever techniques.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 3617)

• Say nothing (turn to 1797)

**111**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 713)

• Smash the window (turn to 1124)

• Wait (turn to 4624)

**112**

“Perhaps the accomplice thought it was Hooper being kept in here. Maybe they saw the guard...”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 1440)

**113**

I don’t take it. I’m not having my time wasted by signs and signals. I’ve been waiting here for long enough already, after being rudely pulled from my bunk. I touch a fingertip down on the table and look him in the eye.

“What’s going on, Harris?”

“Quite a difficult situation, this,” he begins, cautiously. I’ve seen him adopting this stiff tone of voice before, but only when talking to brass. “I’m sure you agree.”

• Agree (turn to 1995)

• Disagree (turn to 1300)

• Lie (turn to 1300)

• Evade (turn to 4213)

**114**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 1547)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 80)

**115**

“Messy, without one missing cache!” I cry, laughing spitefully. It isn’t the best clue, hardly worthy of the Times, but it will have to do.

I only catch Hooper’s reaction for a moment - his eyebrow lifts in surprise and alarm. Good. If he thinks it is a threat then he just might be careless enough to go looking for what it might mean.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 1773)

• Dissuade (turn to 4233)

• Evade (turn to 2547)

• Say nothing (turn to 4031)

**116**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 2358)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4493)

**117**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 517)

• Smash the window (turn to 3894)

• Wait (turn to 3515)

**118**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4712)

• No, that's not right (turn to 1210)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4712)

• Lie (turn to 1210)

**119**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1441)

• No (turn to 2203)

• Lie (turn to 2203)

**120**

My anger deflates like a collapsing equation, all arguments cancelling each other out. The world, of course, owes me nothing; and I owe it everything.

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 4440)

• Say nothing (turn to 915)

**121**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 4)

• Persist with this (turn to 1565)

**122**

“Really, Commander,” I reply. “It rather sounds like you want to spank me.”

“For God’s sake,” he declares with thick disgust, then swoops away out of the room. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 297)

**123**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1670)

• No (turn to 3830)

• Lie (turn to 1225)

**124**

From inspiration - or desperation, I am not certain - a simple approach occurs to me. I toss the component away into the bushes behind Hooper’s tent and return to my barrack, wishing myself a long sleep followed by a morning, free of this business.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2861)

**125**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 106)

• Something else (turn to 306)

**126**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4510)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4757)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4510)

• Lie (turn to 4757)

**127**

“It doesn’t matter. Just remember what I said. I’ve beaten you, Hooper. Remember that.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4974)

**128**

“I certainly don’t. But still, I’m surprised. I had Hooper down for a full-blown double agent, a traitor. He knows he’ll face the rope, doesn’t he?”

“Don’t ask me to explain why he did what he did,” Harris sighs. “Just be grateful that he did, and you’re now off the hook.”

Curiouser and curiouser. I nod once to Harris and slip outside into the cold morning air.

Hooper’s confession only makes sense in one fashion - if I successfully implied to him that I had him framed, but he did not unpack my little clue well enough to go looking for the component. Well, I had figured him for a more intelligent opponent, but a resignation from the game will suffice. Or perhaps he knew he would be followed if he went to check, and decided he would be doomed either way.

Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 4355)

• Don't check (turn to 3224)

**129**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3275)

• Try the window (turn to 2135)

**130**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 4019)

• The jacket (turn to 450)

**131**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 215)

**132**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 1737)

• Don't explain (turn to 3270)

• Lie (turn to 2696)

• Evade (turn to 1732)

**133**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3446)

• No (turn to 3789)

• Lie (turn to 3789)

**134**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 3821)

**135**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 5029)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 4810)

**136**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 66)

• The jacket (turn to 131)

**137**

• The jacket (turn to 4677)

**138**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 2021)

• Try the windows (turn to 767)

**139**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4981)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2526)

**140**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 778)

• Smash the window (turn to 3026)

**141**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3979)

• Try the window (turn to 655)

**142**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 3615)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4562)

**143**

I lift the cup to my lips and take a sip, trying to act natural. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 3971)

• Disagree (turn to 1742)

• Evade (turn to 1742)

**144**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 3068)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 4905)

**145**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 4494)

• "You're right." (turn to 1667)

**146**

• The jacket (turn to 3354)

**147**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 4697)

**148**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 264)

• Be cold (turn to 445)

**149**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 2224)

• Accept it (turn to 4653)

• Evade it (turn to 1255)

**150**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. I should have realised, of course. These things don’t happen by chance. I was a fool to think they might. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 234)

• Lie (turn to 234)

• Evade (turn to 2500)

**151**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 4416)

**152**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 1198)

• The jacket (turn to 856)

**153**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2645)

• Try the door (turn to 666)

• Smash the window (turn to 3548)

**154**

“Then you know I’m right. You knew all along. Why did you threaten me?”

“We don’t know anything, except that we have a traitor, holding the fate of the country in their hands. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 2419)

• Offer nothing (turn to 1346)

**155**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2832)

• Disagree (turn to 3916)

• Lie (turn to 4145)

**156**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 431)

• Oppose him (turn to 4999)

• Dismiss him (turn to 3171)

**157**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 4291)

**158**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4027)

• Something else (turn to 3527)

**159**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 2295)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2526)

**160**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1436)

• Smash the window (turn to 2484)

• Wait (turn to 904)

**161**

• The jacket (turn to 3281)

**162**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 4180)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 1357)

**163**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3046)

• No (turn to 3127)

**164**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2813)

**165**

“All right.” With a sigh, your defiance collapses."If you’re searched my things then I suppose you’ve found my letters. Haven’t you? In fact, if you haven’t, don’t tell me.

Harris nods once. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 1486)

• Disagree (turn to 521)

• Lie (turn to 49)

**166**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 1816)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Give up (turn to 4408)

**167**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 2386)

• Wait (turn to 1865)

**168**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2098)

• Something else (turn to 2153)

**169**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 20)

• Wait (turn to 3515)

**170**

I give no reaction. She sighs to herself, as if this kind of behaviour is normal, and trots away inside the House to begin her duties.

I turn the corner of Hut 3 and walk down the short gravel path to Hut 2. It was a good spot to choose - Hut 2 is where the electricians work, and they’re generally focussed on what they’re doing. They don’t often come outside to smoke a cigarette so it’s easy to slip past the doorway unnoticed.

• Check inside (turn to 3375)

• Go around the back (turn to 2025)

**171**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1613)

• No (turn to 3714)

• Lie (turn to 3714)

**172**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 3322)

• Persist with this (turn to 4333)

**173**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2626)

• The pillow (turn to 2234)

• Something else (turn to 454)

**174**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 857)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4320)

• Plead with him (turn to 3470)

**175**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 3736)

• Find something to help (turn to 1663)

**176**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 3078)

**177**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 70)

• The blanket (turn to 1370)

• Something else (turn to 1512)

**178**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 2318)

• Don't explain (turn to 537)

• Lie (turn to 3656)

• Evade (turn to 4276)

**179**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2330)

• The pillow (turn to 1005)

• Something else (turn to 4508)

**180**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 4373)

• Try the windows (turn to 4695)

**181**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 1677)

• The jacket (turn to 4755)

• The bucket (turn to 4574)

**182**

“Heard what?”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 1123)

• Leave it (turn to 2172)

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**183**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 2711)

**184**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2312)

• "I don't." (turn to 1842)

• Lie (turn to 1842)

• Evade (turn to 1531)

**185**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 528)

**186**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 1280)

• Try the windows (turn to 535)

**187**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 429)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1029)

• Wait (turn to 2915)

**188**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3808)

• Leave it (turn to 1744)

**189**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 4383)

• Dissuade (turn to 2986)

• Evade (turn to 363)

• Say nothing (turn to 4818)

**190**

• The jacket (turn to 1065)

**191**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 4715)

• Accept it (turn to 4047)

• Evade it (turn to 2947)

**192**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. I should have realised, of course. These things don’t happen by chance. I was a fool to think they might. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 2293)

• No (turn to 2381)

• Lie (turn to 2381)

• Evade (turn to 3075)

**193**

I pause for a moment longer. It doesn’t do to be too careless...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the bucket in my hand. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’ll never know if I hadn’t have waited that extra moment - maybe I still could have got away. But, how far?

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 1013)

• Lie (turn to 3424)

• Evade (turn to 2691)

**194**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 1085)

• No (turn to 2202)

• Lie (turn to 1085)

**195**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1692)

• Be cautious (turn to 240)

**196**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3446)

• No (turn to 3789)

• Lie (turn to 3789)

**197**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 3745)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1965)

**198**

“Trust me. He hasn’t. If I know that man, and I do, he’ll have wanted to keep his options open as long as possible. If the component’s gone then he’s committed and he’ll be hung for what he’s done. He’ll want to wait a week at least, make sure he’s escaped suspicion. And then he’ll pass it on.”

“And if we keep applying pressure to him, you think the component will eventually just turn up?”

• "Yes." (turn to 258)

• "Or be thrown into the river." (turn to 4869)

**199**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2697)

• Disagree (turn to 2854)

• Lie (turn to 1306)

**200**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 698)

• The blanket (turn to 2721)

• Something else (turn to 2668)

**201**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 3353)

• Be cold (turn to 2094)

**202**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1350)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**203**

• The jacket (turn to 4115)

**204**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 4539)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 1511)

**205**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 1119)

• Oppose him (turn to 423)

• Dismiss him (turn to 2501)

**206**

“Yes. Probably under my bunk.”

Harris smiles wryly. “We’ll know that for a fake, then. We’ve looked there already. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 1338)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 2337)

**207**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 4693)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 4729)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 1265)

**208**

“I’m looking forward to having a wash and a change of clothes; which should make a little less evil to be around.”

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 1642)

• Be dismissive (turn to 4536)

• Say nothing (turn to 4086)

**209**

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“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 1061)

• Oppose him (turn to 1802)

• Dismiss him (turn to 3266)

**210**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 4541)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 218)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1099)

**211**

“I’m sure you’ve handled worse,” I reply casually, looking him straight in the eye.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“There really isn’t any time to be wasted,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 723)

• No (turn to 2742)

• Evade (turn to 1460)

• Lie (turn to 2742)

**212**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3850)

• Leave it (turn to 1833)

**213**

I lean back. “It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 3561)

**214**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 5032)

• Shrug (turn to 3950)

**215**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 1443)

• Take a longer route (turn to 554)

**216**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1397)

• The blanket (turn to 3599)

• The pillow (turn to 397)

• Something else (turn to 2345)

**217**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 1240)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 2538)

**218**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 151)

• No, some other way (turn to 4275)

**219**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1871)

• Smash the window (turn to 1362)

• Wait (turn to 4907)

**220**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 4996)

**221**

“Perhaps Hooper had an accomplice. Someone else who works on site.”

Harris shakes his head, distractedly. “That doesn’t make sense,” he says. “Why go to all the trouble of stealing it only to give it back? And why like this?”

• Suggest something (turn to 4172)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 700)

**222**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 4404)

**223**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4297)

• The blanket (turn to 4824)

• The pillow (turn to 2705)

• Something else (turn to 380)

**224**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 598)

• No (turn to 2675)

• Lie (turn to 516)

**225**

“He’s petty enough, certainly. He’s a creep.” I wipe a hand across my forehead. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 577)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 3439)

• Lie (turn to 3439)

**226**

“Ask the others,” I reply, leaning back. “They’ll tell you. If they haven’t already, that’s only because they’re protecting Hooper. Hoping he’ll come to his senses and stop being an idiot. I hope he does too. And if you lock him up in a freezing hut like you’ve done me, I’m sure he will.”

“We have,” Harris replies simply.

It’s all I can do not to gape.

“Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 4971)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 1328)

**227**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 5021)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**228**

• The jacket (turn to 3672)

• The bucket (turn to 2929)

**229**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 3065)

• The blanket (turn to 4252)

• Something else (turn to 4284)

**230**

“When you have eliminated the impossible...” I begin, but Harris cuts me off.

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 1599)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 1847)

**231**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 495)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1145)

**232**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Persist with this (turn to 1849)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2054)

**233**

“Really, Commander,” I reply. “It rather sounds like you want to spank me.”

“For God’s sake,” he declares with thick disgust, then swoops away out of the room. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 821)

**234**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1208)

• Tell the truth (turn to 506)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**235**

“Queen to rook two, checkmate!” I call, then laugh viciously, as if I am damning him straight to hell.

I only catch Hooper’s reaction for a moment - his eyebrow lifts in surprise and alarm. Good. If he thinks it is a threat then he just might be careless enough to go looking for what it might mean.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 4989)

• Dissuade (turn to 1866)

• Evade (turn to 2559)

• Say nothing (turn to 4319)

**236**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 419)

• Try the door (turn to 129)

• Try the windows (turn to 546)

**237**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 2680)

• Evade (turn to 2983)

**238**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 1852)

• Look for another opening (turn to 3397)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 2512)

**239**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 2117)

**240**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 969)

• Be disinterested (turn to 2341)

**241**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 4074)

• The blanket (turn to 1904)

• Something else (turn to 4463)

**242**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 3589)

• Wait (turn to 4624)

**243**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 1048)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 4514)

**244**

“I can imagine how being surrounded by clever men is pretty threatening for you, Commander,” I reply with a sneer. “They don’t train you to think in the Armed Forces.”

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3654)

• Blame someone (turn to 2467)

**245**

“At the moment when the machine halted, Peterson and Jefferies were by the work-table, Collins and Humph were out having a smoke. I was by the front of the machine checking over the dip-switches. Hooper was the only one around the back of the Bombe. No-one else could have done it.”

“That’s not quite the same as seeing him do it,” Harris remarks.

• "When you have eliminated the impossible..." (turn to 3697)

• "You have to believe me." (turn to 3195)

• "Ask the others." (turn to 226)

**246**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 1378)

**247**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 1128)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1291)

• Wait (turn to 803)

**248**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 3966)

**249**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4364)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2557)

**250**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2506)

• Try the door (turn to 3377)

• Try the windows (turn to 4400)

**251**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 1383)

• Look around instead (turn to 693)

**252**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3331)

• That's not it (turn to 4792)

**253**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 4749)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 1024)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**254**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4345)

• Blame someone (turn to 4287)

**255**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1774)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1329)

• Lie (turn to 1554)

**256**

I take the cup, and raise it to my lips, blowing away the steam. It is too hot to drink. He picks his own up and just holds it.

“Quite a difficult situation, this,” he begins, cautiously. I’ve seen him adopting this stiff tone of voice before, but only when talking to brass. “I’m sure you agree.”

• Agree (turn to 3537)

• Disagree (turn to 4324)

• Lie (turn to 4324)

• Evade (turn to 1322)

**257**

I don’t take it. I’m not having my time wasted by signs and signals. I’ve been waiting here for long enough already, after being rudely pulled from my bunk. I touch a fingertip down on the table and look him in the eye.

“What’s going on, Harris?”

“Quite a difficult situation, this,” he begins, cautiously. I’ve seen him adopting this stiff tone of voice before, but only when talking to brass. “I’m sure you agree.”

• Agree (turn to 63)

• Disagree (turn to 1726)

• Lie (turn to 1726)

• Evade (turn to 211)

**258**

“Yes. Probably under my bunk.”

Harris smiles wryly. “We’ll know that for a fake, then. We’ve looked there already. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 531)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 4879)

**259**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4850)

**260**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2604)

• Something else (turn to 3010)

**261**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3924)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 3924)

**262**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

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“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 3947)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2848)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3947)

• Lie (turn to 2848)

**263**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 2759)

• Put the cup down (turn to 1404)

**264**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 4302)

• Be cautious (turn to 1184)

**265**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 1977)

• Try the door (turn to 1932)

• Try the windows (turn to 1131)

**266**

“So he’s an idiot, and he hid it in his shoe.”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2446)

**267**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1388)

• Blame someone (turn to 1384)

**268**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 4601)

• The blanket (turn to 3660)

• Something else (turn to 2803)

**269**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 1974)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 2613)

**270**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 2450)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 5034)

**271**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 360)

• No (turn to 3714)

• Lie (turn to 3714)

**272**

“I have, rather.” I put my hands into my pockets. “I seem to have done exactly that.”

“I’m afraid my little story about Hooper confessing wasn’t true. I wanted to see if you’d go to retrieve the part.” Harris gestures me to start walking. “You were close, Manning, I’ll give you that. I wanted to believe you. But I’m glad I didn’t.”

He leads me across the yard. Back towards Hut 5 to be decoded, and taken to pieces, once again.

**The End**

**273**

“How should I know?” I reply, defensively. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 4753)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 2192)

• Lie (turn to 2192)

**274**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 2635)

• Shrug (turn to 298)

**275**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2242)

• No (turn to 4112)

• Lie (turn to 4112)

**276**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 932)

• Try the windows (turn to 5008)

**277**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 2805)

• Accept it (turn to 1796)

• Evade it (turn to 4819)

**278**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 247)

**279**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 5004)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 1824)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 115)

**280**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 4401)

• Dissuade (turn to 4735)

• Evade (turn to 4255)

• Say nothing (turn to 2326)

**281**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 1236)

• The jacket (turn to 789)

**282**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1689)

• No (turn to 3290)

• Lie (turn to 3290)

**283**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1668)

• Something else (turn to 942)

**284**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3953)

• No (turn to 3111)

• Lie (turn to 3111)

**285**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 1810)

• Look around for something (turn to 2350)

**286**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 95)

• Try the windows (turn to 4235)

**287**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 442)

• Blame someone (turn to 4171)

**288**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3117)

• Leave it (turn to 3389)

**289**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4953)

• Something else (turn to 4643)

**290**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 907)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 1030)

**291**

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 3323)

• Leave it (turn to 903)

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**292**

“Perhaps the accomplice thought it was Hooper being kept in here. Maybe they saw the guard...”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 4079)

**293**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 2870)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**294**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 4958)

• The jacket (turn to 3120)

**295**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 2160)

• Look around instead (turn to 60)

**296**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 596)

• No (turn to 4186)

**297**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 834)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 861)

**298**

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 2004)

**299**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 1808)

• Stay silent (turn to 3178)

• Confess (turn to 1513)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 1435)

**300**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 4507)

• Smash the window (turn to 3692)

**301**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 4607)

• Smash the window (turn to 3548)

**302**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 3410)

• Look around for something (turn to 3554)

**303**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3205)

• No (turn to 4280)

• Lie (turn to 4280)

**304**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 907)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 1030)

**305**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“Did you?” The worst of his rage is passing; he is now moving into a kind of contemptuous despair. I can imagine him wrapping up our interview soon, leaving the hut, locking the door, and dropping the key down the well in the yard. And why wouldn’t he? With my name tarnished they will not let me back to work on the Bombe - if there is the slightest smell of treachery about my name I would be lucky not be locked up for the remainder of the war. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 888)

• Persist with this (turn to 1736)

**306**

• The jacket (turn to 439)

• The bucket (turn to 840)

**307**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 76)

• No (turn to 1650)

• Lie (turn to 3637)

**308**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 3314)

• Accept it (turn to 2347)

• Evade it (turn to 2730)

**309**

“I saw him take it,” I reply, stubbornly. “Collins and Humph were outside having a cigarette, I think. The other two men were at the table. But I was at the front of the machine. I saw Hooper go around the side, and lean down, and pull something free. I even challenged him on it. I said, ‘What’s that? Someone put a nail through somewhere they shouldn’t have?’ He didn’t reply.”

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 4971)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 1328)

**310**

I pause to glance around, and catch a glimpse of movement. Someone ducking around the corner of the hut. Or a canvas sheet flapping in the light breeze. Impossible to be sure.

• Check the breeze-block (turn to 4002)

• Check around the side of the hut (turn to 3743)

**311**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 4398)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**312**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 819)

• No (turn to 2325)

• Evade (turn to 1506)

• That's not it (turn to 1438)

**313**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3782)

**314**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2836)

• No (turn to 911)

• Lie (turn to 911)

**315**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2271)

• Disagree (turn to 769)

• Lie (turn to 1549)

**316**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 2542)

• Bargain with him (turn to 5027)

• Plead with him (turn to 308)

**317**

“Damn right I’m sore. Was it one of the others who put you up to this? Was it Hooper? He’s always been jealous of me. He’s...”

The Commander moustache bristles as he purses his lips. “Has he now? Of your achievements, do you think?” It’s difficult not to shake the sense that he’s mocking me. “Or of your brain? Or something else?”

• "Of my genius." (turn to 36)

• "Of my standing." (turn to 2030)

• Evade (turn to 1469)

**318**

“Heard what?”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 3323)

• Leave it (turn to 903)

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**319**

“No,” Harris declares, finally. “I think you’re lying about Hooper. I think you’re a clever, scheming young man - that’s why we hired you - and you’re looking for the only reasonable out this situation has to offer. But I’m not taking it. We know you were in the room with the machine, we know you’re of a perverted persuasion, we know you have compromised yourself. There’s nothing more to say here. Either you tell me what you’ve done with that component, or we will hang you and search just as hard. It’s your choice.”

He gets to his feet, and gathers his gloves from the table top.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 2734)

• Confess (turn to 4635)

• Stay silent (turn to 1505)

**320**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1980)

• The blanket (turn to 2146)

• The pillow (turn to 4994)

• Something else (turn to 368)

**321**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 3453)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 1489)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 4377)

**322**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2836)

• No (turn to 911)

• Lie (turn to 911)

**323**

“I wouldn’t put it past him. He’s a creep.” I wipe a hand across my forehead. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 1661)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 625)

• Lie (turn to 625)

**324**

“I’ve thought so before.”

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3710)

• Be dismissive (turn to 3866)

• Say nothing (turn to 1248)

**325**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my shoe and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 1775)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 3030)

**326**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 1628)

• The jacket (turn to 3281)

• The bucket (turn to 5020)

**327**

With my jacket wrapped round my arm, I sweep out the remaining shards of glass. It’s not a big window, but I’m not a big man. If I was Harris, I’d be stuffed, but as it is...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the bucket in my hand. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 58)

• Lie (turn to 1542)

• Evade (turn to 4403)

**328**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 859)

• Look around instead (turn to 4122)

**329**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 2745)

• Be cautious (turn to 1976)

**330**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3419)

• The pillow (turn to 4597)

• Something else (turn to 3142)

**331**

• The jacket (turn to 1533)

**332**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 2977)

• Smash the window (turn to 374)

**333**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 1814)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**334**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 2734)

• Confess (turn to 4635)

• Stay silent (turn to 1505)

**335**

“How should I know?” I reply, defensively. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 184)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 2518)

• Lie (turn to 2518)

**336**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 140)

• Try the door (turn to 3203)

• Smash the window (turn to 3026)

**337**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 3849)

• Disagree (turn to 4896)

• Evade (turn to 3695)

**338**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 2505)

• No (turn to 3062)

• Evade (turn to 3752)

• That's not it (turn to 3676)

**339**

“At the moment when the machine halted, Peterson and Jefferies were by the work-table, Collins and Humph were out having a smoke. I was by the front of the machine checking over the dip-switches. Hooper was the only one around the back of the Bombe. No-one else could have done it.”

“That’s not quite the same as seeing him do it,” Harris remarks.

• "When you have eliminated the impossible..." (turn to 1121)

• "You have to believe me." (turn to 3701)

• "Ask the others." (turn to 4668)

**340**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 104)

• The pillow (turn to 2417)

• Something else (turn to 203)

**341**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 361)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 3099)

• "You're right." (turn to 1713)

**342**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2506)

• Try the door (turn to 2073)

• Try the windows (turn to 816)

**343**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4845)

• Wait (turn to 1557)

**344**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 4483)

• No, some other way (turn to 4275)

**345**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 1685)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 463)

**346**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2976)

**347**

“We’ll fool him. He’s waiting to be sure that I’ve been strung up for this, so let’s give him what he wants. If he sees me taken away, clapped in irons - he’ll go straight to that component and set about getting rid of it.”

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 3222)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 1705)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 279)

**348**

“Then I’ll be going, on and getting on with my job of saving her, shall I?” I even rise half to my feet, before he slams the tabletop.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4945)

• Blame someone (turn to 4728)

**349**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 488)

• No (turn to 622)

• Lie (turn to 3925)

• Evade (turn to 414)

**350**

I wave cheerily back and she giggles, almost drops her bicycle, then dashes away inside the House. Judging by the clock on the front gable, she’s running a little late this morning.

I turn the corner of Hut 3 and walk down the short gravel path to Hut 2. It was a good spot to choose - Hut 2 is where the electricians work, and they’re generally focussed on what they’re doing. They don’t often come outside to smoke a cigarette so it’s easy to slip past the doorway unnoticed.

• Check inside (turn to 3375)

• Go around the back (turn to 2025)

**351**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2798)

• Disagree (turn to 3957)

**352**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 1054)

• Don't confess (turn to 1546)

**353**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 3892)

• Try the windows (turn to 4609)

**354**

“You mean he didn’t even hide it? Just put it in his shoe?”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 197)

**355**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 135)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**356**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 4895)

• The jacket (turn to 1887)

**357**

I toss the component away into the bushes behind Hooper’s tent and return to my barrack, wishing myself a long sleep followed by a morning, free of this business.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2236)

**358**

“It doesn’t matter. Just remember what I said. I’ve beaten you, Hooper. Remember that.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 77)

**359**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 3813)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 1602)

**360**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2377)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 2377)

**361**

“Trust me. He hasn’t. If I know that man, and I do, he’ll have wanted to keep his options open as long as possible. If the component’s gone then he’s committed and he’ll be hung for what he’s done. He’ll want to wait a week at least, make sure he’s escaped suspicion. And then he’ll pass it on.”

“And if we keep applying pressure to him, you think the component will eventually just turn up?”

• "Yes." (turn to 1924)

• "Or be thrown into the river." (turn to 1457)

**362**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 1174)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 2207)

**363**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 2555)

• Try the windows (turn to 3726)

**364**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3505)

• Blame someone (turn to 232)

**365**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 2616)

• Disagree (turn to 1488)

• Evade (turn to 3487)

**366**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3713)

• Something else (turn to 1385)

**367**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2984)

**368**

• The jacket (turn to 2621)

• The bucket (turn to 4881)

**369**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. I’ve cracked him a little at least. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 4821)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4000)

**370**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 4807)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 3427)

**371**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 663)

• Look around for something (turn to 1391)

**372**

“You mean he didn’t even hide it? Just put it in his shoe?”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3047)

**373**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 592)

• Try the door (turn to 1619)

• Smash the window (turn to 3692)

**374**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 2196)

• Find something (turn to 3216)

• Use something you've got (turn to 1662)

**375**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 2602)

• Deny doing it (turn to 4092)

**376**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 2045)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3608)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2045)

• Lie (turn to 3608)

**377**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4764)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4262)

**378**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 2782)

• The jacket (turn to 3354)

• The bucket (turn to 3444)

**379**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1692)

• Be cautious (turn to 240)

**380**

• The jacket (turn to 2565)

• The bucket (turn to 4127)

**381**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 54)

• Disagree (turn to 3129)

• Evade (turn to 4424)

**382**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1790)

• No (turn to 748)

• Lie (turn to 748)

• Evade (turn to 2549)

**383**

“I’ve thought so before.” Certainly in the matter of getting blackmailed.

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3710)

• Be dismissive (turn to 3866)

• Say nothing (turn to 1248)

**384**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 932)

• Try the windows (turn to 5008)

**385**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 1584)

• Disagree (turn to 2126)

• Evade (turn to 4452)

**386**

“Damn right I’m sore. Was it one of the others who put you up to this? Was it Hooper? He’s always been jealous of me. He’s...”

The Commander moustache bristles as he purses his lips. “Has he now? Of your achievements, do you think?” It’s difficult not to shake the sense that he’s mocking me. “Or of your brain? Or something else?”

• "Of my genius." (turn to 1944)

• "Of my standing." (turn to 2030)

• Evade (turn to 3119)

**387**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 1807)

• Bargain with him (turn to 2536)

• Plead with him (turn to 3358)

**388**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“Did you?” The worst of his rage is passing; he is now moving into a kind of contemptuous despair. I can imagine him wrapping up our interview soon, leaving the hut, locking the door, and dropping the key down the well in the yard. And why wouldn’t he? With my name tarnished they will not let me back to work on the Bombe - if there is the slightest smell of treachery about my name I would be lucky not be locked up for the remainder of the war. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 2508)

• Persist with this (turn to 4565)

**389**

“Or be thrown into the river.”

“Hmm.” Harris chews his moustache thoughtfully. “Well, that would put us in a spot, seeing as how we’d never know for certain. We’d have to be ready to change our whole approach just in case the part had got through to the Germans. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 3280)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 4879)

**390**

“Then I’ll be going, on and getting on with my job of saving her, shall I?” I even rise half to my feet, before he slams the tabletop.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3654)

• Blame someone (turn to 2467)

**391**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 3433)

• Look around for something (turn to 28)

**392**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 337)

**393**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 355)

• Shrug (turn to 3139)

**394**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 71)

• Blame someone (turn to 121)

**395**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 3518)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1561)

**396**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 3944)

• Don't confess (turn to 1546)

**397**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 3050)

• The blanket (turn to 3599)

• Something else (turn to 2345)

**398**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 3281)

**399**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3795)

**400**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1369)

• Blame someone (turn to 4671)

**401**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3577)

• Try the door (turn to 2550)

• Try the windows (turn to 1958)

**402**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2583)

• Something else (turn to 4290)

**403**

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 3796)

**404**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 5021)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**405**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 1665)

• Blame someone (turn to 121)

**406**

“Of my standing. My reputation.” I don’t like to talk of myself like this, but I carry on all the same. “Hooper simply can’t bear knowing that, once all this is over, I’ll be the one receiving the knighthood and he...”

“No-one will be getting a knighthood if the Germans invade,” Harris answers sharply. He casts a quick eye to the door of the Hut to check the latch is still down, then continues in more of a murmur: “Not you and not Hooper. Now answer me.” For the first time since the door closed, I wonder what the threat might be if I do *not*.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2261)

• "I don't." (turn to 84)

• Lie (turn to 84)

• Evade (turn to 1371)

**407**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1441)

• No (turn to 2203)

• Lie (turn to 2203)

**408**

I pause for a moment longer. It doesn’t do to be too careless...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the bucket in my hand. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’ll never know if I hadn’t have waited that extra moment - maybe I still could have got away. But, how far?

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 58)

• Lie (turn to 1542)

• Evade (turn to 4403)

**409**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4571)

• No (turn to 3587)

• Lie (turn to 2771)

**410**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 4083)

• Smash the window (turn to 1124)

**411**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 4155)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 3813)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**412**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 937)

• Look around instead (turn to 3135)

**413**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 850)

• Try the windows (turn to 1741)

**414**

It depends, perhaps, on what his name his worth. If it were to prove valuable, well; perhaps I can concoct a few more such lovers with which to ease my later days.

Harris put the cuffs around my wrists. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“I’ll give you a stone to chisel notches in the wall. And that’s all the calculations you’ll be doing. And as you sit there, pissing into a bucket and growing a beard down to your toes, you have a think about how a *smart* man would conduct his illicit affairs. With a bit of due decorum you could have learnt off any squaddie. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**415**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1790)

• No (turn to 3412)

• Lie (turn to 3412)

• Evade (turn to 382)

**416**

• The jacket (turn to 3553)

**417**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 4497)

• The jacket (turn to 4996)

**418**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete. I only hope one of the others will be able to explain to him that the part I stole will mean nothing to the Germans.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give the young man who put me in this spot to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 1855)

• No (turn to 622)

• Lie (turn to 3925)

• Evade (turn to 2704)

**419**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 4022)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1029)

• Wait (turn to 2915)

**420**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 134)

• Something else (turn to 2156)

**421**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 1372)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 1950)

**422**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4713)

• The pillow (turn to 3650)

• Something else (turn to 2251)

**423**

“I can imagine how being surrounded by clever men is pretty threatening for you, Commander,” I reply with a sneer. “They don’t train you to think in the Armed Forces.”

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3972)

• Blame someone (turn to 1973)

**424**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 1325)

**425**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 3705)

• Dissuade (turn to 1204)

• Evade (turn to 2212)

• Say nothing (turn to 4382)

**426**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 4775)

• Try the windows (turn to 4194)

**427**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 633)

• Evade (turn to 1550)

**428**

Then pause. This is too transparent. Too blatant. If I leave it here, like this, Hooper will never be seen to go looking for it: he will stumble over it in plain sight, and the men watching will wonder why it was not there when he went to bed.

No, I must try something else - or nothing at all.

• On top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Throw the component into the long grass (turn to 4853)

• Give up (turn to 3758)

**429**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 4239)

**430**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1670)

• No (turn to 3830)

• Lie (turn to 1225)

**431**

“Now steady on,” I reply, gesturing for him to calm himself.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1648)

• Blame someone (turn to 2467)

**432**

“You treated me like vermin. Like something abhorrent.”

“You are something abhorrent.”

“I wasn’t. Not when I came here. And I won’t be, once you’re gone.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4974)

**433**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1159)

• Something else (turn to 1885)

**434**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4902)

• Try the windows (turn to 153)

**435**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3191)

• Blame someone (turn to 4171)

**436**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 3418)

• Listen at the door (turn to 4412)

• Wait (turn to 2598)

**437**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

In truth, it is men like Harris who are complex, not men like me. I live to make things ordered, systematic. I like my pencils sharpened and lined up in a row. I do not deal in difficult borders, or uncertainties, or alliances. If I could, I would reduce the world to something easier to understand, something finite. But of course, I cannot, not even here, in this little micro-world, this safe haven from the horrors of the war.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 3137)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 3215)

**438**

“Damn right I’m sore. Was it one of the others who put you up to this? Was it Hooper? He’s always been jealous of me. He’s...”

The Commander moustache bristles as he purses his lips. “Has he now? Of your achievements, do you think?” It’s difficult not to shake the sense that he’s mocking me. “Or of your brain? Or something else?”

• "Of my genius." (turn to 1393)

• "Of my standing." (turn to 406)

• Evade (turn to 3152)

**439**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 917)

**440**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3577)

• Try the door (turn to 2969)

• Try the windows (turn to 3407)

**441**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 1848)

• Disagree (turn to 3260)

• Lie (turn to 435)

**442**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 514)

• No (turn to 2567)

• Lie (turn to 4229)

**443**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 2877)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Give up (turn to 3687)

**444**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 739)

• The pillow (turn to 3092)

• Something else (turn to 1652)

**445**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 4302)

• Be cautious (turn to 1184)

**446**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2798)

• Disagree (turn to 3957)

**447**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4153)

• Stay silent (turn to 4151)

• Confess (turn to 3012)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 2533)

**448**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2643)

• No (turn to 4254)

• Lie (turn to 2763)

**449**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3289)

• No (turn to 3988)

• Evade (turn to 2496)

• That's not it (turn to 4461)

**450**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 3202)

**451**

I lean back. “It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 2004)

**452**

“I’m looking forward to having a bath.”

“Well, you should enjoy it. We found the missing component. Or rather, Hooper found it for us. He snuck out of his tent first thing in the morning and retrieved it from on top. Of all the damnest places - you would never have known it was there. He acted all surprised about it when we jumped him, of course, as you might expect - but it was good enough for me.”

• Be glad (turn to 2966)

• Be dismissive (turn to 4313)

**453**

• The jacket (turn to 1015)

**454**

• The jacket (turn to 1205)

**455**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 2293)

• No (turn to 1998)

• Lie (turn to 1998)

• Evade (turn to 2310)

**456**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 5000)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 4595)

**457**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 6)

• Wait (turn to 1223)

**458**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4612)

• Something else (turn to 3448)

**459**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 2348)

• Be disinterested (turn to 2712)

**460**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 4133)

• Accept it (turn to 3532)

• Evade it (turn to 2249)

**461**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1838)

• Something else (turn to 3967)

**462**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 2555)

• Try the windows (turn to 3726)

**463**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4153)

• Confess (turn to 2863)

• Stay silent (turn to 4151)

**464**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3210)

**465**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 2901)

• Wait (turn to 566)

**466**

“Right now, I think you take that role, Harris,” I reply coolly.

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 372)

• Be dismissive (turn to 982)

• Say nothing (turn to 4060)

**467**

*Of course not. I am alone; that is what they wanted me to be, because of who and what I love. So I have no nation, no country.*

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 2601)

• Say nothing (turn to 1149)

**468**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 652)

• Dissuade (turn to 462)

• Evade (turn to 363)

• Say nothing (turn to 4818)

**469**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 889)

• The blanket (turn to 3015)

• Something else (turn to 2641)

**470**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give the young man who put me in this spot to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 3426)

• No (turn to 2180)

• Lie (turn to 2324)

• Evade (turn to 2686)

**471**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 1629)

• Disagree (turn to 1653)

• Evade (turn to 1653)

**472**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 1961)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 4390)

**473**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 688)

• Leave it (turn to 1833)

**474**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3871)

• No (turn to 3755)

**475**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 392)

• No, some other way (turn to 2561)

**476**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2875)

• The blanket (turn to 1904)

• Something else (turn to 100)

**477**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2113)

• The blanket (turn to 4392)

• Something else (turn to 3315)

**478**

“Heard what?”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 1123)

• Leave it (turn to 897)

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**479**

“I don’t have it any more. I passed it through the fence to my contact straight after taking it, before it was discovered to be missing. It would have been idiocy to do differently. It’s long gone, I’m afraid.”

“You fool, Manning,” Harris curses, getting quickly to his feet. “You utter fool. Do you suppose you will be any better off living under Hitler? It’s men like you who will get us all killed. Men too feeble, too weak in their hearts to stand up and take a man’s responsibility for the world. You’re happier to stay a child all your life and play with your little childish toys.”

• Answer back (turn to 3488)

• Say nothing (turn to 3265)

**480**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 4291)

**481**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2836)

• No (turn to 629)

• Lie (turn to 629)

**482**

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 249)

• "You're right." (turn to 842)

**483**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1471)

• Tell the truth (turn to 839)

• Lie (turn to 1585)

**484**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 81)

• Something else (turn to 2817)

**485**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4310)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 4310)

**486**

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 1172)

**487**

“I’m no traitor,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2261)

• "I don't." (turn to 2067)

• Lie (turn to 2067)

• Evade (turn to 4716)

**488**

But of course I will. Perhaps I can persuade them to put him in my cell.

Harris put the cuffs around my wrists. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“I’ll give you a stone to chisel notches in the wall. And that’s all the calculations you’ll be doing. And as you sit there, pissing into a bucket and growing a beard down to your toes, you have a think about how a *smart* man would conduct his illicit affairs. With a bit of due decorum you could have learnt off any squaddie. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**489**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 324)

• Disagree (turn to 2369)

• Evade (turn to 1984)

**490**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3877)

• Something else (turn to 228)

**491**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2671)

• Smash the window (turn to 2106)

• Wait (turn to 1080)

**492**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 3384)

• The jacket (turn to 3622)

**493**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 168)

• The blanket (turn to 2098)

• Something else (turn to 2153)

**494**

“I don’t have it any more. I passed it through the fence to my contact straight after taking it, before it was discovered to be missing. It would have been idiocy to do differently. It’s long gone, I’m afraid.”

“You fool, Manning,” Harris curses, getting quickly to his feet. “You utter fool. Do you suppose you will be any better off living under Hitler? It’s men like you who will get us all killed. Men too feeble, too weak in their hearts to stand up and take a man’s responsibility for the world. You’re happier to stay a child all your life and play with your little childish toys.”

• Answer back (turn to 3163)

• Say nothing (turn to 3706)

**495**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 1808)

• Stay silent (turn to 3178)

• Show him the component (turn to 4335)

**496**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 26)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2557)

**497**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4951)

• Blame someone (turn to 3715)

**498**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 143)

• Put the cup down (turn to 2246)

**499**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 485)

• No (turn to 1023)

• Lie (turn to 1023)

**500**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1681)

**501**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3877)

• The pillow (turn to 2828)

• Something else (turn to 660)

**502**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 2814)

**503**

“Messy, without one missing cache!” I cry, laughing spitefully. It isn’t the best clue, hardly worthy of the Times, but it will have to do.

I only catch Hooper’s reaction for a moment - his eyebrow lifts in surprise and alarm. Good. If he thinks it is a threat then he just might be careless enough to go looking for what it might mean.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 3864)

• Dissuade (turn to 3231)

• Evade (turn to 4353)

• Say nothing (turn to 2342)

**504**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 4419)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 23)

**505**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4751)

• No (turn to 1183)

• Lie (turn to 3526)

**506**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3220)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**507**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 4464)

• Don't confess (turn to 2531)

**508**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. I should have realised, of course. These things don’t happen by chance. I was a fool to think they might. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 1886)

• Lie (turn to 1886)

• Evade (turn to 2349)

**509**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 1788)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2448)

**510**

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 3630)

• "You're right." (turn to 4487)

**511**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 857)

• Bargain with him (turn to 1586)

• Plead with him (turn to 460)

**512**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 1389)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 804)

**513**

“You’re right. Let me talk to him, then. As a colleague. Maybe I can get something useful out of him.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 2228)

• "You're right." (turn to 4990)

**514**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1689)

• No (turn to 675)

• Lie (turn to 675)

**515**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1373)

• Be cautious (turn to 4832)

**516**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2767)

• No (turn to 1010)

• Lie (turn to 1010)

**517**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 3894)

• Wait (turn to 3515)

**518**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 1470)

**519**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 2906)

• Look for another opening (turn to 3785)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 2777)

**520**

“When you have eliminated the impossible...” I begin, but Harris cuts me off.

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 3294)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 2625)

**521**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3846)

• Blame someone (turn to 2941)

**522**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 57)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1376)

**523**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3232)

• Something else (turn to 93)

**524**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 1579)

• The jacket (turn to 825)

• The bucket (turn to 1401)

**525**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3185)

• Smash the window (turn to 3589)

• Wait (turn to 904)

**526**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 218)

• Look for another opening (turn to 2110)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 3441)

**527**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 684)

• Be disinterested (turn to 3856)

**528**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 2973)

• Listen at the door (turn to 2012)

• Wait (turn to 4334)

**529**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 2779)

• Find something to help (turn to 2434)

**530**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 3370)

• Bargain with him (turn to 2435)

• Plead with him (turn to 4744)

**531**

“Then let him think he’s off the hook. Make a show of me. And then you’ll get your man.”

*Somehow*, I think. But that’s the part I need to work.

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 4036)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 2835)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 4603)

**532**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 985)

• The blanket (turn to 3995)

• The pillow (turn to 1882)

• Something else (turn to 2690)

**533**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1066)

• Blame someone (turn to 3482)

**534**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 664)

• Don't confess (turn to 4069)

**535**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 332)

• Try the door (turn to 2393)

• Smash the window (turn to 374)

**536**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1302)

• No (turn to 1963)

• Lie (turn to 2070)

**537**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 3420)

• Blame someone (turn to 3656)

**538**

“I can imagine how being surrounded by clever men is pretty threatening for you, Commander,” I reply with a sneer. “They don’t train you to think in the Armed Forces.”

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 2061)

• Blame someone (turn to 2363)

**539**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 2280)

• Deny it (turn to 4064)

**540**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2528)

• No (turn to 892)

• Lie (turn to 892)

**541**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 5016)

• Blame someone (turn to 46)

**542**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 3367)

**543**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 40)

• Something else (turn to 4885)

**544**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 1898)

• Disagree (turn to 1063)

• Lie (turn to 1746)

**545**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 3239)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 4070)

**546**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1948)

• Try the door (turn to 160)

• Smash the window (turn to 2484)

**547**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3446)

• No (turn to 617)

• Lie (turn to 617)

**548**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 199)

• No (turn to 2287)

• Evade (turn to 2496)

• That's not it (turn to 3282)

**549**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 2484)

• Wait (turn to 4624)

**550**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 1568)

• Try the windows (turn to 31)

**551**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 688)

• Leave it (turn to 1833)

**552**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 1304)

• Be cold (turn to 4637)

**553**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 4513)

**554**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 2462)

• Leave it (turn to 2010)

**555**

“No, I suppose not.” I push the teacup around on its base. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 5015)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 1239)

• Lie (turn to 1239)

**556**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 104)

• Something else (turn to 203)

**557**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2528)

• No (turn to 3018)

• Lie (turn to 3018)

**558**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 3563)

**559**

I say quiet, listening, not sure how this will go.

“In case I’m not making myself clear,” Harris continues, “I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4946)

**560**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1027)

• The pillow (turn to 2631)

• Something else (turn to 4386)

**561**

“Perhaps Hooper had an accomplice. Someone else who works on site.”

Harris shakes his head, distractedly. “That doesn’t make sense,” he says. “Why go to all the trouble of stealing it only to give it back? And why like this?”

• Suggest something (turn to 899)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 3428)

**562**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4219)

• The blanket (turn to 2583)

• The pillow (turn to 3729)

• Something else (turn to 4290)

**563**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3136)

**564**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1027)

• Something else (turn to 4386)

**565**

“Perhaps the accomplice thought it was Hooper being kept in here. Maybe they saw the guard...”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 4850)

**566**

It’s useless. There’s nothing I can do but hope. I sit down on one corner of the bunk to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 807)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1229)

• Wait (turn to 1646)

**567**

“How should I know?” I reply, defensively. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 3256)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 1508)

• Lie (turn to 1508)

**568**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4848)

**569**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2879)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1332)

• Lie (turn to 2706)

**570**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete. I only hope one of the others will be able to explain to him that the part I stole will mean nothing to the Germans.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give the young man who put me in this spot to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 488)

• No (turn to 622)

• Lie (turn to 3925)

• Evade (turn to 2704)

**571**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1136)

• Be cautious (turn to 527)

**572**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 1344)

**573**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1641)

• The blanket (turn to 2098)

• The pillow (turn to 2990)

• Something else (turn to 1623)

**574**

But of course I will. Perhaps I can persuade them to put him in my cell.

Harris put the cuffs around my wrists. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“Certainly. And one of your computing things, if I get my way. And when we’re old, and smoking pipes together in The Rag like heroes, I’ll explain to you the way that decent men have affairs. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**575**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 377)

**576**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1832)

• Smash the window (turn to 3548)

• Wait (turn to 4688)

**577**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 876)

• "I don't." (turn to 2303)

• Lie (turn to 2303)

• Evade (turn to 4182)

**578**

“No, I don’t. I’ve got work I should be doing tomorrow, and I need my rest...”

“Work that will be difficult for you to do, don’t you think?” Harris replies.

“They’ll have made a replacement by tomorrow,” I reply. “The war doesn’t stop over one missing reel.”

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2191)

• "I don't." (turn to 1165)

• Lie (turn to 1165)

• Evade (turn to 2317)

**579**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4467)

• No, that's not right (turn to 1116)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4467)

• Lie (turn to 1116)

**580**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 950)

**581**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 898)

• The blanket (turn to 739)

• Something else (turn to 994)

**582**

From inspiration - or desperation, I am not certain - a simple approach occurs to me. I toss the component away into the bushes behind Hooper’s tent and return to my barrack, wishing myself a long sleep followed by a morning, free of this business.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 772)

**583**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1159)

• Something else (turn to 1756)

**584**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my fist and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 811)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 1151)

**585**

“I wouldn’t put it past him. He’s a creep.” I wipe a hand across my forehead. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 1115)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 729)

• Lie (turn to 729)

**586**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 2430)

• The jacket (turn to 4005)

• The bucket (turn to 1830)

**587**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4868)

• The blanket (turn to 2459)

• The pillow (turn to 1267)

• Something else (turn to 161)

**588**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1668)

• Something else (turn to 942)

**589**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4189)

• Try the door (turn to 926)

• Smash the window (turn to 3589)

**590**

I say nothing. It’s true, isn’t it? I can’t deny that I know there is a world out there, a complicated world of pain and suffering. And I can’t deny that I don’t think about it a moment longer than I have to. What use is thinking on a problem that cannot be solved? It is precisely our ability to avoid such endless spirals that makes us human and not machine.

“God have mercy on your soul,” Harris says finally, as he gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear no-one else will.” Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 815)

**591**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 3321)

• Smash the window (turn to 3026)

**592**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 3522)

• Smash the window (turn to 3692)

**593**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 758)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 3094)

**594**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3684)

• No (turn to 3145)

• Evade (turn to 965)

• That's not it (turn to 2114)

**595**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1373)

• Be cautious (turn to 4832)

**596**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 1237)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 1237)

**597**

“At the moment when the machine halted, Peterson and Jefferies were by the work-table, Collins and Humph were out having a smoke. I was by the front of the machine checking over the dip-switches. Hooper was the only one around the back of the Bombe. No-one else could have done it.”

“That’s not quite the same as seeing him do it,” Harris remarks.

• "When you have eliminated the impossible..." (turn to 3457)

• "You have to believe me." (turn to 2523)

• "Ask the others." (turn to 1631)

**598**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2767)

• No (turn to 1010)

• Lie (turn to 1010)

**599**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1214)

• Blame someone (turn to 172)

**600**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 2890)

• Bargain with him (turn to 1992)

• Plead with him (turn to 1672)

**601**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 4711)

• Be cold (turn to 1967)

**602**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 40)

• The pillow (turn to 3400)

• Something else (turn to 4885)

**603**

• The jacket (turn to 4694)

• The bucket (turn to 4756)

**604**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 1700)

• Don't confess (turn to 1577)

**605**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1872)

• No (turn to 1545)

• Lie (turn to 1343)

**606**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2610)

• Blame someone (turn to 3656)

**607**

I open my mouth to disagree, but somehow the words will not come out. It is like Harris has taken a screwdriver to the sides of my jaw. My tongue feels thick and heavy.

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 4149)

• That's not it (turn to 2864)

**608**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2382)

• The blanket (turn to 183)

• The pillow (turn to 848)

• Something else (turn to 3445)

**609**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2571)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**610**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 4252)

• Something else (turn to 4284)

**611**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 508)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 508)

**612**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 1330)

**613**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 570)

**614**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 922)

• Smash the window (turn to 3548)

• Wait (turn to 4907)

**615**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1835)

• The blanket (turn to 2626)

• The pillow (turn to 2866)

• Something else (turn to 2477)

**616**

“Of course I do,” I answer.

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2191)

• "I don't." (turn to 1165)

• Lie (turn to 1165)

• Evade (turn to 2317)

**617**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3241)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 3241)

**618**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 157)

• Something else (turn to 146)

**619**

“Right now, I think you take that role, Harris,” I reply coolly.

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3827)

• Be dismissive (turn to 3288)

• Say nothing (turn to 559)

**620**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4848)

**621**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1909)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 1171)

• Lie (turn to 1909)

• Evade (turn to 464)

**622**

No. What would be the use? He will be long gone, and the name he told me is no doubt hokum. No: I was alone before in guilt, and I am thus alone again.

Harris put the cuffs around my wrists. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“I’ll give you a stone to chisel notches in the wall. And that’s all the calculations you’ll be doing. And as you sit there, pissing into a bucket and growing a beard down to your toes, you have a think about how a *smart* man would conduct his illicit affairs. With a bit of due decorum you could have learnt off any squaddie. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**623**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3803)

• Blame someone (turn to 3656)

**624**

“If you’ll excuse me, Russell. I was about to take a bath.”

“Oh, of course. Well, you’ll hear soon enough. Can hardly hide the fact there’ll only be three of us from now on.”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 3323)

• Leave it (turn to 903)

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**625**

“For God’s sake,” I answer, voice quivering. “I’m no traitor.”

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2261)

• "I don't." (turn to 4405)

• Lie (turn to 4405)

• Evade (turn to 2893)

**626**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 3334)

• No (turn to 1049)

• Lie (turn to 1049)

• Evade (turn to 494)

**627**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2315)

• Try the door (turn to 4029)

• Try the windows (turn to 2031)

**628**

I have in my head to blame Hooper, but somehow I cannot find a way to tell the story. Whatever they put in my tea, it has control of my tongue. Fighting as hard as I can, it does no good. I find myself collapsing, desperate to tell him everything, almost weeping with the shame of it.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2170)

• No (turn to 2827)

• Lie (turn to 4075)

**629**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4712)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2089)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4712)

• Lie (turn to 2089)

**630**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 4529)

• The blanket (turn to 2615)

• Something else (turn to 639)

**631**

Plenty of time for that later. If there is nothing there, then Hooper discovered the component after all and Harris’ men will have swooped on him, and the story about his confession is just a ruse to test me out. And if the component is still there - well. It will be just as valuable to my young man in the village in a week’s time, and his deadline of the 31st is not quite upon us.

I head for my dorm, intent on a bath, breakfast, a glance at the crossword before the other men get to it, and then on with work. They should have replaced the component in the Bombe by now. We will be back to it, only a day behind.

And everything will proceed as before. The component will mean nothing to the Germans - this is the one fact I could never have explained to a man like Harris despite the fact that the principle behind the Bombe is the same as the principle behind an army. The individual pieces - the men, the components - do not matter. They are quite identical. It is how they are arranged that counts. The structures and patterns that they form.

I bump into Russell in the dorm hut. “Did you hear?” he whispers. “Terrible news about Hooper. Absolutely terrible.”

• Yes (turn to 3511)

• No (turn to 1480)

• Lie (turn to 2371)

• Evade (turn to 1616)

**632**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 2045)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3608)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2045)

• Lie (turn to 3608)

**633**

“All right.” With a sigh, your defiance collapses."If you’re searched my things then I suppose you’ve found my letters. Haven’t you? In fact, if you haven’t, don’t tell me.

Harris nods once. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2532)

• Disagree (turn to 4159)

• Lie (turn to 3434)

**634**

“Ask the others,” I reply, leaning back. “They’ll tell you. If they haven’t already, that’s only because they’re protecting Hooper. Hoping he’ll come to his senses and stop being an idiot. I hope he does too. And if you lock him up in a freezing hut like you’ve done me, I’m sure he will.”

“We have,” Harris replies simply.

It’s all I can do not to gape.

“Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 2994)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 3679)

**635**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1403)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 1822)

• Lie (turn to 1403)

• Evade (turn to 3479)

**636**

Plenty of time for that later. If there is nothing there, then Hooper discovered the component after all and Harris’ men will have swooped on him, and the story about his confession is just a ruse to test me out. And if the component is still there - well. It will be just as valuable to my young man in the village in a week’s time, and his deadline of the 31st is not quite upon us.

I head for my dorm, intent on a bath, breakfast, a glance at the crossword before the other men get to it, and then on with work. They should have replaced the component in the Bombe by now. We will be back to it, only a day behind.

And everything will proceed as before. The component will mean nothing to the Germans - this is the one fact I could never have explained to a man like Harris despite the fact that the principle behind the Bombe is the same as the principle behind an army. The individual pieces - the men, the components - do not matter. They are quite identical. It is how they are arranged that counts. The structures and patterns that they form.

I bump into Russell in the dorm hut. “Did you hear?” he whispers. “Terrible news about Hooper. Absolutely terrible.”

• Yes (turn to 4120)

• No (turn to 318)

• Lie (turn to 291)

• Evade (turn to 624)

**637**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1279)

• The blanket (turn to 3015)

• The pillow (turn to 469)

• Something else (turn to 2641)

**638**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2277)

• The blanket (turn to 106)

• Something else (turn to 3286)

**639**

• The jacket (turn to 4996)

• The bucket (turn to 220)

**640**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3298)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3369)

**641**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3877)

• Something else (turn to 660)

**642**

“Yes. Probably under my bunk.”

Harris smiles wryly. “We’ll know that for a fake, then. We’ve looked there already. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 3686)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 2337)

**643**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 602)

• The blanket (turn to 40)

• The pillow (turn to 1952)

• Something else (turn to 4885)

**644**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 3900)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 357)

**645**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 1974)

• Look for another opening (turn to 1262)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 4362)

**646**

“Then you know I’m right. You knew all along. Why did you threaten me?”

“We don’t know anything, except that we have a traitor, holding the fate of the country in their hands. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 3814)

• Offer nothing (turn to 2405)

**647**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 3525)

• Try the windows (turn to 3318)

**648**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 43)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 451)

**649**

I open my mouth to disagree, but somehow the words will not come out. It is like Harris has taken a screwdriver to the sides of my jaw. My tongue feels thick and heavy.

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3238)

• That's not it (turn to 3097)

**650**

“I’m no traitor,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 4427)

• "I don't." (turn to 3819)

• Lie (turn to 3819)

• Evade (turn to 1930)

**651**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1364)

• Smash the window (turn to 3894)

• Wait (turn to 1649)

**652**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 2555)

• Try the windows (turn to 3726)

**653**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 4398)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**654**

• The jacket (turn to 2565)

**655**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1458)

• Smash the window (turn to 2386)

• Wait (turn to 1865)

**656**

They think I’m a traitor. They think *I* stole the component from the calculating machine. They’re searching my bunk, my bag, the whole barrack right now. Then they’ll come back and demand that I talk.

I’m a problem-solver. Good with figures, quick with crosswords, excellent at chess. But in this situation - in this trap - what is the winning play?

• Co-operate (turn to 3652)

• Dissemble (turn to 952)

• Divert (turn to 4714)

**657**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 2284)

• Wait (turn to 3515)

**658**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 3692)

• Wait (turn to 1138)

**659**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 89)

**660**

• The jacket (turn to 3672)

**661**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 4111)

• Shrug (turn to 3950)

**662**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 2142)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 1935)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**663**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my shoe and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 970)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 1759)

**664**

I suppose this must be what it feels like to have a conscience, then. Very well.

“Harris, sir. I don’t know what Hooper’s playing at, sir. But I can’t let him do this.”

“Do what?”

“Take the rope for this. I took it, sir.

The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might."

“I thought as much. I hadn’t expected you to give it out so easily, however. You understand, Hooper has said nothing, of course. In fact, he went to Hut 2 directly after we released him and uncovered the component. But he told us you had instructed him where to go. Hence my little double bluff. Frankly, I’ll be glad when I’m shot of the lot of you mathematicians.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4946)

**665**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 106)

• The pillow (turn to 3337)

• Something else (turn to 3286)

**666**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1832)

• Smash the window (turn to 3548)

• Wait (turn to 4688)

**667**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 1415)

• Be disinterested (turn to 4846)

**668**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2261)

• "I don't." (turn to 2067)

• Lie (turn to 2067)

• Evade (turn to 4716)

**669**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1411)

• No (turn to 4344)

• Lie (turn to 2443)

**670**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 3963)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 73)

**671**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 1638)

• Don't confess (turn to 3371)

**672**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4078)

• Blame someone (turn to 770)

**673**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 2301)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1428)

**674**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 4859)

• The blanket (turn to 3660)

• Something else (turn to 3503)

**675**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 508)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 508)

**676**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 658)

• Smash the window (turn to 3692)

• Wait (turn to 1138)

**677**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 344)

• Look for another opening (turn to 2256)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 2059)

**678**

*Of course not. I am alone; that is what they wanted me to be, because of who and what I love. So I have no nation, no country.*

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 4440)

• Say nothing (turn to 915)

**679**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4599)

• No (turn to 284)

• Lie (turn to 3227)

**680**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 2284)

• Wait (turn to 3515)

**681**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2098)

• Something else (turn to 1623)

**682**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1185)

• No (turn to 3746)

• Lie (turn to 3746)

• Evade (turn to 3681)

**683**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4249)

• The blanket (turn to 739)

• The pillow (turn to 581)

• Something else (turn to 994)

**684**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4771)

• Wait (turn to 604)

**685**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 3560)

• Smash the window (turn to 3894)

**686**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3877)

• The pillow (turn to 490)

• Something else (turn to 228)

**687**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 2084)

• Smash the window (turn to 2284)

**688**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 3150)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 3569)

• Escape the compound (turn to 2659)

**689**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 2270)

• Deny it (turn to 4430)

**690**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 4957)

**691**

I give no reaction. She sighs to herself, as if this kind of behaviour is normal, and trots away inside the House to begin her duties.

I turn the corner of Hut 3 and walk down the short gravel path to Hut 2. It was a good spot to choose - Hut 2 is where the electricians work, and they’re generally focussed on what they’re doing. They don’t often come outside to smoke a cigarette so it’s easy to slip past the doorway unnoticed.

• Check inside (turn to 1230)

• Go around the back (turn to 4979)

**692**

“No. I have no idea.”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 4956)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2652)

• Lie (turn to 4956)

• Evade (turn to 1007)

**693**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 1911)

• Find something to help (turn to 4774)

**694**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2146)

• Something else (turn to 2913)

**695**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 2136)

• Shrug (turn to 3139)

**696**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 4054)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3911)

**697**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 485)

• No (turn to 1843)

• Lie (turn to 1843)

**698**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2721)

• Something else (turn to 2668)

**699**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3298)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 2020)

**700**

I shrug, eloquently.

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 971)

**701**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3205)

• No (turn to 5012)

• Lie (turn to 5012)

**702**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3015)

• Something else (turn to 4838)

**703**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2984)

**704**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3627)

• No (turn to 4626)

• Lie (turn to 4626)

**705**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1170)

• Try the door (turn to 1353)

• Smash the window (turn to 2106)

**706**

• The jacket (turn to 2593)

**707**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 57)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1376)

**708**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 2788)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 3747)

• "You're right." (turn to 4990)

**709**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. I’ve cracked him a little at least. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3779)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 1730)

**710**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3408)

• Leave it (turn to 1833)

**711**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 3744)

**712**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 2471)

• Wait (turn to 3413)

**713**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 1124)

• Wait (turn to 4624)

**714**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

In truth, it is men like Harris who are complex, not men like me. I live to make things ordered, systematic. I like my pencils sharpened and lined up in a row. I do not deal in difficult borders, or uncertainties, or alliances. If I could, I would reduce the world to something easier to understand, something finite. But of course, I cannot, not even here, in this little micro-world, this safe haven from the horrors of the war.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 3239)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 4070)

**715**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 1784)

• No (turn to 3625)

• Evade (turn to 4104)

• That's not it (turn to 2687)

**716**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 1207)

• Shrug (turn to 3987)

**717**

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 3060)

• "You're right." (turn to 1567)

**718**

“I’m not saying anything of the sort,” I snap back. “What is this, Harris? You’re accusing me of treachery but I don’t see a shred of evidence for it! Why don’t you put your cards on the table?”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 3507)

• Disagree (turn to 623)

• Lie (turn to 3403)

**719**

“Right now, I think you take that role, Harris,” I reply coolly.

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3125)

• Be dismissive (turn to 3385)

• Say nothing (turn to 4884)

**720**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4699)

• Stay silent (turn to 1906)

• Confess (turn to 3221)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 4423)

**721**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 4326)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1420)

**722**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 3026)

• Wait (turn to 4763)

**723**

“Of course I do,” I answer.

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2024)

• "I don't." (turn to 2955)

• Lie (turn to 2955)

• Evade (turn to 780)

**724**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 76)

• No (turn to 1650)

• Lie (turn to 3637)

**725**

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 4225)

**726**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 4813)

• Oppose him (turn to 2105)

• Dismiss him (turn to 2841)

**727**

“I’m sure you’ve handled worse,” I reply casually, looking him straight in the eye.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“There really isn’t any time to be wasted,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 3725)

• No (turn to 900)

• Evade (turn to 4554)

• Lie (turn to 900)

**728**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 1804)

**729**

“For God’s sake,” I answer, voice quivering. “I’m no traitor.”

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2261)

• "I don't." (turn to 3914)

• Lie (turn to 3914)

• Evade (turn to 2893)

**730**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2650)

**731**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 40)

• Something else (turn to 5031)

**732**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 2759)

• Put the cup down (turn to 1404)

**733**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3698)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4493)

**734**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4824)

• The pillow (turn to 3857)

• Something else (turn to 654)

**735**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 104)

• Something else (turn to 3942)

**736**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2242)

• No (turn to 4112)

• Lie (turn to 4112)

**737**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 4077)

• Don't explain (turn to 609)

• Lie (turn to 1738)

• Evade (turn to 1109)

**738**

“I can imagine how being surrounded by clever men is pretty threatening for you, Commander,” I reply with a sneer. “They don’t train you to think in the Armed Forces.”

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1946)

• Blame someone (turn to 3032)

**739**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 3367)

**740**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 4824)

• Something else (turn to 380)

**741**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 135)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**742**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3072)

• Confess (turn to 3115)

• Stay silent (turn to 1135)

**743**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 4348)

• Try the windows (turn to 4340)

**744**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 4700)

• Disagree (turn to 3603)

• Evade (turn to 4904)

**745**

“All right.” With a sigh, your defiance collapses."If you’re searched my things then I suppose you’ve found my letters. Haven’t you? In fact, if you haven’t, don’t tell me.

Harris nods once. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2271)

• Disagree (turn to 769)

• Lie (turn to 1549)

**746**

“This proves nothing,” I reply stubbornly. “You still don’t have the component and without it, I don’t see what you can hope to prove.”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 120)

• No (turn to 678)

• Lie (turn to 678)

• Evade (turn to 4750)

**747**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 2220)

• Evade (turn to 817)

**748**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2521)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2849)

• Lie (turn to 5001)

**749**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4764)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4262)

**750**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 1243)

• Don't confess (turn to 1577)

**751**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 1494)

• Find something to help (turn to 4366)

**752**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 1935)

• Look for another opening (turn to 2142)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 662)

**753**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 737)

• "I don't." (turn to 1395)

• Lie (turn to 1395)

• Evade (turn to 621)

**754**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. I’ve cracked him a little at least. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 1399)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 2579)

**755**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2242)

• No (turn to 262)

• Lie (turn to 262)

**756**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 3548)

• Wait (turn to 4688)

**757**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 3329)

• The blanket (turn to 2624)

• Something else (turn to 1834)

**758**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 822)

• No, some other way (turn to 4106)

**759**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3703)

• Leave it (turn to 2936)

**760**

I open my mouth to disagree, but somehow the words will not come out. It is like Harris has taken a screwdriver to the sides of my jaw. My tongue feels thick and heavy.

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3181)

• That's not it (turn to 4095)

**761**

“Someone threw this in through the window over night,” I reply, and open my jacket to reveal the component from the Bombe. “I couldn’t see who, it was too dark. But I know what it is.”

He reaches out and takes it. “Well, I’ll be damned,” he murmurs. “That’s it all right. And you didn’t have it on you when we put you in here. But it can’t have been Hooper - I had men watching him all night. And there’s no-one else it could have been.”

He turns the component over in his hands, bemused.

• Suggest something (turn to 4842)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 1056)

**762**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 3811)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1463)

**763**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3807)

• Smash the window (turn to 2901)

• Wait (turn to 4763)

**764**

“I imagine I’ll smell worse after another couple of days of this.”

“That won’t be necessary. We found the missing component. Or rather, Hooper found it for us. He snuck out of his tent first thing in the morning and retrieved it from on top. Of all the damnest places - you would never have known it was there. He acted all surprised about it when we jumped him, of course, as you might expect - but it was good enough for me.”

• Be glad (turn to 2966)

• Be dismissive (turn to 4313)

**765**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3787)

• Try the door (turn to 141)

• Try the windows (turn to 3840)

**766**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2242)

• No (turn to 4112)

• Lie (turn to 4112)

**767**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4627)

• Try the door (turn to 2702)

• Smash the window (turn to 6)

**768**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1400)

• The blanket (turn to 1027)

• Something else (turn to 4394)

**769**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 123)

• Blame someone (turn to 4671)

**770**

I have in my head to blame Hooper, but somehow I cannot find a way to tell the story. Whatever they put in my tea, it has control of my tongue. Fighting as hard as I can, it does no good. I find myself collapsing, desperate to tell him everything, almost weeping with the shame of it.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2781)

• No (turn to 1947)

• Lie (turn to 91)

**771**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3501)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 1822)

• Lie (turn to 3501)

• Evade (turn to 1706)

**772**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 3683)

• Deny doing it (turn to 3733)

**773**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3289)

• No (turn to 1893)

• Evade (turn to 2496)

• That's not it (turn to 4461)

**774**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

In truth, it is men like Harris who are complex, not men like me. I live to make things ordered, systematic. I like my pencils sharpened and lined up in a row. I do not deal in difficult borders, or uncertainties, or alliances. If I could, I would reduce the world to something easier to understand, something finite. But of course, I cannot, not even here, in this little micro-world, this safe haven from the horrors of the war.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 2497)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 894)

**775**

I head on around the back of the hut. The breeze-block with the cavity is on the left side.

• Check (turn to 4557)

• Look around (turn to 2416)

**776**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 552)

**777**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3175)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**778**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 3026)

• Wait (turn to 566)

**779**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2315)

• Try the door (turn to 2537)

• Try the windows (turn to 3153)

**780**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component.”

“Well, as soon as it went missing the machine started to malfunction. We recognised the discrepancies in our results straight away...”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 4569)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2075)

• Lie (turn to 4569)

• Evade (turn to 640)

**781**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1288)

• "I don't." (turn to 2395)

• Lie (turn to 2395)

• Evade (turn to 3930)

**782**

“I can imagine how being surrounded by clever men is pretty threatening for you, Commander,” I reply with a sneer. “They don’t train you to think in the Armed Forces.”

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4945)

• Blame someone (turn to 4728)

**783**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 2484)

• Wait (turn to 904)

**784**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 3398)

• Don't confess (turn to 4844)

**785**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 1235)

• Listen at the door (turn to 4148)

• Wait (turn to 2515)

**786**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But you’re not my priest and I’m not yours. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 1665)

• Blame someone (turn to 121)

**787**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 3432)

• The blanket (turn to 3713)

• The pillow (turn to 2682)

• Something else (turn to 1385)

**788**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3232)

• The pillow (turn to 4769)

• Something else (turn to 93)

**789**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 3367)

**790**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 2883)

• Deny it (turn to 1987)

**791**

“I’m sure I saw him this evening, talking to someone by the fence on the woodland side of the compound. He’s probably passed it on already. You’ll have to ask him.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 3561)

**792**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 4518)

• Listen at the door (turn to 4632)

• Wait (turn to 4030)

**793**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 4693)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 4686)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 1265)

**794**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4510)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2424)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4510)

• Lie (turn to 2424)

**795**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 758)

• Look for another opening (turn to 4437)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 4645)

**796**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 4775)

• Try the windows (turn to 4194)

**797**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 3900)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 3990)

**798**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3156)

• Leave it (turn to 1744)

**799**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 4880)

• No (turn to 718)

• Evade (turn to 2699)

• That's not it (turn to 4835)

**800**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 1212)

• Find something to help (turn to 872)

**801**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 1625)

• Deny doing it (turn to 3285)

**802**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 3061)

• The blanket (turn to 3232)

• Something else (turn to 2673)

**803**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1169)

**804**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3072)

• Stay silent (turn to 1135)

• Confess (turn to 2169)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 1323)

**805**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4955)

• The blanket (turn to 3232)

• The pillow (turn to 802)

• Something else (turn to 2673)

**806**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4556)

• Blame someone (turn to 3702)

**807**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

Perhaps Hooper is there, in the dark, trying to help me after all?

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1598)

**808**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2330)

• The pillow (turn to 4748)

• Something else (turn to 4363)

**809**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 1855)

• No (turn to 622)

• Lie (turn to 3925)

• Evade (turn to 2704)

**810**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2506)

• Try the door (turn to 2073)

• Try the windows (turn to 816)

**811**

I pause for a moment longer. It doesn’t do to be too careless...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the broken window. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’ll never know if I hadn’t have waited that extra moment - maybe I still could have got away. But, how far?

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 1013)

• Lie (turn to 3424)

• Evade (turn to 2691)

**812**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 4054)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 8)

**813**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 400)

• Disagree (turn to 2642)

• Lie (turn to 4620)

**814**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component.”

“Well, as soon as it went missing the machine started to malfunction. We recognised the discrepancies in our results straight away...”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2370)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2470)

• Lie (turn to 2370)

• Evade (turn to 498)

**815**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 2038)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 313)

**816**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3297)

• Try the door (turn to 3029)

• Smash the window (turn to 1362)

**817**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 1061)

• Oppose him (turn to 4930)

• Dismiss him (turn to 3266)

**818**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 964)

• Be disinterested (turn to 929)

**819**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

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• Agree (turn to 4190)

• Disagree (turn to 364)

• Lie (turn to 2487)

**820**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 731)

• The blanket (turn to 40)

• Something else (turn to 5031)

**821**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 52)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 4426)

**822**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 365)

**823**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 2611)

• Deny it (turn to 1500)

**824**

“Yes. Probably under my bunk.”

Harris smiles wryly. “We’ll know that for a fake, then. We’ve looked there already. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 1582)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 4879)

**825**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 3078)

**826**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3468)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2414)

**827**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 3123)

• Look around for something (turn to 3646)

**828**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 3492)

• Try the windows (turn to 589)

**829**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 3875)

• Look for another opening (turn to 1896)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 1997)

**830**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 2800)

• The jacket (turn to 2565)

**831**

“Yes.”

Harris smiles with satisfaction, as if your willingness to talk was somehow a result of his clever techniques.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 1192)

• Say nothing (turn to 2300)

**832**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3276)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4933)

**833**

“We’ll fool him. He’s waiting to be sure that I’ve been strung up for this, so let’s give him what he wants. If he sees me taken away, clapped in irons - he’ll go straight to that component and set about getting rid of it.”

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 1780)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 2982)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 2219)

**834**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 4039)

**835**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 1321)

• Shrug (turn to 3730)

**836**

“I’m suggesting you save your own skin. I’ve wrapped that component in one of your shirts, Hooper. They’ll be searching this place top to bottom. They’ll find it eventually, and when they do, that’s the thing that will swing it against you. So take my advice now.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2122)

**837**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3670)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 213)

**838**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 3164)

• Be cold (turn to 3735)

**839**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 873)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1376)

**840**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 439)

**841**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 1372)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 645)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4524)

**842**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 1853)

**843**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 1189)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 3558)

**844**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 4740)

**845**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2889)

• Something else (turn to 3982)

**846**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 3292)

• Wait (turn to 4763)

**847**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 1895)

• Don't confess (turn to 2961)

**848**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 3077)

• The blanket (turn to 183)

• Something else (turn to 3445)

**849**

“I don’t know what I’m suggesting. I don’t understand what’s going on.”

“But of course you do.” Harris narrows his eyes. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1288)

• "I don't." (turn to 1101)

• Lie (turn to 1101)

• Evade (turn to 3930)

**850**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3809)

• Try the window (turn to 1273)

**851**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 1964)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 2688)

• Escape the compound (turn to 3333)

**852**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 3123)

• Look around for something (turn to 2336)

**853**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2528)

• No (turn to 892)

• Lie (turn to 892)

**854**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 1734)

• Find something to help (turn to 2796)

**855**

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 2987)

• "You're right." (turn to 1284)

**856**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 3069)

**857**

“Listen to me, Hooper. We were the only men in that hut today, so we know what happened. But I want you to know this. I put the component inside a breeze-block in the foundations of Hut 2, wrapped in one of your shirts. They’re going to find it eventually, and that’s going to be what tips the balance. And there’s nothing you can do to stop any of that from happening.”

His eyes bulge with terror. “What did I do, to you? What did I ever do?”

• Tell the truth (turn to 2857)

• Lie (turn to 1703)

• Evade (turn to 3027)

**858**

“I saw him take it,” I reply, stubbornly. “Collins and Humph were outside having a cigarette, I think. The other two men were at the table. But I was at the front of the machine. I saw Hooper go around the side, and lean down, and pull something free. I even challenged him on it. I said, ‘What’s that? Someone put a nail through somewhere they shouldn’t have?’ He didn’t reply.”

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 3294)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 2625)

**859**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 1507)

• Find something to help (turn to 4778)

**860**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 3082)

• Oppose him (turn to 244)

• Dismiss him (turn to 2109)

**861**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 4039)

**862**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3272)

**863**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 95)

• Try the windows (turn to 4235)

**864**

From inspiration - or desperation, I am not certain - a simple approach occurs to me. I toss the component away into the bushes behind Hooper’s tent and return to my barrack, wishing myself a long sleep followed by a morning, free of this business.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2225)

**865**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 3292)

• Wait (turn to 4763)

**866**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 157)

• Something else (turn to 1450)

**867**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 1467)

• The jacket (turn to 3837)

**868**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 932)

• Try the windows (turn to 5008)

**869**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 3370)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4439)

• Plead with him (turn to 1375)

**870**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1684)

• "I don't." (turn to 2850)

• Lie (turn to 2850)

• Evade (turn to 4532)

**871**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 4427)

• "I don't." (turn to 3819)

• Lie (turn to 3819)

• Evade (turn to 1930)

**872**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3810)

• The jacket (turn to 4996)

• The bucket (turn to 417)

**873**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 3890)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 1195)

**874**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1006)

• No (turn to 4626)

• Lie (turn to 4626)

**875**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2243)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2921)

• Lie (turn to 1554)

**876**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 449)

• Don't explain (turn to 2617)

• Lie (turn to 4125)

• Evade (turn to 3262)

**877**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 1639)

• Smash the window (turn to 1362)

**878**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 5035)

• No (turn to 941)

**879**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3298)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3666)

**880**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 2439)

• Lie (turn to 2439)

• Evade (turn to 2150)

**881**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 4985)

**882**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 517)

• Smash the window (turn to 3894)

• Wait (turn to 3515)

**883**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 1249)

• Bargain with him (turn to 3824)

• Plead with him (turn to 4860)

**884**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2889)

• Something else (turn to 3279)

**885**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2338)

• Something else (turn to 2476)

**886**

“I climbed out of the window overnight,” I explain. “I went and got this from where it was hidden, and brought it back here.”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 1959)

**887**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 2471)

• Wait (turn to 1776)

**888**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3474)

• No (turn to 1412)

• Lie (turn to 2046)

**889**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3015)

• Something else (turn to 2641)

**890**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2064)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**891**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 1124)

• Wait (turn to 904)

**892**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4510)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4065)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4510)

• Lie (turn to 4065)

**893**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2902)

• No (turn to 1580)

• Lie (turn to 3257)

**894**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 1683)

**895**

“I don’t know what I’m suggesting. I don’t understand what’s going on.”

“But of course you do.” Harris narrows his eyes. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2312)

• "I don't." (turn to 1543)

• Lie (turn to 1543)

• Evade (turn to 1531)

**896**

“I’m fine,” I reply. “This is all some misunderstanding and the quicker we have it cleared up the better.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” And then he comes right out with it, with an accusation. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 831)

• "I don't." (turn to 2899)

• Lie (turn to 2899)

• Evade (turn to 1509)

**897**

I will have to leave that question for another day. To return there now, when they’re probably watching my every step, would be suicide. After all, if Hooper followed my clue, he will have explained it to them to save his neck. They won’t believe him - but they won’t quite disbelieve him either. We’re locked in a cycle now, him and me, of half-truth and probability. There’s nothing either of us can do to put the other entirely into blame.

Nothing, that is, except to act as if there is no game being played. I’ll have a bath, then start work as normal. I’ve got a week to find something to give my blackmailer. Something will turn up.

• Definitely (turn to 2478)

• Unlikely (turn to 3208)

• Lie (turn to 1423)

• Evade (turn to 1717)

**898**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 739)

• Something else (turn to 994)

**899**

“Perhaps the accomplice thought it was Hooper being kept in here. Maybe they saw the guard...”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 1465)

**900**

“No, I don’t. I’ve got work I should be doing tomorrow, and I need my rest...”

“Work that will be difficult for you to do, don’t you think?” Harris replies.

“They’ll have made a replacement by tomorrow,” I reply. “The war doesn’t stop over one missing reel.”

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2090)

• "I don't." (turn to 1701)

• Lie (turn to 1701)

• Evade (turn to 2786)

**901**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 2801)

• Wait (turn to 1865)

**902**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 2711)

**903**

I will have to leave that question for another day. To return there now, when they’re probably watching my every step, would be suicide. After all, if Hooper understood my clue, he will have explained it to them to save his neck. They won’t believe him - but they won’t quite disbelieve him either. We’re locked in a cycle now, him and me, of half-truth and probability. There’s nothing either of us can do to put the other entirely into blame.

Nothing, that is, except to act as if there is no game being played. I’ll have a bath, then start work as normal. I’ve got a week to find something to give my blackmailer. Something will turn up.

• Definitely (turn to 2478)

• Unlikely (turn to 3208)

• Lie (turn to 1423)

• Evade (turn to 1717)

**904**

It’s useless. There’s nothing I can do but hope. I sit down on one corner of the bunk to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 4022)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1029)

• Wait (turn to 2915)

**905**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 381)

**906**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1461)

• Smash the window (turn to 3292)

• Wait (turn to 566)

**907**

I lift the cup and take a sip, staring him hard in the eye as I do so. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 4224)

• Disagree (turn to 607)

• Evade (turn to 607)

**908**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 3974)

• Be disinterested (turn to 1846)

**909**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete. I only hope one of the others will be able to explain to him that the part I stole will mean nothing to the Germans.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 574)

• No (turn to 2180)

• Lie (turn to 2324)

• Evade (turn to 2686)

**910**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 4583)

• Don't confess (turn to 1546)

**911**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4712)

• No, that's not right (turn to 192)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4712)

• Lie (turn to 192)

**912**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 2329)

• Be cautious (turn to 2837)

**913**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 3622)

**914**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1916)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2075)

• Lie (turn to 1916)

• Evade (turn to 1175)

**915**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

The Commander holds the door for his superior, and follows him out. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 217)

**916**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 1439)

• Look around instead (turn to 4175)

**917**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 4170)

• Take a longer route (turn to 107)

**918**

“Perhaps the accomplice thought it was Hooper being kept in here. Maybe they saw the guard...”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 4946)

**919**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 4434)

• The blanket (turn to 1518)

• Something else (turn to 4034)

**920**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 976)

• The blanket (turn to 40)

• The pillow (turn to 820)

• Something else (turn to 5031)

**921**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 4932)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1229)

• Wait (turn to 1646)

**922**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 3548)

• Wait (turn to 4907)

**923**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 523)

• The blanket (turn to 3232)

• Something else (turn to 93)

**924**

“Yes.”

Harris smiles with satisfaction, as if your willingness to talk was somehow a result of his clever techniques.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 3617)

• Say nothing (turn to 1797)

**925**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3818)

• Smash the window (turn to 3292)

• Wait (turn to 4763)

**926**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4801)

• Smash the window (turn to 3589)

• Wait (turn to 4624)

**927**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2035)

**928**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3763)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**929**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4702)

• Wait (turn to 3204)

**930**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 3821)

**931**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 419)

• Try the door (turn to 2383)

• Try the windows (turn to 1022)

**932**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3107)

• Try the window (turn to 1216)

**933**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3763)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**934**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 1949)

• Disagree (turn to 56)

• Evade (turn to 208)

**935**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 349)

**936**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 95)

• Try the windows (turn to 4235)

**937**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 958)

• Find something to help (turn to 4970)

**938**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 852)

• Find something to help (turn to 2336)

**939**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 2542)

• Bargain with him (turn to 1669)

• Plead with him (turn to 191)

**940**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 4081)

• Deny doing it (turn to 1380)

• Show him the component (turn to 4721)

**941**

“No, Harris. I don’t think you can understand.”

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4442)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 4442)

**942**

• The jacket (turn to 502)

**943**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 235)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 4472)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 1707)

**944**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 4303)

**945**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 745)

• Evade (turn to 2511)

**946**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 2469)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 949)

**947**

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2364)

**948**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2493)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3919)

• Lie (turn to 2493)

• Evade (turn to 18)

**949**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 4640)

• Disagree (turn to 4875)

• Evade (turn to 3223)

**950**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3351)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 3975)

**951**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 2060)

• Find something to help (turn to 3495)

**952**

This battle will be one of misinformation, just as the war raging in Europe and over British skies is more one of plans and messages and interceptions than it is of bullets, guns and planes. My only hope is create a story they prefer to the truth.

They leave me plenty of time to lay my plans. Half an hour goes by before Commander Harris returns to the hut. He seems careful to leave the door open only for a moment, as if worried a loose word or two might slip inside.

He’s brought two cups of tea in metal mugs: he sets them down on the tabletop between us.

“Well then,” he begins, a little awkwardly. This is an unseemly situation, it would be appear. He pushes one cup halfway towards me. A small gesture of friendship. Is that enough to give me some hope?

• Take it (turn to 256)

• Don't take it (turn to 113)

**953**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my shoe and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 4790)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 1748)

**954**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 4706)

• No (turn to 3647)

• Lie (turn to 4706)

**955**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 2385)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3114)

**956**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 1679)

• Dissuade (turn to 1071)

• Evade (turn to 1572)

• Say nothing (turn to 4760)

**957**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 470)

**958**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 663)

• Look around for something (turn to 4970)

**959**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 934)

**960**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1042)

• Blame someone (turn to 2696)

**961**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1125)

• The pillow (turn to 3036)

• Something else (turn to 137)

**962**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 3836)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**963**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 1874)

**964**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4702)

• Wait (turn to 3204)

**965**

“You’re the one applying pressure here,” I answer somewhat miserably. “I’m just waiting until you tell me what is really going on.”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2049)

• Disagree (turn to 1292)

• Lie (turn to 202)

**966**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 2311)

• Blame someone (turn to 2051)

**967**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2033)

• The blanket (turn to 2330)

• Something else (turn to 4363)

**968**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give the young man who put me in this spot to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 488)

• No (turn to 622)

• Lie (turn to 3925)

• Evade (turn to 2704)

**969**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4278)

• Wait (turn to 1858)

**970**

I pause for a moment longer. It doesn’t do to be too careless...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the broken window. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’ll never know if I hadn’t have waited that extra moment - maybe I still could have got away. But, how far?

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 2444)

• Lie (turn to 3935)

• Evade (turn to 3251)

**971**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 1857)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1985)

**972**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 4348)

• Try the windows (turn to 4340)

**973**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 3504)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 3094)

**974**

“You’re right. Let me talk to him, then. As a colleague. Maybe I can get something useful out of him.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 843)

• "You're right." (turn to 4990)

**975**

“I’ve thought so before.” Certainly in the matter of getting blackmailed.

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 2840)

• Be dismissive (turn to 4857)

• Say nothing (turn to 2097)

**976**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 40)

• The pillow (turn to 2852)

• Something else (turn to 5031)

**977**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 3433)

• Look around for something (turn to 1313)

**978**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 3986)

• No (turn to 1019)

• Lie (turn to 3986)

**979**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 2783)

• Don't confess (turn to 128)

**980**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 1024)

• Look for another opening (turn to 4749)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 253)

**981**

I shrug, eloquently.

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 197)

**982**

“So he’s an idiot, and he hid it in his shoe.”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3047)

**983**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 680)

• Smash the window (turn to 2284)

**984**

“Yes. Probably under my bunk.”

Harris smiles wryly. “We’ll know that for a fake, then. We’ve looked there already. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 1154)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 2337)

**985**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3995)

• The pillow (turn to 2880)

• Something else (turn to 2690)

**986**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 552)

**987**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 2013)

• Dissuade (turn to 1002)

• Evade (turn to 4393)

• Say nothing (turn to 868)

**988**

“We don’t have to believe anyone,” Harris replies sternly. “I intend to know the truth and be happy with nothing else. Right now, your story doesn’t hold water. It doesn’t tie up. We know you’ve been leaving yourself open to accusations. We’ve been watching your activities for some time. But we thought you were endangering the reputation of this site with the Government; not risking the country herself. Perhaps I put too much trust in your intellectual pride.”

He pauses for a moment, considering something. Then he continues:

“It might have been Hooper. It might have been you. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 204)

• Offer nothing (turn to 2405)

**989**

“Now steady on,” I reply, gesturing for him to calm himself.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4945)

• Blame someone (turn to 4728)

**990**

The weight of the Bombe component safely in my jacket, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 4834)

**991**

“Perhaps Hooper had an accomplice. Someone else who works on site.”

Harris shakes his head, distractedly. “That doesn’t make sense,” he says. “Why go to all the trouble of stealing it only to give it back? And why like this?”

• Suggest something (turn to 292)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 4076)

**992**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4268)

• Wait (turn to 671)

**993**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2459)

• Something else (turn to 161)

**994**

• The jacket (turn to 542)

• The bucket (turn to 3533)

**995**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4612)

• The pillow (turn to 3614)

• Something else (turn to 3448)

**996**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 1479)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3750)

**997**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 2906)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Give up (turn to 44)

**998**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2978)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4841)

• Lie (turn to 1585)

**999**

“Yes. I didn’t have long, but I had long enough. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 114)

**1000**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1159)

• The pillow (turn to 92)

• Something else (turn to 1885)

**1001**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 739)

• Something else (turn to 1652)

**1002**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 932)

• Try the windows (turn to 5008)

**1003**

“Quite terrible. I would never have guessed.”

“Well.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but its recovery does mean I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**1004**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 4674)

• The jacket (turn to 2368)

**1005**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2330)

• Something else (turn to 4508)

**1006**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2996)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 2996)

**1007**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 1045)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3008)

**1008**

“Then I’ll be going, on and getting on with my job of saving her, shall I?” I even rise half to my feet, before he slams the tabletop.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3452)

• Blame someone (turn to 1079)

**1009**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 1281)

• Dissuade (turn to 2959)

• Evade (turn to 4134)

• Say nothing (turn to 1073)

**1010**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4467)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3832)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4467)

• Lie (turn to 3832)

**1011**

“Someone threw this in through the window over night,” I reply, and open my jacket to reveal the component from the Bombe. “I couldn’t see who, it was too dark. But I know what it is.”

He reaches out and takes it. “Well, I’ll be damned,” he murmurs. “That’s it all right. And you didn’t have it on you when we put you in here. But it can’t have been Hooper - I had men watching him all night. And there’s no-one else it could have been.”

He turns the component over in his hands, bemused.

• Suggest something (turn to 221)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 700)

**1012**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 3026)

• Wait (turn to 4763)

**1013**

“Harris. They were blackmailing me. They knew about... certain indiscretions. You can understand, can’t you, Harris? I was in an impossible bind...”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 2620)

• No (turn to 2266)

• Lie (turn to 2266)

• Evade (turn to 4707)

**1014**

“Of my standing. My reputation.” I don’t like to talk of myself like this, but I carry on all the same. “Hooper simply can’t bear knowing that, once all this is over, I’ll be the one receiving the knighthood and he...”

“No-one will be getting a knighthood if the Germans invade,” Harris answers sharply. He casts a quick eye to the door of the Hut to check the latch is still down, then continues in more of a murmur: “Not you and not Hooper. Now answer me.” For the first time since the door closed, I wonder what the threat might be if I do *not*.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 737)

• "I don't." (turn to 3921)

• Lie (turn to 3921)

• Evade (turn to 1310)

**1015**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 1421)

**1016**

“I saw him take it,” I reply, stubbornly. “Collins and Humph were outside having a cigarette, I think. The other two men were at the table. But I was at the front of the machine. I saw Hooper go around the side, and lean down, and pull something free. I even challenged him on it. I said, ‘What’s that? Someone put a nail through somewhere they shouldn’t have?’ He didn’t reply.”

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 2994)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 3679)

**1017**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1576)

• No (turn to 3732)

• Lie (turn to 2554)

**1018**

“Trust me. He hasn’t. If I know that man, and I do, he’ll have wanted to keep his options open as long as possible. If the component’s gone then he’s committed and he’ll be hung for what he’s done. He’ll want to wait a week at least, make sure he’s escaped suspicion. And then he’ll pass it on.”

“And if we keep applying pressure to him, you think the component will eventually just turn up?”

• "Yes." (turn to 4489)

• "Or be thrown into the river." (turn to 1429)

**1019**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 3370)

• Bargain with him (turn to 2304)

• Plead with him (turn to 149)

**1020**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 3137)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 3215)

**1021**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1422)

• Blame someone (turn to 4449)

**1022**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4350)

• Try the door (turn to 4374)

• Smash the window (turn to 1124)

**1023**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 150)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 150)

**1024**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 959)

• No, some other way (turn to 2886)

**1025**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 1606)

• Take a longer route (turn to 4829)

**1026**

“I saw him take it,” I reply, stubbornly. “Collins and Humph were outside having a cigarette, I think. The other two men were at the table. But I was at the front of the machine. I saw Hooper go around the side, and lean down, and pull something free. I even challenged him on it. I said, ‘What’s that? Someone put a nail through somewhere they shouldn’t have?’ He didn’t reply.”

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 2776)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 154)

**1027**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 2066)

**1028**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3660)

• Something else (turn to 3503)

**1029**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps the component has been found and the crisis is over.

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 4239)

**1030**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 338)

• Disagree (turn to 3189)

• Evade (turn to 3895)

**1031**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 4373)

• Try the windows (turn to 4695)

**1032**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 813)

• No (turn to 3338)

• Evade (turn to 2490)

• That's not it (turn to 2454)

**1033**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 3024)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 1067)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 2905)

**1034**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 2311)

• Blame someone (turn to 2051)

**1035**

“Then I’ll be going, on and getting on with my job of saving her, shall I?” I even rise half to my feet, before he slams the tabletop.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 2481)

• Blame someone (turn to 305)

**1036**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 2576)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**1037**

“Perhaps Hooper had an accomplice. Someone else who works on site.”

Harris shakes his head, distractedly. “That doesn’t make sense,” he says. “Why go to all the trouble of stealing it only to give it back? And why like this?”

• Suggest something (turn to 918)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 4533)

**1038**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3766)

**1039**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4739)

• Try the windows (turn to 4657)

**1040**

• The jacket (turn to 4802)

• The bucket (turn to 5013)

**1041**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 99)

• "I don't." (turn to 4618)

• Lie (turn to 4618)

• Evade (turn to 2483)

**1042**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 704)

• No (turn to 1361)

• Lie (turn to 3874)

**1043**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 1287)

• Find something to help (turn to 152)

**1044**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 52)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 4426)

**1045**

I lift the cup and take a sip, staring him hard in the eye as I do so. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 252)

• Disagree (turn to 4906)

• Evade (turn to 4906)

**1046**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4098)

• Blame someone (turn to 46)

**1047**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 2182)

**1048**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3993)

**1049**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2057)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1522)

• Lie (turn to 2069)

**1050**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But I’ve done nothing to deserve this treatment. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2571)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**1051**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 237)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**1052**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 3931)

• Find something to help (turn to 2612)

**1053**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 3872)

**1054**

I suppose this must be what it feels like to have a conscience, then. Very well.

“Harris, sir. I don’t know what Hooper’s playing at, sir. But I can’t let him do this.”

“Do what?”

“Take the rope for this. I took it, sir.

The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might."

“I thought as much. I hadn’t expected you to give it out so easily, however. You understand, Hooper has said nothing, of course. In fact, he went to Hut 2 directly after we released him and uncovered the component. But he told us you had instructed him where to go. Hence my little double bluff. Frankly, I’ll be glad when I’m shot of the lot of you mathematicians.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 971)

**1055**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 3462)

• Be disinterested (turn to 2727)

**1056**

I shrug, eloquently.

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 2080)

**1057**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2506)

• Try the door (turn to 2795)

• Try the windows (turn to 1563)

**1058**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 2111)

**1059**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

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Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 1977)

• Try the door (turn to 3508)

• Try the windows (turn to 1811)

**1060**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3298)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 2020)

**1061**

“Now steady on,” I reply, gesturing for him to calm himself.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 505)

• Blame someone (turn to 2363)

**1062**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 1724)

**1063**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1305)

• Blame someone (turn to 3715)

**1064**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 1266)

• Shrug (turn to 3139)

**1065**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 3078)

**1066**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2781)

• No (turn to 1947)

• Lie (turn to 91)

**1067**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 4266)

• Dissuade (turn to 972)

• Evade (turn to 2108)

• Say nothing (turn to 4927)

**1068**

“Then you’d better get searching,” I reply, tiring of his complaining. *A war is a war, you have to expect an enemy.* “It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 4225)

**1069**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4845)

• Wait (turn to 4436)

**1070**

• The jacket (turn to 3281)

• The bucket (turn to 398)

**1071**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4902)

• Try the windows (turn to 153)

**1072**

I set the cup carefully down on the table once more. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 252)

• Disagree (turn to 4906)

• Evade (turn to 4906)

**1073**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 95)

• Try the windows (turn to 4235)

**1074**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 1699)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 3786)

**1075**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 2890)

• Bargain with him (turn to 1992)

• Plead with him (turn to 1672)

**1076**

“Right now, I think you take that role, Harris,” I reply coolly.

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3218)

• Be dismissive (turn to 1558)

• Say nothing (turn to 2945)

**1077**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 2734)

• Stay silent (turn to 1505)

• Show him the component (turn to 1244)

**1078**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1185)

• No (turn to 4455)

• Lie (turn to 4455)

• Evade (turn to 3681)

**1079**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“Did you?” The worst of his rage is passing; he is now moving into a kind of contemptuous despair. I can imagine him wrapping up our interview soon, leaving the hut, locking the door, and dropping the key down the well in the yard. And why wouldn’t he? With my name tarnished they will not let me back to work on the Bombe - if there is the slightest smell of treachery about my name I would be lucky not be locked up for the remainder of the war. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 1177)

• Persist with this (turn to 4565)

**1080**

It’s useless. There’s nothing I can do but hope. I sit down on one corner of the bunk to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 4586)

• Listen at the door (turn to 4372)

• Wait (turn to 2086)

**1081**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 1799)

**1082**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 2471)

• Wait (turn to 3413)

**1083**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. I should have realised, of course. These things don’t happen by chance. I was a fool to think they might. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 3334)

• No (turn to 2881)

• Lie (turn to 2881)

• Evade (turn to 1597)

**1084**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 2522)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 475)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**1085**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 1249)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4207)

• Plead with him (turn to 4481)

**1086**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 4775)

• Try the windows (turn to 4194)

**1087**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 4925)

**1088**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 2043)

**1089**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1492)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**1090**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 2267)

• Find something to help (turn to 2380)

**1091**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4153)

• Confess (turn to 2863)

• Stay silent (turn to 4151)

**1092**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 608)

• The jacket (turn to 4527)

**1093**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 773)

• Don't explain (turn to 962)

• Lie (turn to 4125)

• Evade (turn to 4617)

**1094**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3545)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4409)

**1095**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 198)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 974)

• "You're right." (turn to 4990)

**1096**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3210)

**1097**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 720)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 3130)

**1098**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 756)

**1099**

A neat idea strikes me. If I could place it on top of the canvas, somewhere in the middle where it would bow the cloth inwards, then it would be invisible to anyone passing by. But to Hooper, it would be above him: a shadow staring him in the face as he awoke. What could be more natural than getting up, coming out, and looking to see what had fallen on him during the night?

It’s the work of a moment. I was once an excellent bowler for the second XI back at school. This time I throw underarm, of course, but I still land the vital missing component exactly where I want it to go.

For a second I hold my breath, but nothing and no-one stirs. Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 801)

**1100**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4469)

• No (turn to 3883)

**1101**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 37)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2037)

• Lie (turn to 37)

• Evade (turn to 1231)

**1102**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 3696)

• The blanket (turn to 902)

• The pillow (turn to 4654)

• Something else (turn to 2107)

**1103**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 2595)

**1104**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3051)

• Blame someone (turn to 2696)

**1105**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 143)

• Put the cup down (turn to 2246)

**1106**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2619)

• Smash the window (turn to 1233)

• Wait (turn to 4688)

**1107**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 989)

• Oppose him (turn to 4836)

• Dismiss him (turn to 348)

**1108**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 2923)

• No (turn to 3034)

• Lie (turn to 3034)

• Evade (turn to 1295)

**1109**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2571)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**1110**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1364)

• Smash the window (turn to 3894)

• Wait (turn to 1649)

**1111**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2624)

• The pillow (turn to 1234)

• Something else (turn to 1834)

**1112**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 1814)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**1113**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3289)

• No (turn to 1893)

• Evade (turn to 2496)

• That's not it (turn to 4461)

**1114**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 4652)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1038)

**1115**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2261)

• "I don't." (turn to 3914)

• Lie (turn to 3914)

• Evade (turn to 2893)

**1116**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 999)

• No (turn to 569)

• Lie (turn to 569)

• Evade (turn to 4717)

**1117**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 827)

• Find something to help (turn to 3646)

**1118**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps the component has been found and the crisis is over.

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1345)

**1119**

“Now steady on,” I reply, gesturing for him to calm himself.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 2061)

• Blame someone (turn to 2363)

**1120**

“I don’t need twelve minutes. Here it is.”

I open my jacket and pull the Bombe component out of my pocket. Harris takes it from me, whistling, curious.

“Well, I’ll be. That’s it all right.”

“That’s it.”

“But you didn’t have it on you yesterday.”

• Explain (turn to 3425)

• Don't explain (turn to 3467)

**1121**

“When you have eliminated the impossible...” I begin, but Harris cuts me off.

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 4470)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 4866)

**1122**

I toss the component away into the bushes behind Hooper’s tent and return to my barrack, wishing myself a long sleep followed by a morning, free of this business.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 772)

**1123**

It won’t take a moment to settle the matter. I can justify a walk past Hut 2 as part of my morning stroll. It will be obvious in a moment if the component is still there.

On my way across the paddocks, between the huts and the House, I catch sight of young Miss Lyon, arriving for work on her bicycle. She giggles as she sees me and waves.

• Wave back (turn to 350)

• Ignore her (turn to 170)

**1124**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 14)

• Find something (turn to 1856)

• Use something you've got (turn to 4020)

**1125**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 3022)

**1126**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 560)

• The blanket (turn to 1027)

• The pillow (turn to 4347)

• Something else (turn to 4386)

**1127**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4317)

• No (turn to 4273)

• Lie (turn to 4273)

**1128**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1169)

**1129**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3220)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**1130**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1971)

• No (turn to 2589)

• Lie (turn to 4448)

**1131**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2)

• Try the door (turn to 4830)

• Smash the window (turn to 20)

**1132**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 3720)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 3086)

**1133**

“For God’s sake,” I answer, voice quivering. “I’m no traitor.”

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 99)

• "I don't." (turn to 4618)

• Lie (turn to 4618)

• Evade (turn to 2483)

**1134**

“I can imagine how being surrounded by clever men is pretty threatening for you, Commander,” I reply with a sneer. “They don’t train you to think in the Armed Forces.”

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 2074)

• Blame someone (turn to 4728)

**1135**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3461)

**1136**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 684)

• Be disinterested (turn to 3856)

**1137**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3995)

• Something else (turn to 4590)

**1138**

It’s useless. There’s nothing I can do but hope. I sit down on one corner of the bunk to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 4518)

• Listen at the door (turn to 4632)

• Wait (turn to 4030)

**1139**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3305)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 3305)

**1140**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 2552)

**1141**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 1618)

• "You're right." (turn to 2811)

**1142**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 419)

• Try the door (turn to 3023)

• Try the windows (turn to 4421)

**1143**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 2801)

• Wait (turn to 1080)

**1144**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my bucket and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 3737)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 2717)

**1145**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 1808)

• Stay silent (turn to 3178)

• Show him the component (turn to 4335)

**1146**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4203)

• Blame someone (turn to 46)

**1147**

Then pause. This is too transparent. Too blatant. If I leave it here, like this, Hooper will never be seen to go looking for it: he will stumble over it in plain sight, and the men watching will wonder why it was not there when he went to bed.

No, I must try something else - or nothing at all.

• On top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Throw the component into the long grass (turn to 864)

• Give up (turn to 3903)

**1148**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 4706)

• No (turn to 3647)

• Lie (turn to 4706)

**1149**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

The Commander holds the door for his superior, and follows him out. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1359)

**1150**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 3616)

• Dissuade (turn to 4312)

• Evade (turn to 34)

• Say nothing (turn to 2985)

**1151**

With my jacket wrapped round my arm, I sweep out the remaining shards of glass. It’s not a big window, but I’m not a big man. If I was Harris, I’d be stuffed, but as it is...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the broken window. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 1013)

• Lie (turn to 3424)

• Evade (turn to 2691)

**1152**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 3764)

**1153**

“And the other men? Do we have a hut each? Surely there aren’t enough senior officers to go round.”

“Collins and Humph were outside when the theft occurred. Everyone confirms that,” Harris replies. “That leaves you, Hooper, and the other two, who vouch for each other and frankly I’m inclined to believe them. But that’s all we know. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 1179)

• Offer nothing (turn to 403)

**1154**

“Then let him think he’s off the hook. Make a show of me. And then you’ll get your man.”

*Somehow*, I think. But that’s the part I need to work.

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 3607)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 3438)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 207)

**1155**

“No, I don’t. I’ve got work I should be doing tomorrow, and I need my rest...”

“Work that will be difficult for you to do, don’t you think?” Harris replies.

“They’ll have made a replacement by tomorrow,” I reply. “The war doesn’t stop over one missing reel.”

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1219)

• "I don't." (turn to 2171)

• Lie (turn to 2171)

• Evade (turn to 4752)

**1156**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my shoe and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 1862)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 2480)

**1157**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4370)

• No (turn to 1010)

• Lie (turn to 1010)

**1158**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1001)

• The blanket (turn to 739)

• Something else (turn to 1652)

**1159**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 2814)

**1160**

“When you have eliminated the impossible...” I begin, but Harris cuts me off.

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 1153)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 3174)

**1161**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 3894)

• Wait (turn to 1649)

**1162**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 1032)

• Disagree (turn to 2126)

• Evade (turn to 4452)

**1163**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3149)

• No (turn to 2361)

• Lie (turn to 2361)

**1164**

“Then I’ll be going, on and getting on with my job of saving her, shall I?” I even rise half to my feet, before he slams the tabletop.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 2074)

• Blame someone (turn to 4728)

**1165**

“No. I have no idea.”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 4784)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4160)

• Lie (turn to 4784)

• Evade (turn to 1792)

**1166**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 4755)

**1167**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 2679)

**1168**

“Of my standing. My reputation.” I’m aware of how arrogant I must sound but I plough on all the same. “Hooper simply can’t bear knowing that, once all this is over, I’ll be the one receiving the knighthood and he...”

“No-one will be getting a knighthood if the Germans invade,” Harris answers sharply. He casts a quick eye to the door of the Hut to check the latch is still down, then continues in more of a murmur: “Not you and not Hooper. Now answer me.” For the first time since the door closed, I wonder what the threat might be if I do *not*.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2344)

• "I don't." (turn to 2418)

• Lie (turn to 2418)

• Evade (turn to 4388)

**1169**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 2427)

• Be cold (turn to 3382)

**1170**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 68)

• Smash the window (turn to 2106)

**1171**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 4077)

• Don't explain (turn to 609)

• Lie (turn to 1738)

• Evade (turn to 1109)

**1172**

“No,” Harris declares, finally. “I think you’re lying about Hooper. I think you’re a clever, scheming young man - that’s why we hired you - and you’re looking for the only reasonable out this situation has to offer. But I’m not taking it. We know you were in the room with the machine, we know you’re of a perverted persuasion, we know you have compromised yourself. There’s nothing more to say here. Either you tell me what you’ve done with that component, or we will hang you and search just as hard. It’s your choice.”

He gets to his feet, and gathers his gloves from the table top.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3958)

• Confess (turn to 3186)

• Stay silent (turn to 1544)

**1173**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 2728)

• Don't explain (turn to 3768)

• Lie (turn to 1738)

• Evade (turn to 333)

**1174**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 749)

• "You're right." (turn to 575)

**1175**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3298)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3369)

**1176**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4592)

**1177**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 755)

• No (turn to 4103)

• Lie (turn to 1259)

**1178**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2035)

**1179**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 510)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 4916)

**1180**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1823)

• The pillow (turn to 4048)

• Something else (turn to 2872)

**1181**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 3596)

• Be disinterested (turn to 887)

**1182**

“No,” Harris declares, finally. “I think you’re lying about Hooper. I think you’re a clever, scheming young man - that’s why we hired you - and you’re looking for the only reasonable out this situation has to offer. But I’m not taking it. We know you were in the room with the machine, we know you’re of a perverted persuasion, we know you have compromised yourself. There’s nothing more to say here. Either you tell me what you’ve done with that component, or we will hang you and search just as hard. It’s your choice.”

He gets to his feet, and gathers his gloves from the table top.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4699)

• Confess (turn to 1676)

• Stay silent (turn to 1906)

**1183**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4130)

• No (turn to 4762)

• Lie (turn to 4762)

**1184**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 2509)

• Be disinterested (turn to 4720)

**1185**

“Yes. I didn’t have long, but I had long enough. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3136)

**1186**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 286)

• Dissuade (turn to 863)

• Evade (turn to 4134)

• Say nothing (turn to 1073)

**1187**

“If you’ll excuse me, Russell. I was about to take a bath.”

“Oh, of course. Well, you’ll hear soon enough. Can hardly hide the fact there’ll only be three of us from now on.”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 1123)

• Leave it (turn to 2172)

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**1188**

“I don’t know what I’m suggesting. I don’t understand what’s going on.”

“But of course you do.” Harris narrows his eyes. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1684)

• "I don't." (turn to 2489)

• Lie (turn to 2489)

• Evade (turn to 4532)

**1189**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 883)

• No (turn to 4542)

• Lie (turn to 883)

**1190**

“I don’t need twelve minutes. Here it is.”

I open my jacket and pull the Bombe component out of my pocket. Harris takes it from me, whistling, curious.

“Well, I’ll be. That’s it all right.”

“That’s it.”

“But you didn’t have it on you yesterday.”

• Explain (turn to 2834)

• Don't explain (turn to 4260)

**1191**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3604)

• That's not it (turn to 4288)

**1192**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 1472)

• That's not it (turn to 3042)

**1193**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2655)

• Something else (turn to 3324)

**1194**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3149)

• No (turn to 2361)

• Lie (turn to 2361)

**1195**

“We’ll fool him. He’s waiting to be sure that I’ve been strung up for this, so let’s give him what he wants. If he sees me taken away, clapped in irons - he’ll go straight to that component and set about getting rid of it.”

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 1590)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 2410)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 4431)

**1196**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1518)

• Something else (turn to 4034)

**1197**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1345)

**1198**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4678)

• The blanket (turn to 4953)

• The pillow (turn to 4661)

• Something else (turn to 4643)

**1199**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 3600)

**1200**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2869)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3366)

• Lie (turn to 5001)

**1201**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 3621)

• Blame someone (turn to 46)

**1202**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 57)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1376)

**1203**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 1387)

• The jacket (turn to 3381)

**1204**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 1280)

• Try the windows (turn to 535)

**1205**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 2799)

**1206**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 838)

**1207**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 873)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1376)

**1208**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 2375)

• Shrug (turn to 3950)

**1209**

“We don’t have to believe anyone,” Harris replies sternly. “I intend to know the truth and be happy with nothing else. Right now, your story doesn’t hold water. It doesn’t tie up. We know you’ve been leaving yourself open to accusations. We’ve been watching your activities for some time. But we thought you were endangering the reputation of this site with the Government; not risking the country herself. Perhaps I put too much trust in your intellectual pride.”

He pauses for a moment, considering something. Then he continues:

“It might have been Hooper. It might have been you. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 1487)

• Offer nothing (turn to 1346)

**1210**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 2293)

• No (turn to 2858)

• Lie (turn to 2858)

• Evade (turn to 2328)

**1211**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 276)

• Dissuade (turn to 3057)

• Evade (turn to 4393)

• Say nothing (turn to 868)

**1212**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 2464)

• Look around for something (turn to 872)

**1213**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 4697)

**1214**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 697)

• No (turn to 3435)

• Lie (turn to 2507)

**1215**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4739)

• Try the windows (turn to 4657)

**1216**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 658)

• Smash the window (turn to 3692)

• Wait (turn to 1138)

**1217**

I say nothing. It’s true, isn’t it? I can’t deny that I know there is a world out there, a complicated world of pain and suffering. And I can’t deny that I don’t think about it a moment longer than I have to. What use is thinking on a problem that cannot be solved? It is precisely our ability to avoid such endless spirals that makes us human and not machine.

“God have mercy on your soul,” Harris says finally, as he gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear no-one else will.” Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 821)

**1218**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 441)

• No (turn to 1819)

• Evade (turn to 4104)

• That's not it (turn to 4849)

**1219**

“Yes.”

Harris smiles with satisfaction, as if your willingness to talk was somehow a result of his clever techniques.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 1431)

• Say nothing (turn to 1356)

**1220**

“He never could be trusted. You should never have hired him. A below average intelligence can’t cope with the pressures in this place.”

Harris rolls his eyes, but he might almost be smiling. “You’d better get along, Mr Intelligent. There’s a 24-hour-out-of-date message to be tackled and we’re a genius short. So you’d better be ready to work twice as hard.”

• Thank him (turn to 3380)

• Argue with him (turn to 3851)

**1221**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 2773)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 2103)

• "You're right." (turn to 4990)

**1222**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4368)

• The blanket (turn to 2604)

• The pillow (turn to 2807)

• Something else (turn to 4534)

**1223**

It’s useless. There’s nothing I can do but hope. I sit down on one corner of the bunk to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 3891)

• Listen at the door (turn to 4632)

• Wait (turn to 4030)

**1224**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 4585)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1129)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**1225**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3649)

• No (turn to 1711)

• Lie (turn to 1711)

**1226**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3261)

• Something else (turn to 706)

**1227**

“He’s petty enough, certainly. He’s a creep.” I wipe a hand across my forehead. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 3256)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 1508)

• Lie (turn to 1508)

**1228**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 701)

• No (turn to 1232)

• Lie (turn to 3626)

**1229**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps the component has been found and the crisis is over.

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1598)

**1230**

I hop up the steps and put my head inside all the same. Nobody about. Still too early in the AM for sparks, I suppose.

I head on around the back of the hut. The breeze-block with the cavity is on the left side.

• Check (turn to 1844)

• Look around (turn to 4727)

**1231**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. I’ve cracked him a little at least. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3929)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4000)

**1232**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3205)

• No (turn to 5012)

• Lie (turn to 5012)

**1233**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 4967)

• Find something (turn to 1777)

• Use something you've got (turn to 1933)

**1234**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2624)

• Something else (turn to 1834)

**1235**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1722)

**1236**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 3437)

• The blanket (turn to 1370)

• The pillow (turn to 177)

• Something else (turn to 1512)

**1237**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 1238)

• Lie (turn to 1238)

• Evade (turn to 3519)

**1238**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 4867)

• Tell the truth (turn to 653)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**1239**

“For God’s sake,” I answer, voice quivering. “I’m no traitor.”

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 737)

• "I don't." (turn to 3921)

• Lie (turn to 3921)

• Evade (turn to 1310)

**1240**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 4270)

**1241**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 188)

• Take a longer route (turn to 2298)

**1242**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1214)

• Blame someone (turn to 172)

**1243**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 2190)

• Don't confess (turn to 1577)

**1244**

“I don’t need twelve minutes. Here it is.”

I open my jacket and pull the Bombe component out of my pocket. Harris takes it from me, whistling, curious.

“Well, I’ll be. That’s it all right.”

“That’s it.”

“But you didn’t have it on you yesterday.”

• Explain (turn to 886)

• Don't explain (turn to 3816)

**1245**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 4530)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 3801)

**1246**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 3796)

**1247**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 1336)

**1248**

I say quiet, listening, not sure how this will go.

“In case I’m not making myself clear,” Harris continues, “I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4079)

**1249**

“Listen to me, Hooper. We were the only men in that hut today, so we know what happened. But I want you to know this. I put the component inside a breeze-block in the foundations of Hut 2, wrapped in one of your shirts. They’re going to find it eventually, and that’s going to be what tips the balance. And there’s nothing you can do to stop any of that from happening.”

His eyes bulge with terror. “What did I do, to you? What did I ever do?”

• Tell the truth (turn to 432)

• Lie (turn to 1960)

• Evade (turn to 127)

**1250**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4765)

• No (turn to 617)

• Lie (turn to 617)

**1251**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2055)

• Smash the window (turn to 1124)

• Wait (turn to 904)

**1252**

But of course I will. Perhaps I can persuade them to put him in my cell.

“We recovered the part, just where you said it was,” Harris reports, as he puts the cuffs around my wrists. “Of course, a couple of the men swear blind they searched there yesterday, so I’m afraid, what with the broken window... we’ve formed a perfectly good theory which doesn’t bode well for you.”

“I see.” It doesn’t seem worth arguing any further. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“Certainly. And one of your computing things, if I get my way. And when we’re old, and smoking pipes together in The Rag like heroes, I’ll explain to you the way that decent men have affairs. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**1253**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1969)

• No (turn to 1719)

• Lie (turn to 4943)

**1254**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 1249)

• Bargain with him (turn to 3033)

• Plead with him (turn to 277)

**1255**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 419)

• Try the door (turn to 129)

• Try the windows (turn to 546)

**1256**

“No, I don’t. I’ve got work I should be doing tomorrow, and I need my rest...”

“Work that will be difficult for you to do, don’t you think?” Harris replies.

“They’ll have made a replacement by tomorrow,” I reply. “The war doesn’t stop over one missing reel.”

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1219)

• "I don't." (turn to 1897)

• Lie (turn to 1897)

• Evade (turn to 3151)

**1257**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 343)

• Be disinterested (turn to 3858)

**1258**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2754)

**1259**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2242)

• No (turn to 262)

• Lie (turn to 262)

**1260**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 4692)

**1261**

“We don’t have to believe anyone,” Harris replies sternly. “I intend to know the truth and be happy with nothing else. Right now, your story doesn’t hold water. It doesn’t tie up. We know you’ve been leaving yourself open to accusations. We’ve been watching your activities for some time. But we thought you were endangering the reputation of this site with the Government; not risking the country herself. Perhaps I put too much trust in your intellectual pride.”

He pauses for a moment, considering something. Then he continues:

“It might have been Hooper. It might have been you. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 4116)

• Offer nothing (turn to 725)

**1262**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 1974)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 2053)

**1263**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 2940)

• Disagree (turn to 2732)

• Evade (turn to 1817)

**1264**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my bucket and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 408)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 327)

**1265**

“Messy, without one missing cache!” I cry, laughing spitefully. It isn’t the best clue, hardly worthy of the Times, but it will have to do.

I only catch Hooper’s reaction for a moment - his eyebrow lifts in surprise and alarm. Good. If he thinks it is a threat then he just might be careless enough to go looking for what it might mean.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 4023)

• Dissuade (turn to 4147)

• Evade (turn to 3471)

• Say nothing (turn to 4780)

**1266**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3175)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**1267**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 993)

• The blanket (turn to 2459)

• Something else (turn to 161)

**1268**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3787)

• Try the door (turn to 141)

• Try the windows (turn to 3840)

**1269**

“No. I have no idea.”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1105)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2470)

• Lie (turn to 1105)

• Evade (turn to 2465)

**1270**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3205)

• No (turn to 4280)

• Lie (turn to 4280)

**1271**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 3330)

• "You're right." (turn to 2894)

**1272**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 374)

• Wait (turn to 1138)

**1273**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 713)

• Smash the window (turn to 1124)

• Wait (turn to 4624)

**1274**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 3876)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 3875)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**1275**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 274)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3707)

• Lie (turn to 5001)

**1276**

• The jacket (turn to 1624)

• The bucket (turn to 4337)

**1277**

• The jacket (turn to 3120)

**1278**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 3618)

• Take a longer route (turn to 2264)

**1279**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3015)

• The pillow (turn to 3056)

• Something else (turn to 2641)

**1280**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3346)

• Try the window (turn to 1501)

**1281**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 95)

• Try the windows (turn to 4235)

**1282**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2330)

• Something else (turn to 4508)

**1283**

“Trust me. He hasn’t. If I know that man, and I do, he’ll have wanted to keep his options open as long as possible. If the component’s gone then he’s committed and he’ll be hung for what he’s done. He’ll want to wait a week at least, make sure he’s escaped suspicion. And then he’ll pass it on.”

“And if we keep applying pressure to him, you think the component will eventually just turn up?”

• "Yes." (turn to 3690)

• "Or be thrown into the river." (turn to 2787)

**1284**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 1094)

**1285**

“So he’s an idiot, and he hid it in his shoe.”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2080)

**1286**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 2374)

**1287**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 3308)

• Look around for something (turn to 152)

**1288**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 2794)

• Don't explain (turn to 541)

• Lie (turn to 46)

• Evade (turn to 4926)

**1289**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 4318)

• The blanket (turn to 2583)

• Something else (turn to 1040)

**1290**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4512)

• Smash the window (turn to 2284)

• Wait (turn to 3515)

**1291**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1169)

**1292**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1350)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**1293**

“Trust me. He hasn’t. If I know that man, and I do, he’ll have wanted to keep his options open as long as possible. If the component’s gone then he’s committed and he’ll be hung for what he’s done. He’ll want to wait a week at least, make sure he’s escaped suspicion. And then he’ll pass it on.”

“And if we keep applying pressure to him, you think the component will eventually just turn up?”

• "Yes." (turn to 4264)

• "Or be thrown into the river." (turn to 4413)

**1294**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3300)

• The jacket (turn to 4694)

• The bucket (turn to 3066)

**1295**

“I don’t have it any more. I passed it through the fence to my contact straight after taking it, before it was discovered to be missing. It would have been idiocy to do differently. It’s long gone, I’m afraid.”

“You fool, Manning,” Harris curses, getting quickly to his feet. “You utter fool. Do you suppose you will be any better off living under Hitler? It’s men like you who will get us all killed. Men too feeble, too weak in their hearts to stand up and take a man’s responsibility for the world. You’re happier to stay a child all your life and play with your little childish toys.”

• Answer back (turn to 2761)

• Say nothing (turn to 3493)

**1296**

“I’m looking forward to having a wash and a change of clothes; which should make a little less evil to be around.”

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 2928)

• Be dismissive (turn to 266)

• Say nothing (turn to 2847)

**1297**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 1054)

• Don't confess (turn to 1927)

**1298**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 418)

**1299**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 4921)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**1300**

“I don’t see why,” I reply, looking him straight in the eye.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“There really isn’t any time to be wasted,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 1444)

• No (turn to 2887)

• Evade (turn to 4636)

• Lie (turn to 2887)

**1301**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 4938)

**1302**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3854)

• No (turn to 4788)

• Lie (turn to 4788)

**1303**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete. I only hope one of the others will be able to explain to him that the part I stole will mean nothing to the Germans.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 488)

• No (turn to 622)

• Lie (turn to 3925)

• Evade (turn to 2704)

**1304**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 667)

• Be cautious (turn to 4814)

**1305**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2376)

• No (turn to 3770)

• Lie (turn to 2918)

**1306**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 724)

• Blame someone (turn to 1384)

**1307**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 4152)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 4948)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1099)

**1308**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 1390)

• Be disinterested (turn to 1069)

**1309**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 3078)

**1310**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2762)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 1171)

• Lie (turn to 2762)

• Evade (turn to 3547)

**1311**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 1788)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2448)

**1312**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

Perhaps Hooper is there, in the dark, trying to help me after all?

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1331)

**1313**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 1755)

• The jacket (turn to 1470)

• The bucket (turn to 4889)

**1314**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 3370)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4439)

• Plead with him (turn to 1375)

**1315**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 2665)

• Don't explain (turn to 4222)

• Lie (turn to 2696)

• Evade (turn to 3853)

**1316**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1042)

• Blame someone (turn to 2696)

**1317**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 342)

• Accept it (turn to 2792)

• Evade it (turn to 2412)

**1318**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 4321)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 4521)

**1319**

“Damn right I’m sore. Was it one of the others who put you up to this? Was it Hooper? He’s always been jealous of me. He’s...”

The Commander moustache bristles as he purses his lips. “Has he now? Of your achievements, do you think?” It’s difficult not to shake the sense that he’s mocking me. “Or of your brain? Or something else?”

• "Of my genius." (turn to 3540)

• "Of my standing." (turn to 1014)

• Evade (turn to 335)

**1320**

“Awkward,” I reply, sipping at my tea as if we were the best of friends.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“I’m sorry to pull you up so roughly,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 1795)

• No (turn to 2937)

• Evade (turn to 1747)

• Lie (turn to 2937)

**1321**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 456)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 4690)

**1322**

“I’m sure you’ve handled worse,” I reply casually, sipping at my tea as if we were the best of friends.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“I’m sorry to pull you up so roughly,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 1795)

• No (turn to 2937)

• Evade (turn to 75)

• Lie (turn to 2937)

**1323**

“Look, I know where it is. The missing piece of the Bombe is in the long grasses behind Hooper’s tent. I saw him throw it there right after we finished work. He knew you’d scour the camp but I suppose he thought you’d more obvious places first. I suppose he was right about that. Look there. That *proves* his guilt.”

“That doesn’t prove anything,” Harris returns sharply. “But we’ll check what you say, all the same.” He gets to his feet and heads out of the door.

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1912)

**1324**

“I don’t see why,” I reply, sipping at my tea as if we were the best of friends.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“I’m sorry to pull you up so roughly,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 1795)

• No (turn to 2937)

• Evade (turn to 1747)

• Lie (turn to 2937)

**1325**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 2372)

• Disagree (turn to 3603)

• Evade (turn to 4904)

**1326**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1838)

• The pillow (turn to 461)

• Something else (turn to 3967)

**1327**

“We don’t have to believe anyone,” Harris replies sternly. “I intend to know the truth and be happy with nothing else. Right now, your story doesn’t hold water. It doesn’t tie up. We know you’ve been leaving yourself open to accusations. We’ve been watching your activities for some time. But we thought you were endangering the reputation of this site with the Government; not risking the country herself. Perhaps I put too much trust in your intellectual pride.”

He pauses for a moment, considering something. Then he continues:

“It might have been Hooper. It might have been you. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 4920)

• Offer nothing (turn to 403)

**1328**

“Then you know I’m right. You knew all along. Why did you threaten me?”

“We don’t know anything, except that we have a traitor, holding the fate of the country in their hands. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 162)

• Offer nothing (turn to 403)

**1329**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 362)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 4746)

**1330**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 1362)

• Wait (turn to 4907)

**1331**

Morning comes with the call of a rooster from the yard of the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up off the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

It’s not long after that Harris enters the hut. He closes the door behind him, careful as ever, then takes a chair across from me.

“You smell like a dog,” he remarks.

• Be optimistic (turn to 334)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 4055)

**1332**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 456)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 4690)

**1333**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. I’ve cracked him a little at least. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3929)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4000)

**1334**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2205)

• Tell the truth (turn to 933)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**1335**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4822)

• The blanket (turn to 3261)

• The pillow (turn to 2573)

• Something else (turn to 706)

**1336**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 3894)

• Wait (turn to 3515)

**1337**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 176)

• Something else (turn to 190)

**1338**

“Then let him think he’s off the hook. Make a show of me. And then you’ll get your man.”

*Somehow*, I think. But that’s the part I need to work.

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Especially since this is a plan that involves keeping you in handcuffs. I don’t see what I have to lose.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 2716)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 3881)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 793)

**1339**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 4515)

• Persist with this (turn to 1565)

**1340**

“Perhaps the accomplice thought it was Hooper being kept in here. Maybe they saw the guard...”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 114)

**1341**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2626)

• Something else (turn to 2477)

**1342**

“Of my standing. My reputation.” I’m aware of how arrogant I must sound but I plough on all the same. “Hooper simply can’t bear knowing that, once all this is over, I’ll be the one receiving the knighthood and he...”

“No-one will be getting a knighthood if the Germans invade,” Harris answers sharply. He casts a quick eye to the door of the Hut to check the latch is still down, then continues in more of a murmur: “Not you and not Hooper. Now answer me.” For the first time since the door closed, I wonder what the threat might be if I do *not*.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1684)

• "I don't." (turn to 2850)

• Lie (turn to 2850)

• Evade (turn to 4532)

**1343**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 794)

• No (turn to 126)

• Lie (turn to 126)

**1344**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete. I only hope one of the others will be able to explain to him that the part I stole will mean nothing to the Germans.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 1855)

• No (turn to 622)

• Lie (turn to 3925)

• Evade (turn to 2704)

**1345**

Morning comes with the call of a rooster from the yard of the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up off the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

It’s not long after that Harris enters the hut. He closes the door behind him, careful as ever, then takes a chair across from me.

“You smell like a dog,” he remarks.

• Be optimistic (turn to 2301)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1428)

**1346**

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 319)

**1347**

“All right.” I am beaten, after all. “The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. The Commander holds the door for his superior, and follows him out. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3765)

**1348**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1873)

• The blanket (turn to 2615)

• Something else (turn to 2822)

**1349**

There is nothing to be gained here. I have the component now; maybe it will be of some value tomorrow.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 3150)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

**1350**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2885)

• No (turn to 499)

• Lie (turn to 4952)

**1351**

“Of my standing. My reputation.” I’m aware of how arrogant I must sound but I plough on all the same. “Hooper simply can’t bear knowing that, once all this is over, I’ll be the one receiving the knighthood and he...”

“No-one will be getting a knighthood if the Germans invade,” Harris answers sharply. He casts a quick eye to the door of the Hut to check the latch is still down, then continues in more of a murmur: “Not you and not Hooper. Now answer me.” For the first time since the door closed, I wonder what the threat might be if I do *not*.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2312)

• "I don't." (turn to 1842)

• Lie (turn to 1842)

• Evade (turn to 1531)

**1352**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 1081)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1517)

**1353**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2882)

• Smash the window (turn to 2106)

• Wait (turn to 1865)

**1354**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 3009)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 1935)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**1355**

“Of course I do,” I answer.

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1495)

• "I don't." (turn to 692)

• Lie (turn to 692)

• Evade (turn to 4898)

**1356**

I fold my arms, intended firmly to say nothing. But somehow, watching Harris’ face, I cannot bring myself to do it. I want to confess. I want to tell him everything I can, to explain myself to him, to earn his forgiveness. The sensation is so strong my will is powerless in the face of it.

Something is wrong with me, I am sure of it. There is a strange, bitter flavour on my tongue. I taste it as words start to form.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3331)

• That's not it (turn to 4792)

**1357**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 1283)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 2319)

• "You're right." (turn to 1246)

**1358**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 3067)

• Find something to help (turn to 524)

**1359**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 2038)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 313)

**1360**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1518)

• Something else (turn to 1798)

**1361**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3627)

• No (turn to 4626)

• Lie (turn to 4626)

**1362**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 1840)

• Find something (turn to 4343)

• Use something you've got (turn to 2853)

**1363**

I have in my head to blame Hooper, but somehow I cannot find a way to tell the story. Whatever they put in my tea, it has control of my tongue. Fighting as hard as I can, it does no good. I find myself collapsing, desperate to tell him everything, almost weeping with the shame of it.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2104)

• No (turn to 3243)

• Lie (turn to 4476)

**1364**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 3894)

• Wait (turn to 1649)

**1365**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 2788)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 974)

• "You're right." (turn to 4990)

**1366**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2655)

• Something else (turn to 1276)

**1367**

“I’ve thought so before.”

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 2928)

• Be dismissive (turn to 266)

• Say nothing (turn to 2847)

**1368**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 1902)

• Lie (turn to 1902)

• Evade (turn to 3167)

**1369**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 303)

• No (turn to 1270)

• Lie (turn to 4435)

**1370**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 3367)

**1371**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 732)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3919)

• Lie (turn to 732)

• Evade (turn to 263)

**1372**

The weight of the Bombe component safely in my jacket, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 4451)

**1373**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 2718)

• Be disinterested (turn to 4040)

**1374**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4278)

• Wait (turn to 3236)

**1375**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 4385)

• Accept it (turn to 1868)

• Evade it (turn to 4011)

**1376**

I lean back. “It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 4983)

**1377**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 1182)

**1378**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 1278)

**1379**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 947)

**1380**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 721)

• Deny it (turn to 3095)

**1381**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 148)

**1382**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3684)

• No (turn to 3145)

• Evade (turn to 965)

• That's not it (turn to 2114)

**1383**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 4936)

• Find something to help (turn to 3102)

**1384**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Persist with this (turn to 3598)

• Tell the truth (turn to 307)

**1385**

• The jacket (turn to 3383)

**1386**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 3947)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2848)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3947)

• Lie (turn to 2848)

**1387**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1111)

• The blanket (turn to 2624)

• The pillow (turn to 757)

• Something else (turn to 1834)

**1388**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3287)

• No (turn to 1758)

• Lie (turn to 1250)

**1389**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3072)

• Stay silent (turn to 1135)

• Confess (turn to 2169)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 1323)

**1390**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4845)

• Wait (turn to 4436)

**1391**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 4992)

• The jacket (turn to 3182)

• The bucket (turn to 4438)

**1392**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 2484)

• Wait (turn to 4624)

**1393**

“Of my genius. Hooper simply can’t stand that I’m cleverer than he is. We work so closely together, cooped up in that Hut all day. It drives him to distraction. To worse.”

“You’re suggesting Hooper would sabotage this country’s future simply to spite you?” Harris chooses his words like the military man he is, each lining up to create a ring around me.

• Yes (turn to 585)

• No (turn to 3709)

• Evade (turn to 2577)

**1394**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2615)

• Something else (turn to 2822)

**1395**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3870)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 1171)

• Lie (turn to 3870)

• Evade (turn to 1096)

**1396**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 2823)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 1515)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 503)

**1397**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3599)

• The pillow (turn to 3193)

• Something else (turn to 2345)

**1398**

I lean back. “It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 3345)

**1399**

I lift the cup and take a sip, staring him hard in the eye as I do so. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 2472)

• Disagree (turn to 760)

• Evade (turn to 760)

**1400**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1027)

• Something else (turn to 4394)

**1401**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 4815)

• The jacket (turn to 825)

**1402**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 4105)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4600)

• Lie (turn to 4105)

• Evade (turn to 699)

**1403**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 2385)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3011)

**1404**

I set the cup carefully down on the table once more. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 4224)

• Disagree (turn to 607)

• Evade (turn to 607)

**1405**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 2045)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2151)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2045)

• Lie (turn to 2151)

**1406**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 4863)

**1407**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1877)

• Tell the truth (turn to 311)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**1408**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 4676)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 4746)

**1409**

“You treated me like vermin. Like something abhorrent.”

“You are something abhorrent.”

“I wasn’t. Not when I came here. And I won’t be, once you’re gone.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2122)

**1410**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4505)

**1411**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3588)

• No (turn to 1023)

• Lie (turn to 1023)

**1412**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4370)

• No (turn to 579)

• Lie (turn to 579)

**1413**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3298)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3666)

**1414**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 4054)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3911)

**1415**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4702)

• Wait (turn to 1575)

**1416**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 794)

• No (turn to 1991)

• Lie (turn to 1991)

**1417**

“I saw him take it,” I reply, stubbornly. “Collins and Humph were outside having a cigarette, I think. The other two men were at the table. But I was at the front of the machine. I saw Hooper go around the side, and lean down, and pull something free. I even challenged him on it. I said, ‘What’s that? Someone put a nail through somewhere they shouldn’t have?’ He didn’t reply.”

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 1153)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 3174)

**1418**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 1074)

• Deny doing it (turn to 689)

• Show him the component (turn to 4577)

**1419**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4360)

• The blanket (turn to 3660)

• The pillow (turn to 268)

• Something else (turn to 2803)

**1420**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4699)

• Stay silent (turn to 1906)

• Show him the component (turn to 4294)

**1421**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 3700)

• Take a longer route (turn to 2962)

**1422**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2170)

• No (turn to 2827)

• Lie (turn to 4075)

**1423**

In a week’s time, this whole affair will be in the past and quite forgotten. I’m quite sure of that.

I’ve more important problems to think about now. There’s still yesterday’s intercept to be resolved. The Bombe needs to be set up once more and set running.

It’s time I tackled a problem I can *solve*.

**The End**

**1424**

“No, I suppose not.” I push the teacup around on its base. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 3003)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 2660)

• Lie (turn to 2660)

**1425**

“Perhaps Hooper had an accomplice. Someone else who works on site.”

Harris shakes his head, distractedly. “That doesn’t make sense,” he says. “Why go to all the trouble of stealing it only to give it back? And why like this?”

• Suggest something (turn to 565)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 3489)

**1426**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 596)

• No (turn to 4186)

**1427**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2408)

• Try the window (turn to 4015)

**1428**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 1808)

• Confess (turn to 4399)

• Stay silent (turn to 3178)

**1429**

“Or be thrown into the river.”

“Hmm.” Harris chews his moustache thoughtfully. “Well, that would put us in a spot, seeing as how we’d never know for certain. We’d have to be ready to change our whole approach just in case the part had got through to the Germans. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 2282)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 4879)

**1430**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 999)

• No (turn to 3668)

• Lie (turn to 3668)

• Evade (turn to 4726)

**1431**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3331)

• That's not it (turn to 4792)

**1432**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 1898)

• Disagree (turn to 1063)

• Lie (turn to 1746)

**1433**

• The jacket (turn to 825)

• The bucket (turn to 83)

**1434**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 3028)

• Look around instead (turn to 1714)

**1435**

“Look, I know where it is. The missing piece of the Bombe is in the long grasses behind Hooper’s tent. I saw him throw it there right after we finished work. He knew you’d scour the camp but I suppose he thought you’d more obvious places first. I suppose he was right about that. Look there. That *proves* his guilt.”

“That doesn’t prove anything,” Harris returns sharply. “But we’ll check what you say, all the same.” He gets to his feet and heads out of the door.

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1245)

**1436**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 2484)

• Wait (turn to 904)

**1437**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4713)

• The pillow (turn to 4564)

• Something else (turn to 3920)

**1438**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

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• Agree (turn to 4190)

• Disagree (turn to 364)

• Lie (turn to 2487)

**1439**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 4978)

• Find something to help (turn to 586)

**1440**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 4285)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1630)

**1441**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 3947)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2744)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3947)

• Lie (turn to 2744)

**1442**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4865)

• Try the windows (turn to 3483)

**1443**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 2462)

• Leave it (turn to 2010)

**1444**

“Of course I do,” I answer.

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1710)

• "I don't." (turn to 13)

• Lie (turn to 13)

• Evade (turn to 47)

**1445**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 3962)

• The blanket (turn to 4252)

• Something else (turn to 4244)

**1446**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 420)

• The blanket (turn to 134)

• Something else (turn to 2156)

**1447**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 214)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1036)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**1448**

“We’ll fool him. He’s waiting to be sure that I’ve been strung up for this, so let’s give him what he wants. If he sees me taken away, clapped in irons - he’ll go straight to that component and set about getting rid of it.”

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 2491)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 425)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 1396)

**1449**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 885)

• The blanket (turn to 2338)

• Something else (turn to 2476)

**1450**

• The jacket (turn to 3354)

• The bucket (turn to 1680)

**1451**

“Really, Commander,” I reply. “It rather sounds like you want to spank me.”

“For God’s sake,” he declares with thick disgust, then swoops away out of the room. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 815)

**1452**

“Then I’ll be going, on and getting on with my job of saving her, shall I?” I even rise half to my feet, before he slams the tabletop.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3534)

• Blame someone (turn to 3269)

**1453**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 2335)

• "You're right." (turn to 2291)

**1454**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 2981)

• Don't confess (turn to 3371)

**1455**

“Of course I do,” I answer.

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 831)

• "I don't." (turn to 1269)

• Lie (turn to 1269)

• Evade (turn to 814)

**1456**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 1679)

• Dissuade (turn to 1071)

• Evade (turn to 1572)

• Say nothing (turn to 4760)

**1457**

“Or be thrown into the river.”

“Hmm.” Harris chews his moustache thoughtfully. “Well, that would put us in a spot, seeing as how we’d never know for certain. We’d have to be ready to change our whole approach just in case the part had got through to the Germans. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 3512)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 1068)

**1458**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 2386)

• Wait (turn to 1865)

**1459**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 4500)

• Accept it (turn to 2992)

• Evade it (turn to 3922)

**1460**

“Here at Bletchley? Of course I do”

“Here, now,” Harris replies firmly. “We’re not talking to everyone, you understand. I can imagine you might feel pretty sore about that, old man. I can imagine you feeling picked on.”

• "I'm fine." (turn to 4161)

• "Damn right." (turn to 1617)

• Be honest (turn to 1617)

• Lie (turn to 4161)

**1461**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 3292)

• Wait (turn to 566)

**1462**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 4176)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 475)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**1463**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 1303)

**1464**

“He’s petty enough, certainly. He’s a creep.” I wipe a hand across my forehead. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 870)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 4499)

• Lie (turn to 4499)

**1465**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 3610)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 3140)

**1466**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 3462)

• Be disinterested (turn to 2727)

**1467**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1632)

• The blanket (turn to 2889)

• The pillow (turn to 2999)

• Something else (turn to 3982)

**1468**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 1103)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 2222)

**1469**

“How should I know?” I reply, defensively. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 1661)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 625)

• Lie (turn to 625)

**1470**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 3367)

**1471**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 2809)

• Shrug (turn to 3987)

**1472**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 254)

• Disagree (turn to 4025)

**1473**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 4980)

• Evade (turn to 4356)

**1474**

“Quite terrible. I would never have guessed.”

“Well.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 4355)

• Leave it (turn to 903)

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**1475**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2695)

• The blanket (turn to 2931)

• Something else (turn to 4096)

**1476**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 850)

• Try the windows (turn to 1741)

**1477**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 4169)

• Deny doing it (turn to 539)

• Show him the component (turn to 761)

**1478**

“I spoke to Russell. He said he saw Hooper doing something round here. I wanted to see what it was.”

“Enough.” Harris gestures for me to start walking. “This story couldn’t be simpler. You took it to cover your back. You hid it. You lied to get Hooper into trouble, and when you thought you’d won, you came to scoop your prize. A good hand but ultimately, you told Hooper where to look with your little riddle.”

He leads me across the yard. Back towards Hut 5 to be decoded, and taken to pieces, once again.

**The End**

**1479**

I lift the cup and take a sip, staring him hard in the eye as I do so. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 2056)

• Disagree (turn to 649)

• Evade (turn to 649)

**1480**

“Heard what?”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 3323)

• Leave it (turn to 2357)

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**1481**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 2568)

• Dissuade (turn to 2694)

• Evade (turn to 2129)

• Say nothing (turn to 4548)

**1482**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 990)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 1122)

**1483**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 1271)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 1754)

**1484**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3261)

• Something else (turn to 706)

**1485**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 2045)

• No, that's not right (turn to 415)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2045)

• Lie (turn to 415)

**1486**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I won’t go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3846)

• Blame someone (turn to 2941)

**1487**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 2968)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 1095)

**1488**

“Right now, I think you take that role, Harris,” I reply coolly.

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 4725)

• Be dismissive (turn to 2585)

• Say nothing (turn to 4381)

**1489**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 1970)

• Dissuade (turn to 4997)

• Evade (turn to 2262)

• Say nothing (turn to 3776)

**1490**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 964)

• Be disinterested (turn to 929)

**1491**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But I’ve done nothing to deserve this treatment. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 237)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**1492**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4791)

• No (turn to 2007)

• Lie (turn to 88)

**1493**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 4444)

• Deny it (turn to 742)

**1494**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 1993)

• Look around for something (turn to 4366)

**1495**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me. He cannot have expected it to be so easy to break me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 2168)

• Don't explain (turn to 3594)

• Lie (turn to 1339)

• Evade (turn to 3293)

**1496**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2902)

• No (turn to 1580)

• Lie (turn to 3257)

**1497**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4848)

**1498**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4772)

• Smash the window (turn to 6)

• Wait (turn to 1223)

**1499**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 661)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2244)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**1500**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 2734)

• Confess (turn to 4635)

• Stay silent (turn to 1505)

**1501**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1272)

• Smash the window (turn to 374)

• Wait (turn to 1138)

**1502**

“I saw him take it,” I reply, stubbornly. “Collins and Humph were outside having a cigarette, I think. The other two men were at the table. But I was at the front of the machine. I saw Hooper go around the side, and lean down, and pull something free. I even challenged him on it. I said, ‘What’s that? Someone put a nail through somewhere they shouldn’t have?’ He didn’t reply.”

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 4470)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 4866)

**1503**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3623)

• The jacket (turn to 439)

• The bucket (turn to 4062)

**1504**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 694)

• The blanket (turn to 2146)

• Something else (turn to 2913)

**1505**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2260)

**1506**

“You’re the one applying pressure here,” I answer smartly. “I’m just waiting until you tell me what is really going on.”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 3799)

• Disagree (turn to 1771)

• Lie (turn to 1046)

**1507**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 953)

• Look around for something (turn to 4778)

**1508**

“I’m no traitor,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 99)

• "I don't." (turn to 1999)

• Lie (turn to 1999)

• Evade (turn to 2780)

**1509**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2370)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2470)

• Lie (turn to 2370)

• Evade (turn to 498)

**1510**

My anger deflates like a collapsing equation, all arguments cancelling each other out. The world, of course, owes me nothing; and I owe it everything.

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 3491)

• Say nothing (turn to 3357)

**1511**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 2855)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 3207)

• "You're right." (turn to 1377)

**1512**

• The jacket (turn to 789)

**1513**

“I don’t need twelve minutes. The component is in the long grass behind Hooper’s tent. I threw it there hoping to somehow frame him, but now I see that won’t be possible. I was naive, I suppose.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1465)

**1514**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 1647)

• Deny doing it (turn to 3464)

• Show him the component (turn to 3481)

**1515**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 186)

• Dissuade (turn to 2255)

• Evade (turn to 2212)

• Say nothing (turn to 4382)

**1516**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 4475)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 4205)

**1517**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 1799)

**1518**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 3069)

**1519**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 732)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3919)

• Lie (turn to 732)

• Evade (turn to 263)

**1520**

“Someone threw this in through the window over night,” I reply, and open my jacket to reveal the component from the Bombe. “I couldn’t see who, it was too dark. But I know what it is.”

He reaches out and takes it. “Well, I’ll be damned,” he murmurs. “That’s it all right. And you didn’t have it on you when we put you in here. But it can’t have been Hooper - I had men watching him all night. And there’s no-one else it could have been.”

He turns the component over in his hands, bemused.

• Suggest something (turn to 4785)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 1837)

**1521**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4268)

• Wait (turn to 671)

**1522**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 504)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2448)

**1523**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 6)

• Wait (turn to 1138)

**1524**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 2368)

**1525**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 2870)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**1526**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 1651)

• Look around instead (turn to 1608)

**1527**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 2898)

**1528**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 1553)

**1529**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4808)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3556)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4808)

• Lie (turn to 3556)

**1530**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 2663)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 572)

**1531**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1611)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4129)

• Lie (turn to 1611)

• Evade (turn to 2725)

**1532**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4153)

• Stay silent (turn to 4151)

• Show him the component (turn to 1120)

**1533**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 1025)

**1534**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 4628)

• Oppose him (turn to 2201)

• Dismiss him (turn to 2048)

**1535**

“I can imagine how being surrounded by clever men is pretty threatening for you, Commander,” I reply with a sneer. “They don’t train you to think in the Armed Forces.”

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3452)

• Blame someone (turn to 1079)

**1536**

“I’m fine,” I reply. “This is all some misunderstanding and the quicker we have it cleared up the better.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” And then he comes right out with it, with an accusation. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1173)

• "I don't." (turn to 3685)

• Lie (turn to 3685)

• Evade (turn to 1587)

**1537**

“Or be thrown into the river.”

“Hmm.” Harris chews his moustache thoughtfully. “Well, that would put us in a spot, seeing as how we’d never know for certain. We’d have to be ready to change our whole approach just in case the part had got through to the Germans. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 1338)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 2337)

**1538**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4965)

**1539**

With my jacket wrapped round my arm, I sweep out the remaining shards of glass. It’s not a big window, but I’m not a big man. If I was Harris, I’d be stuffed, but as it is...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the bucket in my hand. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 4718)

• Lie (turn to 3728)

• Evade (turn to 4420)

**1540**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 2106)

• Wait (turn to 1865)

**1541**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 2124)

• The jacket (turn to 4305)

**1542**

“I had to get out, Harris. I had to provoke Hooper into doing something that would incriminate himself fully. He’s too clever, you see...”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 1510)

• No (turn to 2273)

• Lie (turn to 2273)

• Evade (turn to 2100)

**1543**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1611)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4129)

• Lie (turn to 1611)

• Evade (turn to 2725)

**1544**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1359)

**1545**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 794)

• No (turn to 126)

• Lie (turn to 126)

**1546**

“I certainly don’t. But still, I’m surprised. I had Hooper down for a full-blown double agent, a traitor. He knows he’ll face the rope, doesn’t he?”

“Don’t ask me to explain why he did what he did,” Harris sighs. “Just be grateful that he did, and you’re now off the hook.”

Curiouser and curiouser. I nod once to Harris and slip outside into the cold morning air.

Hooper’s confession only makes sense in one way - and that’s that he believed me, and reasoned that he would be followed. So to try and uncover the component would have got him arrest, to confess was just the same. He simply caved, and threw in his hand.

Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 1123)

• Don't check (turn to 2914)

**1547**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 1610)

**1548**

But too important to guess. I move back around the side of the hut.

Harris is there, leaning in against the wall. He holds a stub pistol in his hand.

“Queen to rook two,” he declares. “I wouldn’t have fathomed it but Hooper did. Explained it right after we sprung him doing what you’re doing now. We weren’t sure what to believe but now, you seem to have resolved that for us.”

• Agree (turn to 272)

• Lie (turn to 1478)

• Evade (turn to 2016)

**1549**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 123)

• Blame someone (turn to 4671)

**1550**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 2874)

• Oppose him (turn to 2105)

• Dismiss him (turn to 1035)

**1551**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2626)

• Something else (turn to 454)

**1552**

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 1123)

• Leave it (turn to 2172)

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**1553**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 990)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 2466)

**1554**

“I’m sure I saw him this evening, talking to someone by the fence on the woodland side of the compound. He’s probably passed it on already. You’ll have to ask him.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 1172)

**1555**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 3134)

• Shrug (turn to 1751)

**1556**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4823)

• Don't go (turn to 1379)

**1557**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 17)

• Don't confess (turn to 128)

**1558**

“So he’s an idiot, and he hid it in his shoe.”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3136)

**1559**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1006)

• No (turn to 4626)

• Lie (turn to 4626)

**1560**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 4598)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**1561**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3072)

• Confess (turn to 3115)

• Stay silent (turn to 1135)

**1562**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1600)

• Smash the window (turn to 2484)

• Wait (turn to 4624)

**1563**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3081)

• Try the door (turn to 4140)

• Smash the window (turn to 1233)

**1564**

“At the moment when the machine halted, Peterson and Jefferies were by the work-table, Collins and Humph were out having a smoke. I was by the front of the machine checking over the dip-switches. Hooper was the only one around the back of the Bombe. No-one else could have done it.”

“That’s not quite the same as seeing him do it,” Harris remarks.

• "When you have eliminated the impossible..." (turn to 4861)

• "You have to believe me." (turn to 3624)

• "Ask the others." (turn to 634)

**1565**

“I did.”

I have become, somehow, an accustomed liar - the words roll easily off my tongue. *Perhaps I am a traitor*, I think, *now that I dissemble as easily as one.*

“Go on,” Harris says, giving me no indication of whether he believes my tale.

• "I saw him take it." (turn to 3835)

• "It couldn't have been anyone else." (turn to 5)

**1566**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 4073)

**1567**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 2460)

**1568**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1527)

• Try the window (turn to 4471)

**1569**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 20)

• Wait (turn to 3515)

**1570**

“Here at Bletchley? Of course I do...”

“Here, now,” Harris replies firmly. “We’re not talking to everyone, you understand. I can imagine you might feel pretty sore about that, old man. I can imagine you feeling picked on. You always were a sensitive soul.”

• "I'm fine." (turn to 4663)

• "Damn right." (turn to 2167)

• Be honest (turn to 2167)

• Lie (turn to 4663)

**1571**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4442)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 4442)

**1572**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4902)

• Try the windows (turn to 153)

**1573**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4605)

• Smash the window (turn to 2386)

• Wait (turn to 1080)

**1574**

“Of my genius. Hooper simply can’t stand that I’m cleverer than he is. We work so closely together, cooped up in that Hut all day. It drives him to distraction. To worse.”

“You’re suggesting Hooper would sabotage this country’s future simply to spite you?” Harris chooses his words like the military man he is, each lining up to create a ring around me.

• Yes (turn to 1966)

• No (turn to 3829)

• Evade (turn to 1188)

**1575**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 4026)

• Don't confess (turn to 2531)

**1576**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2307)

• No (turn to 1485)

• Lie (turn to 1485)

**1577**

“I certainly don’t. But still, I’m surprised. I had Hooper down for a full-blown double agent, a traitor. He knows he’ll face the rope, doesn’t he?”

“Don’t ask me to explain why he did what he did,” Harris sighs. “Just be grateful that he did, and you’re now off the hook.”

Curiouser and curiouser. I nod once to Harris and slip outside into the cold morning air.

Hooper’s confession only makes sense in one way - and that’s that he believed me, and reasoned that he would be followed. So to try and uncover the component would have got him arrest, to confess was just the same. He simply caved, and threw in his hand.

Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 1123)

• Don't check (turn to 2674)

**1578**

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but its recovery does mean I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**1579**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4993)

• The blanket (turn to 1309)

• The pillow (turn to 2736)

• Something else (turn to 1433)

**1580**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1386)

• No (turn to 262)

• Lie (turn to 262)

**1581**

“I’m not saying anything of the sort,” I snap back. “What is this, Harris? You’re accusing me of treachery but I don’t see a shred of evidence for it! Why don’t you put your cards on the table?”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2752)

• Disagree (turn to 1089)

• Lie (turn to 2292)

**1582**

“Then let him think he’s off the hook. Make a show of me. And then you’ll get your man.”

*Somehow*, I think. But that’s the part I need to work.

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 3073)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 3769)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 1033)

**1583**

“I still have it. Not on me, of course. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 114)

**1584**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 155)

• No (turn to 3338)

• Evade (turn to 1506)

• That's not it (turn to 2916)

**1585**

“I’m sure I saw him this evening, talking to someone by the fence on the woodland side of the compound. He’s probably passed it on already. You’ll have to ask him.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 4983)

**1586**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 2083)

• No (turn to 180)

• Lie (turn to 4157)

• Evade (turn to 4157)

**1587**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1060)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4600)

• Lie (turn to 1060)

• Evade (turn to 2873)

**1588**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 441)

• No (turn to 1819)

• Evade (turn to 4104)

• That's not it (turn to 4849)

**1589**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2541)

• Something else (turn to 416)

**1590**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 138)

• Dissuade (turn to 2839)

• Evade (turn to 4191)

• Say nothing (turn to 4154)

**1591**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 2769)

• Be cold (turn to 4878)

**1592**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 2499)

• The jacket (turn to 3147)

**1593**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4317)

• No (turn to 1529)

• Lie (turn to 1529)

**1594**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 977)

• Find something to help (turn to 1313)

**1595**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2035)

**1596**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 89)

**1597**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 3334)

• No (turn to 3724)

• Lie (turn to 3724)

• Evade (turn to 494)

**1598**

Morning comes with the call of a rooster from the yard of the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up off the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

It’s not long after that Harris enters the hut. He closes the door behind him, careful as ever, then takes a chair across from me.

“You smell like a dog,” he remarks.

• Be optimistic (turn to 2141)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1841)

**1599**

“And the other men? Do we have a hut each? Surely there aren’t enough senior officers to go round.”

“Collins and Humph were outside when the theft occurred. Everyone confirms that,” Harris replies. “That leaves you, Hooper, and the other two, who vouch for each other and frankly I’m inclined to believe them. But that’s all we know. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 144)

• Offer nothing (turn to 1346)

**1600**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 2484)

• Wait (turn to 4624)

**1601**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 850)

• Try the windows (turn to 1741)

**1602**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 3900)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 357)

**1603**

“I’ve thought so before.”

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3827)

• Be dismissive (turn to 3288)

• Say nothing (turn to 559)

**1604**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2627)

• Smash the window (turn to 3692)

• Wait (turn to 1223)

**1605**

“I still have it. Not on me, of course. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 971)

**1606**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 2594)

• Leave it (turn to 2143)

**1607**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 489)

**1608**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 4572)

• Find something to help (turn to 3928)

**1609**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 4526)

• Look around for something (turn to 2445)

**1610**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 488)

• No (turn to 622)

• Lie (turn to 3925)

• Evade (turn to 2704)

**1611**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 1915)

**1612**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2608)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2253)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**1613**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2726)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 2726)

**1614**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 3615)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 4059)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4187)

**1615**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 3886)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 1024)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**1616**

“If you’ll excuse me, Russell. I was about to take a bath.”

“Oh, of course. Well, you’ll hear soon enough. Can hardly hide the fact there’ll only be three of us from now on.”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 3323)

• Leave it (turn to 2357)

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**1617**

“Damn right I’m sore. Was it one of the others who put you up to this? Was it Hooper? He’s always been jealous of me. He’s...”

The Commander moustache bristles as he purses his lips. “Has he now? Of your achievements, do you think?” It’s difficult not to shake the sense that he’s mocking me. “Or of your brain? Or something else?”

• "Of my genius." (turn to 2556)

• "Of my standing." (turn to 3392)

• Evade (turn to 2513)

**1618**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 954)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 1148)

**1619**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2627)

• Smash the window (turn to 3692)

• Wait (turn to 1223)

**1620**

“I know where it is.”

Harris smiles with satisfaction, as if your willingness to talk was somehow a result of his clever techniques.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 1431)

• Say nothing (turn to 1356)

**1621**

So perhaps I should wait it out, after all. Who knows? I might have a better opportunity later.

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 673)

• Deny doing it (turn to 1723)

**1622**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4733)

**1623**

• The jacket (turn to 3485)

**1624**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 4741)

**1625**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 452)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 764)

**1626**

There is nothing to be gained here. I have the component now; maybe it will be of some value tomorrow.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 2152)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

**1627**

“I climbed out of the window overnight,” I explain. “I went and got this from where it was hidden, and brought it back here.”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 4118)

**1628**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1633)

• The blanket (turn to 2459)

• The pillow (turn to 4037)

• Something else (turn to 1070)

**1629**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 1716)

• That's not it (turn to 3566)

**1630**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 809)

**1631**

“Ask the others,” I reply, leaning back. “They’ll tell you. If they haven’t already, that’s only because they’re protecting Hooper. Hoping he’ll come to his senses and stop being an idiot. I hope he does too. And if you lock him up in a freezing hut like you’ve done me, I’m sure he will.”

“We have,” Harris replies simply.

It’s all I can do not to gape.

“Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 2738)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 3363)

**1632**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2889)

• The pillow (turn to 845)

• Something else (turn to 3982)

**1633**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2459)

• The pillow (turn to 2036)

• Something else (turn to 1070)

**1634**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2615)

• The pillow (turn to 1394)

• Something else (turn to 2822)

**1635**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1465)

**1636**

“Yes. I didn’t have long, but I had long enough. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1465)

**1637**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2362)

• Disagree (turn to 2463)

• Lie (turn to 1764)

**1638**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 4704)

• Don't confess (turn to 3371)

**1639**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 1362)

• Wait (turn to 4688)

**1640**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2058)

• Smash the window (turn to 2801)

• Wait (turn to 1080)

**1641**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2098)

• The pillow (turn to 3759)

• Something else (turn to 1623)

**1642**

“You mean he didn’t even hide it? Just put it in his shoe?”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4850)

**1643**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4951)

• Blame someone (turn to 3715)

**1644**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3304)

• Leave it (turn to 3389)

**1645**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1613)

• No (turn to 1925)

• Lie (turn to 1925)

**1646**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1598)

**1647**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 2178)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 2997)

**1648**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1157)

• No (turn to 3908)

• Lie (turn to 4806)

**1649**

It’s useless. There’s nothing I can do but hope. I sit down on one corner of the bunk to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 1197)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1118)

• Wait (turn to 4240)

**1650**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 611)

• No (turn to 675)

• Lie (turn to 675)

**1651**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 1698)

• Find something to help (turn to 1294)

**1652**

• The jacket (turn to 542)

**1653**

I open my mouth to disagree, but somehow the words will not come out. It is like Harris has taken a screwdriver to the sides of my jaw. My tongue feels thick and heavy.

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 1716)

• That's not it (turn to 3566)

**1654**

“Damn right I’m sore. Was it one of the others who put you up to this? Was it Hooper? He’s always been jealous of me. He’s...”

The Commander moustache bristles as he purses his lips. “Has he now? Of your achievements, do you think?” It’s difficult not to shake the sense that he’s humouring me.

“Or of your brain? Or something else?”

• "Of my genius." (turn to 2789)

• "Of my standing." (turn to 3301)

• Evade (turn to 2922)

**1655**

“Yes. I suppose he was their agent. I should have realised but I didn’t. Then he threatened to tell you. I thought you would have me locked up: I couldn’t bear the thought of it. I love working here. I’ve never been so happy, so successful, anywhere before. I didn’t want to lose it.”

“So what did you do with the component?” Harris talks urgently. He grips his gloves tightly in one hand, perhaps prepared to lift them and strike if it is required. “Have you passed it to this man already? Have you left it somewhere for him to find?”

• I still have it (turn to 1704)

• I don't have it (turn to 2150)

• Lie (turn to 2150)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1704)

**1656**

“Quite terrible. I would never have guessed.”

“Well.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but its recovery does mean I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**1657**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 938)

• Look around instead (turn to 3704)

**1658**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 2321)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 3975)

**1659**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 134)

• Something else (turn to 1277)

**1660**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 4180)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 4854)

**1661**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2261)

• "I don't." (turn to 4405)

• Lie (turn to 4405)

• Evade (turn to 2893)

**1662**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 751)

• Look around instead (turn to 3216)

**1663**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 615)

• The jacket (turn to 1205)

• The bucket (turn to 3336)

**1664**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 4373)

• Try the windows (turn to 4695)

**1665**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 3580)

• Evade (turn to 860)

**1666**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 528)

**1667**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 2181)

**1668**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 2814)

**1669**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 2504)

• No (turn to 384)

• Lie (turn to 4282)

• Evade (turn to 4282)

**1670**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3649)

• No (turn to 1711)

• Lie (turn to 1711)

**1671**

“He’s petty enough, certainly. He’s a creep.” I wipe a hand across my forehead. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 184)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 2518)

• Lie (turn to 2518)

**1672**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 4870)

• Accept it (turn to 1057)

• Evade it (turn to 3555)

**1673**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3818)

• Smash the window (turn to 3292)

• Wait (turn to 4763)

**1674**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4865)

• Try the windows (turn to 3483)

**1675**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 2569)

• Find something to help (turn to 2907)

**1676**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4946)

**1677**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2165)

• The blanket (turn to 4392)

• The pillow (turn to 477)

• Something else (turn to 3315)

**1678**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 119)

• No (turn to 407)

• Lie (turn to 4876)

**1679**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4902)

• Try the windows (turn to 153)

**1680**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 3354)

**1681**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 1753)

• Be cold (turn to 1745)

**1682**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 902)

• Something else (turn to 2107)

**1683**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete. I only hope one of the others will be able to explain to him that the part I stole will mean nothing to the Germans.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give the young man who put me in this spot to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 3426)

• No (turn to 2180)

• Lie (turn to 2324)

• Evade (turn to 2686)

**1684**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 1737)

• Don't explain (turn to 3270)

• Lie (turn to 2696)

• Evade (turn to 1732)

**1685**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4153)

• Confess (turn to 2863)

• Stay silent (turn to 4151)

**1686**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4848)

**1687**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 855)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 2878)

**1688**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 2152)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4009)

**1689**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3002)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 3002)

**1690**

“No, Harris. I don’t think you can understand.”

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3924)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 3924)

**1691**

So perhaps I should wait it out, after all. Who knows? I might have a better opportunity later.

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 4241)

• Deny doing it (turn to 3543)

**1692**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 969)

• Be disinterested (turn to 2341)

**1693**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2146)

• Something else (turn to 2913)

**1694**

“Heard what?”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 4355)

• Leave it (turn to 903)

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**1695**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 2321)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 3975)

**1696**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 584)

• Look around for something (turn to 2991)

**1697**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 4149)

• That's not it (turn to 2864)

**1698**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 325)

• Look around for something (turn to 1294)

**1699**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3958)

• Stay silent (turn to 1544)

• Show him the component (turn to 1190)

**1700**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 2411)

• Don't confess (turn to 1577)

**1701**

“No. I have no idea.”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3501)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 1822)

• Lie (turn to 3501)

• Evade (turn to 1706)

**1702**

“Or be thrown into the river.”

“Hmm.” Harris chews his moustache thoughtfully. “Well, that would put us in a spot, seeing as how we’d never know for certain. We’d have to be ready to change our whole approach just in case the part had got through to the Germans. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 3686)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 2337)

**1703**

“Nothing,” I reply. “You’re just the other man in the room. One of us has to get the blame.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 436)

**1704**

“I still have it. Not on me, of course. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1465)

**1705**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 4024)

• Dissuade (turn to 2221)

• Evade (turn to 1031)

• Say nothing (turn to 2494)

**1706**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 2385)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 1263)

**1707**

“Messy, without one missing cache!” I cry, laughing spitefully. It isn’t the best clue, hardly worthy of the Times, but it will have to do.

I only catch Hooper’s reaction for a moment - his eyebrow lifts in surprise and alarm. Good. If he thinks it is a threat then he just might be careless enough to go looking for what it might mean.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

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With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 2254)

• Dissuade (turn to 1622)

• Evade (turn to 2689)

• Say nothing (turn to 2088)

**1708**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3272)

**1709**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 4612)

• Something else (turn to 3170)

**1710**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 2318)

• Don't explain (turn to 537)

• Lie (turn to 3656)

• Evade (turn to 4276)

**1711**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4503)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 4503)

**1712**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3787)

• Try the door (turn to 141)

• Try the windows (turn to 3840)

**1713**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 4225)

**1714**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 3360)

• Find something to help (turn to 3038)

**1715**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 157)

• Something else (turn to 146)

**1716**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2404)

• Disagree (turn to 2904)

**1717**

I’ve more important problems to think about now. There’s still yesterday’s intercept to be resolved. The Bombe needs to be set up once more and set running.

It’s time I tackled a problem I can *solve*.

**The End**

**1718**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 87)

• Tell the truth (turn to 293)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**1719**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3854)

• No (turn to 1485)

• Lie (turn to 1485)

**1720**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3825)

• No (turn to 3722)

• Lie (turn to 878)

**1721**

“I’m no traitor,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1288)

• "I don't." (turn to 2395)

• Lie (turn to 2395)

• Evade (turn to 3930)

**1722**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 1955)

• Be cold (turn to 4132)

**1723**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 3860)

• Deny it (turn to 3249)

**1724**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 6)

• Wait (turn to 1138)

**1725**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2950)

• Something else (turn to 453)

**1726**

“I don’t see why,” I reply, looking him straight in the eye.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“There really isn’t any time to be wasted,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 2774)

• No (turn to 4325)

• Evade (turn to 3374)

• Lie (turn to 4325)

**1727**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1823)

• Something else (turn to 2872)

**1728**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 2799)

**1729**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 1807)

• Bargain with him (turn to 2536)

• Plead with him (turn to 3358)

**1730**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 312)

• Disagree (turn to 4875)

• Evade (turn to 3223)

**1731**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2655)

• Something else (turn to 3324)

**1732**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2389)

• Blame someone (turn to 2696)

**1733**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 4496)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**1734**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 4526)

• Look around for something (turn to 2796)

**1735**

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2227)

**1736**

“I did.”

I have become, somehow, an accustomed liar - the words roll easily off my tongue. *Perhaps I am a traitor*, I think, *now that I dissemble as easily as one.*

“Go on,” Harris says, giving me no indication of whether he believes my tale.

• "I saw him take it." (turn to 858)

• "It couldn't have been anyone else." (turn to 2830)

**1737**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 2505)

• No (turn to 3062)

• Evade (turn to 3752)

• That's not it (turn to 3676)

**1738**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 3913)

• Persist with this (turn to 4333)

**1739**

No. Why would I? He is no doubt an innocent himself, trapped by some dire circumstance. Forced to act the way he did. I have every sympathy for him.

Of course I do.

“We recovered the part, just where you said it was,” Harris reports, as he puts the cuffs around my wrists. “Of course, a couple of the men swear blind they searched there yesterday, so I’m afraid, what with the broken window... we’ve formed a perfectly good theory which doesn’t bode well for you.”

“I see.” It doesn’t seem worth arguing any further. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“Certainly. And one of your computing things, if I get my way. And when we’re old, and smoking pipes together in The Rag like heroes, I’ll explain to you the way that decent men have affairs. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**1740**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 4840)

• Be cautious (turn to 1257)

**1741**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 410)

• Try the door (turn to 111)

• Smash the window (turn to 1124)

**1742**

I open my mouth to disagree, but somehow the words will not come out. It is like Harris has taken a screwdriver to the sides of my jaw. My tongue feels thick and heavy.

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 1472)

• That's not it (turn to 3042)

**1743**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 176)

• The pillow (turn to 2248)

• Something else (turn to 4924)

**1744**

Still there means no-one has found it, which means it is probably well-hidden. And short of skipping the compound now, I can afford to leave it hidden there a while longer. So I leave it in place.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 4709)

• Escape the compound (turn to 2154)

**1745**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1829)

• Be cautious (turn to 459)

**1746**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1305)

• Blame someone (turn to 3715)

**1747**

“Here at Bletchley? Of course I do...”

“Here, now,” Harris replies firmly. “We’re not talking to everyone, you understand. I can imagine you might feel pretty sore about that, old man. I can imagine you feeling picked on. You always were a sensitive soul.”

• "I'm fine." (turn to 4559)

• "Damn right." (turn to 438)

• Be honest (turn to 438)

• Lie (turn to 4559)

**1748**

With my jacket wrapped round my arm, I sweep out the remaining shards of glass. It’s not a big window, but I’m not a big man. If I was Harris, I’d be stuffed, but as it is...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the broken window. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 58)

• Lie (turn to 1542)

• Evade (turn to 4403)

**1749**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 4698)

• The blanket (turn to 4713)

• Something else (turn to 3920)

**1750**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 813)

• No (turn to 3338)

• Evade (turn to 2490)

• That's not it (turn to 2454)

**1751**

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 3561)

**1752**

“Damn right I’m sore. Was it one of the others who put you up to this? Was it Hooper? He’s always been jealous of me. He’s...”

The Commander moustache bristles as he purses his lips. “Has he now? Of your achievements, do you think?” It’s difficult not to shake the sense that he’s mocking me. “Or of your brain? Or something else?”

• "Of my genius." (turn to 3213)

• "Of my standing." (turn to 406)

• Evade (turn to 2286)

**1753**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1829)

• Be cautious (turn to 459)

**1754**

“We’ll fool him. He’s waiting to be sure that I’ve been strung up for this, so let’s give him what he wants. If he sees me taken away, clapped in irons - he’ll go straight to that component and set about getting rid of it.”

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 3259)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 2186)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 943)

**1755**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4251)

• The blanket (turn to 3599)

• The pillow (turn to 4954)

• Something else (turn to 1854)

**1756**

• The jacket (turn to 4531)

• The bucket (turn to 3277)

**1757**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4712)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2089)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4712)

• Lie (turn to 2089)

**1758**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4765)

• No (turn to 617)

• Lie (turn to 617)

**1759**

With my jacket wrapped round my arm, I sweep out the remaining shards of glass. It’s not a big window, but I’m not a big man. If I was Harris, I’d be stuffed, but as it is...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the broken window. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 2444)

• Lie (turn to 3935)

• Evade (turn to 3251)

**1760**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 393)

• Tell the truth (turn to 741)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**1761**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 1665)

• Blame someone (turn to 121)

**1762**

I say quiet, listening, not sure how this will go.

“In case I’m not making myself clear,” Harris continues, “I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1440)

**1763**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2821)

**1764**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3230)

• Blame someone (turn to 232)

**1765**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 659)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 1171)

• Lie (turn to 659)

• Evade (turn to 1596)

**1766**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1668)

• The pillow (turn to 588)

• Something else (turn to 942)

**1767**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2833)

• The blanket (turn to 3419)

• Something else (turn to 3142)

**1768**

“No. I have no idea.”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 955)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2859)

• Lie (turn to 955)

• Evade (turn to 4407)

**1769**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 1156)

• Look around for something (turn to 4648)

**1770**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 954)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 978)

**1771**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4098)

• Blame someone (turn to 46)

**1772**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 3024)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 2753)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 2905)

**1773**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4680)

**1774**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 3143)

• Shrug (turn to 486)

**1775**

I pause for a moment longer. It doesn’t do to be too careless...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the broken window. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’ll never know if I hadn’t have waited that extra moment - maybe I still could have got away. But, how far?

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 4245)

• Lie (turn to 4523)

• Evade (turn to 746)

**1776**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 3054)

• Don't confess (turn to 1546)

**1777**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 3362)

• Find something to help (turn to 1203)

**1778**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 3879)

• Put the cup down (turn to 4959)

**1779**

A neat idea strikes me. If I could place it on top of the canvas, somewhere in the middle where it would bow the cloth inwards, then it would be invisible to anyone passing by. But to Hooper, it would be above him: a shadow staring him in the face as he awoke. What could be more natural than getting up, coming out, and looking to see what had fallen on him during the night?

It’s the work of a moment. I was once an excellent bowler for the second XI back at school. This time I throw underarm, of course, but I still land the vital missing component exactly where I want it to go.

For a second I hold my breath, but nothing and no-one stirs. Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 1864)

**1780**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 647)

• Dissuade (turn to 3177)

• Evade (turn to 4255)

• Say nothing (turn to 2326)

**1781**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 3104)

• Look around for something (turn to 4843)

**1782**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. I’ve cracked him a little at least. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 1399)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 2579)

**1783**

“You’re right. Let me talk to him, then. As a colleague. Maybe I can get something useful out of him.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 3630)

• "You're right." (turn to 1246)

**1784**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 267)

• Disagree (turn to 4520)

• Lie (turn to 3255)

**1785**

“I did.”

I have become, somehow, an accustomed liar - the words roll easily off my tongue. *Perhaps I am a traitor*, I think, *now that I dissemble as easily as one.*

“Go on,” Harris says, giving me no indication of whether he believes my tale.

• "I saw him take it." (turn to 2065)

• "It couldn't have been anyone else." (turn to 2970)

**1786**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1027)

• Something else (turn to 4394)

**1787**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3276)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4933)

**1788**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 2758)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 23)

**1789**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2836)

• No (turn to 911)

• Lie (turn to 911)

**1790**

“Yes. I didn’t have long, but I had long enough. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 971)

**1791**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1027)

• The pillow (turn to 1786)

• Something else (turn to 4394)

**1792**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 2385)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4864)

**1793**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps the component has been found and the crisis is over.

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 4925)

**1794**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 922)

• Smash the window (turn to 3548)

• Wait (turn to 4907)

**1795**

“Of course I do,” I answer.

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1219)

• "I don't." (turn to 2171)

• Lie (turn to 2171)

• Evade (turn to 3904)

**1796**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3787)

• Try the door (turn to 1427)

• Try the windows (turn to 3663)

**1797**

I fold my arms, intended firmly to say nothing. But somehow, watching Harris’ face, I cannot bring myself to do it. I want to confess. I want to tell him everything I can, to explain myself to him, to earn his forgiveness. The sensation is so strong my will is powerless in the face of it.

Something is wrong with me, I am sure of it. There is a strange, bitter flavour on my tongue. I taste it as words start to form.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 1716)

• That's not it (turn to 3566)

**1798**

• The jacket (turn to 3182)

• The bucket (turn to 3887)

**1799**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 574)

• No (turn to 2180)

• Lie (turn to 2324)

• Evade (turn to 3923)

**1800**

“I imagine I’ll smell worse after another couple of days of this.”

“That won’t be necessary. We found the missing component. Or rather, Hooper found it for us. He snuck out of his tent first thing in the morning and retrieved it from on top. Of all the damnest places - you would never have known it was there. He acted all surprised about it when we jumped him, of course, as you might expect - but it was good enough for me.”

• Be glad (turn to 2461)

• Be dismissive (turn to 1220)

**1801**

With my jacket wrapped round my arm, I sweep out the remaining shards of glass. It’s not a big window, but I’m not a big man. If I was Harris, I’d be stuffed, but as it is...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the bucket in my hand. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 2444)

• Lie (turn to 3935)

• Evade (turn to 3251)

**1802**

“I can imagine how being surrounded by clever men is pretty threatening for you, Commander,” I reply with a sneer. “They don’t train you to think in the Armed Forces.”

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 505)

• Blame someone (turn to 2363)

**1803**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 3350)

**1804**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 2066)

**1805**

“Damn right I’m sore. Was it one of the others who put you up to this? Was it Hooper? He’s always been jealous of me. He’s...”

The Commander moustache bristles as he purses his lips. “Has he now? Of your achievements, do you think?” It’s difficult not to shake the sense that he’s mocking me. “Or of your brain? Or something else?”

• "Of my genius." (turn to 2897)

• "Of my standing." (turn to 2925)

• Evade (turn to 273)

**1806**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3698)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4493)

**1807**

“Listen to me, Hooper. We were the only men in that hut today, so we know what happened. But I want you to know this. I put the component inside a breeze-block in the foundations of Hut 2, wrapped in one of your shirts. They’re going to find it eventually, and that’s going to be what tips the balance. And there’s nothing you can do to stop any of that from happening.”

His eyes bulge with terror. “What did I do, to you? What did I ever do?”

• Tell the truth (turn to 2757)

• Lie (turn to 4754)

• Evade (turn to 4238)

**1808**

“You can’t do this!” I cry. “It’s murder! I demand a trial, a lawyer; for God’s sake, man, you can’t just throw me overboard, we’re not barbarians...!”

“You leave me no choice,” Harris snaps back, eyes cold as gun-metal. “You and your damn cyphers. Your damn clever problems. If men like you didn’t exist, if we could just all be *straight* with one another.” He gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear for the future of this world, with men like you in. Reich or no Reich, Mr Manning, people like you simply *complicate* matters.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2400)

**1809**

“I’m looking forward to having a wash and a change of clothes; which should make a little less evil to be around.”

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3218)

• Be dismissive (turn to 1558)

• Say nothing (turn to 2945)

**1810**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my bucket and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 193)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 4226)

**1811**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 983)

• Try the door (turn to 1899)

• Smash the window (turn to 2284)

**1812**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 3187)

• The blanket (turn to 4392)

• The pillow (turn to 1920)

• Something else (turn to 4872)

**1813**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 1334)

• Lie (turn to 1334)

• Evade (turn to 1368)

**1814**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 4306)

• Evade (turn to 4623)

**1815**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 1851)

• Look around instead (turn to 1052)

**1816**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 424)

• No, some other way (turn to 2658)

**1817**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But I’ve done nothing to deserve this treatment. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 4496)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**1818**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 3756)

• No (turn to 511)

• Lie (turn to 3756)

**1819**

“I’m not saying anything of the sort,” I snap back. “What is this, Harris? You’re accusing me of treachery but I don’t see a shred of evidence for it! Why don’t you put your cards on the table?”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 82)

• Disagree (turn to 2953)

• Lie (turn to 2096)

**1820**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2889)

• Something else (turn to 3279)

**1821**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 3692)

• Wait (turn to 1223)

**1822**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 3675)

• Don't explain (turn to 4873)

• Lie (turn to 4125)

• Evade (turn to 1051)

**1823**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 3078)

**1824**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 1664)

• Dissuade (turn to 3688)

• Evade (turn to 1031)

• Say nothing (turn to 2494)

**1825**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4278)

• Wait (turn to 3236)

**1826**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 4984)

• The blanket (turn to 3480)

• Something else (turn to 331)

**1827**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2662)

• No (turn to 3018)

• Lie (turn to 3018)

**1828**

I take the cup, and raise it to my lips, blowing away the steam. It is too hot to drink. He picks his own up and just holds it.

“Quite a difficult situation, this,” he begins, cautiously. I’ve seen him adopting this stiff tone of voice before, but only when talking to brass. “I’m sure you agree.”

• Agree (turn to 4922)

• Disagree (turn to 1324)

• Lie (turn to 1324)

• Evade (turn to 2185)

**1829**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 2348)

• Be disinterested (turn to 2712)

**1830**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 2479)

• The jacket (turn to 4005)

**1831**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 1074)

• Deny doing it (turn to 689)

• Show him the component (turn to 1520)

**1832**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 3548)

• Wait (turn to 4688)

**1833**

Still there means no-one has found it, which means it is probably well-hidden. And short of skipping the compound now, I can afford to leave it hidden there a while longer. So I leave it in place.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 4957)

• Escape the compound (turn to 2218)

**1834**

• The jacket (turn to 3381)

**1835**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2626)

• The pillow (turn to 2729)

• Something else (turn to 2477)

**1836**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2098)

• The pillow (turn to 3128)

• Something else (turn to 2153)

**1837**

I shrug, eloquently.

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 3136)

**1838**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 917)

**1839**

“I can imagine how being surrounded by clever men is pretty threatening for you, Commander,” I reply with a sneer. “They don’t train you to think in the Armed Forces.”

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 679)

• Blame someone (turn to 388)

**1840**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 1696)

• Find something to help (turn to 2991)

**1841**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3958)

• Confess (turn to 563)

• Stay silent (turn to 1544)

**1842**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 4919)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4129)

• Lie (turn to 4919)

• Evade (turn to 3074)

**1843**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4310)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 4310)

**1844**

No time to waste. I drop to my knees and check the breeze-block. Sure enough, there’s nothing there. *Hooper took the bait.*

Suddenly, there’s a movement behind me. I look up to see, first a snub pistol, and then, Harris.

“Messy without one missing whatever it was,” he declares. “I wouldn’t have fathomed it but Hooper did. Explained it right after we sprung him doing what you’re doing now. We weren’t sure what to believe but now, you seem to have resolved that for us.”

• Agree (turn to 272)

• Lie (turn to 1478)

• Evade (turn to 2016)

**1845**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3871)

• No (turn to 3755)

**1846**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 2471)

• Wait (turn to 396)

**1847**

“Then you know I’m right. You knew all along. Why did you threaten me?”

“We don’t know anything, except that we have a traitor, holding the fate of the country in their hands. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 144)

• Offer nothing (turn to 1346)

**1848**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3191)

• Blame someone (turn to 4171)

**1849**

“I did. I know what you’re thinking. If I’ve transgressed once then I must be the guilty man for all the crimes in this compound... But I’m not, I tell you. We were close to cracking the 13th’s missive; trying our latest pattern and beginning to see some correlations in the data - and then Hooper disappeared for a moment and the machine went down.”

I have become, somehow, an accustomed liar - the words roll easily off my tongue. *Perhaps I am a traitor*, I think, *now that I dissemble as easily as one.*

“Go on,” Harris says, giving me no indication of whether he believes my tale.

• "I saw him take it." (turn to 4316)

• "It couldn't have been anyone else." (turn to 597)

**1850**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1370)

• Something else (turn to 1512)

**1851**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 1769)

• Find something to help (turn to 4648)

**1852**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 1607)

• No, some other way (turn to 428)

**1853**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4364)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2557)

**1854**

• The jacket (turn to 1470)

• The bucket (turn to 518)

**1855**

But of course I will. A little vengeance, disguised as doing something good.

Harris put the cuffs around my wrists. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“I’ll give you a stone to chisel notches in the wall. And that’s all the calculations you’ll be doing. And as you sit there, pissing into a bucket and growing a beard down to your toes, you have a think about how a *smart* man would conduct his illicit affairs. With a bit of due decorum you could have learnt off any squaddie. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**1856**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 3423)

• Find something to help (turn to 2844)

**1857**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 2606)

**1858**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 3723)

• Don't confess (turn to 4844)

**1859**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 2661)

• Find something to help (turn to 4387)

**1860**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 1483)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 451)

**1861**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4004)

• The blanket (turn to 2146)

• The pillow (turn to 1504)

• Something else (turn to 2913)

**1862**

I pause for a moment longer. It doesn’t do to be too careless...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the broken window. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’ll never know if I hadn’t have waited that extra moment - maybe I still could have got away. But, how far?

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 3197)

• Lie (turn to 2963)

• Evade (turn to 3780)

**1863**

“Right now, I think you take that role, Harris,” I reply coolly.

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 2928)

• Be dismissive (turn to 266)

• Say nothing (turn to 2847)

**1864**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 2747)

• Deny doing it (turn to 2137)

**1865**

It’s useless. There’s nothing I can do but hope. I sit down on one corner of the bunk to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 1312)

• Listen at the door (turn to 4372)

• Wait (turn to 2086)

**1866**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4891)

**1867**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 3517)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 3802)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**1868**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 419)

• Try the door (turn to 2383)

• Try the windows (turn to 1022)

**1869**

“For God’s sake,” I answer, voice quivering. “I’m no traitor.”

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1093)

• "I don't." (turn to 2399)

• Lie (turn to 2399)

• Evade (turn to 3466)

**1870**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 1126)

• The jacket (turn to 1804)

**1871**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 1362)

• Wait (turn to 4907)

**1872**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 794)

• No (turn to 126)

• Lie (turn to 126)

**1873**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2615)

• Something else (turn to 2822)

**1874**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 1818)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4933)

**1875**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But you’re not my priest and I’m not yours. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2610)

• Blame someone (turn to 3656)

**1876**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1405)

• No (turn to 3671)

• Lie (turn to 3671)

**1877**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 4621)

• Shrug (turn to 3950)

**1878**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2610)

• Blame someone (turn to 3656)

**1879**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 1540)

**1880**

“Now steady on,” I reply, gesturing for him to calm himself.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1894)

• Blame someone (turn to 3269)

**1881**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2506)

• Try the door (turn to 3377)

• Try the windows (turn to 4400)

**1882**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2896)

• The blanket (turn to 3995)

• Something else (turn to 2690)

**1883**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 4042)

• Be cautious (turn to 3131)

**1884**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4392)

• Something else (turn to 4872)

**1885**

• The jacket (turn to 4531)

**1886**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 3657)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2708)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**1887**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 917)

**1888**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2721)

• Something else (turn to 2668)

**1889**

“I’m fine,” I reply. “This is all some misunderstanding and the quicker we have it cleared up the better.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” And then he comes right out with it, with an accusation. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2090)

• "I don't." (turn to 635)

• Lie (turn to 635)

• Evade (turn to 3762)

**1890**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2125)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2093)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**1891**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 686)

• The blanket (turn to 3877)

• The pillow (turn to 4911)

• Something else (turn to 228)

**1892**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 3744)

**1893**

“I’m not saying anything of the sort,” I snap back. “What is this, Harris? You’re accusing me of treachery but I don’t see a shred of evidence for it! Why don’t you put your cards on the table?”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 227)

• Disagree (turn to 404)

• Lie (turn to 4666)

**1894**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3004)

• No (turn to 2816)

• Lie (turn to 4899)

**1895**

I suppose this must be what it feels like to have a conscience, then. Very well.

“Harris, sir. I don’t know what Hooper’s playing at, sir. But I can’t let him do this.”

“Do what?”

“Take the rope for this. I took it, sir.

The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might."

“I thought as much. I hadn’t expected you to give it out so easily, however. You understand, Hooper has said nothing, of course. In fact, he went to Hut 2 directly after we released him and uncovered the component. But he told us you had instructed him where to go. Hence my little double bluff. Frankly, I’ll be glad when I’m shot of the lot of you mathematicians.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1465)

**1896**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 3875)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 1482)

**1897**

“No. I have no idea.”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2735)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 1620)

• Lie (turn to 2735)

• Evade (turn to 3442)

**1898**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1305)

• Blame someone (turn to 3715)

**1899**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4512)

• Smash the window (turn to 2284)

• Wait (turn to 3515)

**1900**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2389)

• Blame someone (turn to 2696)

**1901**

I have in my head to blame Hooper, but somehow I cannot find a way to tell the story. Whatever they put in my tea, it has control of my tongue. Fighting as hard as I can, it does no good. I find myself collapsing, desperate to tell him everything, almost weeping with the shame of it.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2050)

• No (turn to 2520)

• Lie (turn to 1100)

**1902**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2205)

• Tell the truth (turn to 933)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**1903**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 3158)

• Try the windows (turn to 4736)

**1904**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 215)

**1905**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1931)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3665)

• Lie (turn to 2069)

**1906**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4781)

**1907**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 443)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 2877)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1099)

**1908**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 3844)

**1909**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3210)

**1910**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3390)

• No (turn to 1711)

• Lie (turn to 1711)

**1911**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 4630)

• Look around for something (turn to 4774)

**1912**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 4033)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 4492)

**1913**

“Someone threw this in through the window over night,” I reply, and open my jacket to reveal the component from the Bombe. “I couldn’t see who, it was too dark. But I know what it is.”

He reaches out and takes it. “Well, I’ll be damned,” he murmurs. “That’s it all right. And you didn’t have it on you when we put you in here. But it can’t have been Hooper - I had men watching him all night. And there’s no-one else it could have been.”

He turns the component over in his hands, bemused.

• Suggest something (turn to 3989)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 2359)

**1914**

“I don’t need twelve minutes. The component is in the long grass behind Hooper’s tent. I threw it there hoping to somehow frame him, but now I see that won’t be possible. I was naive, I suppose.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2080)

**1915**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 4168)

• Disagree (turn to 1900)

• Evade (turn to 3237)

**1916**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3298)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3369)

**1917**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3582)

• Leave it (turn to 2010)

**1918**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4808)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3556)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4808)

• Lie (turn to 3556)

**1919**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 3504)

• Look for another opening (turn to 973)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 4833)

**1920**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1884)

• The blanket (turn to 4392)

• Something else (turn to 4872)

**1921**

“When you have eliminated the impossible...” I begin, but Harris cuts me off.

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 2776)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 154)

**1922**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 3158)

• Try the windows (turn to 4736)

**1923**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component.”

“Well, as soon as it went missing the machine started to malfunction. We recognised the discrepancies in our results straight away...”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3501)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 1822)

• Lie (turn to 3501)

• Evade (turn to 1706)

**1924**

“Yes. Probably under my bunk.”

Harris smiles wryly. “We’ll know that for a fake, then. We’ve looked there already. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 3512)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 1068)

**1925**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2726)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 2726)

**1926**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3787)

• Try the door (turn to 2158)

• Try the windows (turn to 705)

**1927**

“I certainly don’t. But still, I’m surprised. I had Hooper down for a full-blown double agent, a traitor. He knows he’ll face the rope, doesn’t he?”

“Don’t ask me to explain why he did what he did,” Harris sighs. “Just be grateful that he did, and you’re now off the hook.”

Curiouser and curiouser. I nod once to Harris and slip outside into the cold morning air.

Hooper’s confession only makes sense in one fashion, and that is his being dim-witted and slow. Or perhaps he knew he would be followed if he went to check, and decided he would be doomed either way.

Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 3323)

• Don't check (turn to 631)

**1928**

Then pause. This is too transparent. Too blatant. If I leave it here, like this, Hooper will never be seen to go looking for it: he will stumble over it in plain sight, and the men watching will wonder why it was not there when he went to bed.

No, I must try something else - or nothing at all.

• On top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Throw the component into the long grass (turn to 4549)

• Give up (turn to 51)

**1929**

“No, I suppose not.” I push the teacup around on its base. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 1041)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 1133)

• Lie (turn to 1133)

**1930**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1333)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2037)

• Lie (turn to 1333)

• Evade (turn to 3620)

**1931**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 2995)

• Shrug (turn to 2189)

**1932**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1053)

• Try the window (turn to 3049)

**1933**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 1117)

• Look around instead (turn to 1777)

**1934**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 2486)

• Smash the window (turn to 20)

**1935**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 4543)

• No, some other way (turn to 3052)

**1936**

“It doesn’t matter. Just remember what I said. I’ve beaten you, Hooper. Remember that.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2453)

**1937**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 2903)

• Shrug (turn to 486)

**1938**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 1568)

• Try the windows (turn to 31)

**1939**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4027)

• The pillow (turn to 3450)

• Something else (turn to 3527)

**1940**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 5028)

• Accept it (turn to 3699)

• Evade it (turn to 401)

**1941**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3175)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**1942**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 4544)

• The blanket (turn to 134)

• Something else (turn to 1277)

**1943**

“Awkward,” I reply, looking him straight in the eye.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“There really isn’t any time to be wasted,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 4504)

• No (turn to 2237)

• Evade (turn to 2102)

• Lie (turn to 2237)

**1944**

“Of my genius. Hooper simply can’t stand that I’m cleverer than he is. We work so closely together, cooped up in that Hut all day. It drives him to distraction. To worse.”

“You’re suggesting Hooper would sabotage this country’s future simply to spite you?” Harris chooses his words like the military man he is, each lining up to create a ring around me.

• Yes (turn to 4371)

• No (turn to 4786)

• Evade (turn to 2577)

**1945**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2506)

• Try the door (turn to 2795)

• Try the windows (turn to 1563)

**1946**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1789)

• No (turn to 322)

• Lie (turn to 314)

**1947**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1139)

• No (turn to 2452)

**1948**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 783)

• Smash the window (turn to 2484)

**1949**

“I’ve thought so before.”

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 1642)

• Be dismissive (turn to 4536)

• Say nothing (turn to 4086)

**1950**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 1974)

• Look for another opening (turn to 269)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 3754)

**1951**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2506)

• Try the door (turn to 3377)

• Try the windows (turn to 4400)

**1952**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 543)

• The blanket (turn to 40)

• Something else (turn to 4885)

**1953**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3289)

• No (turn to 3988)

• Evade (turn to 2496)

• That's not it (turn to 4461)

**1954**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 198)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 3747)

• "You're right." (turn to 4990)

**1955**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 4136)

• Be cautious (turn to 4724)

**1956**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 907)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 471)

**1957**

“Perhaps Hooper had an accomplice. Someone else who works on site.”

Harris shakes his head, distractedly. “That doesn’t make sense,” he says. “Why go to all the trouble of stealing it only to give it back? And why like this?”

• Suggest something (turn to 4124)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 981)

**1958**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2306)

• Try the door (turn to 1498)

• Smash the window (turn to 6)

**1959**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 2497)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 894)

**1960**

“Nothing,” I reply. “You’re just the other man in the room. One of us has to get the blame.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4974)

**1961**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3958)

• Stay silent (turn to 1544)

• Confess (turn to 2387)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 2226)

**1962**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 3217)

• The jacket (turn to 1624)

**1963**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3854)

• No (turn to 4788)

• Lie (turn to 4788)

**1964**

The weight of the Bombe component safely in my jacket, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 3797)

**1965**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 968)

**1966**

“He’s petty enough, certainly. He’s a creep.” I wipe a hand across my forehead. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 781)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 1721)

• Lie (turn to 1721)

**1967**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1466)

• Be cautious (turn to 1055)

**1968**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 2806)

• Smash the window (turn to 3292)

**1969**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3854)

• No (turn to 1485)

• Lie (turn to 1485)

**1970**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 1568)

• Try the windows (turn to 31)

**1971**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 632)

• No (turn to 3671)

• Lie (turn to 3671)

**1972**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 2106)

• Wait (turn to 1080)

**1973**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“Did you?” The worst of his rage is passing; he is now moving into a kind of contemptuous despair. I can imagine him wrapping up our interview soon, leaving the hut, locking the door, and dropping the key down the well in the yard. And why wouldn’t he? With my name tarnished they will not let me back to work on the Bombe - if there is the slightest smell of treachery about my name I would be lucky not be locked up for the remainder of the war. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 1496)

• Persist with this (turn to 4565)

**1974**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 2812)

• No, some other way (turn to 3264)

**1975**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 593)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 758)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**1976**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 2091)

• Be disinterested (turn to 4308)

**1977**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 4035)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1118)

• Wait (turn to 4240)

**1978**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1282)

• The blanket (turn to 2330)

• Something else (turn to 4508)

**1979**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 4887)

• Listen at the door (turn to 3168)

• Wait (turn to 2842)

**1980**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2146)

• The pillow (turn to 3855)

• Something else (turn to 368)

**1981**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 954)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 1148)

**1982**

“And the other men? Do we have a hut each? Surely there aren’t enough senior officers to go round.”

“Collins and Humph were outside when the theft occurred. Everyone confirms that,” Harris replies. “That leaves you, Hooper, and the other two, who vouch for each other and frankly I’m inclined to believe them. But that’s all we know. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 3814)

• Offer nothing (turn to 2405)

**1983**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3703)

• Leave it (turn to 2936)

**1984**

“I’m looking forward to having a wash and a change of clothes; which should make a little less evil to be around.”

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3710)

• Be dismissive (turn to 3866)

• Say nothing (turn to 1248)

**1985**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 2606)

**1986**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3149)

• No (turn to 4659)

• Lie (turn to 4659)

**1987**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 1808)

• Stay silent (turn to 3178)

• Show him the component (turn to 4335)

**1988**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 1479)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3750)

**1989**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 393)

• Tell the truth (turn to 741)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**1990**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3847)

**1991**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4510)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2424)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4510)

• Lie (turn to 2424)

**1992**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 1945)

• No (turn to 4816)

• Lie (turn to 836)

• Evade (turn to 836)

**1993**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my shoe and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 3815)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 2775)

**1994**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 4912)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 4093)

**1995**

“Awkward,” I reply, looking him straight in the eye.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“There really isn’t any time to be wasted,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 1355)

• No (turn to 4013)

• Evade (turn to 4890)

• Lie (turn to 4013)

**1996**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 5006)

• Find something to help (turn to 326)

**1997**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 1896)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 3875)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**1998**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 716)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3708)

• Lie (turn to 1585)

**1999**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 696)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2140)

• Lie (turn to 696)

• Evade (turn to 4937)

**2000**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 3059)

• Find something to help (turn to 4012)

**2001**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 528)

**2002**

“Damn right I’m sore. Was it one of the others who put you up to this? Was it Hooper? He’s always been jealous of me. He’s...”

The Commander moustache bristles as he purses his lips. “Has he now? Of your achievements, do you think?” It’s difficult not to shake the sense that he’s mocking me. “Or of your brain? Or something else?”

• "Of my genius." (turn to 1574)

• "Of my standing." (turn to 1342)

• Evade (turn to 4826)

**2003**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 4840)

• Be cautious (turn to 1257)

**2004**

“No,” Harris declares, finally. “I think you’re lying about Hooper. I think you’re a clever, scheming young man - that’s why we hired you - and you’re looking for the only reasonable out this situation has to offer. But I’m not taking it. We know you were in the room with the machine, we know you’re of a perverted persuasion, we know you have compromised yourself. There’s nothing more to say here. Either you tell me what you’ve done with that component, or we will hang you and search just as hard. It’s your choice.”

He gets to his feet, and gathers his gloves from the table top.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4153)

• Confess (turn to 4856)

• Stay silent (turn to 4151)

**2005**

“Now steady on,” I reply, gesturing for him to calm himself.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 2074)

• Blame someone (turn to 4728)

**2006**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 4008)

• The jacket (turn to 4115)

**2007**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4579)

• No (turn to 2361)

• Lie (turn to 2361)

**2008**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2671)

• Smash the window (turn to 2106)

• Wait (turn to 1080)

**2009**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 3548)

• Wait (turn to 4688)

**2010**

Still there means no-one has found it, which means it is probably well-hidden. And short of skipping the compound now, I can afford to leave it hidden there a while longer. So I leave it in place.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 4089)

• Escape the compound (turn to 2432)

**2011**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 419)

• Try the door (turn to 3023)

• Try the windows (turn to 4421)

**2012**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 4767)

**2013**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 932)

• Try the windows (turn to 5008)

**2014**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. I’ve cracked him a little at least. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 2164)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 385)

**2015**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 1821)

**2016**

“Harris, you’d better watch out. He’s planted a time-bomb here.”

Harris stares at me for a moment, then laughs. “Oh, goodness. That’s rich.”

I almost wish I had a way to make the hut explode, but of course I don’t.

“Enough.” Harris gestures for me to start walking. “This story couldn’t be simpler. You took it to cover your back. You hid it. You lied to get Hooper into trouble, and when you thought you’d won, you came to scoop your prize. A good hand but ultimately, you told Hooper where to look with your little riddle.”

He leads me across the yard. Back towards Hut 5 to be decoded, and taken to pieces, once again.

**The End**

**2017**

“No. I didn’t.”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 1020)

**2018**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 247)

**2019**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 242)

**2020**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 4117)

• Disagree (turn to 2289)

• Evade (turn to 3456)

**2021**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1062)

• Try the window (turn to 4126)

**2022**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 2021)

• Try the windows (turn to 767)

**2023**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4612)

• The pillow (turn to 1709)

• Something else (turn to 3170)

**2024**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 4323)

• Don't explain (turn to 1299)

• Lie (turn to 1738)

• Evade (turn to 2566)

**2025**

I head on around the back of the hut. The breeze-block with the cavity is on the left side.

• Check (turn to 4002)

• Look around (turn to 310)

**2026**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 475)

• Look for another opening (turn to 4176)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 1462)

**2027**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 176)

• Something else (turn to 4924)

**2028**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 4953)

• Something else (turn to 4643)

**2029**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 669)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**2030**

“Of my standing. My reputation.” I don’t like to talk of myself like this, but I carry on all the same. “Hooper simply can’t bear knowing that, once all this is over, I’ll be the one receiving the knighthood and he...”

“No-one will be getting a knighthood if the Germans invade,” Harris answers sharply. He casts a quick eye to the door of the Hut to check the latch is still down, then continues in more of a murmur: “Not you and not Hooper. Now answer me.” For the first time since the door closed, I wonder what the threat might be if I do *not*.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2261)

• "I don't." (turn to 1519)

• Lie (turn to 1519)

• Evade (turn to 1371)

**2031**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1968)

• Try the door (turn to 906)

• Smash the window (turn to 3292)

**2032**

“Damn right I’m sore. Was it one of the others who put you up to this? Was it Hooper? He’s always been jealous of me. He’s...”

The Commander moustache bristles as he purses his lips. “Has he now? Of your achievements, do you think?” It’s difficult not to shake the sense that he’s mocking me. “Or of your brain? Or something else?”

• "Of my genius." (turn to 4227)

• "Of my standing." (turn to 2309)

• Evade (turn to 3980)

**2033**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2330)

• Something else (turn to 4363)

**2034**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 2871)

• Disagree (turn to 1076)

• Evade (turn to 1809)

**2035**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 3458)

• Listen at the door (turn to 3831)

• Wait (turn to 730)

**2036**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2459)

• Something else (turn to 1070)

**2037**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 2794)

• Don't explain (turn to 541)

• Lie (turn to 46)

• Evade (turn to 4926)

**2038**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3782)

**2039**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2035)

**2040**

“I still have it. Not on me, of course. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3047)

**2041**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2528)

• No (turn to 892)

• Lie (turn to 892)

**2042**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 3150)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 752)

**2043**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 1025)

**2044**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2591)

• The blanket (turn to 3995)

• Something else (turn to 4590)

**2045**

“Yes. I suppose he was their agent. I should have realised but I didn’t. Then he threatened to tell you. I thought you would have me locked up: I couldn’t bear the thought of it. I love working here. I’ve never been so happy, so successful, anywhere before. I didn’t want to lose it.”

“So what did you do with the component?” Harris talks urgently. He grips his gloves tightly in one hand, perhaps prepared to lift them and strike if it is required. “Have you passed it to this man already? Have you left it somewhere for him to find?”

• I still have it (turn to 1605)

• I don't have it (turn to 2549)

• Lie (turn to 2549)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1605)

**2046**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4370)

• No (turn to 579)

• Lie (turn to 579)

**2047**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 995)

• The blanket (turn to 4612)

• The pillow (turn to 4058)

• Something else (turn to 3448)

**2048**

“Then I’ll be going, on and getting on with my job of saving her, shall I?” I even rise half to my feet, before he slams the tabletop.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 893)

• Blame someone (turn to 1973)

**2049**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1350)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**2050**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4469)

• No (turn to 3883)

**2051**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 536)

• Persist with this (turn to 1785)

**2052**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 1206)

• Listen at the door (turn to 4114)

• Wait (turn to 4738)

**2053**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 1372)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 1122)

**2054**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4397)

• No (turn to 1876)

• Lie (turn to 4710)

**2055**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 1124)

• Wait (turn to 904)

**2056**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3238)

• That's not it (turn to 3097)

**2057**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 4110)

• Shrug (turn to 2189)

**2058**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 2801)

• Wait (turn to 1080)

**2059**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 2256)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 344)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1099)

**2060**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 2464)

• Look around for something (turn to 3495)

**2061**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4361)

• No (turn to 4299)

• Lie (turn to 4158)

**2062**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 562)

• The jacket (turn to 4802)

**2063**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 3589)

• Wait (turn to 904)

**2064**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 3645)

• Evade (turn to 2540)

**2065**

“I saw him take it,” I reply, stubbornly. “Collins and Humph were outside having a cigarette, I think. The other two men were at the table. But I was at the front of the machine. I saw Hooper go around the side, and lean down, and pull something free. I even challenged him on it. I said, ‘What’s that? Someone put a nail through somewhere they shouldn’t have?’ He didn’t reply.”

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 1982)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 646)

**2066**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 4550)

• Take a longer route (turn to 3157)

**2067**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3440)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3919)

• Lie (turn to 3440)

• Evade (turn to 620)

**2068**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3047)

**2069**

“I’m sure I saw him this evening, talking to someone by the fence on the woodland side of the compound. He’s probably passed it on already. You’ll have to ask him.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 5030)

**2070**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3854)

• No (turn to 4788)

• Lie (turn to 4788)

**2071**

“No, I don’t. I’ve got work I should be doing tomorrow, and I need my rest...”

“Work that will be difficult for you to do, don’t you think?” Harris replies.

“They’ll have made a replacement by tomorrow,” I reply. “The war doesn’t stop over one missing reel.”

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 3981)

• "I don't." (turn to 2495)

• Lie (turn to 2495)

• Evade (turn to 2498)

**2072**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 3720)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 25)

**2073**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 612)

• Try the window (turn to 219)

**2074**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3401)

• No (turn to 2751)

• Lie (turn to 2935)

**2075**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 4323)

• Don't explain (turn to 1299)

• Lie (turn to 1738)

• Evade (turn to 2566)

**2076**

“Here at Bletchley? Of course I do...”

“Here, now,” Harris replies firmly. “We’re not talking to everyone, you understand. I can imagine you might feel pretty sore about that, old man. I can imagine you feeling picked on. You always were a sensitive soul.”

• "I'm fine." (turn to 896)

• "Damn right." (turn to 317)

• Be honest (turn to 317)

• Lie (turn to 896)

**2077**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 3506)

• Find something to help (turn to 378)

**2078**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

In truth, it is men like Harris who are complex, not men like me. I live to make things ordered, systematic. I like my pencils sharpened and lined up in a row. I do not deal in difficult borders, or uncertainties, or alliances. If I could, I would reduce the world to something easier to understand, something finite. But of course, I cannot, not even here, in this little micro-world, this safe haven from the horrors of the war.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 2663)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 572)

**2079**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 2152)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4009)

**2080**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 4608)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 957)

**2081**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1181)

• Be cautious (turn to 4594)

**2082**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 2815)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4009)

**2083**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2315)

• Try the door (turn to 2657)

• Try the windows (turn to 336)

**2084**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 2284)

• Wait (turn to 1649)

**2085**

“Of my genius. Hooper simply can’t stand that I’m cleverer than he is. We work so closely together, cooped up in that Hut all day. It drives him to distraction. To worse.”

“You’re suggesting Hooper would sabotage this country’s future simply to spite you?” Harris chooses his words like the military man he is, each lining up to create a ring around me.

• Yes (turn to 1227)

• No (turn to 1929)

• Evade (turn to 3605)

**2086**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1331)

**2087**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3841)

• Smash the window (turn to 2284)

• Wait (turn to 1649)

**2088**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4733)

**2089**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. I should have realised, of course. These things don’t happen by chance. I was a fool to think they might. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 2293)

• No (turn to 4466)

• Lie (turn to 4466)

• Evade (turn to 4805)

**2090**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 3675)

• Don't explain (turn to 4873)

• Lie (turn to 4125)

• Evade (turn to 1051)

**2091**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4702)

• Wait (turn to 2667)

**2092**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 157)

• The pillow (turn to 618)

• Something else (turn to 146)

**2093**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3175)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**2094**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1308)

• Be cautious (turn to 4080)

**2095**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 501)

• The blanket (turn to 3877)

• The pillow (turn to 4940)

• Something else (turn to 660)

**2096**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4517)

• Blame someone (turn to 121)

**2097**

I say quiet, listening, not sure how this will go.

“In case I’m not making myself clear,” Harris continues, “I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1465)

**2098**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 2711)

**2099**

“How should I know?” I reply, defensively. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 871)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 650)

• Lie (turn to 650)

**2100**

*But what is a country, after all? A country is not a concept, not an ideal. Every country falls, its borders shift and move, its language disappears to be replaced by another. Neither the Reich nor the British Empire will survive forever, so what use is my loyalty to either?*

*I may as well, therefore, look after myself. Something I have attempted, but failed miserably, to do.*

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 3491)

• Say nothing (turn to 3357)

**2101**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 2021)

• Try the windows (turn to 767)

**2102**

“Here at Bletchley? Of course I do”

“Here, now,” Harris replies firmly. “We’re not talking to everyone, you understand. I can imagine you might feel pretty sore about that, old man. I can imagine you feeling picked on. You always were a sensitive soul.”

• "I'm fine." (turn to 1889)

• "Damn right." (turn to 1654)

• Be honest (turn to 1654)

• Lie (turn to 1889)

**2103**

“You’re right. Let me talk to him, then. As a colleague. Maybe I can get something useful out of him.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 3060)

• "You're right." (turn to 4990)

**2104**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4742)

• No (turn to 2592)

**2105**

“I can imagine how being surrounded by clever men is pretty threatening for you, Commander,” I reply with a sneer. “They don’t train you to think in the Armed Forces.”

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 2481)

• Blame someone (turn to 305)

**2106**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 4650)

• Find something (turn to 4175)

• Use something you've got (turn to 916)

**2107**

• The jacket (turn to 3905)

**2108**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 4348)

• Try the windows (turn to 4340)

**2109**

“Then I’ll be going, on and getting on with my job of saving her, shall I?” I even rise half to my feet, before he slams the tabletop.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 2581)

• Blame someone (turn to 1079)

**2110**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 218)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Give up (turn to 1688)

**2111**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 2152)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 526)

**2112**

“I’m looking forward to having a bath.”

“Well, you should enjoy it. We found the missing component. Or rather, Hooper found it for us. He snuck out of his tent first thing in the morning and retrieved it from on top. Of all the damnest places - you would never have known it was there. He acted all surprised about it when we jumped him, of course, as you might expect - but it was good enough for me.”

• Be glad (turn to 2461)

• Be dismissive (turn to 1220)

**2113**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4392)

• Something else (turn to 3315)

**2114**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 4596)

• Disagree (turn to 2648)

• Lie (turn to 2530)

**2115**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 370)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 4807)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**2116**

“I’m looking forward to having a wash and a change of clothes; which should make a little less evil to be around.”

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3125)

• Be dismissive (turn to 3385)

• Say nothing (turn to 4884)

**2117**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 3022)

**2118**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Persist with this (turn to 1849)

• Tell the truth (turn to 409)

**2119**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 374)

• Wait (turn to 1138)

**2120**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3015)

• Something else (turn to 4838)

**2121**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 570)

**2122**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 1381)

• Listen at the door (turn to 4705)

• Wait (turn to 2724)

**2123**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I won’t go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 2311)

• Blame someone (turn to 2051)

**2124**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2023)

• The blanket (turn to 4612)

• The pillow (turn to 3528)

• Something else (turn to 3170)

**2125**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 1941)

• Shrug (turn to 3139)

**2126**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 3420)

• Blame someone (turn to 3656)

**2127**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 276)

• Dissuade (turn to 3057)

• Evade (turn to 4393)

• Say nothing (turn to 868)

**2128**

“You’re right. Let me talk to him, then. As a colleague. Maybe I can get something useful out of him.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 2987)

• "You're right." (turn to 1377)

**2129**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 3492)

• Try the windows (turn to 589)

**2130**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2749)

• Smash the window (turn to 20)

• Wait (turn to 1649)

**2131**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 2797)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1532)

**2132**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3199)

**2133**

“I’ll work as hard as I work.”

“Get out,” Harris growls. “Before I decide to arrest you as an accessory.”

I do as he says. Outside the barrack, the air has never smelt sweeter.

I head for my dorm, intent on a bath, breakfast, a glance at the crossword before the other men get to it, and then on with work. They should have replaced the component in the Bombe by now. We will be back to it, only a day behind.

I bump into Russell in the dorm hut. “Did you hear?” he whispers. “Terrible news about Hooper. Absolutely terrible.”

• Yes (turn to 1656)

• No (turn to 3564)

• Lie (turn to 3889)

• Evade (turn to 2944)

**2134**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2655)

• Something else (turn to 1276)

**2135**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1436)

• Smash the window (turn to 2484)

• Wait (turn to 904)

**2136**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 135)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**2137**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 3956)

• Deny it (turn to 2748)

**2138**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 605)

• Blame someone (turn to 3656)

**2139**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 643)

• The jacket (turn to 4073)

**2140**

“I know where it is.”

Harris smiles with satisfaction, as if your willingness to talk was somehow a result of his clever techniques.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 4837)

• Say nothing (turn to 2628)

**2141**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3958)

• Confess (turn to 563)

• Stay silent (turn to 1544)

**2142**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 1935)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 3427)

**2143**

Still there means no-one has found it, which means it is probably well-hidden. And short of skipping the compound now, I can afford to leave it hidden there a while longer. So I leave it in place.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 4109)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4314)

**2144**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2209)

• The blanket (turn to 902)

• The pillow (turn to 4929)

• Something else (turn to 3734)

**2145**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 4807)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 2618)

**2146**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 1278)

**2147**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1838)

• Something else (turn to 3967)

**2148**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 1770)

**2149**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1006)

• No (turn to 4626)

• Lie (turn to 4626)

**2150**

“I don’t have it any more. I passed it through the fence to my contact straight after taking it, before it was discovered to be missing. It would have been idiocy to do differently. It’s long gone, I’m afraid.”

“You fool, Manning,” Harris curses, getting quickly to his feet. “You utter fool. Do you suppose you will be any better off living under Hitler? It’s men like you who will get us all killed. Men too feeble, too weak in their hearts to stand up and take a man’s responsibility for the world. You’re happier to stay a child all your life and play with your little childish toys.”

• Answer back (turn to 5037)

• Say nothing (turn to 4858)

**2151**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1790)

• No (turn to 4087)

• Lie (turn to 4087)

• Evade (turn to 3342)

**2152**

The weight of the Bombe component safely in my jacket, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 940)

**2153**

• The jacket (turn to 3485)

• The bucket (turn to 2313)

**2154**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4823)

• Don't go (turn to 4917)

**2155**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 4496)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**2156**

• The jacket (turn to 3120)

• The bucket (turn to 2760)

**2157**

“You can’t do this!” I cry. “It’s murder! I demand a trial, a lawyer; for God’s sake, man, you can’t just throw me overboard, we’re not barbarians...!”

“You leave me no choice,” Harris snaps back, eyes cold as gun-metal. “You and your damn cyphers. Your damn clever problems. If men like you didn’t exist, if we could just all be *straight* with one another.” He gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear for the future of this world, with men like you in. Reich or no Reich, Mr Manning, people like you simply *complicate* matters.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2558)

**2158**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1879)

• Try the window (turn to 2353)

**2159**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 4480)

• Blame someone (turn to 2696)

**2160**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 3234)

• Find something to help (turn to 2713)

**2161**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Persist with this (turn to 3598)

• Tell the truth (turn to 5010)

**2162**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I won’t go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4203)

• Blame someone (turn to 46)

**2163**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 4398)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**2164**

I lift the cup and take a sip, staring him hard in the eye as I do so. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 4056)

• Disagree (turn to 3460)

• Evade (turn to 3460)

**2165**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4392)

• The pillow (turn to 2366)

• Something else (turn to 3315)

**2166**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 3589)

• Wait (turn to 4624)

**2167**

“Damn right I’m sore. Was it one of the others who put you up to this? Was it Hooper? He’s always been jealous of me. He’s...”

The Commander moustache bristles as he purses his lips. “Has he now? Of your achievements, do you think?” It’s difficult not to shake the sense that he’s humouring me.

“Or of your brain? Or something else?”

• "Of my genius." (turn to 3206)

• "Of my standing." (turn to 24)

• Evade (turn to 3918)

**2168**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 2862)

• No (turn to 2733)

• Evade (turn to 86)

• That's not it (turn to 2808)

**2169**

“I don’t need twelve minutes. The component is in the long grass behind Hooper’s tent. I threw it there hoping to somehow frame him, but now I see that won’t be possible. I was naive, I suppose.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4079)

**2170**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3118)

• No (turn to 4396)

**2171**

“No. I have no idea.”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 4587)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 1620)

• Lie (turn to 4587)

• Evade (turn to 2909)

**2172**

I will have to leave that question for another day. To return there now, when they’re probably watching my every step, would be suicide. After all, if Hooper followed my clue, he will have explained it to them to save his neck. They won’t believe him - but they won’t quite disbelieve him either. We’re locked in a cycle now, him and me, of half-truth and probability. There’s nothing either of us can do to put the other entirely into blame.

Nothing, that is, except to act as if there is no game being played. I’ll have a bath, then start work as normal. I’ve got a week to find something to give my blackmailer - or give him nothing: it seems my superiors know about my indiscretions now already. Something will turn up.

• Definitely (turn to 2478)

• Unlikely (turn to 3208)

• Lie (turn to 1423)

• Evade (turn to 1717)

**2173**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 2745)

• Be cautious (turn to 1976)

**2174**

“I don’t know what I’m suggesting. I don’t understand what’s going on.”

“But of course you do.” Harris narrows his eyes. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2261)

• "I don't." (turn to 4178)

• Lie (turn to 4178)

• Evade (turn to 2519)

**2175**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. I’ve cracked him a little at least. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 4821)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4000)

**2176**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

The Commander holds the door for his superior, and follows him out. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4781)

**2177**

“He’s petty enough, certainly. He’s a creep.” I wipe a hand across my forehead. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 871)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 650)

• Lie (turn to 650)

**2178**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3072)

• Stay silent (turn to 1135)

• Show him the component (turn to 4354)

**2179**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 143)

• Put the cup down (turn to 2246)

**2180**

No. What would be the use? He will be long gone, and the name he told me is no doubt hokum. No: I was alone before in guilt, and I am thus alone again.

Harris put the cuffs around my wrists. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“Certainly. And one of your computing things, if I get my way. And when we’re old, and smoking pipes together in The Rag like heroes, I’ll explain to you the way that decent men have affairs. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**2181**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4981)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2442)

**2182**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 3900)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 3498)

**2183**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1613)

• No (turn to 3714)

• Lie (turn to 3714)

**2184**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 3520)

**2185**

“I’m sure you’ve handled worse,” I reply casually, sipping at my tea as if we were the best of friends.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“I’m sorry to pull you up so roughly,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 1795)

• No (turn to 2937)

• Evade (turn to 1747)

• Lie (turn to 2937)

**2186**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 2740)

• Dissuade (turn to 4796)

• Evade (turn to 1922)

• Say nothing (turn to 1903)

**2187**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3419)

• The pillow (turn to 2384)

• Something else (turn to 603)

**2188**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2268)

• The blanket (turn to 2655)

• The pillow (turn to 4215)

• Something else (turn to 1276)

**2189**

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 5030)

**2190**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 664)

• Don't confess (turn to 1577)

**2191**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 1218)

• Don't explain (turn to 2155)

• Lie (turn to 4125)

• Evade (turn to 1733)

**2192**

“I’m no traitor,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 924)

• "I don't." (turn to 4277)

• Lie (turn to 4277)

• Evade (turn to 3651)

**2193**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2608)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2253)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**2194**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 43)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 451)

**2195**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 3308)

• Look around for something (turn to 4003)

**2196**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 2215)

• Find something to help (turn to 2334)

**2197**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2058)

• Smash the window (turn to 2801)

• Wait (turn to 1080)

**2198**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 4644)

• Blame someone (turn to 172)

**2199**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 669)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**2200**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 482)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 4616)

**2201**

“I can imagine how being surrounded by clever men is pretty threatening for you, Commander,” I reply with a sneer. “They don’t train you to think in the Armed Forces.”

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3534)

• Blame someone (turn to 3269)

**2202**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 1249)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4207)

• Plead with him (turn to 4481)

**2203**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 3947)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2744)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3947)

• Lie (turn to 2744)

**2204**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 4807)

• Look for another opening (turn to 2145)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 3978)

**2205**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 4660)

• Shrug (turn to 3950)

**2206**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 450)

**2207**

“We’ll fool him. He’s waiting to be sure that I’ve been strung up for this, so let’s give him what he wants. If he sees me taken away, clapped in irons - he’ll go straight to that component and set about getting rid of it.”

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 468)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 2316)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 2838)

**2208**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4410)

• Smash the window (turn to 2901)

• Wait (turn to 566)

**2209**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 902)

• The pillow (turn to 3179)

• Something else (turn to 3734)

**2210**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 3657)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2708)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**2211**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3793)

• Smash the window (turn to 3026)

• Wait (turn to 566)

**2212**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 1280)

• Try the windows (turn to 535)

**2213**

“I don’t know what I’m suggesting. I don’t understand what’s going on.”

“But of course you do.” Harris narrows his eyes. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 737)

• "I don't." (turn to 4949)

• Lie (turn to 4949)

• Evade (turn to 1310)

**2214**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1105)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2470)

• Lie (turn to 1105)

• Evade (turn to 2465)

**2215**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 2464)

• Look around for something (turn to 2334)

**2216**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 4502)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1793)

• Wait (turn to 1087)

**2217**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1774)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1329)

• Lie (turn to 1554)

**2218**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4823)

• Don't go (turn to 690)

**2219**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 3453)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 280)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 4377)

**2220**

“All right.” With a sigh, your defiance collapses."If you’re searched my things then I suppose you’ve found... what you need.

Harris nods once. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2697)

• Disagree (turn to 2854)

• Lie (turn to 1306)

**2221**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 4373)

• Try the windows (turn to 4695)

**2222**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 2595)

**2223**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1518)

• Something else (turn to 1798)

**2224**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 419)

• Try the door (turn to 129)

• Try the windows (turn to 546)

**2225**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 3359)

• Deny doing it (turn to 3516)

**2226**

“Look, I know where it is. The missing piece of the Bombe is in the long grasses behind Hooper’s tent. I saw him throw it there right after we finished work. He knew you’d scour the camp but I suppose he thought you’d more obvious places first. I suppose he was right about that. Look there. That *proves* his guilt.”

“That doesn’t prove anything,” Harris returns sharply. “But we’ll check what you say, all the same.” He gets to his feet and heads out of the door.

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1318)

**2227**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 4241)

• Deny doing it (turn to 3543)

**2228**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3351)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 3975)

**2229**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 3455)

• Tell the truth (turn to 509)

• Lie (turn to 2069)

**2230**

“I’m fine,” I reply. “This is all some misunderstanding and the quicker we have it cleared up the better.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” And then he comes right out with it, with an accusation. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2090)

• "I don't." (turn to 771)

• Lie (turn to 771)

• Evade (turn to 1402)

**2231**

“I’m no traitor,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1684)

• "I don't." (turn to 2489)

• Lie (turn to 2489)

• Evade (turn to 4532)

**2232**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2052)

**2233**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 4948)

• Look for another opening (turn to 4301)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 3583)

**2234**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2626)

• Something else (turn to 454)

**2235**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1790)

• No (turn to 1200)

• Lie (turn to 1200)

• Evade (turn to 61)

**2236**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 3252)

• Deny doing it (turn to 4795)

**2237**

“No, I don’t. I’ve got work I should be doing tomorrow, and I need my rest...”

“Work that will be difficult for you to do, don’t you think?” Harris replies.

“They’ll have made a replacement by tomorrow,” I reply. “The war doesn’t stop over one missing reel.”

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 3997)

• "I don't." (turn to 1768)

• Lie (turn to 1768)

• Evade (turn to 1923)

**2238**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 2095)

• The jacket (turn to 3672)

**2239**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 3892)

• Try the windows (turn to 4609)

**2240**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 584)

• Look around for something (turn to 4198)

**2241**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 143)

• Put the cup down (turn to 2246)

**2242**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 3947)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3751)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3947)

• Lie (turn to 3751)

**2243**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 4730)

• Shrug (turn to 486)

**2244**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 2576)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**2245**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 4475)

• Look for another opening (turn to 4682)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 3146)

**2246**

I set the cup carefully down on the table once more. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 3971)

• Disagree (turn to 1742)

• Evade (turn to 1742)

**2247**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 1977)

• Try the door (turn to 1932)

• Try the windows (turn to 1131)

**2248**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 176)

• Something else (turn to 4924)

**2249**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2315)

• Try the door (turn to 2657)

• Try the windows (turn to 336)

**2250**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 1972)

• Smash the window (turn to 2106)

**2251**

• The jacket (turn to 2368)

• The bucket (turn to 1524)

**2252**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 2820)

• Disagree (turn to 4339)

• Evade (turn to 4342)

**2253**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 4598)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**2254**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4733)

**2255**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 1280)

• Try the windows (turn to 535)

**2256**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 344)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Give up (turn to 1688)

**2257**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1904)

• The pillow (turn to 105)

• Something else (turn to 100)

**2258**

I lean back. “It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 2719)

**2259**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 3844)

**2260**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 2497)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 894)

**2261**

“Yes.”

Harris smiles with satisfaction, as if your willingness to talk was somehow a result of his clever techniques.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 1697)

• Say nothing (turn to 2825)

**2262**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 1568)

• Try the windows (turn to 31)

**2263**

“Here at Bletchley? Of course I do”

“Here, now,” Harris replies firmly. “We’re not talking to everyone, you understand. I can imagine you might feel pretty sore about that, old man. I can imagine you feeling picked on.”

• "I'm fine." (turn to 4559)

• "Damn right." (turn to 1805)

• Be honest (turn to 1805)

• Lie (turn to 4559)

**2264**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 2707)

• Leave it (turn to 2143)

**2265**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 1977)

• Try the door (turn to 3508)

• Try the windows (turn to 1811)

**2266**

*Of course not. I am alone; that is what they wanted me to be, because of who and what I love. So I have no nation, no country.*

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 2638)

• Say nothing (turn to 2176)

**2267**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 3123)

• Look around for something (turn to 2380)

**2268**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2655)

• The pillow (turn to 2134)

• Something else (turn to 1276)

**2269**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 672)

• Disagree (turn to 4210)

**2270**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 1699)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 3786)

**2271**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 123)

• Blame someone (turn to 4671)

**2272**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 3731)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 2877)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1099)

**2273**

*Of course not. I am alone; that is what they wanted me to be, because of who and what I love. So I have no nation, no country.*

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 3491)

• Say nothing (turn to 3357)

**2274**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1360)

• The blanket (turn to 1518)

• Something else (turn to 1798)

**2275**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 1979)

**2276**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4851)

• Smash the window (turn to 1362)

• Wait (turn to 4688)

**2277**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 106)

• Something else (turn to 3286)

**2278**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 81)

• Something else (turn to 2575)

**2279**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 3334)

• No (turn to 2229)

• Lie (turn to 2229)

• Evade (turn to 494)

**2280**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 1077)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 64)

**2281**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 3892)

• Try the windows (turn to 4609)

**2282**

“Then let him think he’s off the hook. Make a show of me. And then you’ll get your man.”

*Somehow*, I think. But that’s the part I need to work.

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Especially since this is a plan that involves keeping you in handcuffs. I don’t see what I have to lose.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 3073)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 3769)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 1033)

**2283**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 4775)

• Try the windows (turn to 4194)

**2284**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 1859)

• Find something (turn to 2343)

• Use something you've got (turn to 4576)

**2285**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 2622)

• Oppose him (turn to 738)

• Dismiss him (turn to 4506)

**2286**

“How should I know?” I reply, defensively. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 4137)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 3421)

• Lie (turn to 3421)

**2287**

“I’m not saying anything of the sort,” I snap back. “What is this, Harris? You’re accusing me of treachery but I don’t see a shred of evidence for it! Why don’t you put your cards on the table?”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 1104)

• Disagree (turn to 3790)

• Lie (turn to 3985)

**2288**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1157)

• No (turn to 3908)

• Lie (turn to 4806)

**2289**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 4921)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**2290**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 2759)

• Put the cup down (turn to 1404)

**2291**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 139)

**2292**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1492)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**2293**

“Yes. I didn’t have long, but I had long enough. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4850)

**2294**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 722)

• Smash the window (turn to 3026)

• Wait (turn to 4763)

**2295**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 3917)

• No (turn to 530)

• Lie (turn to 3917)

**2296**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 1476)

• Dissuade (turn to 4045)

• Evade (turn to 4242)

• Say nothing (turn to 413)

**2297**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 2877)

• Look for another opening (turn to 443)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 1907)

**2298**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3808)

• Leave it (turn to 1744)

**2299**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 2801)

• Wait (turn to 1865)

**2300**

I fold my arms, intended firmly to say nothing. But somehow, watching Harris’ face, I cannot bring myself to do it. I want to confess. I want to tell him everything I can, to explain myself to him, to earn his forgiveness. The sensation is so strong my will is powerless in the face of it.

Something is wrong with me, I am sure of it. There is a strange, bitter flavour on my tongue. I taste it as words start to form.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 1472)

• That's not it (turn to 3042)

**2301**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 1808)

• Confess (turn to 4399)

• Stay silent (turn to 3178)

**2302**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 1818)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4933)

**2303**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2407)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4181)

• Lie (turn to 2407)

• Evade (turn to 3497)

**2304**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 236)

• No (turn to 3578)

• Lie (turn to 4588)

• Evade (turn to 4588)

**2305**

I don’t take it. I’m not having my time wasted by signs and signals. I’ve been waiting here for long enough already, after being rudely pulled from my bunk. I touch a fingertip down on the table and look him in the eye.

“What’s going on, Harris?”

“Quite a difficult situation, this,” he begins, cautiously. I’ve seen him adopting this stiff tone of voice before, but only when talking to brass. “I’m sure you agree.”

• Agree (turn to 1943)

• Disagree (turn to 4099)

• Lie (turn to 4099)

• Evade (turn to 727)

**2306**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 457)

• Smash the window (turn to 6)

**2307**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 2045)

• No, that's not right (turn to 415)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2045)

• Lie (turn to 415)

**2308**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4951)

• Blame someone (turn to 3715)

**2309**

“Of my standing. My reputation.” I’m aware of how arrogant I must sound but I plough on all the same. “Hooper simply can’t bear knowing that, once all this is over, I’ll be the one receiving the knighthood and he...”

“No-one will be getting a knighthood if the Germans invade,” Harris answers sharply. He casts a quick eye to the door of the Hut to check the latch is still down, then continues in more of a murmur: “Not you and not Hooper. Now answer me.” For the first time since the door closed, I wonder what the threat might be if I do *not*.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1684)

• "I don't." (turn to 2489)

• Lie (turn to 2489)

• Evade (turn to 4532)

**2310**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 2293)

• No (turn to 4913)

• Lie (turn to 4913)

• Evade (turn to 479)

**2311**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1416)

• No (turn to 5023)

• Lie (turn to 4789)

**2312**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 548)

• Don't explain (turn to 3188)

• Lie (turn to 1738)

• Evade (turn to 4827)

**2313**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 3485)

**2314**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3390)

• No (turn to 1711)

• Lie (turn to 1711)

**2315**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 807)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1229)

• Wait (turn to 1646)

**2316**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 652)

• Dissuade (turn to 462)

• Evade (turn to 363)

• Say nothing (turn to 4818)

**2317**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component.”

“Well, as soon as it went missing the machine started to malfunction. We recognised the discrepancies in our results straight away...”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1916)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2075)

• Lie (turn to 1916)

• Evade (turn to 1175)

**2318**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 155)

• No (turn to 3338)

• Evade (turn to 1506)

• That's not it (turn to 2916)

**2319**

“You’re right. Let me talk to him, then. As a colleague. Maybe I can get something useful out of him.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 496)

• "You're right." (turn to 1246)

**2320**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 2797)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1532)

**2321**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 600)

• No (turn to 1075)

• Lie (turn to 600)

**2322**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 4900)

• Smash the window (turn to 1233)

**2323**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3953)

• No (turn to 3945)

• Lie (turn to 3945)

**2324**

No. Why would I? He is no doubt an innocent himself, trapped by some dire circumstance. Forced to act the way he did. I have every sympathy for him.

Of course I do.

Harris put the cuffs around my wrists. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“Certainly. And one of your computing things, if I get my way. And when we’re old, and smoking pipes together in The Rag like heroes, I’ll explain to you the way that decent men have affairs. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**2325**

“I’m not saying anything of the sort,” I snap back. “What is this, Harris? You’re accusing me of treachery but I don’t see a shred of evidence for it! Why don’t you put your cards on the table?”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 3799)

• Disagree (turn to 1771)

• Lie (turn to 1046)

**2326**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 3525)

• Try the windows (turn to 3318)

**2327**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 2860)

• Don't confess (turn to 4844)

**2328**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 2293)

• No (turn to 483)

• Lie (turn to 483)

• Evade (turn to 479)

**2329**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 4538)

• Be disinterested (turn to 4852)

**2330**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 1421)

**2331**

“I don’t know what I’m suggesting. I don’t understand what’s going on.”

“But of course you do.” Harris narrows his eyes. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1684)

• "I don't." (turn to 2850)

• Lie (turn to 2850)

• Evade (turn to 4532)

**2332**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2459)

• Something else (turn to 1070)

**2333**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 4912)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4395)

**2334**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 805)

• The jacket (turn to 450)

• The bucket (turn to 130)

**2335**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4981)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2526)

**2336**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 4425)

• The jacket (turn to 1804)

• The bucket (turn to 1870)

**2337**

“Then you’d better get searching,” I reply, tiring of his complaining. *A war is a war, you have to expect an enemy.* “It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 1182)

**2338**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 4291)

**2339**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 5033)

**2340**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4612)

• Something else (turn to 3170)

**2341**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4278)

• Wait (turn to 1858)

**2342**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2677)

**2343**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 4611)

• Find something to help (turn to 1092)

**2344**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 4446)

• Don't explain (turn to 4883)

• Lie (turn to 121)

• Evade (turn to 3306)

**2345**

• The jacket (turn to 1470)

**2346**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 3492)

• Try the windows (turn to 589)

**2347**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3577)

• Try the door (turn to 2969)

• Try the windows (turn to 3407)

**2348**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4278)

• Wait (turn to 784)

**2349**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 2210)

• Lie (turn to 2210)

• Evade (turn to 2150)

**2350**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3079)

• The jacket (turn to 1533)

**2351**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 866)

• The blanket (turn to 157)

• Something else (turn to 1450)

**2352**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 330)

• The blanket (turn to 3419)

• The pillow (turn to 1767)

• Something else (turn to 3142)

**2353**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2882)

• Smash the window (turn to 2106)

• Wait (turn to 1865)

**2354**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4848)

**2355**

“I’m suggesting you save your own skin. I’ve wrapped that component in one of your shirts, Hooper. They’ll be searching this place top to bottom. They’ll find it eventually, and when they do, that’s the thing that will swing it against you. So take my advice now.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2784)

**2356**

*But what is a country, after all? A country is not a concept, not an ideal. Every country falls, its borders shift and move, its language disappears to be replaced by another. Neither the Reich nor the British Empire will survive forever, so what use is my loyalty to either?*

*I may as well, therefore, look after myself. Something I have attempted, but failed miserably, to do.*

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 3948)

• Say nothing (turn to 4522)

**2357**

I will have to leave that question for another day. To return there now, when they’re probably watching my every step, would be suicide. After all, if Hooper understood my clue, he will have explained it to them to save his neck. They won’t believe him - but they won’t quite disbelieve him either. We’re locked in a cycle now, him and me, of half-truth and probability. There’s nothing either of us can do to put the other entirely into blame.

Nothing, that is, except to act as if there is no game being played. I’ll have a bath, then start work as normal. I’ve got a week to find something to give my blackmailer - or give him nothing: it seems my superiors know about my indiscretions now already. Something will turn up.

• Definitely (turn to 2478)

• Unlikely (turn to 3208)

• Lie (turn to 1423)

• Evade (turn to 1717)

**2358**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 869)

• No (turn to 1314)

• Lie (turn to 869)

**2359**

I shrug, eloquently.

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 114)

**2360**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2950)

• The pillow (turn to 4519)

• Something else (turn to 453)

**2361**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2710)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 2710)

**2362**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I won’t go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3230)

• Blame someone (turn to 232)

**2363**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“Did you?” The worst of his rage is passing; he is now moving into a kind of contemptuous despair. I can imagine him wrapping up our interview soon, leaving the hut, locking the door, and dropping the key down the well in the yard. And why wouldn’t he? With my name tarnished they will not let me back to work on the Bombe - if there is the slightest smell of treachery about my name I would be lucky not be locked up for the remainder of the war. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 2750)

• Persist with this (turn to 90)

**2364**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 4773)

• Deny doing it (turn to 823)

**2365**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 832)

**2366**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 4392)

• Something else (turn to 3315)

**2367**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2057)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1522)

• Lie (turn to 2069)

**2368**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 215)

**2369**

“Right now, I think you take that role, Harris,” I reply coolly.

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3710)

• Be dismissive (turn to 3866)

• Say nothing (turn to 1248)

**2370**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 143)

• Put the cup down (turn to 2246)

**2371**

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 3323)

• Leave it (turn to 2357)

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**2372**

“I’ve thought so before.” Certainly in the matter of getting blackmailed.

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 27)

• Be dismissive (turn to 1285)

• Say nothing (turn to 5007)

**2373**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I won’t go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3041)

• Blame someone (turn to 2425)

**2374**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 26)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2557)

**2375**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3220)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**2376**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1571)

• No (turn to 4280)

• Lie (turn to 4280)

**2377**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 3200)

• Lie (turn to 3200)

• Evade (turn to 880)

**2378**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1159)

• The pillow (turn to 583)

• Something else (turn to 1756)

**2379**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1406)

• Try the window (turn to 491)

**2380**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 4206)

• The jacket (turn to 4802)

• The bucket (turn to 2062)

**2381**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2978)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4841)

• Lie (turn to 1585)

**2382**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 183)

• The pillow (turn to 4174)

• Something else (turn to 3445)

**2383**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3954)

• Try the window (turn to 1251)

**2384**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3419)

• Something else (turn to 603)

**2385**

I lift the cup and take a sip, trying to act natural. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 252)

• Disagree (turn to 4906)

• Evade (turn to 4906)

**2386**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 2000)

• Find something (turn to 1052)

• Use something you've got (turn to 1815)

**2387**

“I don’t need twelve minutes. The component is in the long grass behind Hooper’s tent. I threw it there hoping to somehow frame him, but now I see that won’t be possible. I was naive, I suppose.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3136)

**2388**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 1167)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 3800)

**2389**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 2939)

• Evade (turn to 1534)

**2390**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 3525)

• Try the windows (turn to 3318)

**2391**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 1113)

• Disagree (turn to 3915)

• Evade (turn to 3007)

**2392**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 1233)

• Wait (turn to 4688)

**2393**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1272)

• Smash the window (turn to 374)

• Wait (turn to 1138)

**2394**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 4217)

• Don't confess (turn to 2531)

**2395**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1333)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2037)

• Lie (turn to 1333)

• Evade (turn to 3620)

**2396**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 2804)

• "You're right." (turn to 1301)

**2397**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 744)

**2398**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 4192)

• Find something to help (turn to 3000)

**2399**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2570)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4731)

• Lie (turn to 2570)

• Evade (turn to 2843)

**2400**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

In truth, it is men like Harris who are complex, not men like me. I live to make things ordered, systematic. I like my pencils sharpened and lined up in a row. I do not deal in difficult borders, or uncertainties, or alliances. If I could, I would reduce the world to something easier to understand, something finite. But of course, I cannot, not even here, in this little micro-world, this safe haven from the horrors of the war.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 1240)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 2538)

**2401**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 2447)

**2402**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 3395)

• "You're right." (turn to 558)

**2403**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2278)

• The blanket (turn to 81)

• Something else (turn to 2575)

**2404**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3565)

• Blame someone (turn to 1363)

**2405**

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 1182)

**2406**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3660)

• The pillow (turn to 1028)

• Something else (turn to 3503)

**2407**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 4054)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4061)

**2408**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 901)

**2409**

“When you have eliminated the impossible...” I begin, but Harris cuts me off.

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 1982)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 646)

**2410**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 138)

• Dissuade (turn to 2839)

• Evade (turn to 4191)

• Say nothing (turn to 4154)

**2411**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 3235)

• Don't confess (turn to 1577)

**2412**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2506)

• Try the door (turn to 2073)

• Try the windows (turn to 816)

**2413**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2299)

• Smash the window (turn to 2801)

• Wait (turn to 1865)

**2414**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 2639)

• No (turn to 4478)

• Lie (turn to 2639)

**2415**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 283)

• The blanket (turn to 1668)

• Something else (turn to 942)

**2416**

I pause to glance around, and catch a glimpse of movement. Someone ducking around the corner of the hut. Or a canvas sheet flapping in the light breeze. Impossible to be sure.

• Check the breeze-block (turn to 4557)

• Check around the side of the hut (turn to 1548)

**2417**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 104)

• Something else (turn to 203)

**2418**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1988)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2653)

• Lie (turn to 1988)

• Evade (turn to 996)

**2419**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 2968)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 1365)

**2420**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3953)

• No (turn to 3945)

• Lie (turn to 3945)

**2421**

“I’m sure I saw him this evening, talking to someone by the fence on the woodland side of the compound. He’s probably passed it on already. You’ll have to ask him.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 2719)

**2422**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 4109)

**2423**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2821)

**2424**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1185)

• No (turn to 4220)

• Lie (turn to 4220)

• Evade (turn to 1078)

**2425**

I have in my head to blame Hooper, but somehow I cannot find a way to tell the story. Whatever they put in my tea, it has control of my tongue. Fighting as hard as I can, it does no good. I find myself collapsing, desperate to tell him everything, almost weeping with the shame of it.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3212)

• No (turn to 474)

• Lie (turn to 1845)

**2426**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 2295)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2526)

**2427**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 3105)

• Be cautious (turn to 32)

**2428**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 157)

• Something else (turn to 1450)

**2429**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3924)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 3924)

**2430**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 179)

• The blanket (turn to 2330)

• The pillow (turn to 1978)

• Something else (turn to 4508)

**2431**

From inspiration - or desperation, I am not certain - a simple approach occurs to me. I toss the component away into the bushes behind Hooper’s tent and return to my barrack, wishing myself a long sleep followed by a morning, free of this business.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2715)

**2432**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4823)

• Don't go (turn to 4193)

**2433**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 902)

• Something else (turn to 2107)

**2434**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 2188)

• The jacket (turn to 1624)

• The bucket (turn to 1962)

**2435**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 3531)

• No (turn to 4352)

• Lie (turn to 4588)

• Evade (turn to 4588)

**2436**

I suppose this must be what it feels like to have a conscience, then. Very well.

“Harris, sir. I don’t know what Hooper’s playing at, sir. But I can’t let him do this.”

“Do what?”

“Take the rope for this. I took it, sir.

The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might."

“I thought as much. I hadn’t expected you to give it out so easily, however. You understand, Hooper has said nothing, of course. In fact, he went to Hut 2 directly after we released him and uncovered the component. But he told us you had instructed him where to go. Hence my little double bluff. Frankly, I’ll be glad when I’m shot of the lot of you mathematicians.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3136)

**2437**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 106)

• Something else (turn to 306)

**2438**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 3894)

• Wait (turn to 3515)

**2439**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 695)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3317)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**2440**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 1961)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 4390)

**2441**

“You can’t do this!” I cry. “It’s murder! I demand a trial, a lawyer; for God’s sake, man, you can’t just throw me overboard, we’re not barbarians...!”

“You leave me no choice,” Harris snaps back, eyes cold as gun-metal. “You and your damn cyphers. Your damn clever problems. If men like you didn’t exist, if we could just all be *straight* with one another.” He gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear for the future of this world, with men like you in. Reich or no Reich, Mr Manning, people like you simply *complicate* matters.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 714)

**2442**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 1729)

• No (turn to 387)

• Lie (turn to 1729)

**2443**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3588)

• No (turn to 1023)

• Lie (turn to 1023)

**2444**

“Please, Harris. You can’t understand the pressure they put me under. You can’t understand what it’s like, to be in love but be able to do nothing about it...”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 16)

• No (turn to 467)

• Lie (turn to 467)

• Evade (turn to 3861)

**2445**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3248)

• The jacket (turn to 3837)

• The bucket (turn to 867)

**2446**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 147)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1213)

**2447**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 2284)

• Wait (turn to 1649)

**2448**

I lean back. “It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 5030)

**2449**

“I’m not saying anything of the sort,” I snap back. “What is this, Harris? You’re accusing me of treachery but I don’t see a shred of evidence for it! Why don’t you put your cards on the table?”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2029)

• Disagree (turn to 2199)

• Lie (turn to 4615)

**2450**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 2734)

• Stay silent (turn to 1505)

• Confess (turn to 1914)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 3899)

**2451**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 3875)

• Look for another opening (turn to 3876)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 1274)

**2452**

“No, Harris. I don’t think you can understand.”

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3305)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 3305)

**2453**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 3121)

• Listen at the door (turn to 3463)

• Wait (turn to 2884)

**2454**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 400)

• Disagree (turn to 2642)

• Lie (turn to 4620)

**2455**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 1476)

• Dissuade (turn to 4045)

• Evade (turn to 4242)

• Say nothing (turn to 413)

**2456**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 1883)

• Be cold (turn to 4675)

**2457**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 26)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2818)

**2458**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 3757)

**2459**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 2066)

**2460**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3351)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 194)

**2461**

“I can’t tell you enough, I’m glad to hear it. I’ve had a devil of a night, as you can imagine.”

His gaze flicks to the broken window, but only for a moment. I think he genuinely cannot believe I could have done it.

Harris rolls his eyes, but he might almost be smiling. “You’d better get along, and work through your devils. There’s a 24-hour-out-of-date message to be tackled and we’re a genius short. So you’d better be ready to work twice as hard.”

• Thank him (turn to 3380)

• Argue with him (turn to 3851)

**2462**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 990)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 2026)

• Escape the compound (turn to 1528)

**2463**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3230)

• Blame someone (turn to 232)

**2464**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my fist and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 3815)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 2775)

**2465**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 143)

• Put the cup down (turn to 2246)

**2466**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 475)

• Look for another opening (turn to 2522)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 1084)

**2467**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“Did you?” The worst of his rage is passing; he is now moving into a kind of contemptuous despair. I can imagine him wrapping up our interview soon, leaving the hut, locking the door, and dropping the key down the well in the yard. And why wouldn’t he? With my name tarnished they will not let me back to work on the Bombe - if there is the slightest smell of treachery about my name I would be lucky not be locked up for the remainder of the war. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 2288)

• Persist with this (turn to 1736)

**2468**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 1233)

• Wait (turn to 4907)

**2469**

I lift the cup and take a sip, staring him hard in the eye as I do so. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 3971)

• Disagree (turn to 1742)

• Evade (turn to 1742)

**2470**

“I know where it is.”

Harris smiles with satisfaction, as if your willingness to talk was somehow a result of his clever techniques.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 1192)

• Say nothing (turn to 2300)

**2471**

Curiouser and curiouser. I nod once to Harris and slip outside into the cold morning air.

Hooper’s confession only makes sense in one way - and that’s that he believed me, and reasoned that he would be followed. So to try and uncover the component would have got him arrest, to confess was just the same. He simply caved, and threw in his hand.

Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 1123)

• Don't check (turn to 2914)

**2472**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3181)

• That's not it (turn to 4095)

**2473**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 418)

**2474**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3698)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4982)

**2475**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3670)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 213)

**2476**

• The jacket (turn to 480)

**2477**

• The jacket (turn to 1205)

• The bucket (turn to 4908)

**2478**

It always does. An opportunity will present itself, and more easily too, now that Hooper is out of the way and not dogging my every step.

But for now, there’s yesterday’s intercept to be resolved. The Bombe needs to be set up once more and set running.

It’s time I tackled a problem I can *solve*.

**The End**

**2479**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 808)

• The blanket (turn to 2330)

• The pillow (turn to 967)

• Something else (turn to 4363)

**2480**

With my jacket wrapped round my arm, I sweep out the remaining shards of glass. It’s not a big window, but I’m not a big man. If I was Harris, I’d be stuffed, but as it is...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the broken window. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 3197)

• Lie (turn to 2963)

• Evade (turn to 3780)

**2481**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 50)

• No (turn to 1127)

• Lie (turn to 4119)

**2482**

There is nothing to be gained here. I have the component now; maybe it will be of some value tomorrow.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 3720)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

**2483**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2354)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3919)

• Lie (turn to 2354)

• Evade (turn to 1686)

**2484**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 2831)

• Find something (turn to 4122)

• Use something you've got (turn to 328)

**2485**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4079)

**2486**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 20)

• Wait (turn to 1649)

**2487**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3505)

• Blame someone (turn to 232)

**2488**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3408)

• Leave it (turn to 1833)

**2489**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 290)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 132)

• Lie (turn to 290)

• Evade (turn to 3071)

**2490**

“You’re the one applying pressure here,” I answer smartly. “I’m just waiting until you tell me what is really going on.”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 4566)

• Disagree (turn to 1316)

• Lie (turn to 960)

**2491**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 3705)

• Dissuade (turn to 1204)

• Evade (turn to 2212)

• Say nothing (turn to 4382)

**2492**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 3309)

• The blanket (turn to 3995)

• The pillow (turn to 2044)

• Something else (turn to 4590)

**2493**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 2759)

• Put the cup down (turn to 1404)

**2494**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 4373)

• Try the windows (turn to 4695)

**2495**

“No. I have no idea.”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3465)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3586)

• Lie (turn to 3465)

• Evade (turn to 2741)

**2496**

“You’re the one applying pressure here,” I answer somewhat miserably. “I’m just waiting until you tell me what is really going on.”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2752)

• Disagree (turn to 1089)

• Lie (turn to 2292)

**2497**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 1683)

**2498**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component.”

“Well, as soon as it went missing the machine started to malfunction. We recognised the discrepancies in our results straight away...”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2672)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3739)

• Lie (turn to 2672)

• Evade (turn to 2932)

**2499**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2257)

• The blanket (turn to 1904)

• The pillow (turn to 476)

• Something else (turn to 100)

**2500**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 4722)

• Lie (turn to 4722)

• Evade (turn to 3167)

**2501**

“Then I’ll be going, on and getting on with my job of saving her, shall I?” I even rise half to my feet, before he slams the tabletop.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 2061)

• Blame someone (turn to 2363)

**2502**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1309)

• The pillow (turn to 3643)

• Something else (turn to 3677)

**2503**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 3147)

**2504**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3577)

• Try the door (turn to 3784)

• Try the windows (turn to 373)

**2505**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 497)

• Disagree (turn to 1643)

• Lie (turn to 2308)

**2506**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 4591)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1793)

• Wait (turn to 1087)

**2507**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 485)

• No (turn to 1843)

• Lie (turn to 1843)

**2508**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 275)

• No (turn to 766)

• Lie (turn to 736)

**2509**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4771)

• Wait (turn to 750)

**2510**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4824)

• Something else (turn to 380)

**2511**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 4068)

• Oppose him (turn to 4999)

• Dismiss him (turn to 1008)

**2512**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 3397)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 1852)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**2513**

“How should I know?” I reply, defensively. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 3727)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 2231)

• Lie (turn to 2231)

**2514**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 4644)

• Blame someone (turn to 172)

**2515**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1722)

**2516**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 2734)

• Stay silent (turn to 1505)

• Confess (turn to 1914)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 3899)

**2517**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 3615)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 4091)

**2518**

“I’m no traitor,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2312)

• "I don't." (turn to 1842)

• Lie (turn to 1842)

• Evade (turn to 1531)

**2519**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3682)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3919)

• Lie (turn to 3682)

• Evade (turn to 2290)

**2520**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4469)

• No (turn to 3883)

**2521**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 4561)

• Shrug (turn to 298)

**2522**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 475)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 1482)

**2523**

“We don’t have to believe anyone,” Harris replies sternly. “I intend to know the truth and be happy with nothing else. Right now, your story doesn’t hold water. It doesn’t tie up. We know you’ve been leaving yourself open to accusations. We’ve been watching your activities for some time. But we thought you were endangering the reputation of this site with the Government; not risking the country herself. Perhaps I put too much trust in your intellectual pride.”

He pauses for a moment, considering something. Then he continues:

“It might have been Hooper. It might have been you. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 3085)

• Offer nothing (turn to 2405)

**2524**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4851)

• Smash the window (turn to 1362)

• Wait (turn to 4688)

**2525**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 176)

• Something else (turn to 190)

**2526**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 3917)

• No (turn to 530)

• Lie (turn to 3917)

**2527**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 601)

**2528**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4510)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4065)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4510)

• Lie (turn to 4065)

**2529**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4410)

• Smash the window (turn to 2901)

• Wait (turn to 566)

**2530**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4359)

• Blame someone (turn to 2161)

**2531**

“I certainly don’t. But still, I’m surprised. I had Hooper down for a full-blown double agent, a traitor. He knows he’ll face the rope, doesn’t he?”

“Don’t ask me to explain why he did what he did,” Harris sighs. “Just be grateful that he did, and you’re now off the hook.”

Curiouser and curiouser. I nod once to Harris and slip outside into the cold morning air.

Hooper’s confession only makes sense in one fashion - if I successfully implied to him that I had him framed, but he did not unpack my little clue well enough to go looking for the component. Well, I had figured him for a more intelligent opponent, but a resignation from the game will suffice. Or perhaps he knew he would be followed if he went to check, and decided he would be doomed either way.

Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 4355)

• Don't check (turn to 3965)

**2532**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I won’t go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3430)

• Blame someone (turn to 2118)

**2533**

“Look, I know where it is. The missing piece of the Bombe is in the long grasses behind Hooper’s tent. I saw him throw it there right after we finished work. He knew you’d scour the camp but I suppose he thought you’d more obvious places first. I suppose he was right about that. Look there. That *proves* his guilt.”

“That doesn’t prove anything,” Harris returns sharply. “But we’ll check what you say, all the same.” He gets to his feet and heads out of the door.

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2388)

**2534**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1309)

• Something else (turn to 1433)

**2535**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 4820)

• Deny it (turn to 3405)

**2536**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 4279)

• No (turn to 2390)

• Lie (turn to 2355)

• Evade (turn to 2355)

**2537**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3648)

• Try the window (turn to 2529)

**2538**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 4270)

**2539**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 118)

• No (turn to 3945)

• Lie (turn to 3945)

**2540**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 2005)

• Oppose him (turn to 1535)

• Dismiss him (turn to 1164)

**2541**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 3202)

**2542**

“Listen to me, Hooper. We were the only men in that hut today, so we know what happened. But I want you to know this. I put the component inside a breeze-block in the foundations of Hut 2, wrapped in one of your shirts. They’re going to find it eventually, and that’s going to be what tips the balance. And there’s nothing you can do to stop any of that from happening.”

His eyes bulge with terror. “What did I do, to you? What did I ever do?”

• Tell the truth (turn to 4304)

• Lie (turn to 3718)

• Evade (turn to 1936)

**2543**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3599)

• Something else (turn to 1854)

**2544**

I wave cheerily back and she giggles, almost drops her bicycle, then dashes away inside the House. Judging by the clock on the front gable, she’s running a little late this morning.

I turn the corner of Hut 3 and walk down the short gravel path to Hut 2. It was a good spot to choose - Hut 2 is where the electricians work, and they’re generally focussed on what they’re doing. They don’t often come outside to smoke a cigarette so it’s easy to slip past the doorway unnoticed.

• Check inside (turn to 1230)

• Go around the back (turn to 4979)

**2545**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 907)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 1030)

**2546**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 1189)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4409)

**2547**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4680)

**2548**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 1880)

• Oppose him (turn to 4642)

• Dismiss him (turn to 3268)

**2549**

“I don’t have it any more. I passed it through the fence to my contact straight after taking it, before it was discovered to be missing. It would have been idiocy to do differently. It’s long gone, I’m afraid.”

“You fool, Manning,” Harris curses, getting quickly to his feet. “You utter fool. Do you suppose you will be any better off living under Hitler? It’s men like you who will get us all killed. Men too feeble, too weak in their hearts to stand up and take a man’s responsibility for the world. You’re happier to stay a child all your life and play with your little childish toys.”

• Answer back (turn to 233)

• Say nothing (turn to 1217)

**2550**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2946)

• Try the window (turn to 3084)

**2551**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 4243)

• Find something to help (turn to 3340)

**2552**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 990)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 829)

**2553**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3912)

• The jacket (turn to 4691)

**2554**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2307)

• No (turn to 1485)

• Lie (turn to 1485)

**2555**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 74)

• Try the window (turn to 3211)

**2556**

“Of my genius. Hooper simply can’t stand that I’m cleverer than he is. We work so closely together, cooped up in that Hut all day. It drives him to distraction. To worse.”

“You’re suggesting Hooper would sabotage this country’s future simply to spite you?” Harris chooses his words like the military man he is, each lining up to create a ring around me.

• Yes (turn to 4329)

• No (turn to 1424)

• Evade (turn to 895)

**2557**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 4441)

• No (turn to 3523)

• Lie (turn to 4441)

**2558**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

In truth, it is men like Harris who are complex, not men like me. I live to make things ordered, systematic. I like my pencils sharpened and lined up in a row. I do not deal in difficult borders, or uncertainties, or alliances. If I could, I would reduce the world to something easier to understand, something finite. But of course, I cannot, not even here, in this little micro-world, this safe haven from the horrors of the war.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 613)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 2121)

**2559**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4891)

**2560**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 865)

**2561**

Then pause. This is too transparent. Too blatant. If I leave it here, like this, Hooper will never be seen to go looking for it: he will stumble over it in plain sight, and the men watching will wonder why it was not there when he went to bed.

No, I must try something else - or nothing at all.

• On top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Throw the component into the long grass (turn to 582)

• Give up (turn to 5003)

**2562**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2541)

• Something else (turn to 416)

**2563**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2754)

**2564**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 2436)

• Don't confess (turn to 1546)

**2565**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 2814)

**2566**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 4921)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**2567**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1689)

• No (turn to 675)

• Lie (turn to 675)

**2568**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 3492)

• Try the windows (turn to 589)

**2569**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 953)

• Look around for something (turn to 2907)

**2570**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 4054)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 2391)

**2571**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 2220)

• Evade (turn to 209)

**2572**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2610)

• Blame someone (turn to 3656)

**2573**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1226)

• The blanket (turn to 3261)

• Something else (turn to 706)

**2574**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 739)

• Something else (turn to 994)

**2575**

• The jacket (turn to 3622)

• The bucket (turn to 913)

**2576**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 4537)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 4286)

**2577**

“I don’t know what I’m suggesting. I don’t understand what’s going on.”

“But of course you do.” Harris narrows his eyes. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2261)

• "I don't." (turn to 1519)

• Lie (turn to 1519)

• Evade (turn to 1371)

**2578**

“I’ll enjoy it. Thank you for helping me clear this up.”

“Don’t thank me yet. There’s still a war to fight. Now get a move on.”

I nod, and hurry out of the door. The air outside has never tasted fresher and more invigorating. I head for my dorm, intent on a bath, breakfast, a glance at the crossword before the other men get to it, and then on with work. They should have replaced the component in the Bombe by now. We will be back to it, only a day behind.

I bump into Russell in the dorm hut. “Did you hear?” he whispers. “Terrible news about Hooper. Absolutely terrible.”

• Yes (turn to 1656)

• No (turn to 3564)

• Lie (turn to 3889)

• Evade (turn to 2944)

**2579**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 3103)

• Disagree (turn to 1878)

• Evade (turn to 1875)

**2580**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1247)

• Try the window (turn to 882)

**2581**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4454)

• No (turn to 2323)

• Lie (turn to 2420)

**2582**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1125)

• Something else (turn to 137)

**2583**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 1025)

**2584**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 4490)

• Lie (turn to 4490)

• Evade (turn to 3167)

**2585**

“So he’s an idiot, and he hid it in his shoe.”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 971)

**2586**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1877)

• Tell the truth (turn to 311)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**2587**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 442)

• Blame someone (turn to 4171)

**2588**

“I climbed out of the window overnight,” I explain. “I went and got this from where it was hidden, and brought it back here.”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 297)

**2589**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 632)

• No (turn to 3671)

• Lie (turn to 3671)

**2590**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 134)

• The pillow (turn to 2637)

• Something else (turn to 2156)

**2591**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3995)

• Something else (turn to 4590)

**2592**

“No, Harris. I don’t think you can understand.”

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 508)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 508)

**2593**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 2066)

**2594**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 2152)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 2993)

• Escape the compound (turn to 1058)

**2595**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give the young man who put me in this spot to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 1252)

• No (turn to 4798)

• Lie (turn to 1739)

• Evade (turn to 3176)

**2596**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 2239)

• Dissuade (turn to 4651)

• Evade (turn to 3602)

• Say nothing (turn to 29)

**2597**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1228)

• Blame someone (turn to 3356)

**2598**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2933)

**2599**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2836)

• No (turn to 629)

• Lie (turn to 629)

**2600**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 81)

• The pillow (turn to 3160)

• Something else (turn to 2575)

**2601**

“All right.” I am beaten, after all. “The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. The Commander holds the door for his superior, and follows him out. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1352)

**2602**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 2141)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1841)

**2603**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 4404)

**2604**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 1241)

**2605**

There is nothing to be gained here. I have the component now; maybe it will be of some value tomorrow.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 3615)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

**2606**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 574)

• No (turn to 2180)

• Lie (turn to 2324)

• Evade (turn to 2686)

**2607**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4739)

• Try the windows (turn to 4657)

**2608**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 4414)

• Shrug (turn to 3139)

**2609**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4915)

• The blanket (turn to 2338)

• The pillow (turn to 1449)

• Something else (turn to 2476)

**2610**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 165)

• Evade (turn to 156)

**2611**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 334)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 4055)

**2612**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3214)

• The jacket (turn to 502)

**2613**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 1372)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 1122)

**2614**

“Or be thrown into the river.”

“Hmm.” Harris chews his moustache thoughtfully. “Well, that would put us in a spot, seeing as how we’d never know for certain. We’d have to be ready to change our whole approach just in case the part had got through to the Germans. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 1154)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 2337)

**2615**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 1241)

**2616**

“I’ve thought so before.”

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 4725)

• Be dismissive (turn to 2585)

• Say nothing (turn to 4381)

**2617**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2064)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**2618**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 3150)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4395)

**2619**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 1233)

• Wait (turn to 4688)

**2620**

My anger deflates like a collapsing equation, all arguments cancelling each other out. The world, of course, owes me nothing; and I owe it everything.

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 2638)

• Say nothing (turn to 2176)

**2621**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 1278)

**2622**

“Now steady on,” I reply, gesturing for him to calm himself.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1946)

• Blame someone (turn to 3032)

**2623**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 1979)

**2624**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 1278)

**2625**

“Then you know I’m right. You knew all along. Why did you threaten me?”

“We don’t know anything, except that we have a traitor, holding the fate of the country in their hands. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 2200)

• Offer nothing (turn to 725)

**2626**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 2799)

**2627**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 3692)

• Wait (turn to 1223)

**2628**

I fold my arms, intended firmly to say nothing. But somehow, watching Harris’ face, I cannot bring myself to do it. I want to confess. I want to tell him everything I can, to explain myself to him, to earn his forgiveness. The sensation is so strong my will is powerless in the face of it.

Something is wrong with me, I am sure of it. There is a strange, bitter flavour on my tongue. I taste it as words start to form.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3238)

• That's not it (turn to 3097)

**2629**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3577)

• Try the door (turn to 2550)

• Try the windows (turn to 1958)

**2630**

“All right.” With a sigh, your defiance collapses."If you’re searched my things then I suppose you’ve found... what you need.

Harris nods once. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 4190)

• Disagree (turn to 364)

• Lie (turn to 2487)

**2631**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1027)

• Something else (turn to 4386)

**2632**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 1857)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1985)

**2633**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 3364)

• Be disinterested (turn to 3475)

**2634**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 3994)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4367)

• Lie (turn to 1554)

**2635**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 43)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 451)

**2636**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 1647)

• Deny doing it (turn to 3464)

• Show him the component (turn to 3347)

**2637**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 134)

• Something else (turn to 2156)

**2638**

“All right.” I am beaten, after all. “The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. The Commander holds the door for his superior, and follows him out. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3296)

**2639**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 857)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4745)

• Plead with him (turn to 1459)

**2640**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 3155)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 3802)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**2641**

• The jacket (turn to 3600)

**2642**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1369)

• Blame someone (turn to 4671)

**2643**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3649)

• No (turn to 261)

• Lie (turn to 261)

**2644**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4824)

• Something else (turn to 654)

**2645**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 2009)

• Smash the window (turn to 3548)

**2646**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2604)

• The pillow (turn to 4687)

• Something else (turn to 3010)

**2647**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 359)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 3813)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**2648**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4359)

• Blame someone (turn to 2161)

**2649**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 1516)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 4475)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**2650**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 2003)

• Be cold (turn to 1740)

**2651**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

In truth, it is men like Harris who are complex, not men like me. I live to make things ordered, systematic. I like my pencils sharpened and lined up in a row. I do not deal in difficult borders, or uncertainties, or alliances. If I could, I would reduce the world to something easier to understand, something finite. But of course, I cannot, not even here, in this little micro-world, this safe haven from the horrors of the war.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 834)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 861)

**2652**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me. He cannot have expected it to be so easy to break me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 2168)

• Don't explain (turn to 3594)

• Lie (turn to 1339)

• Evade (turn to 3293)

**2653**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 4446)

• Don't explain (turn to 4883)

• Lie (turn to 121)

• Evade (turn to 3306)

**2654**

“I’ve thought so before.” Certainly in the matter of getting blackmailed.

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3218)

• Be dismissive (turn to 1558)

• Say nothing (turn to 2945)

**2655**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 4741)

**2656**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 2450)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 5034)

**2657**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4184)

• Try the window (turn to 2211)

**2658**

Then pause. This is too transparent. Too blatant. If I leave it here, like this, Hooper will never be seen to go looking for it: he will stumble over it in plain sight, and the men watching will wonder why it was not there when he went to bed.

No, I must try something else - or nothing at all.

• On top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Throw the component into the long grass (turn to 124)

• Give up (turn to 2482)

**2659**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 2042)

**2660**

“For God’s sake,” I answer, voice quivering. “I’m no traitor.”

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 737)

• "I don't." (turn to 4949)

• Lie (turn to 4949)

• Evade (turn to 1310)

**2661**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 3104)

• Look around for something (turn to 4387)

**2662**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4510)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3562)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4510)

• Lie (turn to 3562)

**2663**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 1344)

**2664**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 4867)

• Tell the truth (turn to 653)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**2665**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 1432)

• No (turn to 2325)

• Evade (turn to 2490)

• That's not it (turn to 544)

**2666**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But I’ve done nothing to deserve this treatment. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 1814)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**2667**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 3867)

• Don't confess (turn to 2531)

**2668**

• The jacket (turn to 3096)

**2669**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4203)

• Blame someone (turn to 46)

**2670**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 383)

• Disagree (turn to 2369)

• Evade (turn to 1984)

**2671**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 2106)

• Wait (turn to 1080)

**2672**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 2469)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 949)

**2673**

• The jacket (turn to 450)

• The bucket (turn to 2206)

**2674**

Plenty of time for that later. If there is nothing there, then Hooper discovered the component after all and Harris’ men will have swooped on him, and the story about his confession is just a ruse to test me out. And if the component is still there - well. It will be just as valuable to my young man in the village in a week’s time, and his deadline of the 31st is not quite upon us.

I head for my dorm, intent on a bath, breakfast, a glance at the crossword before the other men get to it, and then on with work. They should have replaced the component in the Bombe by now. We will be back to it, only a day behind.

And everything will proceed as before. The component will mean nothing to the Germans - this is the one fact I could never have explained to a man like Harris despite the fact that the principle behind the Bombe is the same as the principle behind an army. The individual pieces - the men, the components - do not matter. They are quite identical. It is how they are arranged that counts. The structures and patterns that they form.

I bump into Russell in the dorm hut. “Did you hear?” he whispers. “Terrible news about Hooper. Absolutely terrible.”

• Yes (turn to 3161)

• No (turn to 478)

• Lie (turn to 3673)

• Evade (turn to 3291)

**2675**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2767)

• No (turn to 1010)

• Lie (turn to 1010)

**2676**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 1977)

• Try the door (turn to 1932)

• Try the windows (turn to 1131)

**2677**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 3192)

• Listen at the door (turn to 500)

• Wait (turn to 2924)

**2678**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 2802)

**2679**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 1252)

• No (turn to 4798)

• Lie (turn to 1739)

• Evade (turn to 3176)

**2680**

“All right.” With a sigh, your defiance collapses."If you’re searched my things then I suppose you’ve found my letters. Haven’t you? In fact, if you haven’t, don’t tell me.

Harris nods once. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 1848)

• Disagree (turn to 3260)

• Lie (turn to 435)

**2681**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2984)

**2682**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 3880)

• The blanket (turn to 3713)

• Something else (turn to 1385)

**2683**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1440)

**2684**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4739)

• Try the windows (turn to 4657)

**2685**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 2551)

• Look around instead (turn to 2693)

**2686**

It depends, perhaps, on what his name his worth. If it were to prove valuable, well; perhaps I can concoct a few more such lovers with which to ease my later days.

Hooper, perhaps. He wouldn’t like *that*.

Harris put the cuffs around my wrists. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“Certainly. And one of your computing things, if I get my way. And when we’re old, and smoking pipes together in The Rag like heroes, I’ll explain to you the way that decent men have affairs. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**2687**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 267)

• Disagree (turn to 4520)

• Lie (turn to 3255)

**2688**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 2906)

• Look for another opening (turn to 997)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 4768)

**2689**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4733)

**2690**

• The jacket (turn to 1378)

**2691**

“This proves nothing,” I reply stubbornly. “You still don’t have the component and without it, I don’t see what you can hope to prove.”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 2620)

• No (turn to 2266)

• Lie (turn to 2266)

• Evade (turn to 4707)

**2692**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 3581)

• No (turn to 4798)

• Lie (turn to 1739)

• Evade (turn to 3176)

**2693**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 2731)

• Find something to help (turn to 136)

**2694**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 3492)

• Try the windows (turn to 589)

**2695**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2931)

• Something else (turn to 4096)

**2696**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 4701)

• Persist with this (turn to 1565)

**2697**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 724)

• Blame someone (turn to 1384)

**2698**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3312)

**2699**

“You’re the one applying pressure here,” I answer smartly. “I’m just waiting until you tell me what is really going on.”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2162)

• Disagree (turn to 2669)

• Lie (turn to 1146)

**2700**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 4459)

• Tell the truth (turn to 522)

• Lie (turn to 1585)

**2701**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 4578)

• No (turn to 3062)

• Evade (turn to 2699)

• That's not it (turn to 1637)

**2702**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1523)

• Smash the window (turn to 6)

• Wait (turn to 1138)

**2703**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 3098)

• Smash the window (turn to 2386)

**2704**

It depends, perhaps, on what his name his worth. If it were to prove valuable, well; perhaps I can concoct a few more such lovers with which to ease my later days.

Hooper, perhaps. He wouldn’t like *that*.

Harris put the cuffs around my wrists. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“I’ll give you a stone to chisel notches in the wall. And that’s all the calculations you’ll be doing. And as you sit there, pissing into a bucket and growing a beard down to your toes, you have a think about how a *smart* man would conduct his illicit affairs. With a bit of due decorum you could have learnt off any squaddie. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**2705**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2510)

• The blanket (turn to 4824)

• Something else (turn to 380)

**2706**

“I’m sure I saw him this evening, talking to someone by the fence on the woodland side of the compound. He’s probably passed it on already. You’ll have to ask him.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 4066)

**2707**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 2152)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 3996)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4432)

**2708**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 4598)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**2709**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 197)

**2710**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. I should have realised, of course. These things don’t happen by chance. I was a fool to think they might. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 4256)

• Lie (turn to 4256)

• Evade (turn to 4977)

**2711**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 3404)

• Take a longer route (turn to 3076)

**2712**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4278)

• Wait (turn to 784)

**2713**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 4914)

• The jacket (turn to 4115)

• The bucket (turn to 2006)

**2714**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2619)

• Smash the window (turn to 1233)

• Wait (turn to 4688)

**2715**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 3496)

• Deny doing it (turn to 4646)

**2716**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 3804)

• Dissuade (turn to 1674)

• Evade (turn to 3376)

• Say nothing (turn to 4142)

**2717**

With my jacket wrapped round my arm, I sweep out the remaining shards of glass. It’s not a big window, but I’m not a big man. If I was Harris, I’d be stuffed, but as it is...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the bucket in my hand. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 4245)

• Lie (turn to 4523)

• Evade (turn to 746)

**2718**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 2471)

• Wait (turn to 4976)

**2719**

“No,” Harris declares, finally. “I think you’re lying about Hooper. I think you’re a clever, scheming young man - that’s why we hired you - and you’re looking for the only reasonable out this situation has to offer. But I’m not taking it. We know you were in the room with the machine, we know you’re of a perverted persuasion, we know you have compromised yourself. There’s nothing more to say here. Either you tell me what you’ve done with that component, or we will hang you and search just as hard. It’s your choice.”

He gets to his feet, and gathers his gloves from the table top.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3072)

• Confess (turn to 2485)

• Stay silent (turn to 1135)

**2720**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 4054)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3911)

**2721**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 1241)

**2722**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

In truth, it is men like Harris who are complex, not men like me. I live to make things ordered, systematic. I like my pencils sharpened and lined up in a row. I do not deal in difficult borders, or uncertainties, or alliances. If I could, I would reduce the world to something easier to understand, something finite. But of course, I cannot, not even here, in this little micro-world, this safe haven from the horrors of the war.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 4652)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1038)

**2723**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 1525)

• Shrug (turn to 3139)

**2724**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 148)

**2725**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 1915)

**2726**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 1989)

• Lie (turn to 1989)

• Evade (turn to 3101)

**2727**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4702)

• Wait (turn to 2394)

**2728**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 1784)

• No (turn to 2449)

• Evade (turn to 4104)

• That's not it (turn to 2687)

**2729**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2626)

• Something else (turn to 2477)

**2730**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3577)

• Try the door (turn to 2969)

• Try the windows (turn to 3407)

**2731**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 1144)

• Look around for something (turn to 136)

**2732**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 4496)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**2733**

“I’m not saying anything of the sort,” I snap back. “What is this, Harris? You’re accusing me of treachery but I don’t see a shred of evidence for it! Why don’t you put your cards on the table?”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2123)

• Disagree (turn to 966)

• Lie (turn to 1034)

**2734**

“You can’t do this!” I cry. “It’s murder! I demand a trial, a lawyer; for God’s sake, man, you can’t just throw me overboard, we’re not barbarians...!”

“You leave me no choice,” Harris snaps back, eyes cold as gun-metal. “You and your damn cyphers. Your damn clever problems. If men like you didn’t exist, if we could just all be *straight* with one another.” He gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear for the future of this world, with men like you in. Reich or no Reich, Mr Manning, people like you simply *complicate* matters.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 774)

**2735**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 3132)

• Put the cup down (turn to 1072)

**2736**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 4892)

• The blanket (turn to 1309)

• Something else (turn to 1433)

**2737**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 3453)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 1009)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 4377)

**2738**

“And the other men? Do we have a hut each? Surely there aren’t enough senior officers to go round.”

“Collins and Humph were outside when the theft occurred. Everyone confirms that,” Harris replies. “That leaves you, Hooper, and the other two, who vouch for each other and frankly I’m inclined to believe them. But that’s all we know. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 1687)

• Offer nothing (turn to 2405)

**2739**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1060)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4600)

• Lie (turn to 1060)

• Evade (turn to 2873)

**2740**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 3158)

• Try the windows (turn to 4736)

**2741**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 1045)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 1162)

**2742**

“No, I don’t. I’ve got work I should be doing tomorrow, and I need my rest...”

“Work that will be difficult for you to do, don’t you think?” Harris replies.

“They’ll have made a replacement by tomorrow,” I reply. “The war doesn’t stop over one missing reel.”

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2024)

• "I don't." (turn to 2955)

• Lie (turn to 2955)

• Evade (turn to 780)

**2743**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 2283)

• Dissuade (turn to 3655)

• Evade (turn to 4295)

• Say nothing (turn to 426)

**2744**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. I should have realised, of course. These things don’t happen by chance. I was a fool to think they might. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 3334)

• No (turn to 2367)

• Lie (turn to 2367)

• Evade (turn to 626)

**2745**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 2091)

• Be disinterested (turn to 4308)

**2746**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 3001)

• Don't confess (turn to 4844)

**2747**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 2112)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1800)

**2748**

“I tell you, someone broke it. Someone wanted to threaten me, I think.”

Harris shakes his head. “Well, we can look into that matter later. For now, you probably want to hear the more pressing news. We found the missing component. Or rather, Hooper found it for us. He snuck out of his tent first thing in the morning and retrieved it from on top. Of all the damnest places - you would never have known it was there. He acted all surprised about it when we jumped him, of course, as you might expect - but it was good enough for me.”

• Be glad (turn to 2461)

• Be dismissive (turn to 1220)

**2749**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 20)

• Wait (turn to 1649)

**2750**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4751)

• No (turn to 1183)

• Lie (turn to 3526)

**2751**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1441)

• No (turn to 4762)

• Lie (turn to 4762)

**2752**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1492)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**2753**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 2281)

• Dissuade (turn to 353)

• Evade (turn to 3602)

• Say nothing (turn to 29)

**2754**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 195)

• Be cold (turn to 379)

**2755**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 2320)

• Deny it (turn to 3572)

**2756**

With my jacket wrapped round my arm, I sweep out the remaining shards of glass. It’s not a big window, but I’m not a big man. If I was Harris, I’d be stuffed, but as it is...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the bucket in my hand. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 3197)

• Lie (turn to 2963)

• Evade (turn to 3780)

**2757**

“You treated me like vermin. Like something abhorrent.”

“You are something abhorrent.”

“I wasn’t. Not when I came here. And I won’t be, once you’re gone.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2784)

**2758**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 733)

• "You're right." (turn to 4433)

**2759**

I lift the cup to my lips and take a sip, trying to act natural. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 4224)

• Disagree (turn to 607)

• Evade (turn to 607)

**2760**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 3120)

**2761**

“Really, Commander,” I reply. “It rather sounds like you want to spank me.”

“For God’s sake,” he declares with thick disgust, then swoops away out of the room. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 545)

**2762**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 89)

**2763**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3649)

• No (turn to 261)

• Lie (turn to 261)

**2764**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 2542)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4072)

• Plead with him (turn to 1940)

**2765**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 465)

• Smash the window (turn to 2901)

**2766**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 2072)

**2767**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4467)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3832)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4467)

• Lie (turn to 3832)

**2768**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 4090)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 344)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1099)

**2769**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 908)

• Be cautious (turn to 3712)

**2770**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 1665)

• Blame someone (turn to 121)

**2771**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 632)

• No (turn to 376)

• Lie (turn to 376)

**2772**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 717)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 1221)

**2773**

“Trust me. He hasn’t. If I know that man, and I do, he’ll have wanted to keep his options open as long as possible. If the component’s gone then he’s committed and he’ll be hung for what he’s done. He’ll want to wait a week at least, make sure he’s escaped suspicion. And then he’ll pass it on.”

“And if we keep applying pressure to him, you think the component will eventually just turn up?”

• "Yes." (turn to 824)

• "Or be thrown into the river." (turn to 4972)

**2774**

“Of course I do,” I answer.

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1315)

• "I don't." (turn to 4365)

• Lie (turn to 4365)

• Evade (turn to 2956)

**2775**

With my jacket wrapped round my arm, I sweep out the remaining shards of glass. It’s not a big window, but I’m not a big man. If I was Harris, I’d be stuffed, but as it is...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the broken window. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 4718)

• Lie (turn to 3728)

• Evade (turn to 4420)

**2776**

“And the other men? Do we have a hut each? Surely there aren’t enough senior officers to go round.”

“Collins and Humph were outside when the theft occurred. Everyone confirms that,” Harris replies. “That leaves you, Hooper, and the other two, who vouch for each other and frankly I’m inclined to believe them. But that’s all we know. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 2419)

• Offer nothing (turn to 1346)

**2777**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 3785)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 2906)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1099)

**2778**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 114)

**2779**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 953)

• Look around for something (turn to 2434)

**2780**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3302)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3919)

• Lie (turn to 3302)

• Evade (turn to 568)

**2781**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1139)

• No (turn to 2452)

**2782**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 3862)

• The blanket (turn to 157)

• The pillow (turn to 2351)

• Something else (turn to 1450)

**2783**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 3235)

• Don't confess (turn to 4069)

**2784**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 222)

• Listen at the door (turn to 4357)

• Wait (turn to 2603)

**2785**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 4734)

• Find something to help (turn to 181)

**2786**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component.”

“Well, as soon as it went missing the machine started to malfunction. We recognised the discrepancies in our results straight away...”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 4105)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4600)

• Lie (turn to 4105)

• Evade (turn to 699)

**2787**

“Or be thrown into the river.”

“Hmm.” Harris chews his moustache thoughtfully. “Well, that would put us in a spot, seeing as how we’d never know for certain. We’d have to be ready to change our whole approach just in case the part had got through to the Germans. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 3529)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 3955)

**2788**

“Trust me. He hasn’t. If I know that man, and I do, he’ll have wanted to keep his options open as long as possible. If the component’s gone then he’s committed and he’ll be hung for what he’s done. He’ll want to wait a week at least, make sure he’s escaped suspicion. And then he’ll pass it on.”

“And if we keep applying pressure to him, you think the component will eventually just turn up?”

• "Yes." (turn to 3499)

• "Or be thrown into the river." (turn to 389)

**2789**

“Of my genius. Hooper simply can’t stand that I’m cleverer than he is. We work so closely together, cooped up in that Hut all day. It drives him to distraction. To worse.”

“You’re suggesting Hooper would sabotage this country’s future simply to spite you?” Harris chooses his words like the military man he is, each lining up to create a ring around me.

• Yes (turn to 225)

• No (turn to 4793)

• Evade (turn to 4050)

**2790**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 1881)

• Accept it (turn to 4809)

• Evade it (turn to 250)

**2791**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3841)

• Smash the window (turn to 2284)

• Wait (turn to 1649)

**2792**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2506)

• Try the door (turn to 2073)

• Try the windows (turn to 816)

**2793**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 3410)

• Look around for something (turn to 281)

**2794**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 4578)

• No (turn to 3062)

• Evade (turn to 2699)

• That's not it (turn to 1637)

**2795**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4638)

• Try the window (turn to 3680)

**2796**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 4296)

• The jacket (turn to 2117)

• The bucket (turn to 3658)

**2797**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4153)

• Stay silent (turn to 4151)

• Show him the component (turn to 1120)

**2798**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1720)

• Blame someone (turn to 1901)

**2799**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 212)

• Take a longer route (turn to 3678)

**2800**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 734)

• The blanket (turn to 4824)

• The pillow (turn to 4265)

• Something else (turn to 654)

**2801**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 1594)

• Find something (turn to 4732)

• Use something you've got (turn to 72)

**2802**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 4166)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 2245)

**2803**

• The jacket (turn to 2043)

• The bucket (turn to 1088)

**2804**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4143)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2414)

**2805**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3787)

• Try the door (turn to 1427)

• Try the windows (turn to 3663)

**2806**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 3292)

• Wait (turn to 566)

**2807**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 3263)

• The blanket (turn to 2604)

• Something else (turn to 4534)

**2808**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 4633)

• Disagree (turn to 4450)

• Lie (turn to 2597)

**2809**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 873)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1376)

**2810**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 1143)

• Smash the window (turn to 2801)

**2811**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 1981)

**2812**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2252)

**2813**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 1892)

• Listen at the door (turn to 711)

• Wait (turn to 4188)

**2814**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 759)

• Take a longer route (turn to 1983)

**2815**

The weight of the Bombe component safely in my jacket, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 3409)

**2816**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1918)

• No (turn to 1529)

• Lie (turn to 1529)

**2817**

• The jacket (turn to 3622)

**2818**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 3110)

• No (turn to 1254)

• Lie (turn to 3110)

**2819**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 1977)

• Try the door (turn to 2580)

• Try the windows (turn to 4987)

**2820**

“I’ve thought so before.”

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3373)

• Be dismissive (turn to 42)

• Say nothing (turn to 1762)

**2821**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 912)

• Be cold (turn to 3271)

**2822**

• The jacket (turn to 4996)

**2823**

“Queen to rook two, checkmate!” I call, then laugh viciously, as if I am damning him straight to hell.

I only catch Hooper’s reaction for a moment - his eyebrow lifts in surprise and alarm. Good. If he thinks it is a threat then he just might be careless enough to go looking for what it might mean.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 185)

• Dissuade (turn to 2001)

• Evade (turn to 3219)

• Say nothing (turn to 1666)

**2824**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 1189)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4409)

**2825**

I fold my arms, intended firmly to say nothing. But somehow, watching Harris’ face, I cannot bring myself to do it. I want to confess. I want to tell him everything I can, to explain myself to him, to earn his forgiveness. The sensation is so strong my will is powerless in the face of it.

Something is wrong with me, I am sure of it. There is a strange, bitter flavour on my tongue. I taste it as words start to form.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 4149)

• That's not it (turn to 2864)

**2826**

“At the moment when the machine halted, Peterson and Jefferies were by the work-table, Collins and Humph were out having a smoke. I was by the front of the machine checking over the dip-switches. Hooper was the only one around the back of the Bombe. No-one else could have done it.”

“That’s not quite the same as seeing him do it,” Harris remarks.

• "When you have eliminated the impossible..." (turn to 1921)

• "You have to believe me." (turn to 1209)

• "Ask the others." (turn to 3653)

**2827**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3118)

• No (turn to 4396)

**2828**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3877)

• Something else (turn to 660)

**2829**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2646)

• The blanket (turn to 2604)

• The pillow (turn to 3365)

• Something else (turn to 3010)

**2830**

“At the moment when the machine halted, Peterson and Jefferies were by the work-table, Collins and Humph were out having a smoke. I was by the front of the machine checking over the dip-switches. Hooper was the only one around the back of the Bombe. No-one else could have done it.”

“That’s not quite the same as seeing him do it,” Harris remarks.

• "When you have eliminated the impossible..." (turn to 520)

• "You have to believe me." (turn to 1261)

• "Ask the others." (turn to 3951)

**2831**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 3368)

• Find something to help (turn to 1503)

**2832**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I won’t go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3781)

• Blame someone (turn to 2941)

**2833**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3419)

• Something else (turn to 3142)

**2834**

“I climbed out of the window overnight,” I explain. “I went and got this from where it was hidden, and brought it back here.”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 815)

**2835**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 4828)

• Dissuade (turn to 19)

• Evade (turn to 34)

• Say nothing (turn to 2985)

**2836**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4712)

• No, that's not right (turn to 192)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4712)

• Lie (turn to 192)

**2837**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 4538)

• Be disinterested (turn to 4852)

**2838**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 5004)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 189)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 115)

**2839**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 2021)

• Try the windows (turn to 767)

**2840**

“You mean he didn’t even hide it? Just put it in his shoe?”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1465)

**2841**

“Then I’ll be going, on and getting on with my job of saving her, shall I?” I even rise half to my feet, before he slams the tabletop.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 679)

• Blame someone (turn to 388)

**2842**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 201)

**2843**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 4054)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 2391)

**2844**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 787)

• The jacket (turn to 3383)

**2845**

“All right.” With a sigh, your defiance collapses."If you’re searched my things then I suppose you’ve found my letters. Haven’t you? In fact, if you haven’t, don’t tell me.

Harris nods once. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 4633)

• Disagree (turn to 4450)

• Lie (turn to 2597)

**2846**

“You can’t do this!” I cry. “It’s murder! I demand a trial, a lawyer; for God’s sake, man, you can’t just throw me overboard, we’re not barbarians...!”

“You leave me no choice,” Harris snaps back, eyes cold as gun-metal. “You and your damn cyphers. Your damn clever problems. If men like you didn’t exist, if we could just all be *straight* with one another.” He gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear for the future of this world, with men like you in. Reich or no Reich, Mr Manning, people like you simply *complicate* matters.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2722)

**2847**

I say quiet, listening, not sure how this will go.

“In case I’m not making myself clear,” Harris continues, “I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2446)

**2848**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 3334)

• No (turn to 85)

• Lie (turn to 85)

• Evade (turn to 2279)

**2849**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 1483)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 451)

**2850**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2545)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 132)

• Lie (turn to 2545)

• Evade (turn to 304)

**2851**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 118)

• No (turn to 3945)

• Lie (turn to 3945)

**2852**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 40)

• Something else (turn to 5031)

**2853**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 1090)

• Look around instead (turn to 4343)

**2854**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 724)

• Blame someone (turn to 1384)

**2855**

“Trust me. He hasn’t. If I know that man, and I do, he’ll have wanted to keep his options open as long as possible. If the component’s gone then he’s committed and he’ll be hung for what he’s done. He’ll want to wait a week at least, make sure he’s escaped suspicion. And then he’ll pass it on.”

“And if we keep applying pressure to him, you think the component will eventually just turn up?”

• "Yes." (turn to 642)

• "Or be thrown into the river." (turn to 1702)

**2856**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 433)

• The blanket (turn to 1159)

• Something else (turn to 1885)

**2857**

“You treated me like vermin. Like something abhorrent.”

“You are something abhorrent.”

“I wasn’t. Not when I came here. And I won’t be, once you’re gone.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 436)

**2858**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1471)

• Tell the truth (turn to 839)

• Lie (turn to 1585)

**2859**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me. He cannot have expected it to be so easy to break me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 1382)

• Don't explain (turn to 2514)

• Lie (turn to 172)

• Evade (turn to 2198)

**2860**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 1297)

• Don't confess (turn to 4844)

**2861**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 270)

• Deny doing it (turn to 4138)

**2862**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 4633)

• Disagree (turn to 4450)

• Lie (turn to 2597)

**2863**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 971)

**2864**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

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• Agree (turn to 3361)

• Disagree (turn to 806)

**2865**

“Perhaps Hooper had an accomplice. Someone else who works on site.”

Harris shakes his head, distractedly. “That doesn’t make sense,” he says. “Why go to all the trouble of stealing it only to give it back? And why like this?”

• Suggest something (turn to 4516)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 4202)

**2866**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1341)

• The blanket (turn to 2626)

• Something else (turn to 2477)

**2867**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 3016)

**2868**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 235)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 3661)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 1707)

**2869**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 1860)

• Shrug (turn to 298)

**2870**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 1141)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 4810)

**2871**

“I’ve thought so before.”

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3218)

• Be dismissive (turn to 1558)

• Say nothing (turn to 2945)

**2872**

• The jacket (turn to 3087)

**2873**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3298)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 2020)

**2874**

“Now steady on,” I reply, gesturing for him to calm himself.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 2481)

• Blame someone (turn to 305)

**2875**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1904)

• Something else (turn to 100)

**2876**

“Of my standing. My reputation.” I’m aware of how arrogant I must sound but I plough on all the same. “Hooper simply can’t bear knowing that, once all this is over, I’ll be the one receiving the knighthood and he...”

“No-one will be getting a knighthood if the Germans invade,” Harris answers sharply. He casts a quick eye to the door of the Hut to check the latch is still down, then continues in more of a murmur: “Not you and not Hooper. Now answer me.” For the first time since the door closed, I wonder what the threat might be if I do *not*.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1288)

• "I don't." (turn to 2395)

• Lie (turn to 2395)

• Evade (turn to 3930)

**2877**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 905)

• No, some other way (turn to 3311)

**2878**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 1293)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 2128)

• "You're right." (turn to 1377)

**2879**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 2971)

• Shrug (turn to 3730)

**2880**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3995)

• Something else (turn to 2690)

**2881**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 3417)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4839)

• Lie (turn to 2069)

**2882**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 2106)

• Wait (turn to 1865)

**2883**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 495)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1145)

**2884**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2456)

**2885**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 485)

• No (turn to 1023)

• Lie (turn to 1023)

**2886**

Then pause. This is too transparent. Too blatant. If I leave it here, like this, Hooper will never be seen to go looking for it: he will stumble over it in plain sight, and the men watching will wonder why it was not there when he went to bed.

No, I must try something else - or nothing at all.

• On top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Throw the component into the long grass (turn to 4853)

• Give up (turn to 4018)

**2887**

“No, I don’t. I’ve got work I should be doing tomorrow, and I need my rest...”

“Work that will be difficult for you to do, don’t you think?” Harris replies.

“They’ll have made a replacement by tomorrow,” I reply. “The war doesn’t stop over one missing reel.”

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1710)

• "I don't." (turn to 13)

• Lie (turn to 13)

• Evade (turn to 47)

**2888**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2615)

• The pillow (turn to 3090)

• Something else (turn to 639)

**2889**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 4741)

**2890**

“Listen to me, Hooper. We were the only men in that hut today, so we know what happened. But I want you to know this. I put the component inside a breeze-block in the foundations of Hut 2, wrapped in one of your shirts. They’re going to find it eventually, and that’s going to be what tips the balance. And there’s nothing you can do to stop any of that from happening.”

His eyes bulge with terror. “What did I do, to you? What did I ever do?”

• Tell the truth (turn to 1409)

• Lie (turn to 3838)

• Evade (turn to 4311)

**2891**

“Trust me. He hasn’t. If I know that man, and I do, he’ll have wanted to keep his options open as long as possible. If the component’s gone then he’s committed and he’ll be hung for what he’s done. He’ll want to wait a week at least, make sure he’s escaped suspicion. And then he’ll pass it on.”

“And if we keep applying pressure to him, you think the component will eventually just turn up?”

• "Yes." (turn to 4606)

• "Or be thrown into the river." (turn to 4082)

**2892**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 176)

• The pillow (turn to 1337)

• Something else (turn to 190)

**2893**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1497)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3919)

• Lie (turn to 1497)

• Evade (turn to 22)

**2894**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 4759)

**2895**

I say quiet, listening, not sure how this will go.

“In case I’m not making myself clear,” Harris continues, “I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 197)

**2896**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3995)

• Something else (turn to 2690)

**2897**

“Of my genius. Hooper simply can’t stand that I’m cleverer than he is. We work so closely together, cooped up in that Hut all day. It drives him to distraction. To worse.”

“You’re suggesting Hooper would sabotage this country’s future simply to spite you?” Harris chooses his words like the military man he is, each lining up to create a ring around me.

• Yes (turn to 2964)

• No (turn to 3709)

• Evade (turn to 2174)

**2898**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 20)

• Wait (turn to 1649)

**2899**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2370)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2470)

• Lie (turn to 2370)

• Evade (turn to 498)

**2900**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete. I only hope one of the others will be able to explain to him that the part I stole will mean nothing to the Germans.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give the young man who put me in this spot to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 574)

• No (turn to 2180)

• Lie (turn to 2324)

• Evade (turn to 2686)

**2901**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 175)

• Find something (turn to 60)

• Use something you've got (turn to 295)

**2902**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1386)

• No (turn to 262)

• Lie (turn to 262)

**2903**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 4676)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 4746)

**2904**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3565)

• Blame someone (turn to 1363)

**2905**

“Messy, without one missing cache!” I cry, laughing spitefully. It isn’t the best clue, hardly worthy of the Times, but it will have to do.

I only catch Hooper’s reaction for a moment - his eyebrow lifts in surprise and alarm. Good. If he thinks it is a threat then he just might be careless enough to go looking for what it might mean.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 4474)

• Dissuade (turn to 4017)

• Evade (turn to 164)

• Say nothing (turn to 3267)

**2906**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 4445)

• No, some other way (turn to 4007)

**2907**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 2047)

• The jacket (turn to 4305)

• The bucket (turn to 1541)

**2908**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 1264)

• Look around for something (turn to 356)

**2909**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 3132)

• Put the cup down (turn to 1072)

**2910**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3072)

• Stay silent (turn to 1135)

• Show him the component (turn to 4354)

**2911**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1105)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2470)

• Lie (turn to 1105)

• Evade (turn to 2465)

**2912**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 2845)

• Evade (turn to 726)

**2913**

• The jacket (turn to 2621)

**2914**

Plenty of time for that later. If there is nothing there, then Hooper discovered the component after all and Harris’ men will have swooped on him, and the story about his confession is just a ruse to test me out. And if the component is still there - well. It will be just as valuable to my young man in the village in a week’s time, and his deadline of the 31st is not quite upon us.

I head for my dorm, intent on a bath, breakfast, a glance at the crossword before the other men get to it, and then on with work. They should have replaced the component in the Bombe by now. We will be back to it, only a day behind.

And everything will proceed as before. The component will mean nothing to the Germans - this is the one fact I could never have explained to a man like Harris despite the fact that the principle behind the Bombe is the same as the principle behind an army. The individual pieces - the men, the components - do not matter. They are quite identical. It is how they are arranged that counts. The structures and patterns that they form.

I bump into Russell in the dorm hut. “Did you hear?” he whispers. “Terrible news about Hooper. Absolutely terrible.”

• Yes (turn to 5011)

• No (turn to 182)

• Lie (turn to 1552)

• Evade (turn to 1187)

**2915**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 4239)

**2916**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2832)

• Disagree (turn to 3916)

• Lie (turn to 4145)

**2917**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2670)

**2918**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1571)

• No (turn to 4280)

• Lie (turn to 4280)

**2919**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 747)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**2920**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3232)

• Something else (turn to 2673)

**2921**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 362)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 4746)

**2922**

“How should I know?” I reply, defensively. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 577)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 3439)

• Lie (turn to 3439)

**2923**

“Yes. I didn’t have long, but I had long enough. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3047)

**2924**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1681)

**2925**

“Of my standing. My reputation.” I’m aware of how arrogant I must sound but I plough on all the same. “Hooper simply can’t bear knowing that, once all this is over, I’ll be the one receiving the knighthood and he...”

“No-one will be getting a knighthood if the Germans invade,” Harris answers sharply. He casts a quick eye to the door of the Hut to check the latch is still down, then continues in more of a murmur: “Not you and not Hooper. Now answer me.” For the first time since the door closed, I wonder what the threat might be if I do *not*.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2261)

• "I don't." (turn to 948)

• Lie (turn to 948)

• Evade (turn to 2519)

**2926**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4097)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4262)

**2927**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 2901)

• Wait (turn to 4763)

**2928**

“You mean he didn’t even hide it? Just put it in his shoe?”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2446)

**2929**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 3672)

**2930**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 374)

• Wait (turn to 1223)

**2931**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 3821)

**2932**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 2469)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 949)

**2933**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 2081)

• Be cold (turn to 4689)

**2934**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 1603)

• Disagree (turn to 619)

• Evade (turn to 3753)

**2935**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1441)

• No (turn to 4762)

• Lie (turn to 4762)

**2936**

Still there means no-one has found it, which means it is probably well-hidden. And short of skipping the compound now, I can afford to leave it hidden there a while longer. So I leave it in place.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 947)

• Escape the compound (turn to 1556)

**2937**

“No, I don’t. I’ve got work I should be doing tomorrow, and I need my rest...”

“Work that will be difficult for you to do, don’t you think?” Harris replies.

“They’ll have made a replacement by tomorrow,” I reply. “The war doesn’t stop over one missing reel.”

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1219)

• "I don't." (turn to 2171)

• Lie (turn to 2171)

• Evade (turn to 3904)

**2938**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 237)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**2939**

“All right.” With a sigh, your defiance collapses."If you’re searched my things then I suppose you’ve found... what you need.

Harris nods once. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 497)

• Disagree (turn to 1643)

• Lie (turn to 2308)

**2940**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 441)

• No (turn to 4968)

• Evade (turn to 4104)

• That's not it (turn to 4849)

**2941**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Persist with this (turn to 1849)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1130)

**2942**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 3334)

• No (turn to 3642)

• Lie (turn to 3642)

• Evade (turn to 494)

**2943**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2662)

• No (turn to 3018)

• Lie (turn to 3018)

**2944**

“If you’ll excuse me, Russell. I was about to take a bath.”

“Oh, of course. Well, you’ll hear soon enough. Can hardly hide the fact there’ll only be three of us from now on.”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but its recovery does mean I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**2945**

I say quiet, listening, not sure how this will go.

“In case I’m not making myself clear,” Harris continues, “I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3136)

**2946**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 3414)

**2947**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3577)

• Try the door (turn to 3784)

• Try the windows (turn to 373)

**2948**

“Perhaps the accomplice thought it was Hooper being kept in here. Maybe they saw the guard...”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 3136)

**2949**

“Quite terrible. I would never have guessed.”

“Well.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 4355)

• Leave it (turn to 2357)

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**2950**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 1421)

**2951**

There is nothing to be gained here. I have the component now; maybe it will be of some value tomorrow.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 1372)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

**2952**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 4328)

• Smash the window (turn to 2801)

**2953**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4517)

• Blame someone (turn to 121)

**2954**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 2926)

**2955**

“No. I have no idea.”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1916)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2075)

• Lie (turn to 1916)

• Evade (turn to 1175)

**2956**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component.”

“Well, as soon as it went missing the machine started to malfunction. We recognised the discrepancies in our results straight away...”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3559)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3739)

• Lie (turn to 3559)

• Evade (turn to 946)

**2957**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 1816)

• Look for another opening (turn to 166)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 3897)

**2958**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1689)

• No (turn to 3290)

• Lie (turn to 3290)

**2959**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 95)

• Try the windows (turn to 4235)

**2960**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 673)

• Deny doing it (turn to 1723)

**2961**

“I certainly don’t. But still, I’m surprised. I had Hooper down for a full-blown double agent, a traitor. He knows he’ll face the rope, doesn’t he?”

“Don’t ask me to explain why he did what he did,” Harris sighs. “Just be grateful that he did, and you’re now off the hook.”

Curiouser and curiouser. I nod once to Harris and slip outside into the cold morning air.

Hooper’s confession only makes sense in one fashion, and that is his being dim-witted and slow. Or perhaps he knew he would be followed if he went to check, and decided he would be doomed either way.

Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 4355)

• Don't check (turn to 3965)

**2962**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 4684)

• Leave it (turn to 2936)

**2963**

“I had to get out, Harris. I had to provoke Hooper into doing something that would incriminate himself fully. He’s too clever, you see...”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 3196)

• No (turn to 5036)

• Lie (turn to 5036)

• Evade (turn to 4201)

**2964**

“He’s petty enough, certainly. He’s a creep.” I wipe a hand across my forehead. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 4753)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 2192)

• Lie (turn to 2192)

**2965**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 3158)

• Try the windows (turn to 4736)

**2966**

“I can’t tell you enough, I’m glad to hear it. I’ve had a devil of a night, as you can imagine.”

His gaze flicks to the broken window, but only for a moment. I think he genuinely cannot believe I could have done it.

Harris rolls his eyes, but he might almost be smiling. “You’d better get along, and work through your devils. There’s a 24-hour-out-of-date message to be tackled and we’re a genius short. So you’d better be ready to work twice as hard.”

• Thank him (turn to 2578)

• Argue with him (turn to 2133)

**2967**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2312)

• "I don't." (turn to 1543)

• Lie (turn to 1543)

• Evade (turn to 1531)

**2968**

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 843)

• "You're right." (turn to 3035)

**2969**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4581)

• Try the window (turn to 4589)

**2970**

“At the moment when the machine halted, Peterson and Jefferies were by the work-table, Collins and Humph were out having a smoke. I was by the front of the machine checking over the dip-switches. Hooper was the only one around the back of the Bombe. No-one else could have done it.”

“That’s not quite the same as seeing him do it,” Harris remarks.

• "When you have eliminated the impossible..." (turn to 2409)

• "You have to believe me." (turn to 988)

• "Ask the others." (turn to 3843)

**2971**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 456)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 4690)

**2972**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 1197)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1118)

• Wait (turn to 4240)

**2973**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 4767)

**2974**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2583)

• Something else (turn to 4290)

**2975**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 556)

• The blanket (turn to 104)

• Something else (turn to 203)

**2976**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 4259)

• Disagree (turn to 719)

• Evade (turn to 2116)

**2977**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 374)

• Wait (turn to 1138)

**2978**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 1202)

• Shrug (turn to 3987)

**2979**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 2101)

• Dissuade (turn to 4511)

• Evade (turn to 4191)

• Say nothing (turn to 4154)

**2980**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 159)

**2981**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 3235)

• Don't confess (turn to 4071)

**2982**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 647)

• Dissuade (turn to 3177)

• Evade (turn to 4255)

• Say nothing (turn to 2326)

**2983**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 989)

• Oppose him (turn to 782)

• Dismiss him (turn to 348)

**2984**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 571)

• Be cold (turn to 3124)

**2985**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 2379)

• Try the windows (turn to 7)

**2986**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 2555)

• Try the windows (turn to 3726)

**2987**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3545)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4409)

**2988**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 735)

• The blanket (turn to 104)

• Something else (turn to 3942)

**2989**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2582)

• The blanket (turn to 1125)

• Something else (turn to 137)

**2990**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 681)

• The blanket (turn to 2098)

• Something else (turn to 1623)

**2991**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 1419)

• The jacket (turn to 2043)

• The bucket (turn to 3771)

**2992**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2315)

• Try the door (turn to 4029)

• Try the windows (turn to 2031)

**2993**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 218)

• Look for another opening (turn to 4541)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 210)

**2994**

“And the other men? Do we have a hut each? Surely there aren’t enough senior officers to go round.”

“Collins and Humph were outside when the theft occurred. Everyone confirms that,” Harris replies. “That leaves you, Hooper, and the other two, who vouch for each other and frankly I’m inclined to believe them. But that’s all we know. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 98)

• Offer nothing (turn to 1346)

**2995**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 1788)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2448)

**2996**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 3938)

• Lie (turn to 3938)

• Evade (turn to 2584)

**2997**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3072)

• Stay silent (turn to 1135)

• Show him the component (turn to 4354)

**2998**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 2141)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1841)

**2999**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 4046)

• The blanket (turn to 2889)

• Something else (turn to 3982)

**3000**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 2144)

• The jacket (turn to 3905)

• The bucket (turn to 3031)

**3001**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 1895)

• Don't confess (turn to 1927)

**3002**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. I should have realised, of course. These things don’t happen by chance. I was a fool to think they might. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 2193)

• Lie (turn to 2193)

• Evade (turn to 4604)

**3003**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 737)

• "I don't." (turn to 4949)

• Lie (turn to 4949)

• Evade (turn to 1310)

**3004**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1918)

• No (turn to 1529)

• Lie (turn to 1529)

**3005**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3041)

• Blame someone (turn to 2425)

**3006**

“All right.” With a sigh, your defiance collapses."If you’re searched my things then I suppose you’ve found... what you need.

Harris nods once. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2362)

• Disagree (turn to 2463)

• Lie (turn to 1764)

**3007**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But I’ve done nothing to deserve this treatment. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 3836)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**3008**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 4923)

• Disagree (turn to 3983)

• Evade (turn to 4484)

**3009**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 1935)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 2618)

**3010**

• The jacket (turn to 3520)

• The bucket (turn to 2184)

**3011**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 2940)

• Disagree (turn to 2938)

• Evade (turn to 1491)

**3012**

“I don’t need twelve minutes. The component is in the long grass behind Hooper’s tent. I threw it there hoping to somehow frame him, but now I see that won’t be possible. I was naive, I suppose.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 971)

**3013**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4551)

• The blanket (turn to 2931)

• The pillow (turn to 1475)

• Something else (turn to 4096)

**3014**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4625)

• Blame someone (turn to 628)

**3015**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 3202)

**3016**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3468)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 3394)

**3017**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3787)

• Try the door (turn to 1427)

• Try the windows (turn to 3663)

**3018**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4510)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3562)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4510)

• Lie (turn to 3562)

**3019**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 3426)

• No (turn to 2180)

• Lie (turn to 2324)

• Evade (turn to 2686)

**3020**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 1890)

• Lie (turn to 1890)

• Evade (turn to 2150)

**3021**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

In truth, it is men like Harris who are complex, not men like me. I live to make things ordered, systematic. I like my pencils sharpened and lined up in a row. I do not deal in difficult borders, or uncertainties, or alliances. If I could, I would reduce the world to something easier to understand, something finite. But of course, I cannot, not even here, in this little micro-world, this safe haven from the horrors of the war.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 2038)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 313)

**3022**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 4584)

• Take a longer route (turn to 1644)

**3023**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1260)

• Try the window (turn to 525)

**3024**

“Queen to rook two, checkmate!” I call, then laugh viciously, as if I am damning him straight to hell.

I only catch Hooper’s reaction for a moment - his eyebrow lifts in surprise and alarm. Good. If he thinks it is a threat then he just might be careless enough to go looking for what it might mean.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 3969)

• Dissuade (turn to 2623)

• Evade (turn to 4443)

• Say nothing (turn to 2275)

**3025**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4699)

• Confess (turn to 1676)

• Stay silent (turn to 1906)

**3026**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 1358)

• Find something (turn to 3135)

• Use something you've got (turn to 412)

**3027**

“It doesn’t matter. Just remember what I said. I’ve beaten you, Hooper. Remember that.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 436)

**3028**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 3595)

• Find something to help (turn to 4777)

**3029**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1871)

• Smash the window (turn to 1362)

• Wait (turn to 4907)

**3030**

With my jacket wrapped round my arm, I sweep out the remaining shards of glass. It’s not a big window, but I’m not a big man. If I was Harris, I’d be stuffed, but as it is...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the broken window. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 4245)

• Lie (turn to 4523)

• Evade (turn to 746)

**3031**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 1102)

• The jacket (turn to 3905)

**3032**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“Did you?” The worst of his rage is passing; he is now moving into a kind of contemptuous despair. I can imagine him wrapping up our interview soon, leaving the hut, locking the door, and dropping the key down the well in the yard. And why wouldn’t he? With my name tarnished they will not let me back to work on the Bombe - if there is the slightest smell of treachery about my name I would be lucky not be locked up for the remainder of the war. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 1678)

• Persist with this (turn to 90)

**3033**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 3017)

• No (turn to 109)

• Lie (turn to 4501)

• Evade (turn to 4501)

**3034**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 4322)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3609)

• Lie (turn to 791)

**3035**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 3693)

**3036**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1125)

• Something else (turn to 137)

**3037**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 826)

**3038**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3659)

• The jacket (turn to 3096)

**3039**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2437)

• The blanket (turn to 106)

• Something else (turn to 306)

**3040**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1185)

• No (turn to 2217)

• Lie (turn to 2217)

• Evade (turn to 3681)

**3041**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3571)

• No (turn to 163)

• Lie (turn to 4234)

**3042**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 254)

• Disagree (turn to 4025)

**3043**

“If you’ll excuse me, Russell. I was about to take a bath.”

“Oh, of course. Well, you’ll hear soon enough. Can hardly hide the fact there’ll only be three of us from now on.”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 4355)

• Leave it (turn to 2357)

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**3044**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3149)

• No (turn to 4659)

• Lie (turn to 4659)

**3045**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 360)

• No (turn to 3714)

• Lie (turn to 3714)

**3046**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 2045)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2151)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2045)

• Lie (turn to 2151)

**3047**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 4639)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 935)

**3048**

“Now steady on,” I reply, gesturing for him to calm himself.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3972)

• Blame someone (turn to 1973)

**3049**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1569)

• Smash the window (turn to 20)

• Wait (turn to 3515)

**3050**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3599)

• Something else (turn to 2345)

**3051**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3045)

• No (turn to 271)

• Lie (turn to 3341)

**3052**

Then pause. This is too transparent. Too blatant. If I leave it here, like this, Hooper will never be seen to go looking for it: he will stumble over it in plain sight, and the men watching will wonder why it was not there when he went to bed.

No, I must try something else - or nothing at all.

• On top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Throw the component into the long grass (turn to 4549)

• Give up (turn to 1349)

**3053**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 4679)

• The jacket (turn to 1065)

**3054**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 2564)

• Don't confess (turn to 1546)

**3055**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 1499)

• Lie (turn to 1499)

• Evade (turn to 3167)

**3056**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3015)

• Something else (turn to 2641)

**3057**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 932)

• Try the windows (turn to 5008)

**3058**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4252)

• The pillow (turn to 610)

• Something else (turn to 4284)

**3059**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 3433)

• Look around for something (turn to 4012)

**3060**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3351)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 194)

**3061**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3232)

• Something else (turn to 2673)

**3062**

“I’m not saying anything of the sort,” I snap back. “What is this, Harris? You’re accusing me of treachery but I don’t see a shred of evidence for it! Why don’t you put your cards on the table?”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2162)

• Disagree (turn to 2669)

• Lie (turn to 1146)

**3063**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 683)

• The jacket (turn to 542)

• The bucket (turn to 4779)

**3064**

My anger deflates like a collapsing equation, all arguments cancelling each other out. The world, of course, owes me nothing; and I owe it everything.

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 3948)

• Say nothing (turn to 4522)

**3065**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4252)

• Something else (turn to 4284)

**3066**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 2352)

• The jacket (turn to 4694)

**3067**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 3973)

• Look around for something (turn to 524)

**3068**

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 2228)

• "You're right." (turn to 580)

**3069**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 2488)

• Take a longer route (turn to 710)

**3070**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1518)

• The pillow (turn to 2223)

• Something else (turn to 1798)

**3071**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 907)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 1030)

**3072**

“You can’t do this!” I cry. “It’s murder! I demand a trial, a lawyer; for God’s sake, man, you can’t just throw me overboard, we’re not barbarians...!”

“You leave me no choice,” Harris snaps back, eyes cold as gun-metal. “You and your damn cyphers. Your damn clever problems. If men like you didn’t exist, if we could just all be *straight* with one another.” He gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear for the future of this world, with men like you in. Reich or no Reich, Mr Manning, people like you simply *complicate* matters.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2651)

**3073**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 4228)

• Dissuade (turn to 743)

• Evade (turn to 2108)

• Say nothing (turn to 4927)

**3074**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 1915)

**3075**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 2293)

• No (turn to 998)

• Lie (turn to 998)

• Evade (turn to 479)

**3076**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 841)

• Leave it (turn to 2010)

**3077**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 183)

• Something else (turn to 3445)

**3078**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 551)

• Take a longer route (turn to 473)

**3079**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4212)

• The blanket (turn to 3480)

• The pillow (turn to 1826)

• Something else (turn to 331)

**3080**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 167)

• Smash the window (turn to 2386)

**3081**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 3868)

• Smash the window (turn to 1233)

**3082**

“Now steady on,” I reply, gesturing for him to calm himself.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 2581)

• Blame someone (turn to 1079)

**3083**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2590)

• The blanket (turn to 134)

• The pillow (turn to 1446)

• Something else (turn to 2156)

**3084**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4772)

• Smash the window (turn to 6)

• Wait (turn to 1223)

**3085**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 855)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 3943)

**3086**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 4948)

• Look for another opening (turn to 4152)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 1307)

**3087**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 3078)

**3088**

“You can’t do this!” I cry. “It’s murder! I demand a trial, a lawyer; for God’s sake, man, you can’t just throw me overboard, we’re not barbarians...!”

“You leave me no choice,” Harris snaps back, eyes cold as gun-metal. “You and your damn cyphers. Your damn clever problems. If men like you didn’t exist, if we could just all be *straight* with one another.” He gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear for the future of this world, with men like you in. Reich or no Reich, Mr Manning, people like you simply *complicate* matters.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4173)

**3089**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3877)

• Something else (turn to 228)

**3090**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2615)

• Something else (turn to 639)

**3091**

“I’m fine,” I reply. “This is all some misunderstanding and the quicker we have it cleared up the better.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” And then he comes right out with it, with an accusation. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1173)

• "I don't." (turn to 2739)

• Lie (turn to 2739)

• Evade (turn to 1587)

**3092**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 739)

• Something else (turn to 1652)

**3093**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 1367)

• Disagree (turn to 1863)

• Evade (turn to 1296)

**3094**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 3615)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4562)

**3095**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4699)

• Stay silent (turn to 1906)

• Show him the component (turn to 4294)

**3096**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 1241)

**3097**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 1021)

• Disagree (turn to 3760)

**3098**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 2386)

• Wait (turn to 1080)

**3099**

“You’re right. Let me talk to him, then. As a colleague. Maybe I can get something useful out of him.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 249)

• "You're right." (turn to 1713)

**3100**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 1675)

• Look around instead (turn to 3459)

**3101**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 1760)

• Lie (turn to 1760)

• Evade (turn to 2150)

**3102**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3112)

• The jacket (turn to 3622)

• The bucket (turn to 492)

**3103**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 4880)

• No (turn to 718)

• Evade (turn to 2699)

• That's not it (turn to 4835)

**3104**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my fist and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 1775)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 3030)

**3105**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 1374)

• Be disinterested (turn to 1825)

**3106**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 907)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 471)

**3107**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 3393)

**3108**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1159)

• Something else (turn to 1756)

**3109**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3787)

• Try the door (turn to 2158)

• Try the windows (turn to 705)

**3110**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 1249)

• Bargain with him (turn to 3033)

• Plead with him (turn to 277)

**3111**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4712)

• No, that's not right (turn to 455)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4712)

• Lie (turn to 455)

**3112**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2600)

• The blanket (turn to 81)

• The pillow (turn to 2403)

• Something else (turn to 2575)

**3113**

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 4355)

• Leave it (turn to 903)

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**3114**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 594)

• Disagree (turn to 3415)

• Evade (turn to 4602)

**3115**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4079)

**3116**

“No, of course not.” I push the teacup around on its base. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 2967)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 4797)

• Lie (turn to 4797)

**3117**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 4166)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 3970)

• Escape the compound (turn to 2678)

**3118**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3002)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 3002)

**3119**

“How should I know?” I reply, defensively. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 668)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 487)

• Lie (turn to 487)

**3120**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 3821)

**3121**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2456)

**3122**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 1807)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4307)

• Plead with him (turn to 3310)

**3123**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my shoe and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 811)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 1151)

**3124**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1136)

• Be cautious (turn to 527)

**3125**

“You mean he didn’t even hide it? Just put it in his shoe?”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 114)

**3126**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1288)

• "I don't." (turn to 1101)

• Lie (turn to 1101)

• Evade (turn to 3930)

**3127**

“No, Harris. I don’t think you can understand.”

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 2045)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2151)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2045)

• Lie (turn to 2151)

**3128**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2098)

• Something else (turn to 2153)

**3129**

“Right now, I think you take that role, Harris,” I reply coolly.

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 354)

• Be dismissive (turn to 3326)

• Say nothing (turn to 2895)

**3130**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4699)

• Stay silent (turn to 1906)

• Confess (turn to 3221)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 4423)

**3131**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 1082)

• Be disinterested (turn to 712)

**3132**

I lift the cup to my lips and take a sip, trying to act natural. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 252)

• Disagree (turn to 4906)

• Evade (turn to 4906)

**3133**

“I’ve thought so before.” Certainly in the matter of getting blackmailed.

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 4725)

• Be dismissive (turn to 2585)

• Say nothing (turn to 4381)

**3134**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3670)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 213)

**3135**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 2195)

• Find something to help (turn to 4003)

**3136**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 1081)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1517)

**3137**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 2900)

**3138**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 247)

**3139**

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 3345)

**3140**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3019)

**3141**

“Now steady on,” I reply, gesturing for him to calm himself.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3654)

• Blame someone (turn to 2467)

**3142**

• The jacket (turn to 4694)

**3143**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 362)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 4746)

**3144**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 4465)

• Don't confess (turn to 2961)

**3145**

“I’m not saying anything of the sort,” I snap back. “What is this, Harris? You’re accusing me of treachery but I don’t see a shred of evidence for it! Why don’t you put your cards on the table?”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 599)

• Disagree (turn to 1242)

• Lie (turn to 3619)

**3146**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 4682)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 4475)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**3147**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 215)

**3148**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4865)

• Try the windows (turn to 3483)

**3149**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4962)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 4962)

**3150**

The weight of the Bombe component safely in my jacket, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 1831)

**3151**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component.”

“Well, as soon as it went missing the machine started to malfunction. We recognised the discrepancies in our results straight away...”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2179)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2470)

• Lie (turn to 2179)

• Evade (turn to 2241)

**3152**

“How should I know?” I reply, defensively. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 1115)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 729)

• Lie (turn to 729)

**3153**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2765)

• Try the door (turn to 2208)

• Smash the window (turn to 2901)

**3154**

“Of course I do,” I answer.

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1219)

• "I don't." (turn to 1897)

• Lie (turn to 1897)

• Evade (turn to 3151)

**3155**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 3802)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 2333)

**3156**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 3885)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 980)

• Escape the compound (turn to 881)

**3157**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3469)

• Leave it (turn to 2143)

**3158**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3992)

• Try the window (turn to 4942)

**3159**

“All right.” With a sigh, your defiance collapses."If you’re searched my things then I suppose you’ve found... what you need.

Harris nods once. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 1898)

• Disagree (turn to 1063)

• Lie (turn to 1746)

**3160**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 81)

• Something else (turn to 2575)

**3161**

“Quite terrible. I would never have guessed.”

“Well.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 1123)

• Leave it (turn to 897)

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**3162**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 850)

• Try the windows (turn to 1741)

**3163**

“Really, Commander,” I reply. “It rather sounds like you want to spank me.”

“For God’s sake,” he declares with thick disgust, then swoops away out of the room. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1530)

**3164**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1490)

• Be cautious (turn to 818)

**3165**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 2555)

• Try the windows (turn to 3726)

**3166**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3927)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2037)

• Lie (turn to 3927)

• Evade (turn to 2175)

**3167**

“I don’t have it any more. I passed it through the fence to my contact straight after taking it, before it was discovered to be missing. It would have been idiocy to do differently. It’s long gone, I’m afraid.”

“You fool, Manning,” Harris curses, getting quickly to his feet. “You utter fool. Do you suppose you will be any better off living under Hitler? It’s men like you who will get us all killed. Men too feeble, too weak in their hearts to stand up and take a man’s responsibility for the world. You’re happier to stay a child all your life and play with your little childish toys.”

• Answer back (turn to 122)

• Say nothing (turn to 3494)

**3168**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 201)

**3169**

“Here at Bletchley? Of course I do”

“Here, now,” Harris replies firmly. “We’re not talking to everyone, you understand. I can imagine you might feel pretty sore about that, old man. I can imagine you feeling picked on. You always were a sensitive soul.”

• "I'm fine." (turn to 896)

• "Damn right." (turn to 386)

• Be honest (turn to 386)

• Lie (turn to 896)

**3170**

• The jacket (turn to 4305)

**3171**

“Then I’ll be going, on and getting on with my job of saving her, shall I?” I even rise half to my feet, before he slams the tabletop.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1648)

• Blame someone (turn to 2467)

**3172**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2604)

• Something else (turn to 4534)

**3173**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 4271)

• The blanket (turn to 3419)

• Something else (turn to 603)

**3174**

“Then you know I’m right. You knew all along. Why did you threaten me?”

“We don’t know anything, except that we have a traitor, holding the fate of the country in their hands. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 1179)

• Offer nothing (turn to 403)

**3175**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 1453)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 833)

**3176**

It depends, perhaps, on what his name his worth. If it were to prove valuable, well; perhaps I can concoct a few more such lovers with which to ease my later days.

Hooper, perhaps. He wouldn’t like *that*.

“We recovered the part, just where you said it was,” Harris reports, as he puts the cuffs around my wrists. “Of course, a couple of the men swear blind they searched there yesterday, so I’m afraid, what with the broken window... we’ve formed a perfectly good theory which doesn’t bode well for you.”

“I see.” It doesn’t seem worth arguing any further. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“Certainly. And one of your computing things, if I get my way. And when we’re old, and smoking pipes together in The Rag like heroes, I’ll explain to you the way that decent men have affairs. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**3177**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 3525)

• Try the windows (turn to 3318)

**3178**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 217)

**3179**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 902)

• Something else (turn to 3734)

**3180**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 1018)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 2103)

• "You're right." (turn to 4990)

**3181**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 4811)

• Disagree (turn to 3014)

**3182**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 3069)

**3183**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3298)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3666)

**3184**

“Someone threw this in through the window over night,” I reply, and open my jacket to reveal the component from the Bombe. “I couldn’t see who, it was too dark. But I know what it is.”

He reaches out and takes it. “Well, I’ll be damned,” he murmurs. “That’s it all right. And you didn’t have it on you when we put you in here. But it can’t have been Hooper - I had men watching him all night. And there’s no-one else it could have been.”

He turns the component over in his hands, bemused.

• Suggest something (turn to 1957)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 981)

**3185**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 3589)

• Wait (turn to 904)

**3186**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3136)

**3187**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4392)

• The pillow (turn to 4379)

• Something else (turn to 4872)

**3188**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 747)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**3189**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 5016)

• Blame someone (turn to 46)

**3190**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 990)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 1122)

**3191**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4672)

• No (turn to 3209)

• Lie (turn to 547)

**3192**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1681)

**3193**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3599)

• Something else (turn to 2345)

**3194**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3149)

• No (turn to 4659)

• Lie (turn to 4659)

**3195**

“We don’t have to believe anyone,” Harris replies sternly. “I intend to know the truth and be happy with nothing else. Right now, your story doesn’t hold water. It doesn’t tie up. We know you’ve been leaving yourself open to accusations. We’ve been watching your activities for some time. But we thought you were endangering the reputation of this site with the Government; not risking the country herself. Perhaps I put too much trust in your intellectual pride.”

He pauses for a moment, considering something. Then he continues:

“It might have been Hooper. It might have been you. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 1660)

• Offer nothing (turn to 403)

**3196**

My anger deflates like a collapsing equation, all arguments cancelling each other out. The world, of course, owes me nothing; and I owe it everything.

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 1347)

• Say nothing (turn to 4185)

**3197**

“Harris. They were blackmailing me. They knew about... certain indiscretions. You can understand, can’t you, Harris? I was in an impossible bind...”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 3196)

• No (turn to 5036)

• Lie (turn to 5036)

• Evade (turn to 4201)

**3198**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 3391)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2194)

• Lie (turn to 5001)

**3199**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 1855)

• No (turn to 622)

• Lie (turn to 3925)

• Evade (turn to 414)

**3200**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 695)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3317)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**3201**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1689)

• No (turn to 3290)

• Lie (turn to 3290)

**3202**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 3898)

• Take a longer route (turn to 4107)

**3203**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3793)

• Smash the window (turn to 3026)

• Wait (turn to 566)

**3204**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 507)

• Don't confess (turn to 2531)

**3205**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 1237)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 1237)

**3206**

“Of my genius. Hooper simply can’t stand that I’m cleverer than he is. We work so closely together, cooped up in that Hut all day. It drives him to distraction. To worse.”

“You’re suggesting Hooper would sabotage this country’s future simply to spite you?” Harris chooses his words like the military man he is, each lining up to create a ring around me.

• Yes (turn to 4995)

• No (turn to 1929)

• Evade (turn to 3605)

**3207**

“You’re right. Let me talk to him, then. As a colleague. Maybe I can get something useful out of him.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 1658)

• "You're right." (turn to 1377)

**3208**

Hmm. Around here? Maybe not. I might have no option but to hand my young blackmailer over my superiors for the spy he is and let him wreak what damage he can.

Perhaps that would be the moral thing to do, even, and not just the most smart. But not today. Today, there’s an intercept to resolve. The Bombe needs to be set up once more and set running.

It’s time I tackled a problem I can *solve*.

**The End**

**3209**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3446)

• No (turn to 617)

• Lie (turn to 617)

**3210**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 4708)

• Disagree (turn to 4758)

• Evade (turn to 1050)

**3211**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3807)

• Smash the window (turn to 2901)

• Wait (turn to 4763)

**3212**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3871)

• No (turn to 3755)

**3213**

“Of my genius. Hooper simply can’t stand that I’m cleverer than he is. We work so closely together, cooped up in that Hut all day. It drives him to distraction. To worse.”

“You’re suggesting Hooper would sabotage this country’s future simply to spite you?” Harris chooses his words like the military man he is, each lining up to create a ring around me.

• Yes (turn to 4102)

• No (turn to 3709)

• Evade (turn to 2577)

**3214**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1766)

• The blanket (turn to 1668)

• The pillow (turn to 2415)

• Something else (turn to 942)

**3215**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 2900)

**3216**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 4567)

• Find something to help (turn to 4032)

**3217**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 3225)

• The blanket (turn to 2655)

• The pillow (turn to 4658)

• Something else (turn to 3324)

**3218**

“You mean he didn’t even hide it? Just put it in his shoe?”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3136)

**3219**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 528)

**3220**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 2402)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 1448)

**3221**

“I don’t need twelve minutes. The component is in the long grass behind Hooper’s tent. I threw it there hoping to somehow frame him, but now I see that won’t be possible. I was naive, I suppose.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4946)

**3222**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 4024)

• Dissuade (turn to 2221)

• Evade (turn to 1031)

• Say nothing (turn to 2494)

**3223**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But you’re not my priest and I’m not yours. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 3621)

• Blame someone (turn to 46)

**3224**

Plenty of time for that later. If there is nothing there, then Hooper discovered the component after all and Harris’ men will have swooped on him, and the story about his confession is just a ruse to test me out. And if the component is still there - well. It will be just as valuable to my young man in the village in a week’s time, and his deadline of the 31st is not quite upon us.

I head for my dorm, intent on a bath, breakfast, a glance at the crossword before the other men get to it, and then on with work. They should have replaced the component in the Bombe by now. We will be back to it, only a day behind.

And everything will proceed as before. The component will mean nothing to the Germans - this is the one fact I could never have explained to a man like Harris despite the fact that the principle behind the Bombe is the same as the principle behind an army. The individual pieces - the men, the components - do not matter. They are quite identical. It is how they are arranged that counts. The structures and patterns that they form.

I bump into Russell in the dorm hut. “Did you hear?” he whispers. “Terrible news about Hooper. Absolutely terrible.”

• Yes (turn to 1474)

• No (turn to 1694)

• Lie (turn to 3113)

• Evade (turn to 3549)

**3225**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2655)

• The pillow (turn to 1731)

• Something else (turn to 3324)

**3226**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3149)

• No (turn to 2361)

• Lie (turn to 2361)

**3227**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3953)

• No (turn to 3111)

• Lie (turn to 3111)

**3228**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4823)

• Don't go (turn to 4969)

**3229**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4510)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4757)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4510)

• Lie (turn to 4757)

**3230**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4397)

• No (turn to 1876)

• Lie (turn to 4710)

**3231**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2677)

**3232**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 3202)

**3233**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 3581)

• No (turn to 4798)

• Lie (turn to 1739)

• Evade (turn to 3447)

**3234**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 663)

• Look around for something (turn to 2713)

**3235**

I suppose this must be what it feels like to have a conscience, then. Very well.

“Harris, sir. I don’t know what Hooper’s playing at, sir. But I can’t let him do this.”

“Do what?”

“Take the rope for this. I took it, sir.

The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might."

“I thought as much. I hadn’t expected you to give it out so easily, however. You understand, Hooper has said nothing, of course. In fact, he went to Hut 2 directly after we released him and uncovered the component. But he told us you had instructed him where to go. Hence my little double bluff. Frankly, I’ll be glad when I’m shot of the lot of you mathematicians.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2080)

**3236**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 2746)

• Don't confess (turn to 4844)

**3237**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But you’re not my priest and I’m not yours. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2389)

• Blame someone (turn to 2696)

**3238**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 1021)

• Disagree (turn to 3760)

**3239**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 4216)

**3240**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 835)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4063)

• Lie (turn to 2706)

**3241**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. I should have realised, of course. These things don’t happen by chance. I was a fool to think they might. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 1447)

• Lie (turn to 1447)

• Evade (turn to 4369)

**3242**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 6)

• Wait (turn to 1138)

**3243**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4742)

• No (turn to 2592)

**3244**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 134)

• The pillow (turn to 1659)

• Something else (turn to 1277)

**3245**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 4274)

• The jacket (turn to 4531)

**3246**

“Damn right I’m sore. Was it one of the others who put you up to this? Was it Hooper? He’s always been jealous of me. He’s...”

The Commander moustache bristles as he purses his lips. “Has he now? Of your achievements, do you think?” It’s difficult not to shake the sense that he’s mocking me. “Or of your brain? Or something else?”

• "Of my genius." (turn to 101)

• "Of my standing." (turn to 1351)

• Evade (turn to 3510)

**3247**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 3133)

• Disagree (turn to 1488)

• Evade (turn to 3487)

**3248**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4085)

• The blanket (turn to 2889)

• The pillow (turn to 4232)

• Something else (turn to 3279)

**3249**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 1808)

• Confess (turn to 4399)

• Stay silent (turn to 3178)

**3250**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 665)

• The blanket (turn to 106)

• The pillow (turn to 638)

• Something else (turn to 3286)

**3251**

“This proves nothing,” I reply stubbornly. “You still don’t have the component and without it, I don’t see what you can hope to prove.”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 16)

• No (turn to 467)

• Lie (turn to 467)

• Evade (turn to 3861)

**3252**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 1389)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 804)

**3253**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3229)

• No (turn to 126)

• Lie (turn to 126)

**3254**

“How should I know?” I reply, defensively. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 4894)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 4794)

• Lie (turn to 4794)

**3255**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1388)

• Blame someone (turn to 1384)

**3256**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 99)

• "I don't." (turn to 1999)

• Lie (turn to 1999)

• Evade (turn to 2780)

**3257**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1386)

• No (turn to 262)

• Lie (turn to 262)

**3258**

I wave cheerily back and she giggles, almost drops her bicycle, then dashes away inside the House. Judging by the clock on the front gable, she’s running a little late this morning.

I turn the corner of Hut 3 and walk down the short gravel path to Hut 2. It was a good spot to choose - Hut 2 is where the electricians work, and they’re generally focussed on what they’re doing. They don’t often come outside to smoke a cigarette so it’s easy to slip past the doorway unnoticed.

• Check inside (turn to 4593)

• Go around the back (turn to 775)

**3259**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 2740)

• Dissuade (turn to 4796)

• Evade (turn to 1922)

• Say nothing (turn to 1903)

**3260**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3191)

• Blame someone (turn to 4171)

**3261**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 2066)

**3262**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2064)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**3263**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2604)

• Something else (turn to 4534)

**3264**

Then pause. This is too transparent. Too blatant. If I leave it here, like this, Hooper will never be seen to go looking for it: he will stumble over it in plain sight, and the men watching will wonder why it was not there when he went to bed.

No, I must try something else - or nothing at all.

• On top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Throw the component into the long grass (turn to 582)

• Give up (turn to 2951)

**3265**

I say nothing. It’s true, isn’t it? I can’t deny that I know there is a world out there, a complicated world of pain and suffering. And I can’t deny that I don’t think about it a moment longer than I have to. What use is thinking on a problem that cannot be solved? It is precisely our ability to avoid such endless spirals that makes us human and not machine.

“God have mercy on your soul,” Harris says finally, as he gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear no-one else will.” Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1114)

**3266**

“Then I’ll be going, on and getting on with my job of saving her, shall I?” I even rise half to my feet, before he slams the tabletop.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 505)

• Blame someone (turn to 2363)

**3267**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2813)

**3268**

“Then I’ll be going, on and getting on with my job of saving her, shall I?” I even rise half to my feet, before he slams the tabletop.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1894)

• Blame someone (turn to 3269)

**3269**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“Did you?” The worst of his rage is passing; he is now moving into a kind of contemptuous despair. I can imagine him wrapping up our interview soon, leaving the hut, locking the door, and dropping the key down the well in the yard. And why wouldn’t he? With my name tarnished they will not let me back to work on the Bombe - if there is the slightest smell of treachery about my name I would be lucky not be locked up for the remainder of the war. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 224)

• Persist with this (turn to 1736)

**3270**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2389)

• Blame someone (turn to 2696)

**3271**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 2329)

• Be cautious (turn to 2837)

**3272**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 3426)

• No (turn to 2180)

• Lie (turn to 2324)

• Evade (turn to 3923)

**3273**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2429)

• No (turn to 1690)

**3274**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 247)

**3275**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 3633)

**3276**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 3775)

• No (turn to 316)

• Lie (turn to 3775)

**3277**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 4531)

**3278**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4491)

• Smash the window (turn to 374)

• Wait (turn to 1223)

**3279**

• The jacket (turn to 3837)

• The bucket (turn to 3411)

**3280**

“Then let him think he’s off the hook. Make a show of me. And then you’ll get your man.”

*Somehow*, I think. But that’s the part I need to work.

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Especially since this is a plan that involves keeping you in handcuffs. I don’t see what I have to lose.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 4036)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 2835)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 4603)

**3281**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 2066)

**3282**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2697)

• Disagree (turn to 2854)

• Lie (turn to 1306)

**3283**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1518)

• The pillow (turn to 1196)

• Something else (turn to 4034)

**3284**

“I still have it. Not on me, of course. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3136)

**3285**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 3372)

• Deny it (turn to 3320)

**3286**

• The jacket (turn to 439)

**3287**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4765)

• No (turn to 617)

• Lie (turn to 617)

**3288**

“So he’s an idiot, and he hid it in his shoe.”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4946)

**3289**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 3576)

• Disagree (turn to 287)

• Lie (turn to 2587)

**3290**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3002)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 3002)

**3291**

“If you’ll excuse me, Russell. I was about to take a bath.”

“Oh, of course. Well, you’ll hear soon enough. Can hardly hide the fact there’ll only be three of us from now on.”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 1123)

• Leave it (turn to 897)

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**3292**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 2785)

• Find something (turn to 1043)

• Use something you've got (turn to 3521)

**3293**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2912)

• Blame someone (turn to 1339)

**3294**

“And the other men? Do we have a hut each? Surely there aren’t enough senior officers to go round.”

“Collins and Humph were outside when the theft occurred. Everyone confirms that,” Harris replies. “That leaves you, Hooper, and the other two, who vouch for each other and frankly I’m inclined to believe them. But that’s all we know. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 2200)

• Offer nothing (turn to 725)

**3295**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4097)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 3740)

**3296**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 3348)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1990)

**3297**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 3551)

• Smash the window (turn to 1362)

**3298**

I lift the cup and take a sip, trying to act natural. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 3971)

• Disagree (turn to 1742)

• Evade (turn to 1742)

**3299**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3787)

• Try the door (turn to 2158)

• Try the windows (turn to 705)

**3300**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2187)

• The blanket (turn to 3419)

• The pillow (turn to 3173)

• Something else (turn to 603)

**3301**

“Of my standing. My reputation.” I don’t like to talk of myself like this, but I carry on all the same. “Hooper simply can’t bear knowing that, once all this is over, I’ll be the one receiving the knighthood and he...”

“No-one will be getting a knighthood if the Germans invade,” Harris answers sharply. He casts a quick eye to the door of the Hut to check the latch is still down, then continues in more of a murmur: “Not you and not Hooper. Now answer me.” For the first time since the door closed, I wonder what the threat might be if I do *not*.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1093)

• "I don't." (turn to 4670)

• Lie (turn to 4670)

• Evade (turn to 1765)

**3302**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4848)

**3303**

“Of my genius. Hooper simply can’t stand that I’m cleverer than he is. We work so closely together, cooped up in that Hut all day. It drives him to distraction. To worse.”

“You’re suggesting Hooper would sabotage this country’s future simply to spite you?” Harris chooses his words like the military man he is, each lining up to create a ring around me.

• Yes (turn to 2177)

• No (turn to 5024)

• Evade (turn to 2331)

**3304**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 3615)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 1919)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4200)

**3305**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. I should have realised, of course. These things don’t happen by chance. I was a fool to think they might. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 4230)

• Lie (turn to 4230)

• Evade (turn to 3055)

**3306**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 945)

• Blame someone (turn to 121)

**3307**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 573)

• The jacket (turn to 3485)

**3308**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my bucket and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 4406)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 1801)

**3309**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3995)

• The pillow (turn to 1137)

• Something else (turn to 4590)

**3310**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 1059)

• Accept it (turn to 3416)

• Evade it (turn to 2265)

**3311**

Then pause. This is too transparent. Too blatant. If I leave it here, like this, Hooper will never be seen to go looking for it: he will stumble over it in plain sight, and the men watching will wonder why it was not there when he went to bed.

No, I must try something else - or nothing at all.

• On top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Throw the component into the long grass (turn to 2431)

• Give up (turn to 4016)

**3312**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 3239)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 4070)

**3313**

“Really, Commander,” I reply. “It rather sounds like you want to spank me.”

“For God’s sake,” he declares with thick disgust, then swoops away out of the room. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 762)

**3314**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3577)

• Try the door (turn to 2969)

• Try the windows (turn to 3407)

**3315**

• The jacket (turn to 4755)

• The bucket (turn to 1166)

**3316**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3015)

• The pillow (turn to 702)

• Something else (turn to 4838)

**3317**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 135)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**3318**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 685)

• Try the door (turn to 651)

• Smash the window (turn to 3894)

**3319**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 4247)

• Disagree (turn to 466)

• Evade (turn to 3490)

**3320**

“I tell you, someone broke it. Someone wanted to threaten me, I think.”

Harris shakes his head. “Well, we can look into that matter later. For now, you probably want to hear the more pressing news. We found the missing component. Or rather, Hooper found it for us. He snuck out of his tent first thing in the morning and retrieved it from on top. Of all the damnest places - you would never have known it was there. He acted all surprised about it when we jumped him, of course, as you might expect - but it was good enough for me.”

• Be glad (turn to 2966)

• Be dismissive (turn to 4313)

**3321**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 3026)

• Wait (turn to 4763)

**3322**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3044)

• No (turn to 1986)

• Lie (turn to 3194)

**3323**

It won’t take a moment to settle the matter. I can justify a walk past Hut 2 as part of my morning stroll. It will be obvious in a moment if the component is still there.

On my way across the paddocks, between the huts and the House, I catch sight of young Miss Lyon, arriving for work on her bicycle. She giggles as she sees me and waves.

• Wave back (turn to 2544)

• Ignore her (turn to 691)

**3324**

• The jacket (turn to 1624)

**3325**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 2633)

• Be cautious (turn to 3932)

**3326**

“So he’s an idiot, and he hid it in his shoe.”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 197)

**3327**

“Of my genius. Hooper simply can’t stand that I’m cleverer than he is. We work so closely together, cooped up in that Hut all day. It drives him to distraction. To worse.”

“You’re suggesting Hooper would sabotage this country’s future simply to spite you?” Harris chooses his words like the military man he is, each lining up to create a ring around me.

• Yes (turn to 4931)

• No (turn to 4665)

• Evade (turn to 849)

**3328**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3302)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3919)

• Lie (turn to 3302)

• Evade (turn to 568)

**3329**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2624)

• Something else (turn to 1834)

**3330**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4250)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 978)

**3331**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 533)

• Disagree (turn to 3542)

**3332**

“Harris, you’d better watch out. He’s planted a time-bomb here.”

Harris stares at me for a moment, then laughs. “Oh, goodness. That’s rich.”

I almost wish I had a way to make the hut explode, but of course I don’t.

“Enough.” Harris gestures for me to start walking. “This story couldn’t be simpler. You took it to cover your back. You hid it. You lied to get Hooper into trouble, and when you thought you’d won, you came to scoop your prize. A good hand but ultimately, if it hadn’t have been you who hid the component, then you wouldn’t be here now.”

He leads me across the yard. Back towards Hut 5 to be decoded, and taken to pieces, once again.

**The End**

**3333**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 4619)

**3334**

“Yes. I didn’t have long, but I had long enough. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1440)

**3335**

So perhaps I should wait it out, after all. Who knows? I might have a better opportunity later.

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 395)

• Deny doing it (turn to 1493)

**3336**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 5025)

• The jacket (turn to 1205)

**3337**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 106)

• Something else (turn to 3286)

**3338**

“I’m not saying anything of the sort,” I snap back. “What is this, Harris? You’re accusing me of treachery but I don’t see a shred of evidence for it! Why don’t you put your cards on the table?”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 4782)

• Disagree (turn to 3834)

• Lie (turn to 2138)

**3339**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 3628)

• Oppose him (turn to 2201)

• Dismiss him (turn to 1452)

**3340**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 4131)

• The jacket (turn to 3147)

• The bucket (turn to 1592)

**3341**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 360)

• No (turn to 3714)

• Lie (turn to 3714)

**3342**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1790)

• No (turn to 1275)

• Lie (turn to 1275)

• Evade (turn to 2549)

**3343**

“Of course I do,” I answer.

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1219)

• "I don't." (turn to 2171)

• Lie (turn to 2171)

• Evade (turn to 4752)

**3344**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3117)

• Leave it (turn to 3389)

**3345**

“No,” Harris declares, finally. “I think you’re lying about Hooper. I think you’re a clever, scheming young man - that’s why we hired you - and you’re looking for the only reasonable out this situation has to offer. But I’m not taking it. We know you were in the room with the machine, we know you’re of a perverted persuasion, we know you have compromised yourself. There’s nothing more to say here. Either you tell me what you’ve done with that component, or we will hang you and search just as hard. It’s your choice.”

He gets to his feet, and gathers his gloves from the table top.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 1808)

• Confess (turn to 1635)

• Stay silent (turn to 3178)

**3346**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 2119)

**3347**

“Someone threw this in through the window over night,” I reply, and open my jacket to reveal the component from the Bombe. “I couldn’t see who, it was too dark. But I know what it is.”

He reaches out and takes it. “Well, I’ll be damned,” he murmurs. “That’s it all right. And you didn’t have it on you when we put you in here. But it can’t have been Hooper - I had men watching him all night. And there’s no-one else it could have been.”

He turns the component over in his hands, bemused.

• Suggest something (turn to 991)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 4076)

**3348**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3847)

**3349**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 1454)

• Don't confess (turn to 3371)

**3350**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4097)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 3740)

**3351**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 1085)

• No (turn to 2202)

• Lie (turn to 1085)

**3352**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 4196)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 1954)

**3353**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1308)

• Be cautious (turn to 4080)

**3354**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 4291)

**3355**

“Then I’ll be going, on and getting on with my job of saving her, shall I?” I even rise half to my feet, before he slams the tabletop.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3972)

• Blame someone (turn to 1973)

**3356**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Persist with this (turn to 4309)

• Tell the truth (turn to 448)

**3357**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

The Commander holds the door for his superior, and follows him out. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1044)

**3358**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 3806)

• Accept it (turn to 2819)

• Evade it (turn to 4673)

**3359**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 3963)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 73)

**3360**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 4630)

• Look around for something (turn to 3038)

**3361**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4556)

• Blame someone (turn to 3702)

**3362**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 1810)

• Look around for something (turn to 1203)

**3363**

“Then you know I’m right. You knew all along. Why did you threaten me?”

“We don’t know anything, except that we have a traitor, holding the fate of the country in their hands. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 1687)

• Offer nothing (turn to 2405)

**3364**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4268)

• Wait (turn to 3349)

**3365**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 260)

• The blanket (turn to 2604)

• Something else (turn to 3010)

**3366**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 1483)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 451)

**3367**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 4417)

• Take a longer route (turn to 4495)

**3368**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 4526)

• Look around for something (turn to 1503)

**3369**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 715)

• Disagree (turn to 2159)

• Evade (turn to 4783)

**3370**

“Listen to me, Hooper. We were the only men in that hut today, so we know what happened. But I want you to know this. I put the component inside a breeze-block in the foundations of Hut 2, wrapped in one of your shirts. They’re going to find it eventually, and that’s going to be what tips the balance. And there’s nothing you can do to stop any of that from happening.”

His eyes bulge with terror. “What did I do, to you? What did I ever do?”

• Tell the truth (turn to 4893)

• Lie (turn to 3638)

• Evade (turn to 358)

**3371**

“I certainly don’t. But still, I’m surprised. I had Hooper down for a full-blown double agent, a traitor. He knows he’ll face the rope, doesn’t he?”

“Don’t ask me to explain why he did what he did,” Harris sighs. “Just be grateful that he did, and you’re now off the hook.”

Curiouser and curiouser. I nod once to Harris and slip outside into the cold morning air.

Hooper’s confession only makes sense in one fashion - if I successfully implied to him that I had him framed, but he did not unpack my little clue well enough to go looking for the component. Well, I had figured him for a more intelligent opponent, but a resignation from the game will suffice. Or perhaps he knew he would be followed if he went to check, and decided he would be doomed either way.

Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 3323)

• Don't check (turn to 636)

**3372**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 452)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 764)

**3373**

“You mean he didn’t even hide it? Just put it in his shoe?”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1440)

**3374**

“Here at Bletchley? Of course I do”

“Here, now,” Harris replies firmly. “We’re not talking to everyone, you understand. I can imagine you might feel pretty sore about that, old man. I can imagine you feeling picked on.”

• "I'm fine." (turn to 3091)

• "Damn right." (turn to 2032)

• Be honest (turn to 2032)

• Lie (turn to 3091)

**3375**

I hop up the steps and put my head inside all the same. Nobody about. Still too early in the AM for sparks, I suppose.

I head on around the back of the hut. The breeze-block with the cavity is on the left side.

• Check (turn to 4002)

• Look around (turn to 310)

**3376**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4865)

• Try the windows (turn to 3483)

**3377**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4862)

• Try the window (turn to 1794)

**3378**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 2923)

• No (turn to 3749)

• Lie (turn to 3749)

• Evade (turn to 4052)

**3379**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 4941)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2037)

• Lie (turn to 4941)

• Evade (turn to 369)

**3380**

“I’ll enjoy it. Thank you for helping me clear this up.”

“Don’t thank me yet. There’s still a war to fight. Now get a move on.”

I nod, and hurry out of the door. The air outside has never tasted fresher and more invigorating. I head for my dorm, intent on a bath, breakfast, a glance at the crossword before the other men get to it, and then on with work. They should have replaced the component in the Bombe by now. We will be back to it, only a day behind.

I bump into Russell in the dorm hut. “Did you hear?” he whispers. “Terrible news about Hooper. Absolutely terrible.”

• Yes (turn to 1003)

• No (turn to 3514)

• Lie (turn to 1578)

• Evade (turn to 48)

**3381**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 1278)

**3382**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 3105)

• Be cautious (turn to 32)

**3383**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 4741)

**3384**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4897)

• The blanket (turn to 81)

• The pillow (turn to 4803)

• Something else (turn to 2817)

**3385**

“So he’s an idiot, and he hid it in his shoe.”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 114)

**3386**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 4196)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 708)

**3387**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 4807)

• Look for another opening (turn to 370)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 2115)

**3388**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 4676)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 4746)

**3389**

Still there means no-one has found it, which means it is probably well-hidden. And short of skipping the compound now, I can afford to leave it hidden there a while longer. So I leave it in place.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 1735)

• Escape the compound (turn to 3228)

**3390**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4503)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 4503)

**3391**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 648)

• Shrug (turn to 298)

**3392**

“Of my standing. My reputation.” I’m aware of how arrogant I must sound but I plough on all the same. “Hooper simply can’t bear knowing that, once all this is over, I’ll be the one receiving the knighthood and he...”

“No-one will be getting a knighthood if the Germans invade,” Harris answers sharply. He casts a quick eye to the door of the Hut to check the latch is still down, then continues in more of a murmur: “Not you and not Hooper. Now answer me.” For the first time since the door closed, I wonder what the threat might be if I do *not*.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2312)

• "I don't." (turn to 1543)

• Lie (turn to 1543)

• Evade (turn to 1531)

**3393**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 3692)

• Wait (turn to 1138)

**3394**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 4208)

• No (turn to 2764)

• Lie (turn to 4208)

**3395**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3276)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4391)

**3396**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 1787)

• "You're right." (turn to 2365)

**3397**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 1852)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 1602)

**3398**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 3536)

• Don't confess (turn to 4844)

**3399**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 3901)

• The blanket (turn to 4713)

• Something else (turn to 2251)

**3400**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 40)

• Something else (turn to 4885)

**3401**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1441)

• No (turn to 4762)

• Lie (turn to 4762)

**3402**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But I’ve done nothing to deserve this treatment. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 747)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**3403**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3803)

• Blame someone (turn to 3656)

**3404**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 841)

• Leave it (turn to 2010)

**3405**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4699)

• Confess (turn to 1676)

• Stay silent (turn to 1906)

**3406**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 1054)

• Don't confess (turn to 2961)

**3407**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4649)

• Try the door (turn to 3278)

• Smash the window (turn to 374)

**3408**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 4912)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 3794)

• Escape the compound (turn to 3612)

**3409**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 4081)

• Deny doing it (turn to 1380)

• Show him the component (turn to 3184)

**3410**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my bucket and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 4573)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 2756)

**3411**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 3837)

**3412**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2521)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2849)

• Lie (turn to 5001)

**3413**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 910)

• Don't confess (turn to 1546)

**3414**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 6)

• Wait (turn to 1223)

**3415**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 1473)

• Blame someone (turn to 172)

**3416**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 1977)

• Try the door (turn to 3508)

• Try the windows (turn to 1811)

**3417**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 3774)

• Shrug (turn to 2189)

**3418**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2933)

**3419**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 4291)

**3420**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 4231)

• Evade (turn to 4336)

**3421**

“I’m no traitor,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2261)

• "I don't." (turn to 3328)

• Lie (turn to 3328)

• Evade (turn to 4716)

**3422**

“I don’t see why,” I reply, sipping at my tea as if we were the best of friends.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“I’m sorry to pull you up so roughly,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 1455)

• No (turn to 3597)

• Evade (turn to 3169)

• Lie (turn to 3597)

**3423**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 1264)

• Look around for something (turn to 2844)

**3424**

“I had to get out, Harris. I had to provoke Hooper into doing something that would incriminate himself fully. He’s too clever, you see...”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 2620)

• No (turn to 2266)

• Lie (turn to 2266)

• Evade (turn to 4707)

**3425**

“I climbed out of the window overnight,” I explain. “I went and got this from where it was hidden, and brought it back here.”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 821)

**3426**

But of course I will. A little vengeance, disguised as doing something good.

Harris put the cuffs around my wrists. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“Certainly. And one of your computing things, if I get my way. And when we’re old, and smoking pipes together in The Rag like heroes, I’ll explain to you the way that decent men have affairs. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**3427**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 3150)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4395)

**3428**

I shrug, eloquently.

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 1465)

**3429**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2125)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2093)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**3430**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2041)

• No (turn to 853)

• Lie (turn to 540)

**3431**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 71)

• Blame someone (turn to 121)

**3432**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3713)

• The pillow (turn to 366)

• Something else (turn to 1385)

**3433**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my fist and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 1862)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 2480)

**3434**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3430)

• Blame someone (turn to 2118)

**3435**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 485)

• No (turn to 1843)

• Lie (turn to 1843)

**3436**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 5004)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 2743)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 115)

**3437**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1370)

• The pillow (turn to 1850)

• Something else (turn to 1512)

**3438**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 2684)

• Dissuade (turn to 2607)

• Evade (turn to 4944)

• Say nothing (turn to 1039)

**3439**

“I’m no traitor,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 876)

• "I don't." (turn to 2303)

• Lie (turn to 2303)

• Evade (turn to 4182)

**3440**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4848)

**3441**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 2110)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 218)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1099)

**3442**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 3132)

• Put the cup down (turn to 1072)

**3443**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 1280)

• Try the windows (turn to 535)

**3444**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 4552)

• The jacket (turn to 3354)

**3445**

• The jacket (turn to 4527)

**3446**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3305)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 3305)

**3447**

It depends, perhaps, on what his name his worth. If it were to prove valuable, well; perhaps I can concoct a few more such lovers with which to ease my later days.

“We recovered the part, just where you said it was,” Harris reports, as he puts the cuffs around my wrists. “Of course, a couple of the men swear blind they searched there yesterday, so I’m afraid, what with the broken window... we’ve formed a perfectly good theory which doesn’t bode well for you.”

“I see.” It doesn’t seem worth arguing any further. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“Certainly. And one of your computing things, if I get my way. And when we’re old, and smoking pipes together in The Rag like heroes, I’ll explain to you the way that decent men have affairs. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**3448**

• The jacket (turn to 4305)

• The bucket (turn to 4199)

**3449**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 1695)

**3450**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 4027)

• Something else (turn to 3527)

**3451**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2583)

• Something else (turn to 1040)

**3452**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 755)

• No (turn to 4103)

• Lie (turn to 1259)

**3453**

“Queen to rook two, checkmate!” I call, then laugh viciously, as if I am damning him straight to hell.

I only catch Hooper’s reaction for a moment - his eyebrow lifts in surprise and alarm. Good. If he thinks it is a threat then he just might be careless enough to go looking for what it might mean.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 59)

• Dissuade (turn to 4482)

• Evade (turn to 2259)

• Say nothing (turn to 1908)

**3454**

I say nothing. It’s true, isn’t it? I can’t deny that I know there is a world out there, a complicated world of pain and suffering. And I can’t deny that I don’t think about it a moment longer than I have to. What use is thinking on a problem that cannot be solved? It is precisely our ability to avoid such endless spirals that makes us human and not machine.

“God have mercy on your soul,” Harris says finally, as he gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear no-one else will.” Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 762)

**3455**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 1311)

• Shrug (turn to 2189)

**3456**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But I’ve done nothing to deserve this treatment. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 4921)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**3457**

“When you have eliminated the impossible...” I begin, but Harris cuts me off.

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 2738)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 3363)

**3458**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2650)

**3459**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 4338)

• Find something to help (turn to 4683)

**3460**

I open my mouth to disagree, but somehow the words will not come out. It is like Harris has taken a screwdriver to the sides of my jaw. My tongue feels thick and heavy.

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3852)

• That's not it (turn to 2269)

**3461**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 834)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 861)

**3462**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4702)

• Wait (turn to 2394)

**3463**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2456)

**3464**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 97)

• Deny it (turn to 2910)

**3465**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 1045)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 1162)

**3466**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3870)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 1171)

• Lie (turn to 3870)

• Evade (turn to 1096)

**3467**

“No. I didn’t.”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 821)

**3468**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 4208)

• No (turn to 2764)

• Lie (turn to 4208)

**3469**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 2815)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 2297)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4144)

**3470**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 779)

• Accept it (turn to 4332)

• Evade it (turn to 39)

**3471**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 785)

**3472**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 2823)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 987)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 503)

**3473**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3226)

• No (turn to 1163)

• Lie (turn to 1194)

**3474**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4370)

• No (turn to 579)

• Lie (turn to 579)

**3475**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4268)

• Wait (turn to 3349)

**3476**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 2152)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 677)

**3477**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 2436)

• Don't confess (turn to 1927)

**3478**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2120)

• The blanket (turn to 3015)

• Something else (turn to 4838)

**3479**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 2385)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3011)

**3480**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 1025)

**3481**

“Someone threw this in through the window over night,” I reply, and open my jacket to reveal the component from the Bombe. “I couldn’t see who, it was too dark. But I know what it is.”

He reaches out and takes it. “Well, I’ll be damned,” he murmurs. “That’s it all right. And you didn’t have it on you when we put you in here. But it can’t have been Hooper - I had men watching him all night. And there’s no-one else it could have been.”

He turns the component over in his hands, bemused.

• Suggest something (turn to 1425)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 3489)

**3482**

I have in my head to blame Hooper, but somehow I cannot find a way to tell the story. Whatever they put in my tea, it has control of my tongue. I find myself collapsing, desperate to tell him everything, almost weeping with the shame of it.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2781)

• No (turn to 1947)

• Lie (turn to 91)

**3483**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2322)

• Try the door (turn to 1106)

• Smash the window (turn to 1233)

**3484**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 3319)

**3485**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 2711)

**3486**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 1132)

**3487**

“I’m looking forward to having a wash and a change of clothes; which should make a little less evil to be around.”

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 4725)

• Be dismissive (turn to 2585)

• Say nothing (turn to 4381)

**3488**

“Really, Commander,” I reply. “It rather sounds like you want to spank me.”

“For God’s sake,” he declares with thick disgust, then swoops away out of the room. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1114)

**3489**

I shrug, eloquently.

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 4850)

**3490**

“I’m looking forward to having a wash and a change of clothes; which should make a little less evil to be around.”

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 372)

• Be dismissive (turn to 982)

• Say nothing (turn to 4060)

**3491**

“All right.” I am beaten, after all. “The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. The Commander holds the door for his superior, and follows him out. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2632)

**3492**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2019)

• Try the window (turn to 3717)

**3493**

I say nothing. It’s true, isn’t it? I can’t deny that I know there is a world out there, a complicated world of pain and suffering. And I can’t deny that I don’t think about it a moment longer than I have to. What use is thinking on a problem that cannot be solved? It is precisely our ability to avoid such endless spirals that makes us human and not machine.

“God have mercy on your soul,” Harris says finally, as he gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear no-one else will.” Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 545)

**3494**

I say nothing. It’s true, isn’t it? I can’t deny that I know there is a world out there, a complicated world of pain and suffering. And I can’t deny that I don’t think about it a moment longer than I have to. What use is thinking on a problem that cannot be solved? It is precisely our ability to avoid such endless spirals that makes us human and not machine.

“God have mercy on your soul,” Harris says finally, as he gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear no-one else will.” Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 297)

**3495**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3083)

• The jacket (turn to 3120)

• The bucket (turn to 294)

**3496**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 720)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 3130)

**3497**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 4054)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4061)

**3498**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 3813)

• Look for another opening (turn to 4155)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 411)

**3499**

“Yes. Probably under my bunk.”

Harris smiles wryly. “We’ll know that for a fake, then. We’ve looked there already. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 3280)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 4879)

**3500**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 3720)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4909)

**3501**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 2385)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 1263)

**3502**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 1335)

• The jacket (turn to 2593)

**3503**

• The jacket (turn to 2043)

**3504**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 4447)

• No, some other way (turn to 4106)

**3505**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1827)

• No (turn to 3585)

• Lie (turn to 2943)

**3506**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 3104)

• Look around for something (turn to 378)

**3507**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I won’t go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3803)

• Blame someone (turn to 3656)

**3508**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 103)

• Try the window (turn to 1290)

**3509**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3468)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 3394)

**3510**

“How should I know?” I reply, defensively. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 870)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 4499)

• Lie (turn to 4499)

**3511**

“Quite terrible. I would never have guessed.”

“Well.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 3323)

• Leave it (turn to 2357)

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**3512**

“Then let him think he’s off the hook. Make a show of me. And then you’ll get your man.”

*Somehow*, I think. But that’s the part I need to work.

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 1456)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 956)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 96)

**3513**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1836)

• The blanket (turn to 2098)

• The pillow (turn to 493)

• Something else (turn to 2153)

**3514**

“Heard what?”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but its recovery does mean I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**3515**

It’s useless. There’s nothing I can do but hope. I sit down on one corner of the bunk to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 4035)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1118)

• Wait (turn to 4240)

**3516**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 670)

• Deny it (turn to 447)

**3517**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 3802)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 4950)

**3518**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3072)

• Confess (turn to 3115)

• Stay silent (turn to 1135)

**3519**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 2664)

• Lie (turn to 2664)

• Evade (turn to 3167)

**3520**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 1241)

**3521**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 4128)

• Look around instead (turn to 1043)

**3522**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 3692)

• Wait (turn to 1223)

**3523**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 2890)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4817)

• Plead with him (turn to 2790)

**3524**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 1808)

• Stay silent (turn to 3178)

• Confess (turn to 1513)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 1435)

**3525**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 5017)

• Try the window (turn to 1110)

**3526**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4130)

• No (turn to 4762)

• Lie (turn to 4762)

**3527**

• The jacket (turn to 131)

**3528**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2340)

• The blanket (turn to 4612)

• Something else (turn to 3170)

**3529**

“Then let him think he’s off the hook. Make a show of me. And then you’ll get your man.”

*Somehow*, I think. But that’s the part I need to work.

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Especially since this is a plan that involves keeping you in handcuffs. I don’t see what I have to lose.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 2596)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 4812)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 1772)

**3530**

“Perhaps Hooper had an accomplice. Someone else who works on site.”

Harris shakes his head, distractedly. “That doesn’t make sense,” he says. “Why go to all the trouble of stealing it only to give it back? And why like this?”

• Suggest something (turn to 112)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 4560)

**3531**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 419)

• Try the door (turn to 3023)

• Try the windows (turn to 4421)

**3532**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2315)

• Try the door (turn to 2657)

• Try the windows (turn to 336)

**3533**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 542)

**3534**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 598)

• No (turn to 2675)

• Lie (turn to 516)

**3535**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 3936)

**3536**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 4465)

• Don't confess (turn to 1927)

**3537**

“Awkward,” I reply, sipping at my tea as if we were the best of friends.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“I’m sorry to pull you up so roughly,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 3343)

• No (turn to 1155)

• Evade (turn to 5009)

• Lie (turn to 1155)

**3538**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2406)

• The blanket (turn to 3660)

• The pillow (turn to 674)

• Something else (turn to 3503)

**3539**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 2426)

• "You're right." (turn to 2980)

**3540**

“Of my genius. Hooper simply can’t stand that I’m cleverer than he is. We work so closely together, cooped up in that Hut all day. It drives him to distraction. To worse.”

“You’re suggesting Hooper would sabotage this country’s future simply to spite you?” Harris chooses his words like the military man he is, each lining up to create a ring around me.

• Yes (turn to 1671)

• No (turn to 4874)

• Evade (turn to 2213)

**3541**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 3108)

• The blanket (turn to 1159)

• Something else (turn to 1756)

**3542**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1066)

• Blame someone (turn to 3482)

**3543**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 345)

• Deny it (turn to 1091)

**3544**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 928)

• Shrug (turn to 3950)

**3545**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 3738)

• No (turn to 3772)

• Lie (turn to 3738)

**3546**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 9)

• The blanket (turn to 2541)

• The pillow (turn to 4575)

• Something else (turn to 416)

**3547**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 89)

**3548**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 1996)

• Find something (turn to 3704)

• Use something you've got (turn to 1657)

**3549**

“If you’ll excuse me, Russell. I was about to take a bath.”

“Oh, of course. Well, you’ll hear soon enough. Can hardly hide the fact there’ll only be three of us from now on.”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 4355)

• Leave it (turn to 903)

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**3550**

“Damn right I’m sore. Was it one of the others who put you up to this? Was it Hooper? He’s always been jealous of me. He’s...”

The Commander moustache bristles as he purses his lips. “Has he now? Of your achievements, do you think?” It’s difficult not to shake the sense that he’s mocking me. “Or of your brain? Or something else?”

• "Of my genius." (turn to 3327)

• "Of my standing." (turn to 2876)

• Evade (turn to 3254)

**3551**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 1362)

• Wait (turn to 4907)

**3552**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 4054)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 8)

**3553**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 3202)

**3554**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 4269)

• The jacket (turn to 1015)

**3555**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2506)

• Try the door (turn to 2795)

• Try the windows (turn to 1563)

**3556**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 2923)

• No (turn to 4961)

• Lie (turn to 4961)

• Evade (turn to 1108)

**3557**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 1012)

**3558**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 883)

• No (turn to 4542)

• Lie (turn to 883)

**3559**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 2469)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 949)

**3560**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 3894)

• Wait (turn to 1649)

**3561**

“No,” Harris declares, finally. “I think you’re lying about Hooper. I think you’re a clever, scheming young man - that’s why we hired you - and you’re looking for the only reasonable out this situation has to offer. But I’m not taking it. We know you were in the room with the machine, we know you’re of a perverted persuasion, we know you have compromised yourself. There’s nothing more to say here. Either you tell me what you’ve done with that component, or we will hang you and search just as hard. It’s your choice.”

He gets to his feet, and gathers his gloves from the table top.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 2441)

• Confess (turn to 2068)

• Stay silent (turn to 2698)

**3562**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1185)

• No (turn to 255)

• Lie (turn to 255)

• Evade (turn to 3040)

**3563**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3276)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4391)

**3564**

“Heard what?”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but its recovery does mean I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**3565**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3212)

• No (turn to 474)

• Lie (turn to 1845)

**3566**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2404)

• Disagree (turn to 2904)

**3567**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1728)

• Something else (turn to 4457)

**3568**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 35)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3919)

• Lie (turn to 35)

• Evade (turn to 4258)

**3569**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 1935)

• Look for another opening (turn to 3009)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 1354)

**3570**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 4486)

• Dissuade (turn to 434)

• Evade (turn to 1572)

• Say nothing (turn to 4760)

**3571**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3046)

• No (turn to 3127)

**3572**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4153)

• Stay silent (turn to 4151)

• Show him the component (turn to 1120)

**3573**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 4799)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 3504)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**3574**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 3905)

**3575**

“No. I didn’t.”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 297)

**3576**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 442)

• Blame someone (turn to 4171)

**3577**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 3891)

• Listen at the door (turn to 4632)

• Wait (turn to 4030)

**3578**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 3158)

• Try the windows (turn to 4736)

**3579**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 3026)

• Wait (turn to 566)

**3580**

“All right.” With a sigh, your defiance collapses."If you’re searched my things then I suppose you’ve found my letters. Haven’t you? In fact, if you haven’t, don’t tell me.

Harris nods once. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 400)

• Disagree (turn to 2642)

• Lie (turn to 4620)

**3581**

But of course I will. A little vengeance, disguised as doing something good.

“We recovered the part, just where you said it was,” Harris reports, as he puts the cuffs around my wrists. “Of course, a couple of the men swear blind they searched there yesterday, so I’m afraid, what with the broken window... we’ve formed a perfectly good theory which doesn’t bode well for you.”

“I see.” It doesn’t seem worth arguing any further. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“Certainly. And one of your computing things, if I get my way. And when we’re old, and smoking pipes together in The Rag like heroes, I’ll explain to you the way that decent men have affairs. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**3582**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 990)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 2451)

• Escape the compound (turn to 1140)

**3583**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 4301)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 4948)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1099)

**3584**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 55)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 3207)

• "You're right." (turn to 1377)

**3585**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2662)

• No (turn to 3018)

• Lie (turn to 3018)

**3586**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 1750)

• Don't explain (turn to 1761)

• Lie (turn to 121)

• Evade (turn to 405)

**3587**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 632)

• No (turn to 376)

• Lie (turn to 376)

**3588**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 150)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 150)

**3589**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 854)

• Find something (turn to 3459)

• Use something you've got (turn to 3100)

**3590**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 422)

• The blanket (turn to 4713)

• The pillow (turn to 3399)

• Something else (turn to 2251)

**3591**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2754)

**3592**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 299)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 3524)

**3593**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 4237)

• Don't confess (turn to 1546)

**3594**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2912)

• Blame someone (turn to 1339)

**3595**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 1993)

• Look around for something (turn to 4777)

**3596**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 2471)

• Wait (turn to 1776)

**3597**

“No, I don’t. I’ve got work I should be doing tomorrow, and I need my rest...”

“Work that will be difficult for you to do, don’t you think?” Harris replies.

“They’ll have made a replacement by tomorrow,” I reply. “The war doesn’t stop over one missing reel.”

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 831)

• "I don't." (turn to 1269)

• Lie (turn to 1269)

• Evade (turn to 814)

**3598**

“I did. I know what you’re thinking. If I’ve transgressed once then I must be the guilty man for all the crimes in this compound... But I’m not, I tell you. We were close to cracking the 13th’s missive; trying our latest pattern and beginning to see some correlations in the data - and then Hooper disappeared for a moment and the machine went down.”

I have become, somehow, an accustomed liar - the words roll easily off my tongue. *Perhaps I am a traitor*, I think, *now that I dissemble as easily as one.*

“Go on,” Harris says, giving me no indication of whether he believes my tale.

• "I saw him take it." (turn to 1026)

• "It couldn't have been anyone else." (turn to 2826)

**3599**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 3367)

**3600**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 3202)

**3601**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1093)

• "I don't." (turn to 2399)

• Lie (turn to 2399)

• Evade (turn to 3466)

**3602**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 3892)

• Try the windows (turn to 4609)

**3603**

“Right now, I think you take that role, Harris,” I reply coolly.

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 27)

• Be dismissive (turn to 1285)

• Say nothing (turn to 5007)

**3604**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2373)

• Disagree (turn to 3005)

**3605**

“I don’t know what I’m suggesting. I don’t understand what’s going on.”

“But of course you do.” Harris narrows his eyes. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2261)

• "I don't." (turn to 84)

• Lie (turn to 84)

• Evade (turn to 1371)

**3606**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 961)

• The blanket (turn to 1125)

• The pillow (turn to 2989)

• Something else (turn to 137)

**3607**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 2684)

• Dissuade (turn to 2607)

• Evade (turn to 4944)

• Say nothing (turn to 1039)

**3608**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1790)

• No (turn to 3940)

• Lie (turn to 3940)

• Evade (turn to 4456)

**3609**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3670)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 213)

**3610**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3019)

**3611**

“I’m fine,” I reply. “This is all some misunderstanding and the quicker we have it cleared up the better.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” And then he comes right out with it, with an accusation. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1173)

• "I don't." (turn to 4934)

• Lie (turn to 4934)

• Evade (turn to 4084)

**3612**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 1994)

**3613**

“Someone threw this in through the window over night,” I reply, and open my jacket to reveal the component from the Bombe. “I couldn’t see who, it was too dark. But I know what it is.”

He reaches out and takes it. “Well, I’ll be damned,” he murmurs. “That’s it all right. And you didn’t have it on you when we put you in here. But it can’t have been Hooper - I had men watching him all night. And there’s no-one else it could have been.”

He turns the component over in his hands, bemused.

• Suggest something (turn to 2865)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 4202)

**3614**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 4612)

• Something else (turn to 3448)

**3615**

The weight of the Bombe component safely in my jacket, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 4300)

**3616**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 2379)

• Try the windows (turn to 7)

**3617**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 1716)

• That's not it (turn to 3566)

**3618**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 2707)

• Leave it (turn to 2143)

**3619**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1214)

• Blame someone (turn to 172)

**3620**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. I’ve cracked him a little at least. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3929)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4000)

**3621**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 2630)

• Evade (turn to 2548)

**3622**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 3821)

**3623**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 3845)

• The blanket (turn to 106)

• The pillow (turn to 3039)

• Something else (turn to 306)

**3624**

“We don’t have to believe anyone,” Harris replies sternly. “I intend to know the truth and be happy with nothing else. Right now, your story doesn’t hold water. It doesn’t tie up. We know you’ve been leaving yourself open to accusations. We’ve been watching your activities for some time. But we thought you were endangering the reputation of this site with the Government; not risking the country herself. Perhaps I put too much trust in your intellectual pride.”

He pauses for a moment, considering something. Then he continues:

“It might have been Hooper. It might have been you. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 2772)

• Offer nothing (turn to 1346)

**3625**

“I’m not saying anything of the sort,” I snap back. “What is this, Harris? You’re accusing me of treachery but I don’t see a shred of evidence for it! Why don’t you put your cards on the table?”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 4566)

• Disagree (turn to 1316)

• Lie (turn to 960)

**3626**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3205)

• No (turn to 5012)

• Lie (turn to 5012)

**3627**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 1813)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 1813)

**3628**

“Now steady on,” I reply, gesturing for him to calm himself.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3534)

• Blame someone (turn to 3269)

**3629**

“He’s petty enough, certainly. He’s a creep.” I wipe a hand across my forehead. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 3126)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 4380)

• Lie (turn to 4380)

**3630**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 26)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2818)

**3631**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 3158)

• Try the windows (turn to 4736)

**3632**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 1964)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4909)

**3633**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 2484)

• Wait (turn to 904)

**3634**

“Someone threw this in through the window over night,” I reply, and open my jacket to reveal the component from the Bombe. “I couldn’t see who, it was too dark. But I know what it is.”

He reaches out and takes it. “Well, I’ll be damned,” he murmurs. “That’s it all right. And you didn’t have it on you when we put you in here. But it can’t have been Hooper - I had men watching him all night. And there’s no-one else it could have been.”

He turns the component over in his hands, bemused.

• Suggest something (turn to 3530)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 4560)

**3635**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2836)

• No (turn to 629)

• Lie (turn to 629)

**3636**

“Perhaps Hooper had an accomplice. Someone else who works on site.”

Harris shakes his head, distractedly. “That doesn’t make sense,” he says. “Why go to all the trouble of stealing it only to give it back? And why like this?”

• Suggest something (turn to 4223)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 3952)

**3637**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 611)

• No (turn to 675)

• Lie (turn to 675)

**3638**

“Nothing,” I reply. “You’re just the other man in the room. One of us has to get the blame.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 77)

**3639**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 265)

• No (turn to 4177)

• Lie (turn to 2355)

• Evade (turn to 2355)

**3640**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 1156)

• Look around for something (turn to 3063)

**3641**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2721)

• The pillow (turn to 1888)

• Something else (turn to 2668)

**3642**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1931)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3665)

• Lie (turn to 2069)

**3643**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1309)

• Something else (turn to 3677)

**3644**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 3058)

• The blanket (turn to 4252)

• The pillow (turn to 229)

• Something else (turn to 4284)

**3645**

“All right.” With a sigh, your defiance collapses."If you’re searched my things then I suppose you’ve found my letters. Haven’t you? In fact, if you haven’t, don’t tell me.

Harris nods once. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 3576)

• Disagree (turn to 287)

• Lie (turn to 2587)

**3646**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 320)

• The jacket (turn to 2621)

• The bucket (turn to 4165)

**3647**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 1807)

• Bargain with him (turn to 3639)

• Plead with him (turn to 4903)

**3648**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 4939)

**3649**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3924)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 3924)

**3650**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 4713)

• Something else (turn to 2251)

**3651**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1956)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 110)

• Lie (turn to 1956)

• Evade (turn to 4014)

**3652**

Co-operation is the only sensible approach. Anything else will be seen through and will increase their suspicion, and risk contradiction with myself or whatever other sources they might have. I must be transparent, open - and hope they do not ask any questions I do not want to answer.

They give me time enough to prepare what those questions might be. Half an hour goes by before Commander Harris returns to the hut. He seems careful to leave the door open only for a moment, as if worried a loose word or two might slip inside.

He’s brought two cups of tea in metal mugs: he sets them down on the tabletop between us.

“Well then,” he begins, a little awkwardly. This is an unseemly situation, it would be appear. He pushes one cup halfway towards me. A small gesture of friendship. Is that enough to give me some hope?

• Take it (turn to 1828)

• Don't take it (turn to 2305)

**3653**

“Ask the others,” I reply, leaning back. “They’ll tell you. If they haven’t already, that’s only because they’re protecting Hooper. Hoping he’ll come to his senses and stop being an idiot. I hope he does too. And if you lock him up in a freezing hut like you’ve done me, I’m sure he will.”

“We have,” Harris replies simply.

It’s all I can do not to gape.

“Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 2776)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 154)

**3654**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1593)

• No (turn to 4473)

• Lie (turn to 4743)

**3655**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 4775)

• Try the windows (turn to 4194)

**3656**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 1253)

• Persist with this (turn to 1785)

**3657**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 1560)

• Shrug (turn to 3139)

**3658**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 3644)

• The jacket (turn to 2117)

**3659**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 3641)

• The blanket (turn to 2721)

• The pillow (turn to 200)

• Something else (turn to 2668)

**3660**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 1025)

**3661**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 3926)

• Dissuade (turn to 3162)

• Evade (turn to 4242)

• Say nothing (turn to 413)

**3662**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 1807)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4307)

• Plead with him (turn to 3310)

**3663**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2952)

• Try the door (turn to 2413)

• Smash the window (turn to 2801)

**3664**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 4252)

• Something else (turn to 4244)

**3665**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 1788)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2448)

**3666**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 4117)

• Disagree (turn to 1112)

• Evade (turn to 2666)

**3667**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 2392)

**3668**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 835)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4063)

• Lie (turn to 2706)

**3669**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 1852)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 644)

**3670**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 2396)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 4001)

**3671**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 2045)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2151)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2045)

• Lie (turn to 2151)

**3672**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 917)

**3673**

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 1123)

• Leave it (turn to 897)

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**3674**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1591)

**3675**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 441)

• No (turn to 4968)

• Evade (turn to 4104)

• That's not it (turn to 4849)

**3676**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 497)

• Disagree (turn to 1643)

• Lie (turn to 2308)

**3677**

• The jacket (turn to 825)

**3678**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3850)

• Leave it (turn to 1833)

**3679**

“Then you know I’m right. You knew all along. Why did you threaten me?”

“We don’t know anything, except that we have a traitor, holding the fate of the country in their hands. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 98)

• Offer nothing (turn to 1346)

**3680**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2468)

• Smash the window (turn to 1233)

• Wait (turn to 4907)

**3681**

“I don’t have it any more. I passed it through the fence to my contact straight after taking it, before it was discovered to be missing. It would have been idiocy to do differently. It’s long gone, I’m afraid.”

“You fool, Manning,” Harris curses, getting quickly to his feet. “You utter fool. Do you suppose you will be any better off living under Hitler? It’s men like you who will get us all killed. Men too feeble, too weak in their hearts to stand up and take a man’s responsibility for the world. You’re happier to stay a child all your life and play with your little childish toys.”

• Answer back (turn to 1451)

• Say nothing (turn to 590)

**3682**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 2759)

• Put the cup down (turn to 1404)

**3683**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 299)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 3524)

**3684**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 4596)

• Disagree (turn to 2648)

• Lie (turn to 2530)

**3685**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 4105)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4600)

• Lie (turn to 4105)

• Evade (turn to 699)

**3686**

“Then let him think he’s off the hook. Make a show of me. And then you’ll get your man.”

*Somehow*, I think. But that’s the part I need to work.

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 2716)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 3881)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 793)

**3687**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 2815)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4009)

**3688**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 4373)

• Try the windows (turn to 4695)

**3689**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 3885)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 357)

**3690**

“Yes. Probably under my bunk.”

Harris smiles wryly. “We’ll know that for a fake, then. We’ve looked there already. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 3529)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 3955)

**3691**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2879)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1332)

• Lie (turn to 2706)

**3692**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 800)

• Find something (turn to 1714)

• Use something you've got (turn to 1434)

**3693**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 1189)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 3558)

**3694**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2931)

• Something else (turn to 4096)

**3695**

“I’m looking forward to having a wash and a change of clothes; which should make a little less evil to be around.”

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 2840)

• Be dismissive (turn to 4857)

• Say nothing (turn to 2097)

**3696**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 902)

• The pillow (turn to 2433)

• Something else (turn to 2107)

**3697**

“When you have eliminated the impossible...” I begin, but Harris cuts me off.

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 4971)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 1328)

**3698**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 3662)

• No (turn to 3122)

• Lie (turn to 3662)

**3699**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3577)

• Try the door (turn to 2550)

• Try the windows (turn to 1958)

**3700**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 4684)

• Leave it (turn to 2936)

**3701**

“We don’t have to believe anyone,” Harris replies sternly. “I intend to know the truth and be happy with nothing else. Right now, your story doesn’t hold water. It doesn’t tie up. We know you’ve been leaving yourself open to accusations. We’ve been watching your activities for some time. But we thought you were endangering the reputation of this site with the Government; not risking the country herself. Perhaps I put too much trust in your intellectual pride.”

He pauses for a moment, considering something. Then he continues:

“It might have been Hooper. It might have been you. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 3352)

• Offer nothing (turn to 1346)

**3702**

I have in my head to blame Hooper, but somehow I cannot find a way to tell the story. Whatever they put in my tea, it has control of my tongue. I find myself collapsing, desperate to tell him everything, almost weeping with the shame of it.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2104)

• No (turn to 3243)

• Lie (turn to 4476)

**3703**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 3720)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 2233)

• Escape the compound (turn to 3486)

**3704**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 4960)

• Find something to help (turn to 3502)

**3705**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 1280)

• Try the windows (turn to 535)

**3706**

I say nothing. It’s true, isn’t it? I can’t deny that I know there is a world out there, a complicated world of pain and suffering. And I can’t deny that I don’t think about it a moment longer than I have to. What use is thinking on a problem that cannot be solved? It is precisely our ability to avoid such endless spirals that makes us human and not machine.

“God have mercy on your soul,” Harris says finally, as he gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear no-one else will.” Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1530)

**3707**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 43)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 451)

**3708**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 873)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1376)

**3709**

“No, I suppose not.” I push the teacup around on its base. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 1115)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 729)

• Lie (turn to 729)

**3710**

“You mean he didn’t even hide it? Just put it in his shoe?”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4079)

**3711**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 446)

• That's not it (turn to 351)

**3712**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 3974)

• Be disinterested (turn to 1846)

**3713**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 4741)

**3714**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2377)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 2377)

**3715**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Persist with this (turn to 4309)

• Tell the truth (turn to 65)

**3716**

No choice, then. Nothing, that is, except to act as if there is no game being played. I’ll have a bath, then start work as normal. I’ve got a week to find something to give my blackmailer - or give him nothing: it seems my superiors know about my indiscretions now already. Something will turn up.

• Definitely (turn to 2478)

• Unlikely (turn to 3208)

• Lie (turn to 1423)

• Evade (turn to 1717)

**3717**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4801)

• Smash the window (turn to 3589)

• Wait (turn to 4624)

**3718**

“Nothing,” I reply. “You’re just the other man in the room. One of us has to get the blame.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2453)

**3719**

“We’ll fool him. He’s waiting to be sure that I’ve been strung up for this, so let’s give him what he wants. If he sees me taken away, clapped in irons - he’ll go straight to that component and set about getting rid of it.”

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 4525)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 4460)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 4053)

**3720**

The weight of the Bombe component safely in my jacket, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 1477)

**3721**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 1362)

• Wait (turn to 4688)

**3722**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 5035)

• No (turn to 941)

**3723**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 3477)

• Don't confess (turn to 4844)

**3724**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 3417)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4839)

• Lie (turn to 2069)

**3725**

“Of course I do,” I answer.

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2090)

• "I don't." (turn to 1701)

• Lie (turn to 1701)

• Evade (turn to 2786)

**3726**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3826)

• Try the door (turn to 763)

• Smash the window (turn to 2901)

**3727**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1684)

• "I don't." (turn to 2489)

• Lie (turn to 2489)

• Evade (turn to 4532)

**3728**

“I had to get out, Harris. I had to provoke Hooper into doing something that would incriminate himself fully. He’s too clever, you see...”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 3064)

• No (turn to 3839)

• Lie (turn to 3839)

• Evade (turn to 2356)

**3729**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 402)

• The blanket (turn to 2583)

• Something else (turn to 4290)

**3730**

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 4066)

**3731**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 2877)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Give up (turn to 2082)

**3732**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2307)

• No (turn to 1485)

• Lie (turn to 1485)

**3733**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 3592)

• Deny it (turn to 4935)

**3734**

• The jacket (turn to 3905)

• The bucket (turn to 3574)

**3735**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1490)

• Be cautious (turn to 818)

**3736**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 3973)

• Look around for something (turn to 1663)

**3737**

I pause for a moment longer. It doesn’t do to be too careless...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the bucket in my hand. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’ll never know if I hadn’t have waited that extra moment - maybe I still could have got away. But, how far?

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 4245)

• Lie (turn to 4523)

• Evade (turn to 746)

**3738**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 2890)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4855)

• Plead with him (turn to 1317)

**3739**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 2665)

• Don't explain (turn to 4222)

• Lie (turn to 2696)

• Evade (turn to 3853)

**3740**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 939)

• No (turn to 4568)

• Lie (turn to 939)

**3741**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 596)

• No (turn to 4186)

**3742**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2446)

**3743**

But too important to guess. I move back around the side of the hut.

Harris is there, leaning in against the wall. He holds a stub pistol in his hand.

“Hooper said you’d told him where to look. I didn’t believe him. Or, well. I wasn’t sure what to believe. Now I rather think you’ve settled it.”

• Agree (turn to 272)

• Lie (turn to 4402)

• Evade (turn to 3332)

**3744**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 3828)

• Be cold (turn to 3325)

**3745**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 968)

**3746**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2243)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2921)

• Lie (turn to 1554)

**3747**

“You’re right. Let me talk to him, then. As a colleague. Maybe I can get something useful out of him.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 2824)

• "You're right." (turn to 4990)

**3748**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2869)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3366)

• Lie (turn to 5001)

**3749**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1555)

• Tell the truth (turn to 837)

• Lie (turn to 791)

**3750**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 4141)

• Disagree (turn to 1878)

• Evade (turn to 1875)

**3751**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 3334)

• No (turn to 1905)

• Lie (turn to 1905)

• Evade (turn to 2942)

**3752**

“You’re the one applying pressure here,” I answer smartly. “I’m just waiting until you tell me what is really going on.”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 1104)

• Disagree (turn to 3790)

• Lie (turn to 3985)

**3753**

“I’m looking forward to having a wash and a change of clothes; which should make a little less evil to be around.”

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3827)

• Be dismissive (turn to 3288)

• Say nothing (turn to 559)

**3754**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 269)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 1974)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**3755**

“No, Harris. I don’t think you can understand.”

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4503)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 4503)

**3756**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 857)

• Bargain with him (turn to 1586)

• Plead with him (turn to 460)

**3757**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 2358)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4493)

**3758**

There is nothing to be gained here. I have the component now; maybe it will be of some value tomorrow.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 3900)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

**3759**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2098)

• Something else (turn to 1623)

**3760**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1422)

• Blame someone (turn to 4449)

**3761**

“We don’t have to believe anyone,” Harris replies sternly. “I intend to know the truth and be happy with nothing else. Right now, your story doesn’t hold water. It doesn’t tie up. We know you’ve been leaving yourself open to accusations. We’ve been watching your activities for some time. But we thought you were endangering the reputation of this site with the Government; not risking the country herself. Perhaps I put too much trust in your intellectual pride.”

He pauses for a moment, considering something. Then he continues:

“It might have been Hooper. It might have been you. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 4415)

• Offer nothing (turn to 1346)

**3762**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3977)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4600)

• Lie (turn to 3977)

• Evade (turn to 3183)

**3763**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 3396)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 1448)

**3764**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 975)

• Disagree (turn to 4896)

• Evade (turn to 3695)

**3765**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 4608)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 957)

**3766**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete. I only hope one of the others will be able to explain to him that the part I stole will mean nothing to the Germans.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 1855)

• No (turn to 622)

• Lie (turn to 3925)

• Evade (turn to 414)

**3767**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 4775)

• Try the windows (turn to 4194)

**3768**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 1814)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**3769**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 4228)

• Dissuade (turn to 743)

• Evade (turn to 2108)

• Say nothing (turn to 4927)

**3770**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1571)

• No (turn to 4280)

• Lie (turn to 4280)

**3771**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 3538)

• The jacket (turn to 2043)

**3772**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 2890)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4855)

• Plead with him (turn to 1317)

**3773**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 3621)

• Blame someone (turn to 46)

**3774**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 504)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2448)

**3775**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 2542)

• Bargain with him (turn to 5027)

• Plead with him (turn to 308)

**3776**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 1568)

• Try the windows (turn to 31)

**3777**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 3615)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 795)

**3778**

No choice, then. Nothing, that is, except to act as if there is no game being played. I’ll have a bath, then start work as normal. I’ve got a week to find something to give my blackmailer. Something will turn up.

• Definitely (turn to 2478)

• Unlikely (turn to 3208)

• Lie (turn to 1423)

• Evade (turn to 1717)

**3779**

I lift the cup and take a sip, staring him hard in the eye as I do so. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 3711)

• Disagree (turn to 4146)

• Evade (turn to 4146)

**3780**

“This proves nothing,” I reply stubbornly. “You still don’t have the component and without it, I don’t see what you can hope to prove.”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 3196)

• No (turn to 5036)

• Lie (turn to 5036)

• Evade (turn to 4201)

**3781**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4528)

• No (turn to 557)

• Lie (turn to 4613)

**3782**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete. I only hope one of the others will be able to explain to him that the part I stole will mean nothing to the Germans.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 574)

• No (turn to 2180)

• Lie (turn to 2324)

• Evade (turn to 3923)

**3783**

“Trust me. He hasn’t. If I know that man, and I do, he’ll have wanted to keep his options open as long as possible. If the component’s gone then he’s committed and he’ll be hung for what he’s done. He’ll want to wait a week at least, make sure he’s escaped suspicion. And then he’ll pass it on.”

“And if we keep applying pressure to him, you think the component will eventually just turn up?”

• "Yes." (turn to 984)

• "Or be thrown into the river." (turn to 2614)

**3784**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2015)

• Try the window (turn to 1604)

**3785**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 2906)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Give up (turn to 3632)

**3786**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3958)

• Stay silent (turn to 1544)

• Show him the component (turn to 1190)

**3787**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 1312)

• Listen at the door (turn to 4372)

• Wait (turn to 2086)

**3788**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4097)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4262)

**3789**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3305)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 3305)

**3790**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3051)

• Blame someone (turn to 2696)

**3791**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

In truth, it is men like Harris who are complex, not men like me. I live to make things ordered, systematic. I like my pencils sharpened and lined up in a row. I do not deal in difficult borders, or uncertainties, or alliances. If I could, I would reduce the world to something easier to understand, something finite. But of course, I cannot, not even here, in this little micro-world, this safe haven from the horrors of the war.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 3811)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1463)

**3792**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 3308)

• Look around for something (turn to 2553)

**3793**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 3026)

• Wait (turn to 566)

**3794**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 3802)

• Look for another opening (turn to 3517)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 1867)

**3795**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 2663)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 572)

**3796**

“No,” Harris declares, finally. “I think you’re lying about Hooper. I think you’re a clever, scheming young man - that’s why we hired you - and you’re looking for the only reasonable out this situation has to offer. But I’m not taking it. We know you were in the room with the machine, we know you’re of a perverted persuasion, we know you have compromised yourself. There’s nothing more to say here. Either you tell me what you’ve done with that component, or we will hang you and search just as hard. It’s your choice.”

He gets to his feet, and gathers his gloves from the table top.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3088)

• Confess (turn to 3742)

• Stay silent (turn to 1538)

**3797**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 4169)

• Deny doing it (turn to 539)

• Show him the component (turn to 3613)

**3798**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 1124)

• Wait (turn to 4624)

**3799**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I won’t go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4098)

• Blame someone (turn to 46)

**3800**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 2679)

**3801**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 2692)

**3802**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 3484)

• No, some other way (turn to 1928)

**3803**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1969)

• No (turn to 1719)

• Lie (turn to 4943)

**3804**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4865)

• Try the windows (turn to 3483)

**3805**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1461)

• Smash the window (turn to 3292)

• Wait (turn to 566)

**3806**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 1977)

• Try the door (turn to 2580)

• Try the windows (turn to 4987)

**3807**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 2901)

• Wait (turn to 4763)

**3808**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 3900)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 3863)

• Escape the compound (turn to 1047)

**3809**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 3798)

**3810**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2888)

• The blanket (turn to 2615)

• The pillow (turn to 630)

• Something else (turn to 639)

**3811**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 1303)

**3812**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4699)

• Confess (turn to 1676)

• Stay silent (turn to 1906)

**3813**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 2917)

• No, some other way (turn to 428)

**3814**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 4539)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 3584)

**3815**

I pause for a moment longer. It doesn’t do to be too careless...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the broken window. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’ll never know if I hadn’t have waited that extra moment - maybe I still could have got away. But, how far?

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 4718)

• Lie (turn to 3728)

• Evade (turn to 4420)

**3816**

“No. I didn’t.”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 1959)

**3817**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3787)

• Try the door (turn to 141)

• Try the windows (turn to 3840)

**3818**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 3292)

• Wait (turn to 4763)

**3819**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1782)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3865)

• Lie (turn to 1782)

• Evade (turn to 754)

**3820**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 1224)

• Lie (turn to 1224)

• Evade (turn to 3167)

**3821**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 798)

• Take a longer route (turn to 3907)

**3822**

I give no reaction. She sighs to herself, as if this kind of behaviour is normal, and trots away inside the House to begin her duties.

I turn the corner of Hut 3 and walk down the short gravel path to Hut 2. It was a good spot to choose - Hut 2 is where the electricians work, and they’re generally focussed on what they’re doing. They don’t often come outside to smoke a cigarette so it’s easy to slip past the doorway unnoticed.

• Check inside (turn to 4593)

• Go around the back (turn to 775)

**3823**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

In truth, it is men like Harris who are complex, not men like me. I live to make things ordered, systematic. I like my pencils sharpened and lined up in a row. I do not deal in difficult borders, or uncertainties, or alliances. If I could, I would reduce the world to something easier to understand, something finite. But of course, I cannot, not even here, in this little micro-world, this safe haven from the horrors of the war.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 52)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 4426)

**3824**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 4776)

• No (turn to 4766)

• Lie (turn to 4501)

• Evade (turn to 4501)

**3825**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 5035)

• No (turn to 941)

**3826**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 2927)

• Smash the window (turn to 2901)

**3827**

“You mean he didn’t even hide it? Just put it in his shoe?”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4946)

**3828**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 2633)

• Be cautious (turn to 3932)

**3829**

“No, of course not.” I push the teacup around on its base. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 184)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 2518)

• Lie (turn to 2518)

**3830**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3649)

• No (turn to 1711)

• Lie (turn to 1711)

**3831**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2650)

**3832**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 999)

• No (turn to 3240)

• Lie (turn to 3240)

• Evade (turn to 1430)

**3833**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1064)

• Tell the truth (turn to 777)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**3834**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 605)

• Blame someone (turn to 3656)

**3835**

“I saw him take it,” I reply, stubbornly. “Collins and Humph were outside having a cigarette, I think. The other two men were at the table. But I was at the front of the machine. I saw Hooper go around the side, and lean down, and pull something free. I even challenged him on it. I said, ‘What’s that? Someone put a nail through somewhere they shouldn’t have?’ He didn’t reply.”

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 1599)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 1847)

**3836**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 3645)

• Evade (turn to 4281)

**3837**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 4741)

**3838**

“Nothing,” I reply. “You’re just the other man in the room. One of us has to get the blame.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2122)

**3839**

*Of course not. I am alone; that is what they wanted me to be, because of who and what I love. So I have no nation, no country.*

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 3948)

• Say nothing (turn to 4522)

**3840**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3080)

• Try the door (turn to 4257)

• Smash the window (turn to 2386)

**3841**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 2284)

• Wait (turn to 1649)

**3842**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1727)

• The blanket (turn to 1823)

• Something else (turn to 2872)

**3843**

“Ask the others,” I reply, leaning back. “They’ll tell you. If they haven’t already, that’s only because they’re protecting Hooper. Hoping he’ll come to his senses and stop being an idiot. I hope he does too. And if you lock him up in a freezing hut like you’ve done me, I’m sure he will.”

“We have,” Harris replies simply.

It’s all I can do not to gape.

“Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 1982)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 646)

**3844**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 776)

• Listen at the door (turn to 986)

• Wait (turn to 4998)

**3845**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 106)

• The pillow (turn to 125)

• Something else (turn to 306)

**3846**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1971)

• No (turn to 2589)

• Lie (turn to 4448)

**3847**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give the young man who put me in this spot to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 574)

• No (turn to 2180)

• Lie (turn to 2324)

• Evade (turn to 2686)

**3848**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1715)

• The blanket (turn to 157)

• Something else (turn to 146)

**3849**

“I’ve thought so before.”

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 2840)

• Be dismissive (turn to 4857)

• Say nothing (turn to 2097)

**3850**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 3150)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 2204)

• Escape the compound (turn to 3535)

**3851**

“I’ll work as hard as I work.”

“Get out,” Harris growls. “Before I decide to arrest you as an accessory.”

I do as he says. Outside the barrack, the air has never smelt sweeter.

I head for my dorm, intent on a bath, breakfast, a glance at the crossword before the other men get to it, and then on with work. They should have replaced the component in the Bombe by now. We will be back to it, only a day behind.

I bump into Russell in the dorm hut. “Did you hear?” he whispers. “Terrible news about Hooper. Absolutely terrible.”

• Yes (turn to 1003)

• No (turn to 3514)

• Lie (turn to 1578)

• Evade (turn to 48)

**3852**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 672)

• Disagree (turn to 4210)

**3853**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 4480)

• Blame someone (turn to 2696)

**3854**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 2045)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2235)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2045)

• Lie (turn to 2235)

**3855**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2146)

• Something else (turn to 368)

**3856**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4771)

• Wait (turn to 604)

**3857**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 4824)

• Something else (turn to 654)

**3858**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4845)

• Wait (turn to 1557)

**3859**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2583)

• The pillow (turn to 3451)

• Something else (turn to 1040)

**3860**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 2301)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1428)

**3861**

*But what is a country, after all? A country is not a concept, not an ideal. Every country falls, its borders shift and move, its language disappears to be replaced by another. Neither the Reich nor the British Empire will survive forever, so what use is my loyalty to either?*

*I may as well, therefore, look after myself. Something I have attempted, but failed miserably, to do.*

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 2601)

• Say nothing (turn to 1149)

**3862**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 157)

• The pillow (turn to 2428)

• Something else (turn to 1450)

**3863**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 3813)

• Look for another opening (turn to 359)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 2647)

**3864**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2677)

**3865**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 799)

• Don't explain (turn to 2572)

• Lie (turn to 3656)

• Evade (turn to 606)

**3866**

“So he’s an idiot, and he hid it in his shoe.”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4079)

**3867**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 3144)

• Don't confess (turn to 2531)

**3868**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 1233)

• Wait (turn to 4907)

**3869**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3229)

• No (turn to 126)

• Lie (turn to 126)

**3870**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3210)

**3871**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4503)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 4503)

**3872**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 20)

• Wait (turn to 3515)

**3873**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 214)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1036)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**3874**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3627)

• No (turn to 4626)

• Lie (turn to 4626)

**3875**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 1152)

• No, some other way (turn to 2561)

**3876**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 3875)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 3190)

**3877**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 917)

**3878**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 862)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1708)

**3879**

I lift the cup to my lips and take a sip, trying to act natural. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 2056)

• Disagree (turn to 649)

• Evade (turn to 649)

**3880**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3713)

• Something else (turn to 1385)

**3881**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 3804)

• Dissuade (turn to 1674)

• Evade (turn to 3376)

• Say nothing (turn to 4142)

**3882**

I lift the cup and take a sip, trying to act natural. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 4224)

• Disagree (turn to 607)

• Evade (turn to 607)

**3883**

“No, Harris. I don’t think you can understand.”

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3241)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 3241)

**3884**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

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“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 550)

• Dissuade (turn to 1938)

• Evade (turn to 2262)

• Say nothing (turn to 3776)

**3885**

The weight of the Bombe component safely in my jacket, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 1514)

**3886**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 1024)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 4121)

**3887**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 3182)

**3888**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2723)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4263)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**3889**

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but its recovery does mean I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**3890**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 4298)

• "You're right." (turn to 3037)

**3891**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

Perhaps Hooper is there, in the dark, trying to help me after all?

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 79)

**3892**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 944)

• Try the window (turn to 1640)

**3893**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 796)

• Dissuade (turn to 3767)

• Evade (turn to 4295)

• Say nothing (turn to 426)

**3894**

The window is my only way out of here. I just need a way to smash it.

• Punch it (turn to 2077)

• Find something (turn to 1608)

• Use something you've got (turn to 1526)

**3895**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But you’re not my priest and I’m not yours. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 5016)

• Blame someone (turn to 46)

**3896**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4902)

• Try the windows (turn to 153)

**3897**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 166)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 1816)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1099)

**3898**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 4293)

• Leave it (turn to 1744)

**3899**

“Look, I know where it is. The missing piece of the Bombe is in the long grasses behind Hooper’s tent. I saw him throw it there right after we finished work. He knew you’d scour the camp but I suppose he thought you’d more obvious places first. I suppose he was right about that. Look there. That *proves* his guilt.”

“That doesn’t prove anything,” Harris returns sharply. “But we’ll check what you say, all the same.” He gets to his feet and heads out of the door.

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 243)

**3900**

The weight of the Bombe component safely in my jacket, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2636)

**3901**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4713)

• Something else (turn to 2251)

**3902**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 1392)

• Smash the window (turn to 2484)

**3903**

There is nothing to be gained here. I have the component now; maybe it will be of some value tomorrow.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 4166)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

**3904**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component.”

“Well, as soon as it went missing the machine started to malfunction. We recognised the discrepancies in our results straight away...”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1105)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2470)

• Lie (turn to 1105)

• Evade (turn to 2465)

**3905**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 2711)

**3906**

“Then let him think he’s off the hook. Make a show of me. And then you’ll get your man.”

*Somehow*, I think. But that’s the part I need to work.

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Especially since this is a plan that involves keeping you in handcuffs. I don’t see what I have to lose.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 1456)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 956)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 96)

**3907**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3156)

• Leave it (turn to 1744)

**3908**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4370)

• No (turn to 1010)

• Lie (turn to 1010)

**3909**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3401)

• No (turn to 2751)

• Lie (turn to 2935)

**3910**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 3048)

• Oppose him (turn to 4642)

• Dismiss him (turn to 3355)

**3911**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 2056)

• Disagree (turn to 649)

• Evade (turn to 649)

**3912**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4163)

• The blanket (turn to 1728)

• The pillow (turn to 4195)

• Something else (turn to 4457)

**3913**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4791)

• No (turn to 2007)

• Lie (turn to 88)

**3914**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2354)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3919)

• Lie (turn to 2354)

• Evade (turn to 1686)

**3915**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 3836)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**3916**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3781)

• Blame someone (turn to 2941)

**3917**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 3370)

• Bargain with him (turn to 2435)

• Plead with him (turn to 4744)

**3918**

“How should I know?” I reply, defensively. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 1041)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 1133)

• Lie (turn to 1133)

**3919**

“I know where it is.”

Harris smiles with satisfaction, as if your willingness to talk was somehow a result of his clever techniques.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 1697)

• Say nothing (turn to 2825)

**3920**

• The jacket (turn to 2368)

**3921**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 659)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 1171)

• Lie (turn to 659)

• Evade (turn to 1596)

**3922**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2315)

• Try the door (turn to 4029)

• Try the windows (turn to 2031)

**3923**

It depends, perhaps, on what his name his worth. If it were to prove valuable, well; perhaps I can concoct a few more such lovers with which to ease my later days.

Harris put the cuffs around my wrists. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“Certainly. And one of your computing things, if I get my way. And when we’re old, and smoking pipes together in The Rag like heroes, I’ll explain to you the way that decent men have affairs. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**3924**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 3833)

• Lie (turn to 3833)

• Evade (turn to 4236)

**3925**

No. Why would I? He is no doubt an innocent himself, trapped by some dire circumstance. Forced to act the way he did. I have every sympathy for him.

Of course I do.

Harris put the cuffs around my wrists. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“I’ll give you a stone to chisel notches in the wall. And that’s all the calculations you’ll be doing. And as you sit there, pissing into a bucket and growing a beard down to your toes, you have a think about how a *smart* man would conduct his illicit affairs. With a bit of due decorum you could have learnt off any squaddie. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**3926**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 850)

• Try the windows (turn to 1741)

**3927**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. I’ve cracked him a little at least. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 4821)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4000)

**3928**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 2609)

• The jacket (turn to 480)

**3929**

I lift the cup and take a sip, staring him hard in the eye as I do so. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 1629)

• Disagree (turn to 1653)

• Evade (turn to 1653)

**3930**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 37)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2037)

• Lie (turn to 37)

• Evade (turn to 1231)

**3931**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 3410)

• Look around for something (turn to 2612)

**3932**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 3364)

• Be disinterested (turn to 3475)

**3933**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 2063)

• Smash the window (turn to 3589)

**3934**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1725)

• The blanket (turn to 2950)

• Something else (turn to 453)

**3935**

“I had to get out, Harris. I had to provoke Hooper into doing something that would incriminate himself fully. He’s too clever, you see...”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 16)

• No (turn to 467)

• Lie (turn to 467)

• Evade (turn to 3861)

**3936**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 3150)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 3387)

**3937**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 3610)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 3140)

**3938**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 3544)

• Tell the truth (turn to 5014)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**3939**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2052)

**3940**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 3391)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2194)

• Lie (turn to 5001)

**3941**

“You can’t do this!” I cry. “It’s murder! I demand a trial, a lawyer; for God’s sake, man, you can’t just throw me overboard, we’re not barbarians...!”

“You leave me no choice,” Harris snaps back, eyes cold as gun-metal. “You and your damn cyphers. Your damn clever problems. If men like you didn’t exist, if we could just all be *straight* with one another.” He gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear for the future of this world, with men like you in. Reich or no Reich, Mr Manning, people like you simply *complicate* matters.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2078)

**3942**

• The jacket (turn to 4115)

• The bucket (turn to 4209)

**3943**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 3783)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 2128)

• "You're right." (turn to 1377)

**3944**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 352)

• Don't confess (turn to 1546)

**3945**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4712)

• No, that's not right (turn to 1210)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4712)

• Lie (turn to 1210)

**3946**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 419)

• Try the door (turn to 3023)

• Try the windows (turn to 4421)

**3947**

“Yes. I suppose he was their agent. I should have realised but I didn’t. Then he threatened to tell you. I thought you would have me locked up: I couldn’t bear the thought of it. I love working here. I’ve never been so happy, so successful, anywhere before. I didn’t want to lose it.”

“So what did you do with the component?” Harris talks urgently. He grips his gloves tightly in one hand, perhaps prepared to lift them and strike if it is required. “Have you passed it to this man already? Have you left it somewhere for him to find?”

• I still have it (turn to 4747)

• I don't have it (turn to 494)

• Lie (turn to 494)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4747)

**3948**

“All right.” I am beaten, after all. “The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. The Commander holds the door for his superior, and follows him out. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3878)

**3949**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 1407)

• Lie (turn to 1407)

• Evade (turn to 3167)

**3950**

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 2719)

**3951**

“Ask the others,” I reply, leaning back. “They’ll tell you. If they haven’t already, that’s only because they’re protecting Hooper. Hoping he’ll come to his senses and stop being an idiot. I hope he does too. And if you lock him up in a freezing hut like you’ve done me, I’m sure he will.”

“We have,” Harris replies simply.

It’s all I can do not to gape.

“Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 3294)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 2625)

**3952**

I shrug, eloquently.

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 3047)

**3953**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4712)

• No, that's not right (turn to 455)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4712)

• Lie (turn to 455)

**3954**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 4610)

**3955**

“Then you’d better get searching,” I reply, tiring of his complaining. *A war is a war, you have to expect an enemy.* “It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 3796)

**3956**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 2112)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1800)

**3957**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1720)

• Blame someone (turn to 1901)

**3958**

“You can’t do this!” I cry. “It’s murder! I demand a trial, a lawyer; for God’s sake, man, you can’t just throw me overboard, we’re not barbarians...!”

“You leave me no choice,” Harris snaps back, eyes cold as gun-metal. “You and your damn cyphers. Your damn clever problems. If men like you didn’t exist, if we could just all be *straight* with one another.” He gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear for the future of this world, with men like you in. Reich or no Reich, Mr Manning, people like you simply *complicate* matters.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3021)

**3959**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3185)

• Smash the window (turn to 3589)

• Wait (turn to 904)

**3960**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1743)

• The blanket (turn to 176)

• The pillow (turn to 4910)

• Something else (turn to 4924)

**3961**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 601)

**3962**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4252)

• Something else (turn to 4244)

**3963**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4153)

• Stay silent (turn to 4151)

• Confess (turn to 3012)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 2533)

**3964**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 1065)

**3965**

Plenty of time for that later. If there is nothing there, then Hooper discovered the component after all and Harris’ men will have swooped on him, and the story about his confession is just a ruse to test me out. And if the component is still there - well. It will be just as valuable to my young man in the village in a week’s time, and his deadline of the 31st is not quite upon us.

I head for my dorm, intent on a bath, breakfast, a glance at the crossword before the other men get to it, and then on with work. They should have replaced the component in the Bombe by now. We will be back to it, only a day behind.

And everything will proceed as before. The component will mean nothing to the Germans - this is the one fact I could never have explained to a man like Harris despite the fact that the principle behind the Bombe is the same as the principle behind an army. The individual pieces - the men, the components - do not matter. They are quite identical. It is how they are arranged that counts. The structures and patterns that they form.

I bump into Russell in the dorm hut. “Did you hear?” he whispers. “Terrible news about Hooper. Absolutely terrible.”

• Yes (turn to 2949)

• No (turn to 4346)

• Lie (turn to 33)

• Evade (turn to 3043)

**3966**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 2654)

• Disagree (turn to 1076)

• Evade (turn to 1809)

**3967**

• The jacket (turn to 1887)

**3968**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 3879)

• Put the cup down (turn to 4959)

**3969**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 1979)

**3970**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 4475)

• Look for another opening (turn to 1516)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 2649)

**3971**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 1472)

• That's not it (turn to 3042)

**3972**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3991)

• No (turn to 2851)

• Lie (turn to 2539)

**3973**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my fist and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 970)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 1759)

**3974**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 2471)

• Wait (turn to 396)

**3975**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 600)

• No (turn to 1075)

• Lie (turn to 600)

**3976**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2315)

• Try the door (turn to 2537)

• Try the windows (turn to 3153)

**3977**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3298)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3666)

**3978**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 2145)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 4807)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**3979**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 4418)

**3980**

“How should I know?” I reply, defensively. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 3126)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 4380)

• Lie (turn to 4380)

**3981**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 1750)

• Don't explain (turn to 1761)

• Lie (turn to 121)

• Evade (turn to 405)

**3982**

• The jacket (turn to 3837)

**3983**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 427)

• Blame someone (turn to 2051)

**3984**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3229)

• No (turn to 126)

• Lie (turn to 126)

**3985**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3051)

• Blame someone (turn to 2696)

**3986**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 3370)

• Bargain with him (turn to 2304)

• Plead with him (turn to 149)

**3987**

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 4983)

**3988**

“I’m not saying anything of the sort,” I snap back. “What is this, Harris? You’re accusing me of treachery but I don’t see a shred of evidence for it! Why don’t you put your cards on the table?”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 3431)

• Disagree (turn to 4877)

• Lie (turn to 394)

**3989**

“Perhaps Hooper had an accomplice. Someone else who works on site.”

Harris shakes his head, distractedly. “That doesn’t make sense,” he says. “Why go to all the trouble of stealing it only to give it back? And why like this?”

• Suggest something (turn to 1340)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 2359)

**3990**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 1852)

• Look for another opening (turn to 3669)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 30)

**3991**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 118)

• No (turn to 3945)

• Lie (turn to 3945)

**3992**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 549)

**3993**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give the young man who put me in this spot to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 3581)

• No (turn to 4798)

• Lie (turn to 1739)

• Evade (turn to 3176)

**3994**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 3388)

• Shrug (turn to 486)

**3995**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 1278)

**3996**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 344)

• Look for another opening (turn to 4090)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 2768)

**3997**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me. He cannot have expected it to be so easy to break me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 1382)

• Don't explain (turn to 2514)

• Lie (turn to 172)

• Evade (turn to 2198)

**3998**

“Trust me. He hasn’t. If I know that man, and I do, he’ll have wanted to keep his options open as long as possible. If the component’s gone then he’s committed and he’ll be hung for what he’s done. He’ll want to wait a week at least, make sure he’s escaped suspicion. And then he’ll pass it on.”

“And if we keep applying pressure to him, you think the component will eventually just turn up?”

• "Yes." (turn to 4886)

• "Or be thrown into the river." (turn to 41)

**3999**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 4569)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2075)

• Lie (turn to 4569)

• Evade (turn to 640)

**4000**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 2701)

• Disagree (turn to 3189)

• Evade (turn to 3895)

**4001**

“We’ll fool him. He’s waiting to be sure that I’ve been strung up for this, so let’s give him what he wants. If he sees me taken away, clapped in irons - he’ll go straight to that component and set about getting rid of it.”

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 3893)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 4010)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 3436)

**4002**

No time to waste. I drop to my knees and check the breeze-block. Sure enough, there’s nothing there. *Hooper took the bait.*

Suddenly, there’s a movement behind me. I look up to see, first a snub pistol, and then, Harris.

“Hooper said you’d told him where to look. I didn’t believe him. Or, well. I wasn’t sure what to believe. Now I rather think you’ve settled it.”

• Agree (turn to 272)

• Lie (turn to 4402)

• Evade (turn to 3332)

**4003**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 4292)

• The jacket (turn to 3087)

**4004**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2146)

• The pillow (turn to 1693)

• Something else (turn to 2913)

**4005**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 1421)

**4006**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 3788)

• "You're right." (turn to 2954)

**4007**

Then pause. This is too transparent. Too blatant. If I leave it here, like this, Hooper will never be seen to go looking for it: he will stumble over it in plain sight, and the men watching will wonder why it was not there when he went to bed.

No, I must try something else - or nothing at all.

• On top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Throw the component into the long grass (turn to 124)

• Give up (turn to 4647)

**4008**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 340)

• The blanket (turn to 104)

• The pillow (turn to 2975)

• Something else (turn to 203)

**4009**

I toss the component away into the bushes behind Hooper’s tent and return to my barrack, wishing myself a long sleep followed by a morning, free of this business.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2715)

**4010**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 796)

• Dissuade (turn to 3767)

• Evade (turn to 4295)

• Say nothing (turn to 426)

**4011**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 419)

• Try the door (turn to 2383)

• Try the windows (turn to 1022)

**4012**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 223)

• The jacket (turn to 2565)

• The bucket (turn to 830)

**4013**

“No, I don’t. I’ve got work I should be doing tomorrow, and I need my rest...”

“Work that will be difficult for you to do, don’t you think?” Harris replies.

“They’ll have made a replacement by tomorrow,” I reply. “The war doesn’t stop over one missing reel.”

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1495)

• "I don't." (turn to 692)

• Lie (turn to 692)

• Evade (turn to 4898)

**4014**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 907)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 471)

**4015**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2299)

• Smash the window (turn to 2801)

• Wait (turn to 1865)

**4016**

There is nothing to be gained here. I have the component now; maybe it will be of some value tomorrow.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 2815)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

**4017**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2813)

**4018**

There is nothing to be gained here. I have the component now; maybe it will be of some value tomorrow.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 3885)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

**4019**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 788)

• The blanket (turn to 3232)

• The pillow (turn to 923)

• Something else (turn to 93)

**4020**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 529)

• Look around instead (turn to 1856)

**4021**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 2546)

**4022**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

Perhaps Hooper is there, in the dark, trying to help me after all?

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 4239)

**4023**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 785)

**4024**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 4373)

• Try the windows (turn to 4695)

**4025**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4345)

• Blame someone (turn to 4287)

**4026**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 847)

• Don't confess (turn to 2531)

**4027**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 215)

**4028**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 3548)

• Wait (turn to 4907)

**4029**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 844)

• Try the window (turn to 3805)

**4030**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 79)

**4031**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4680)

**4032**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3546)

• The jacket (turn to 3553)

**4033**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3233)

**4034**

• The jacket (turn to 3182)

**4035**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

Perhaps Hooper is there, in the dark, trying to help me after all?

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1345)

**4036**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 4828)

• Dissuade (turn to 19)

• Evade (turn to 34)

• Say nothing (turn to 2985)

**4037**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2332)

• The blanket (turn to 2459)

• Something else (turn to 1070)

**4038**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 4587)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 1620)

• Lie (turn to 4587)

• Evade (turn to 2909)

**4039**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete. I only hope one of the others will be able to explain to him that the part I stole will mean nothing to the Germans.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 3426)

• No (turn to 2180)

• Lie (turn to 2324)

• Evade (turn to 3923)

**4040**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 2471)

• Wait (turn to 4976)

**4041**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2429)

• No (turn to 1690)

**4042**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 1082)

• Be disinterested (turn to 712)

**4043**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2429)

• No (turn to 1690)

**4044**

So perhaps I should wait it out, after all. Who knows? I might have a better opportunity later.

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 2602)

• Deny doing it (turn to 4092)

**4045**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 850)

• Try the windows (turn to 1741)

**4046**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2889)

• Something else (turn to 3982)

**4047**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3577)

• Try the door (turn to 3784)

• Try the windows (turn to 373)

**4048**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1823)

• Something else (turn to 2872)

**4049**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 879)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4600)

• Lie (turn to 879)

• Evade (turn to 1413)

**4050**

“I don’t know what I’m suggesting. I don’t understand what’s going on.”

“But of course you do.” Harris narrows his eyes. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 737)

• "I don't." (turn to 3921)

• Lie (turn to 3921)

• Evade (turn to 1310)

**4051**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 395)

• Deny doing it (turn to 1493)

**4052**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 2923)

• No (turn to 4622)

• Lie (turn to 4622)

• Evade (turn to 1295)

**4053**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 235)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 1481)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 1707)

**4054**

I lift the cup and take a sip, trying to act natural. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 2056)

• Disagree (turn to 649)

• Evade (turn to 649)

**4055**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 2734)

• Confess (turn to 4635)

• Stay silent (turn to 1505)

**4056**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3852)

• That's not it (turn to 2269)

**4057**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 3994)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4367)

• Lie (turn to 1554)

**4058**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 458)

• The blanket (turn to 4612)

• Something else (turn to 3448)

**4059**

Next. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 758)

• Look for another opening (turn to 593)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 1975)

**4060**

I say quiet, listening, not sure how this will go.

“In case I’m not making myself clear,” Harris continues, “I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3047)

**4061**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 1953)

• Disagree (turn to 4656)

• Evade (turn to 4272)

**4062**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 3250)

• The jacket (turn to 439)

**4063**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 456)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 4690)

**4064**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 2734)

• Stay silent (turn to 1505)

• Show him the component (turn to 1244)

**4065**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1185)

• No (turn to 875)

• Lie (turn to 875)

• Evade (turn to 682)

**4066**

“No,” Harris declares, finally. “I think you’re lying about Hooper. I think you’re a clever, scheming young man - that’s why we hired you - and you’re looking for the only reasonable out this situation has to offer. But I’m not taking it. We know you were in the room with the machine, we know you’re of a perverted persuasion, we know you have compromised yourself. There’s nothing more to say here. Either you tell me what you’ve done with that component, or we will hang you and search just as hard. It’s your choice.”

He gets to his feet, and gathers his gloves from the table top.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 53)

• Confess (turn to 2778)

• Stay silent (turn to 1176)

**4067**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 1781)

• Find something to help (turn to 4843)

**4068**

“Now steady on,” I reply, gesturing for him to calm himself.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3452)

• Blame someone (turn to 1079)

**4069**

“I certainly don’t. But still, I’m surprised. I had Hooper down for a full-blown double agent, a traitor. He knows he’ll face the rope, doesn’t he?”

“Don’t ask me to explain why he did what he did,” Harris sighs. “Just be grateful that he did, and you’re now off the hook.”

Curiouser and curiouser. I nod once to Harris and slip outside into the cold morning air.

Hooper’s confession only makes sense in one fashion, and that is his being dim-witted and slow. Or perhaps he knew he would be followed if he went to check, and decided he would be doomed either way.

Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 4355)

• Don't check (turn to 3224)

**4070**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 4216)

**4071**

“I certainly don’t. But still, I’m surprised. I had Hooper down for a full-blown double agent, a traitor. He knows he’ll face the rope, doesn’t he?”

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Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 3323)

• Don't check (turn to 636)

**4072**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 2629)

• No (turn to 2022)

• Lie (turn to 4282)

• Evade (turn to 4282)

**4073**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 1421)

**4074**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1904)

• Something else (turn to 4463)

**4075**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3118)

• No (turn to 4396)

**4076**

I shrug, eloquently.

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 4079)

**4077**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 199)

• No (turn to 1581)

• Evade (turn to 2496)

• That's not it (turn to 3282)

**4078**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1426)

• No (turn to 3741)

• Lie (turn to 296)

**4079**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 862)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1708)

**4080**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 1390)

• Be disinterested (turn to 1069)

**4081**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 4326)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1420)

**4082**

“Or be thrown into the river.”

“Hmm.” Harris chews his moustache thoughtfully. “Well, that would put us in a spot, seeing as how we’d never know for certain. We’d have to be ready to change our whole approach just in case the part had got through to the Germans. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 3906)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 1068)

**4083**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 1124)

• Wait (turn to 4624)

**4084**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 879)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4600)

• Lie (turn to 879)

• Evade (turn to 1413)

**4085**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2889)

• The pillow (turn to 884)

• Something else (turn to 3279)

**4086**

I say quiet, listening, not sure how this will go.

“In case I’m not making myself clear,” Harris continues, “I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4850)

**4087**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 274)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3707)

• Lie (turn to 5001)

**4088**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 3640)

• Find something to help (turn to 3063)

**4089**

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2960)

**4090**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 344)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Give up (turn to 2079)

**4091**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 3504)

• Look for another opening (turn to 4799)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 3573)

**4092**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 2998)

• Deny it (turn to 4988)

**4093**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 3802)

• Look for another opening (turn to 3155)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 2640)

**4094**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 3509)

• "You're right." (turn to 2867)

**4095**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 4811)

• Disagree (turn to 3014)

**4096**

• The jacket (turn to 930)

**4097**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 939)

• No (turn to 4568)

• Lie (turn to 939)

**4098**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3253)

• No (turn to 3984)

• Lie (turn to 3869)

**4099**

“I don’t see why,” I reply, looking him straight in the eye.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“There really isn’t any time to be wasted,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 616)

• No (turn to 578)

• Evade (turn to 4667)

• Lie (turn to 578)

**4100**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1613)

• No (turn to 1925)

• Lie (turn to 1925)

**4101**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3446)

• No (turn to 3789)

• Lie (turn to 3789)

**4102**

“He’s petty enough, certainly. He’s a creep.” I wipe a hand across my forehead. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 4137)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 3421)

• Lie (turn to 3421)

**4103**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2242)

• No (turn to 262)

• Lie (turn to 262)

**4104**

“You’re the one applying pressure here,” I answer somewhat miserably. “I’m just waiting until you tell me what is really going on.”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2029)

• Disagree (turn to 2199)

• Lie (turn to 4615)

**4105**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3298)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 2020)

**4106**

Then pause. This is too transparent. Too blatant. If I leave it here, like this, Hooper will never be seen to go looking for it: he will stumble over it in plain sight, and the men watching will wonder why it was not there when he went to bed.

No, I must try something else - or nothing at all.

• On top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Throw the component into the long grass (turn to 864)

• Give up (turn to 2605)

**4107**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 4293)

• Leave it (turn to 1744)

**4108**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1904)

• The pillow (turn to 4787)

• Something else (turn to 4463)

**4109**

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 69)

**4110**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 504)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2448)

**4111**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 2576)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**4112**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 3947)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3751)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3947)

• Lie (turn to 3751)

**4113**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3958)

• Stay silent (turn to 1544)

• Confess (turn to 2387)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 2226)

**4114**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 838)

**4115**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 2799)

**4116**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 482)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 341)

**4117**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 1784)

• No (turn to 2449)

• Evade (turn to 4104)

• That's not it (turn to 2687)

**4118**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 1240)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 2538)

**4119**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4317)

• No (turn to 4273)

• Lie (turn to 4273)

**4120**

“Quite terrible. I would never have guessed.”

“Well.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 3323)

• Leave it (turn to 903)

• Act normal (turn to 3778)

**4121**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 3885)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 357)

**4122**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 2908)

• Find something to help (turn to 356)

**4123**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2052)

**4124**

“Perhaps the accomplice thought it was Hooper being kept in here. Maybe they saw the guard...”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 197)

**4125**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 3473)

• Persist with this (turn to 4333)

**4126**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1523)

• Smash the window (turn to 6)

• Wait (turn to 1138)

**4127**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 2565)

**4128**

Ah, but of course! I slip off one shoe and heft it by the toe. The heel will make a decent enough hammer, if I give it enough wallop.

But I’ll cut my hand to ribbons doing it. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 371)

• Find something to help (turn to 1391)

**4129**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 548)

• Don't explain (turn to 3188)

• Lie (turn to 1738)

• Evade (turn to 4827)

**4130**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 3947)

• No, that's not right (turn to 1083)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3947)

• Lie (turn to 1083)

**4131**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4108)

• The blanket (turn to 1904)

• The pillow (turn to 241)

• Something else (turn to 4463)

**4132**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 4136)

• Be cautious (turn to 4724)

**4133**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2315)

• Try the door (turn to 2657)

• Try the windows (turn to 336)

**4134**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 95)

• Try the windows (turn to 4235)

**4135**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 2870)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**4136**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 1521)

• Be disinterested (turn to 992)

**4137**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2261)

• "I don't." (turn to 3328)

• Lie (turn to 3328)

• Evade (turn to 4716)

**4138**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 2656)

• Deny it (turn to 2516)

**4139**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1613)

• No (turn to 3714)

• Lie (turn to 3714)

**4140**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2468)

• Smash the window (turn to 1233)

• Wait (turn to 4907)

**4141**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 4351)

• No (turn to 718)

• Evade (turn to 3752)

• That's not it (turn to 315)

**4142**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4865)

• Try the windows (turn to 3483)

**4143**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 2639)

• No (turn to 4478)

• Lie (turn to 2639)

**4144**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 4214)

**4145**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3781)

• Blame someone (turn to 2941)

**4146**

I open my mouth to disagree, but somehow the words will not come out. It is like Harris has taken a screwdriver to the sides of my jaw. My tongue feels thick and heavy.

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 446)

• That's not it (turn to 351)

**4147**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 785)

**4148**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1722)

**4149**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 3361)

• Disagree (turn to 806)

**4150**

“I’ve thought so before.” Certainly in the matter of getting blackmailed.

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3827)

• Be dismissive (turn to 3288)

• Say nothing (turn to 559)

**4151**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1044)

**4152**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 4948)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Give up (turn to 3500)

**4153**

“You can’t do this!” I cry. “It’s murder! I demand a trial, a lawyer; for God’s sake, man, you can’t just throw me overboard, we’re not barbarians...!”

“You leave me no choice,” Harris snaps back, eyes cold as gun-metal. “You and your damn cyphers. Your damn clever problems. If men like you didn’t exist, if we could just all be *straight* with one another.” He gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear for the future of this world, with men like you in. Reich or no Reich, Mr Manning, people like you simply *complicate* matters.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3823)

**4154**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 2021)

• Try the windows (turn to 767)

**4155**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 3813)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 644)

**4156**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3390)

• No (turn to 1711)

• Lie (turn to 1711)

**4157**

“I’m suggesting you save your own skin. I’ve wrapped that component in one of your shirts, Hooper. They’ll be searching this place top to bottom. They’ll find it eventually, and when they do, that’s the thing that will swing it against you. So take my advice now.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 436)

**4158**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1757)

• No (turn to 629)

• Lie (turn to 629)

**4159**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3430)

• Blame someone (turn to 2118)

**4160**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 1218)

• Don't explain (turn to 2155)

• Lie (turn to 4125)

• Evade (turn to 1733)

**4161**

“I’m fine,” I reply. “This is all some misunderstanding and the quicker we have it cleared up the better.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” And then he comes right out with it, with an accusation. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1173)

• "I don't." (turn to 4049)

• Lie (turn to 4049)

• Evade (turn to 4084)

**4162**

But too important to guess. I move back around the side of the hut.

Harris is there, leaning in against the wall. He holds a stub pistol in his hand.

“Messy without one missing whatever it was,” he declares. “I wouldn’t have fathomed it but Hooper did. Explained it right after we sprung him doing what you’re doing now. We weren’t sure what to believe but now, you seem to have resolved that for us.”

• Agree (turn to 272)

• Lie (turn to 1478)

• Evade (turn to 2016)

**4163**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1728)

• The pillow (turn to 3567)

• Something else (turn to 4457)

**4164**

So perhaps I should wait it out, after all. Who knows? I might have a better opportunity later.

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 4773)

• Deny doing it (turn to 823)

**4165**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 1861)

• The jacket (turn to 2621)

**4166**

The weight of the Bombe component safely in my jacket, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 10)

**4167**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 4973)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 1816)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1099)

**4168**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 199)

• No (turn to 2287)

• Evade (turn to 2496)

• That's not it (turn to 3282)

**4169**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 1077)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 64)

**4170**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 1614)

• Leave it (turn to 3389)

**4171**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Persist with this (turn to 3598)

• Tell the truth (turn to 38)

**4172**

“Perhaps the accomplice thought it was Hooper being kept in here. Maybe they saw the guard...”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 971)

**4173**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

In truth, it is men like Harris who are complex, not men like me. I live to make things ordered, systematic. I like my pencils sharpened and lined up in a row. I do not deal in difficult borders, or uncertainties, or alliances. If I could, I would reduce the world to something easier to understand, something finite. But of course, I cannot, not even here, in this little micro-world, this safe haven from the horrors of the war.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 1298)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 2473)

**4174**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 183)

• Something else (turn to 3445)

**4175**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 302)

• Find something to help (turn to 3554)

**4176**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 475)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 3190)

**4177**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 1568)

• Try the windows (turn to 31)

**4178**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3682)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3919)

• Lie (turn to 3682)

• Evade (turn to 2290)

**4179**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2525)

• The blanket (turn to 176)

• Something else (turn to 190)

**4180**

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 496)

• "You're right." (turn to 1286)

**4181**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 449)

• Don't explain (turn to 2617)

• Lie (turn to 4125)

• Evade (turn to 3262)

**4182**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 4919)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4129)

• Lie (turn to 4919)

• Evade (turn to 3074)

**4183**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 1977)

• Try the door (turn to 3508)

• Try the windows (turn to 1811)

**4184**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 3579)

**4185**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

The Commander holds the door for his superior, and follows him out. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2260)

**4186**

“No, Harris. I don’t think you can understand.”

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 1237)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 1237)

**4187**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 3777)

**4188**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 3744)

**4189**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 2166)

• Smash the window (turn to 3589)

**4190**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I won’t go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 3505)

• Blame someone (turn to 232)

**4191**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 2021)

• Try the windows (turn to 767)

**4192**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 325)

• Look around for something (turn to 3000)

**4193**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 4089)

**4194**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4975)

• Try the door (turn to 925)

• Smash the window (turn to 3292)

**4195**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 5022)

• The blanket (turn to 1728)

• Something else (turn to 4457)

**4196**

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 2824)

• "You're right." (turn to 4021)

**4197**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4739)

• Try the windows (turn to 4657)

**4198**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 2492)

• The jacket (turn to 1378)

• The bucket (turn to 4479)

**4199**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 4305)

**4200**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 2517)

**4201**

*But what is a country, after all? A country is not a concept, not an ideal. Every country falls, its borders shift and move, its language disappears to be replaced by another. Neither the Reich nor the British Empire will survive forever, so what use is my loyalty to either?*

*I may as well, therefore, look after myself. Something I have attempted, but failed miserably, to do.*

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 1347)

• Say nothing (turn to 4185)

**4202**

I shrug, eloquently.

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 2446)

**4203**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 1576)

• No (turn to 3732)

• Lie (turn to 2554)

**4204**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 4664)

**4205**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 4166)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4562)

**4206**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 3859)

• The blanket (turn to 2583)

• The pillow (turn to 1289)

• Something else (turn to 1040)

**4207**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 3817)

• No (turn to 4629)

• Lie (turn to 4501)

• Evade (turn to 4501)

**4208**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 2542)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4072)

• Plead with him (turn to 1940)

**4209**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 4115)

**4210**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4078)

• Blame someone (turn to 770)

**4211**

“No. I didn’t.”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 4118)

**4212**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3480)

• The pillow (turn to 4375)

• Something else (turn to 331)

**4213**

“I’m sure you’ve handled worse,” I reply casually, looking him straight in the eye.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“There really isn’t any time to be wasted,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 4422)

• No (turn to 2071)

• Evade (turn to 4580)

• Lie (turn to 2071)

**4214**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 2815)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 102)

**4215**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1366)

• The blanket (turn to 2655)

• Something else (turn to 1276)

**4216**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete. I only hope one of the others will be able to explain to him that the part I stole will mean nothing to the Germans.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 488)

• No (turn to 622)

• Lie (turn to 3925)

• Evade (turn to 414)

**4217**

After a chance like this? A chance - however real - to save my neck? To hand it over - what, to save Hooper’s worthless skin?

• Confess (turn to 3406)

• Don't confess (turn to 2531)

**4218**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 3721)

**4219**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2583)

• The pillow (turn to 2974)

• Something else (turn to 4290)

**4220**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1937)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1408)

• Lie (turn to 1554)

**4221**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 3283)

• The blanket (turn to 1518)

• The pillow (turn to 919)

• Something else (turn to 4034)

**4222**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 4480)

• Blame someone (turn to 2696)

**4223**

“Perhaps the accomplice thought it was Hooper being kept in here. Maybe they saw the guard...”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 3047)

**4224**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 4149)

• That's not it (turn to 2864)

**4225**

“No,” Harris declares, finally. “I think you’re lying about Hooper. I think you’re a clever, scheming young man - that’s why we hired you - and you’re looking for the only reasonable out this situation has to offer. But I’m not taking it. We know you were in the room with the machine, we know you’re of a perverted persuasion, we know you have compromised yourself. There’s nothing more to say here. Either you tell me what you’ve done with that component, or we will hang you and search just as hard. It’s your choice.”

He gets to his feet, and gathers his gloves from the table top.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 2157)

• Confess (turn to 2709)

• Stay silent (turn to 2339)

**4226**

With my jacket wrapped round my arm, I sweep out the remaining shards of glass. It’s not a big window, but I’m not a big man. If I was Harris, I’d be stuffed, but as it is...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the bucket in my hand. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 1013)

• Lie (turn to 3424)

• Evade (turn to 2691)

**4227**

“Of my genius. Hooper simply can’t stand that I’m cleverer than he is. We work so closely together, cooped up in that Hut all day. It drives him to distraction. To worse.”

“You’re suggesting Hooper would sabotage this country’s future simply to spite you?” Harris chooses his words like the military man he is, each lining up to create a ring around me.

• Yes (turn to 3629)

• No (turn to 3116)

• Evade (turn to 1188)

**4228**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 4348)

• Try the windows (turn to 4340)

**4229**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1689)

• No (turn to 675)

• Lie (turn to 675)

**4230**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 661)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2244)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**4231**

“All right.” With a sigh, your defiance collapses."If you’re searched my things then I suppose you’ve found my letters. Haven’t you? In fact, if you haven’t, don’t tell me.

Harris nods once. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2832)

• Disagree (turn to 3916)

• Lie (turn to 4145)

**4232**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1820)

• The blanket (turn to 2889)

• Something else (turn to 3279)

**4233**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4680)

**4234**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3046)

• No (turn to 3127)

**4235**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 687)

• Try the door (turn to 2791)

• Smash the window (turn to 2284)

**4236**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 4928)

• Lie (turn to 4928)

• Evade (turn to 2150)

**4237**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 1895)

• Don't confess (turn to 1546)

**4238**

“It doesn’t matter. Just remember what I said. I’ve beaten you, Hooper. Remember that.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2784)

**4239**

Morning comes with the call of a rooster from the yard of the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up off the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

It’s not long after that Harris enters the hut. He closes the door behind him, careful as ever, then takes a chair across from me.

“You smell like a dog,” he remarks.

• Be optimistic (turn to 1685)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 463)

**4240**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1345)

**4241**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 1685)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 463)

**4242**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 850)

• Try the windows (turn to 1741)

**4243**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 325)

• Look around for something (turn to 3340)

**4244**

• The jacket (turn to 2117)

• The bucket (turn to 239)

**4245**

“Please, Harris. You can’t understand the pressure they put me under. You can’t understand what it’s like, to be in love but be able to do nothing about it...”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 120)

• No (turn to 678)

• Lie (turn to 678)

• Evade (turn to 4750)

**4246**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 601)

**4247**

“I’ve thought so before.”

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 372)

• Be dismissive (turn to 982)

• Say nothing (turn to 4060)

**4248**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 637)

• The jacket (turn to 3600)

**4249**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 739)

• The pillow (turn to 2574)

• Something else (turn to 994)

**4250**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 3986)

• No (turn to 1019)

• Lie (turn to 3986)

**4251**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3599)

• The pillow (turn to 4964)

• Something else (turn to 1854)

**4252**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 3022)

**4253**

So perhaps I should wait it out, after all. Who knows? I might have a better opportunity later.

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 4498)

• Deny doing it (turn to 2535)

**4254**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3649)

• No (turn to 261)

• Lie (turn to 261)

**4255**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 3525)

• Try the windows (turn to 3318)

**4256**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 2723)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4263)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**4257**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1458)

• Smash the window (turn to 2386)

• Wait (turn to 1865)

**4258**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 2759)

• Put the cup down (turn to 1404)

**4259**

“I’ve thought so before.”

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3125)

• Be dismissive (turn to 3385)

• Say nothing (turn to 4884)

**4260**

“No. I didn’t.”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 815)

**4261**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 4283)

• Don't explain (turn to 3773)

• Lie (turn to 46)

• Evade (turn to 1201)

**4262**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 174)

• No (turn to 4634)

• Lie (turn to 174)

**4263**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 2870)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**4264**

“Yes. Probably under my bunk.”

Harris smiles wryly. “We’ll know that for a fake, then. We’ve looked there already. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 4947)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 2337)

**4265**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2644)

• The blanket (turn to 4824)

• Something else (turn to 654)

**4266**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 4348)

• Try the windows (turn to 4340)

**4267**

“I’m sure you’ve handled worse,” I reply casually, sipping at my tea as if we were the best of friends.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“I’m sorry to pull you up so roughly,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 1455)

• No (turn to 3597)

• Evade (turn to 2076)

• Lie (turn to 3597)

**4268**

Curiouser and curiouser. I nod once to Harris and slip outside into the cold morning air.

Hooper’s confession only makes sense in one fashion - if I successfully implied to him that I had him framed, but he did not unpack my little clue well enough to go looking for the component. Well, I had figured him for a more intelligent opponent, but a resignation from the game will suffice. Or perhaps he knew he would be followed if he went to check, and decided he would be doomed either way.

Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 3323)

• Don't check (turn to 636)

**4269**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2360)

• The blanket (turn to 2950)

• The pillow (turn to 3934)

• Something else (turn to 453)

**4270**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete. I only hope one of the others will be able to explain to him that the part I stole will mean nothing to the Germans.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 3426)

• No (turn to 2180)

• Lie (turn to 2324)

• Evade (turn to 2686)

**4271**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3419)

• Something else (turn to 603)

**4272**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But you’re not my priest and I’m not yours. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 945)

• Blame someone (turn to 121)

**4273**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4808)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3378)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4808)

• Lie (turn to 3378)

**4274**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1000)

• The blanket (turn to 1159)

• The pillow (turn to 2856)

• Something else (turn to 1885)

**4275**

Then pause. This is too transparent. Too blatant. If I leave it here, like this, Hooper will never be seen to go looking for it: he will stumble over it in plain sight, and the men watching will wonder why it was not there when he went to bed.

No, I must try something else - or nothing at all.

• On top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Throw the component into the long grass (turn to 2431)

• Give up (turn to 1626)

**4276**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 3420)

• Blame someone (turn to 3656)

**4277**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 4825)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 110)

• Lie (turn to 4825)

• Evade (turn to 3106)

**4278**

Curiouser and curiouser. I nod once to Harris and slip outside into the cold morning air.

Hooper’s confession only makes sense in one fashion - if I successfully implied to him that I had him framed, but he did not unpack my little clue well enough to go looking for the component. Well, I had figured him for a more intelligent opponent, but a resignation from the game will suffice. Or perhaps he knew he would be followed if he went to check, and decided he would be doomed either way.

Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 3323)

• Don't check (turn to 631)

**4279**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 1977)

• Try the door (turn to 2580)

• Try the windows (turn to 4987)

**4280**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4442)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 4442)

**4281**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 2005)

• Oppose him (turn to 1134)

• Dismiss him (turn to 1164)

**4282**

“I’m suggesting you save your own skin. I’ve wrapped that component in one of your shirts, Hooper. They’ll be searching this place top to bottom. They’ll find it eventually, and when they do, that’s the thing that will swing it against you. So take my advice now.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2453)

**4283**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 819)

• No (turn to 2325)

• Evade (turn to 1506)

• That's not it (turn to 1438)

**4284**

• The jacket (turn to 2117)

**4285**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 809)

**4286**

“We’ll fool him. He’s waiting to be sure that I’ve been strung up for this, so let’s give him what he wants. If he sees me taken away, clapped in irons - he’ll go straight to that component and set about getting rid of it.”

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 2127)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 1211)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 3472)

**4287**

I have in my head to blame Hooper, but somehow I cannot find a way to tell the story. Whatever they put in my tea, it has control of my tongue. I find myself collapsing, desperate to tell him everything, almost weeping with the shame of it.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2050)

• No (turn to 2520)

• Lie (turn to 1100)

**4288**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2373)

• Disagree (turn to 3005)

**4289**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3968)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2140)

• Lie (turn to 3968)

• Evade (turn to 1778)

**4290**

• The jacket (turn to 4802)

**4291**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 4546)

• Take a longer route (turn to 1917)

**4292**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1180)

• The blanket (turn to 1823)

• The pillow (turn to 3842)

• Something else (turn to 2872)

**4293**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 3900)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 238)

• Escape the compound (turn to 62)

**4294**

“I don’t need twelve minutes. Here it is.”

I open my jacket and pull the Bombe component out of my pocket. Harris takes it from me, whistling, curious.

“Well, I’ll be. That’s it all right.”

“That’s it.”

“But you didn’t have it on you yesterday.”

• Explain (turn to 4888)

• Don't explain (turn to 2017)

**4295**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 4775)

• Try the windows (turn to 4194)

**4296**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 4341)

• The blanket (turn to 4252)

• The pillow (turn to 1445)

• Something else (turn to 4244)

**4297**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4824)

• The pillow (turn to 740)

• Something else (turn to 380)

**4298**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3468)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2414)

**4299**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1757)

• No (turn to 629)

• Lie (turn to 629)

**4300**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 2131)

• Deny doing it (turn to 2755)

• Show him the component (turn to 1011)

**4301**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 4948)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Give up (turn to 4408)

**4302**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 2509)

• Be disinterested (turn to 4720)

**4303**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 2801)

• Wait (turn to 1080)

**4304**

“You treated me like vermin. Like something abhorrent.”

“You are something abhorrent.”

“I wasn’t. Not when I came here. And I won’t be, once you’re gone.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2453)

**4305**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 3022)

**4306**

“All right.” With a sigh, your defiance collapses."If you’re searched my things then I suppose you’ve found... what you need.

Harris nods once. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 267)

• Disagree (turn to 4520)

• Lie (turn to 3255)

**4307**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 4183)

• No (turn to 936)

• Lie (turn to 2355)

• Evade (turn to 2355)

**4308**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4702)

• Wait (turn to 2667)

**4309**

“I did. I know what you’re thinking. If I’ve transgressed once then I must be the guilty man for all the crimes in this compound... But I’m not, I tell you. We were close to cracking the 13th’s missive; trying our latest pattern and beginning to see some correlations in the data - and then Hooper disappeared for a moment and the machine went down.”

I have become, somehow, an accustomed liar - the words roll easily off my tongue. *Perhaps I am a traitor*, I think, *now that I dissemble as easily as one.*

“Go on,” Harris says, giving me no indication of whether he believes my tale.

• "I saw him take it." (turn to 1502)

• "It couldn't have been anyone else." (turn to 339)

**4310**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. I should have realised, of course. These things don’t happen by chance. I was a fool to think they might. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 45)

• Lie (turn to 45)

• Evade (turn to 3820)

**4311**

“It doesn’t matter. Just remember what I said. I’ve beaten you, Hooper. Remember that.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2122)

**4312**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 2379)

• Try the windows (turn to 7)

**4313**

“He never could be trusted. You should never have hired him. A below average intelligence can’t cope with the pressures in this place.”

Harris rolls his eyes, but he might almost be smiling. “You’d better get along, Mr Intelligent. There’s a 24-hour-out-of-date message to be tackled and we’re a genius short. So you’d better be ready to work twice as hard.”

• Thank him (turn to 2578)

• Argue with him (turn to 2133)

**4314**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4823)

• Don't go (turn to 2422)

**4315**

I take the cup, and raise it to my lips, blowing away the steam. It is too hot to drink. He picks his own up and just holds it.

“Quite a difficult situation, this,” he begins, cautiously. I’ve seen him adopting this stiff tone of voice before, but only when talking to brass. “I’m sure you agree.”

• Agree (turn to 1320)

• Disagree (turn to 3422)

• Lie (turn to 3422)

• Evade (turn to 4267)

**4316**

“I saw him take it,” I reply, stubbornly. “Collins and Humph were outside having a cigarette, I think. The other two men were at the table. But I was at the front of the machine. I saw Hooper go around the side, and lean down, and pull something free. I even challenged him on it. I said, ‘What’s that? Someone put a nail through somewhere they shouldn’t have?’ He didn’t reply.”

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 2738)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 3363)

**4317**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4808)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3378)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4808)

• Lie (turn to 3378)

**4318**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2583)

• Something else (turn to 1040)

**4319**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4891)

**4320**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 3976)

• No (turn to 3165)

• Lie (turn to 4157)

• Evade (turn to 4157)

**4321**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 4847)

**4322**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 2475)

• Shrug (turn to 1751)

**4323**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 1784)

• No (turn to 3625)

• Evade (turn to 4104)

• That's not it (turn to 2687)

**4324**

“I don’t see why,” I reply, sipping at my tea as if we were the best of friends.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“I’m sorry to pull you up so roughly,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 3154)

• No (turn to 1256)

• Evade (turn to 2263)

• Lie (turn to 1256)

**4325**

“No, I don’t. I’ve got work I should be doing tomorrow, and I need my rest...”

“Work that will be difficult for you to do, don’t you think?” Harris replies.

“They’ll have made a replacement by tomorrow,” I reply. “The war doesn’t stop over one missing reel.”

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1315)

• "I don't." (turn to 4365)

• Lie (turn to 4365)

• Evade (turn to 2956)

**4326**

“I’m looking forward to a long bath,” I reply. “And getting back to work.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 4699)

• Stay silent (turn to 1906)

• Show him the component (turn to 4294)

**4327**

Better to live on the run than die on the spit. Creeping around the edge of the compound, the Bombe component heavy in my pocket, I make my way to the front gate. As always, it’s manned by two guards, but I slip past their box by crawling on my belly.

And then I’m on the road. Walking, not running. Silent. Free.

For the moment, at least.

**The End**

**4328**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 2801)

• Wait (turn to 1865)

**4329**

“He’s petty enough, certainly. He’s a creep.” I wipe a hand across my forehead. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 3727)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 2231)

• Lie (turn to 2231)

**4330**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 444)

• The blanket (turn to 739)

• The pillow (turn to 1158)

• Something else (turn to 1652)

**4331**

“Yes. I didn’t have long, but I had long enough. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4079)

**4332**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2315)

• Try the door (turn to 2537)

• Try the windows (turn to 3153)

**4333**

“I did.”

I have become, somehow, an accustomed liar - the words roll easily off my tongue. *Perhaps I am a traitor*, I think, *now that I dissemble as easily as one.*

“Go on,” Harris says, giving me no indication of whether he believes my tale.

• "I saw him take it." (turn to 1016)

• "It couldn't have been anyone else." (turn to 1564)

**4334**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 4767)

**4335**

“I don’t need twelve minutes. Here it is.”

I open my jacket and pull the Bombe component out of my pocket. Harris takes it from me, whistling, curious.

“Well, I’ll be. That’s it all right.”

“That’s it.”

“But you didn’t have it on you yesterday.”

• Explain (turn to 1627)

• Don't explain (turn to 4211)

**4336**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 3141)

• Oppose him (turn to 244)

• Dismiss him (turn to 390)

**4337**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 1624)

**4338**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 1264)

• Look around for something (turn to 4683)

**4339**

“Right now, I think you take that role, Harris,” I reply coolly.

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3373)

• Be dismissive (turn to 42)

• Say nothing (turn to 1762)

**4340**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2703)

• Try the door (turn to 4462)

• Smash the window (turn to 2386)

**4341**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4252)

• The pillow (turn to 3664)

• Something else (turn to 4244)

**4342**

“I’m looking forward to having a wash and a change of clothes; which should make a little less evil to be around.”

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 3373)

• Be dismissive (turn to 42)

• Say nothing (turn to 1762)

**4343**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 285)

• Find something to help (turn to 2350)

**4344**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3588)

• No (turn to 1023)

• Lie (turn to 1023)

**4345**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2050)

• No (turn to 2520)

• Lie (turn to 1100)

**4346**

“Heard what?”

“Hooper’s been taken away. They caught him, uncovering that missing Bombe component from a hiding place somewhere, apparently about to take it to his contact.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 4355)

• Leave it (turn to 2357)

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**4347**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 564)

• The blanket (turn to 1027)

• Something else (turn to 4386)

**4348**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4204)

• Try the window (turn to 1573)

**4349**

“Damn right I’m sore. Was it one of the others who put you up to this? Was it Hooper? He’s always been jealous of me. He’s...”

The Commander moustache bristles as he purses his lips. “Has he now? Of your achievements, do you think?” It’s difficult not to shake the sense that he’s humouring me.

“Or of your brain? Or something else?”

• "Of my genius." (turn to 2085)

• "Of my standing." (turn to 24)

• Evade (turn to 567)

**4350**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 891)

• Smash the window (turn to 1124)

**4351**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2271)

• Disagree (turn to 769)

• Lie (turn to 1549)

**4352**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 3492)

• Try the windows (turn to 589)

**4353**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2677)

**4354**

“I don’t need twelve minutes. Here it is.”

I open my jacket and pull the Bombe component out of my pocket. Harris takes it from me, whistling, curious.

“Well, I’ll be. That’s it all right.”

“That’s it.”

“But you didn’t have it on you yesterday.”

• Explain (turn to 2588)

• Don't explain (turn to 3575)

**4355**

It won’t take a moment to settle the matter. I can justify a walk past Hut 2 as part of my morning stroll. It will be obvious in a moment if the component is still there.

On my way across the paddocks, between the huts and the House, I catch sight of young Miss Lyon, arriving for work on her bicycle. She giggles as she sees me and waves.

• Wave back (turn to 3258)

• Ignore her (turn to 3822)

**4356**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 2622)

• Oppose him (turn to 1839)

• Dismiss him (turn to 4506)

**4357**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 4404)

**4358**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 158)

• The blanket (turn to 4027)

• Something else (turn to 3527)

**4359**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 196)

• No (turn to 133)

• Lie (turn to 4101)

**4360**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3660)

• The pillow (turn to 108)

• Something else (turn to 2803)

**4361**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1757)

• No (turn to 629)

• Lie (turn to 629)

**4362**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 1262)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 1974)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**4363**

• The jacket (turn to 4005)

**4364**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 4441)

• No (turn to 3523)

• Lie (turn to 4441)

**4365**

“No. I have no idea.”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2672)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3739)

• Lie (turn to 2672)

• Evade (turn to 2932)

**4366**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 4378)

• The jacket (turn to 3600)

• The bucket (turn to 4248)

**4367**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 4676)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 4746)

**4368**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2604)

• The pillow (turn to 3172)

• Something else (turn to 4534)

**4369**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 3873)

• Lie (turn to 3873)

• Evade (turn to 3167)

**4370**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 4467)

• No, that's not right (turn to 1116)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4467)

• Lie (turn to 1116)

**4371**

“He’s petty enough, certainly. He’s a creep.” I wipe a hand across my forehead. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 668)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 487)

• Lie (turn to 487)

**4372**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps the component has been found and the crisis is over.

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1331)

**4373**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3557)

• Try the window (turn to 4770)

**4374**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2055)

• Smash the window (turn to 1124)

• Wait (turn to 904)

**4375**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3480)

• Something else (turn to 331)

**4376**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2147)

• The blanket (turn to 1838)

• Something else (turn to 3967)

**4377**

“Messy, without one missing cache!” I cry, laughing spitefully. It isn’t the best clue, hardly worthy of the Times, but it will have to do.

I only catch Hooper’s reaction for a moment - his eyebrow lifts in surprise and alarm. Good. If he thinks it is a threat then he just might be careless enough to go looking for what it might mean.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 3274)

• Dissuade (turn to 2018)

• Evade (turn to 3138)

• Say nothing (turn to 278)

**4378**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 3316)

• The blanket (turn to 3015)

• The pillow (turn to 3478)

• Something else (turn to 4838)

**4379**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 4392)

• Something else (turn to 4872)

**4380**

“I’m no traitor,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1288)

• "I don't." (turn to 1101)

• Lie (turn to 1101)

• Evade (turn to 3930)

**4381**

I say quiet, listening, not sure how this will go.

“In case I’m not making myself clear,” Harris continues, “I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 971)

**4382**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 1280)

• Try the windows (turn to 535)

**4383**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 2555)

• Try the windows (turn to 3726)

**4384**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2146)

• Something else (turn to 368)

**4385**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 419)

• Try the door (turn to 2383)

• Try the windows (turn to 1022)

**4386**

• The jacket (turn to 1804)

**4387**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3513)

• The jacket (turn to 3485)

• The bucket (turn to 3307)

**4388**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2545)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 132)

• Lie (turn to 2545)

• Evade (turn to 304)

**4389**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1309)

• Something else (turn to 3677)

**4390**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3958)

• Stay silent (turn to 1544)

• Confess (turn to 2387)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 2226)

**4391**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 3775)

• No (turn to 316)

• Lie (turn to 3775)

**4392**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 3069)

**4393**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 932)

• Try the windows (turn to 5008)

**4394**

• The jacket (turn to 1804)

• The bucket (turn to 728)

**4395**

I toss the component away into the bushes behind Hooper’s tent and return to my barrack, wishing myself a long sleep followed by a morning, free of this business.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 4485)

**4396**

“No, Harris. I don’t think you can understand.”

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3002)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 3002)

**4397**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1405)

• No (turn to 3671)

• Lie (turn to 3671)

**4398**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 4006)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 4286)

**4399**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1465)

**4400**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 301)

• Try the door (turn to 614)

• Smash the window (turn to 3548)

**4401**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 3525)

• Try the windows (turn to 3318)

**4402**

“I spoke to Russell. He said he saw Hooper doing something round here. I wanted to see what it was.”

“Enough.” Harris gestures for me to start walking. “This story couldn’t be simpler. You took it to cover your back. You hid it. You lied to get Hooper into trouble, and when you thought you’d won, you came to scoop your prize. A good hand but ultimately, if it hadn’t have been you who hid the component, then you wouldn’t be here now.”

He leads me across the yard. Back towards Hut 5 to be decoded, and taken to pieces, once again.

**The End**

**4403**

“This proves nothing,” I reply stubbornly. “You still don’t have the component and without it, I don’t see what you can hope to prove.”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 1510)

• No (turn to 2273)

• Lie (turn to 2273)

• Evade (turn to 2100)

**4404**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 595)

• Be cold (turn to 515)

**4405**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1497)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3919)

• Lie (turn to 1497)

• Evade (turn to 22)

**4406**

I pause for a moment longer. It doesn’t do to be too careless...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the bucket in my hand. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’ll never know if I hadn’t have waited that extra moment - maybe I still could have got away. But, how far?

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 2444)

• Lie (turn to 3935)

• Evade (turn to 3251)

**4407**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 2385)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3114)

**4408**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 3720)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4909)

**4409**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 3738)

• No (turn to 3772)

• Lie (turn to 3738)

**4410**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 2901)

• Wait (turn to 566)

**4411**

“Ask the others,” I reply, leaning back. “They’ll tell you. If they haven’t already, that’s only because they’re protecting Hooper. Hoping he’ll come to his senses and stop being an idiot. I hope he does too. And if you lock him up in a freezing hut like you’ve done me, I’m sure he will.”

“We have,” Harris replies simply.

It’s all I can do not to gape.

“Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 1599)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 1847)

**4412**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2933)

**4413**

“Or be thrown into the river.”

“Hmm.” Harris chews his moustache thoughtfully. “Well, that would put us in a spot, seeing as how we’d never know for certain. We’d have to be ready to change our whole approach just in case the part had got through to the Germans. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 4947)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 2337)

**4414**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 4598)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1398)

**4415**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 3068)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 11)

**4416**

Morning comes slowly, but I must fall asleep at some point, because the next thing I know the rooster is calling and a cool, fresh breeze is blowing through the open window. I barely have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes and brush myself down before the door opens and Harris enters.

He takes one look around, and sighs, a deep, wistful sigh.

“Things just get worse and worse for you, Manning,” he remarks. “You are your own worst enemy.”

• Agree (turn to 4150)

• Disagree (turn to 619)

• Evade (turn to 3753)

**4417**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 851)

• Leave it (turn to 2936)

**4418**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 2386)

• Wait (turn to 1865)

**4419**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 2474)

• "You're right." (turn to 553)

**4420**

“This proves nothing,” I reply stubbornly. “You still don’t have the component and without it, I don’t see what you can hope to prove.”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 3064)

• No (turn to 3839)

• Lie (turn to 3839)

• Evade (turn to 2356)

**4421**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3933)

• Try the door (turn to 3959)

• Smash the window (turn to 3589)

**4422**

“Of course I do,” I answer.

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 3981)

• "I don't." (turn to 2495)

• Lie (turn to 2495)

• Evade (turn to 2498)

**4423**

“Look, I know where it is. The missing piece of the Bombe is in the long grasses behind Hooper’s tent. I saw him throw it there right after we finished work. He knew you’d scour the camp but I suppose he thought you’d more obvious places first. I suppose he was right about that. Look there. That *proves* his guilt.”

“That doesn’t prove anything,” Harris returns sharply. “But we’ll check what you say, all the same.” He gets to his feet and heads out of the door.

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1468)

**4424**

“I’m looking forward to having a wash and a change of clothes; which should make a little less evil to be around.”

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 354)

• Be dismissive (turn to 3326)

• Say nothing (turn to 2895)

**4425**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1791)

• The blanket (turn to 1027)

• The pillow (turn to 768)

• Something else (turn to 4394)

**4426**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 909)

**4427**

“Yes.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 799)

• Don't explain (turn to 2572)

• Lie (turn to 3656)

• Evade (turn to 606)

**4428**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 1977)

• Try the door (turn to 1932)

• Try the windows (turn to 1131)

**4429**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2459)

• Something else (turn to 161)

**4430**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3958)

• Stay silent (turn to 1544)

• Show him the component (turn to 1190)

**4431**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 2823)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 2979)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 503)

**4432**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 3476)

**4433**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 1806)

**4434**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1518)

• Something else (turn to 4034)

**4435**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3205)

• No (turn to 4280)

• Lie (turn to 4280)

**4436**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 979)

• Don't confess (turn to 128)

**4437**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 758)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 142)

**4438**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 4221)

• The jacket (turn to 3182)

**4439**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 931)

• No (turn to 1601)

• Lie (turn to 4588)

• Evade (turn to 4588)

**4440**

“All right.” I am beaten, after all. “The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. The Commander holds the door for his superior, and follows him out. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3937)

**4441**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 2890)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4817)

• Plead with him (turn to 2790)

**4442**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 4331)

• No (turn to 2586)

• Lie (turn to 2586)

• Evade (turn to 3949)

**4443**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 1979)

**4444**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 3518)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 1561)

**4445**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 3093)

**4446**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 4351)

• No (turn to 718)

• Evade (turn to 3752)

• That's not it (turn to 315)

**4447**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 3247)

**4448**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 632)

• No (turn to 3671)

• Lie (turn to 3671)

**4449**

I have in my head to blame Hooper, but somehow I cannot find a way to tell the story. Whatever they put in my tea, it has control of my tongue. I find myself collapsing, desperate to tell him everything, almost weeping with the shame of it.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2170)

• No (turn to 2827)

• Lie (turn to 4075)

**4450**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1228)

• Blame someone (turn to 3356)

**4451**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 231)

• Deny doing it (turn to 790)

• Show him the component (turn to 3634)

**4452**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But you’re not my priest and I’m not yours. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 3420)

• Blame someone (turn to 3656)

**4453**

“Someone threw this in through the window over night,” I reply, and open my jacket to reveal the component from the Bombe. “I couldn’t see who, it was too dark. But I know what it is.”

He reaches out and takes it. “Well, I’ll be damned,” he murmurs. “That’s it all right. And you didn’t have it on you when we put you in here. But it can’t have been Hooper - I had men watching him all night. And there’s no-one else it could have been.”

He turns the component over in his hands, bemused.

• Suggest something (turn to 561)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 3428)

**4454**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3953)

• No (turn to 3945)

• Lie (turn to 3945)

**4455**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1937)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1408)

• Lie (turn to 1554)

**4456**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1790)

• No (turn to 3198)

• Lie (turn to 3198)

• Evade (turn to 2549)

**4457**

• The jacket (turn to 4691)

**4458**

“At the moment when the machine halted, Peterson and Jefferies were by the work-table, Collins and Humph were out having a smoke. I was by the front of the machine checking over the dip-switches. Hooper was the only one around the back of the Bombe. No-one else could have done it.”

“That’s not quite the same as seeing him do it,” Harris remarks.

• "When you have eliminated the impossible..." (turn to 1160)

• "You have to believe me." (turn to 1327)

• "Ask the others." (turn to 5005)

**4459**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 707)

• Shrug (turn to 3987)

**4460**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 2346)

• Dissuade (turn to 828)

• Evade (turn to 2129)

• Say nothing (turn to 4548)

**4461**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 3576)

• Disagree (turn to 287)

• Lie (turn to 2587)

**4462**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4605)

• Smash the window (turn to 2386)

• Wait (turn to 1080)

**4463**

• The jacket (turn to 3147)

• The bucket (turn to 2503)

**4464**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 2436)

• Don't confess (turn to 2961)

**4465**

I suppose this must be what it feels like to have a conscience, then. Very well.

“Harris, sir. I don’t know what Hooper’s playing at, sir. But I can’t let him do this.”

“Do what?”

“Take the rope for this. I took it, sir.

The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might."

“I thought as much. I hadn’t expected you to give it out so easily, however. You understand, Hooper has said nothing, of course. In fact, he went to Hut 2 directly after we released him and uncovered the component. But he told us you had instructed him where to go. Hence my little double bluff. Frankly, I’ll be glad when I’m shot of the lot of you mathematicians.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4079)

**4466**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 4459)

• Tell the truth (turn to 522)

• Lie (turn to 1585)

**4467**

“Yes. I suppose he was their agent. I should have realised but I didn’t. Then he threatened to tell you. I thought you would have me locked up: I couldn’t bear the thought of it. I love working here. I’ve never been so happy, so successful, anywhere before. I didn’t want to lose it.”

“So what did you do with the component?” Harris talks urgently. He grips his gloves tightly in one hand, perhaps prepared to lift them and strike if it is required. “Have you passed it to this man already? Have you left it somewhere for him to find?”

• I still have it (turn to 1583)

• I don't have it (turn to 4726)

• Lie (turn to 4726)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1583)

**4468**

“Damn right I’m sore. Was it one of the others who put you up to this? Was it Hooper? He’s always been jealous of me. He’s...”

The Commander moustache bristles as he purses his lips. “Has he now? Of your achievements, do you think?” It’s difficult not to shake the sense that he’s humouring me.

“Or of your brain? Or something else?”

• "Of my genius." (turn to 3303)

• "Of my standing." (turn to 1168)

• Evade (turn to 2099)

**4469**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3241)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 3241)

**4470**

“And the other men? Do we have a hut each? Surely there aren’t enough senior officers to go round.”

“Collins and Humph were outside when the theft occurred. Everyone confirms that,” Harris replies. “That leaves you, Hooper, and the other two, who vouch for each other and frankly I’m inclined to believe them. But that’s all we know. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 3386)

• Offer nothing (turn to 1346)

**4471**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2749)

• Smash the window (turn to 20)

• Wait (turn to 1649)

**4472**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 3631)

• Dissuade (turn to 2965)

• Evade (turn to 1922)

• Say nothing (turn to 1903)

**4473**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4317)

• No (turn to 1529)

• Lie (turn to 1529)

**4474**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2813)

**4475**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 346)

• No, some other way (turn to 1147)

**4476**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4742)

• No (turn to 2592)

**4477**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 286)

• Dissuade (turn to 863)

• Evade (turn to 4134)

• Say nothing (turn to 1073)

**4478**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 857)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4745)

• Plead with him (turn to 1459)

**4479**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 532)

• The jacket (turn to 1378)

**4480**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 3159)

• Evade (turn to 3910)

**4481**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 1268)

• Accept it (turn to 765)

• Evade it (turn to 1712)

**4482**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 3844)

**4483**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2934)

**4484**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But you’re not my priest and I’m not yours. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 427)

• Blame someone (turn to 2051)

**4485**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 2440)

• Deny doing it (turn to 4553)

**4486**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4902)

• Try the windows (turn to 153)

**4487**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 2457)

**4488**

“I’m fine,” I reply. “This is all some misunderstanding and the quicker we have it cleared up the better.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” And then he comes right out with it, with an accusation. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2024)

• "I don't." (turn to 914)

• Lie (turn to 914)

• Evade (turn to 3999)

**4489**

“Yes. Probably under my bunk.”

Harris smiles wryly. “We’ll know that for a fake, then. We’ve looked there already. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 2282)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 4879)

**4490**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 3544)

• Tell the truth (turn to 5014)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**4491**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 374)

• Wait (turn to 1223)

**4492**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3233)

**4493**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 869)

• No (turn to 1314)

• Lie (turn to 869)

**4494**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4981)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2442)

**4495**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 851)

• Leave it (turn to 2936)

**4496**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 2680)

• Evade (turn to 1107)

**4497**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1634)

• The blanket (turn to 2615)

• The pillow (turn to 1348)

• Something else (turn to 2822)

**4498**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 3812)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 3025)

**4499**

“I’m no traitor,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1684)

• "I don't." (turn to 2850)

• Lie (turn to 2850)

• Evade (turn to 4532)

**4500**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2315)

• Try the door (turn to 4029)

• Try the windows (turn to 2031)

**4501**

“I’m suggesting you save your own skin. I’ve wrapped that component in one of your shirts, Hooper. They’ll be searching this place top to bottom. They’ll find it eventually, and when they do, that’s the thing that will swing it against you. So take my advice now.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4974)

**4502**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 4925)

**4503**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 3429)

• Lie (turn to 3429)

• Evade (turn to 3020)

**4504**

“Of course I do,” I answer.

The reel went missing from the Bombe this afternoon. The four of us were in the Hut at the time, working on the latest intercept. It was Russell who noticed the machine producing strange results and found the gap in its plugboard. But as to who took it - it could have been any of us.

And indeed, it *must* have been. The machine had been functioning as normal when we began our calculations. And then, a short few hours later, it was gone. We had to stop. There was nothing more we could do until it was replaced. The part was vital, just as the machine was vital, and so were the contents of the message, still unread twenty four hours later.

“Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 3997)

• "I don't." (turn to 1768)

• Lie (turn to 1768)

• Evade (turn to 1923)

**4505**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 4652)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1038)

**4506**

“Then I’ll be going, on and getting on with my job of saving her, shall I?” I even rise half to my feet, before he slams the tabletop.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1946)

• Blame someone (turn to 3032)

**4507**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 3692)

• Wait (turn to 1138)

**4508**

• The jacket (turn to 4005)

• The bucket (turn to 4641)

**4509**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 87)

• Tell the truth (turn to 293)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**4510**

“Yes. I suppose he was their agent. I should have realised but I didn’t. Then he threatened to tell you. I thought you would have me locked up: I couldn’t bear the thought of it. I love working here. I’ve never been so happy, so successful, anywhere before. I didn’t want to lose it.”

“So what did you do with the component?” Harris talks urgently. He grips his gloves tightly in one hand, perhaps prepared to lift them and strike if it is required. “Have you passed it to this man already? Have you left it somewhere for him to find?”

• I still have it (turn to 3284)

• I don't have it (turn to 3681)

• Lie (turn to 3681)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3284)

**4511**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 792)

• Try the door (turn to 2021)

• Try the windows (turn to 767)

**4512**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 2284)

• Wait (turn to 3515)

**4513**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 3698)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 4982)

**4514**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3993)

**4515**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4100)

• No (turn to 4545)

• Lie (turn to 1645)

**4516**

“Perhaps the accomplice thought it was Hooper being kept in here. Maybe they saw the guard...”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 2446)

**4517**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 874)

• No (turn to 2149)

• Lie (turn to 1559)

**4518**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 79)

**4519**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2950)

• Something else (turn to 453)

**4520**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1388)

• Blame someone (turn to 1384)

**4521**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 4847)

**4522**

I say nothing, my lips tightly, firmly sealed. It’s true I am a traitor, to the very laws of nature. The world has taught me that since a very early age. But not to my country - should the Reich win this war, I would hardly be treated as an honoured hero. I was doomed from the very start.

I explain none of this. How could a man like Harris understand?

The Commander takes one look back from the doorway as he pulls it to.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you, Mr Manning,” he declares. “You’ve done a great service to this country. If we come through, I’m sure they’ll remember you name. I’m sorry it had to end this way and I’ll do my best to keep it quiet. No-one need know what you did.”

The Commander holds the door for his superior, and follows him out. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 3461)

**4523**

“I had to get out, Harris. I had to provoke Hooper into doing something that would incriminate himself fully. He’s too clever, you see...”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 120)

• No (turn to 678)

• Lie (turn to 678)

• Evade (turn to 4750)

**4524**

Enough of this place. Time for me to get moving. I can get to the train station on foot, catch the postal train to Scotland and be somewhere else before anyone realises that I’m gone.

Of course, then they’ll be looking for me in earnest. As a confirmed traitor.

• Go (turn to 4327)

• Don't go (turn to 421)

**4525**

From where he’s sitting, I know Hooper can see me, so I keep my head down and look guilty as sin. The bastard is probably smiling.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 2346)

• Dissuade (turn to 828)

• Evade (turn to 2129)

• Say nothing (turn to 4548)

**4526**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my fist and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 4790)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 1748)

**4527**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 2711)

**4528**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2528)

• No (turn to 3018)

• Lie (turn to 3018)

**4529**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2615)

• Something else (turn to 639)

**4530**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 2692)

**4531**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 2814)

**4532**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 290)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 132)

• Lie (turn to 290)

• Evade (turn to 3071)

**4533**

I shrug, eloquently.

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 4946)

**4534**

• The jacket (turn to 3520)

**4535**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3220)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**4536**

“So he’s an idiot, and he hid it in his shoe.”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4850)

**4537**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 3295)

• "You're right." (turn to 1803)

**4538**

“You mean he confessed of his own accord? You didn’t catch him?”

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4278)

• Wait (turn to 2327)

**4539**

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 1658)

• "You're right." (turn to 3449)

**4540**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 1233)

• Wait (turn to 4907)

**4541**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 218)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Give up (turn to 2079)

**4542**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 1249)

• Bargain with him (turn to 3824)

• Plead with him (turn to 4860)

**4543**

I slide the component into the tent, work the zip closed, and move quickly away into the shadows. It takes a few minutes for my breath to slow, and my heart to stop hammering, but I see no other movement. If anyone is watching Hooper’s tent, they are asleep at their posts.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2034)

**4544**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 134)

• Something else (turn to 1277)

**4545**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1613)

• No (turn to 1925)

• Lie (turn to 1925)

**4546**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3582)

• Leave it (turn to 2010)

**4547**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 3998)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 1783)

• "You're right." (turn to 1246)

**4548**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 3492)

• Try the windows (turn to 589)

**4549**

From inspiration - or desperation, I am not certain - a simple approach occurs to me. I toss the component away into the bushes behind Hooper’s tent and return to my barrack, wishing myself a long sleep followed by a morning, free of this business.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 4485)

**4550**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3469)

• Leave it (turn to 2143)

**4551**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2931)

• The pillow (turn to 3694)

• Something else (turn to 4096)

**4552**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2092)

• The blanket (turn to 157)

• The pillow (turn to 3848)

• Something else (turn to 146)

**4553**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 472)

• Deny it (turn to 4113)

**4554**

“Here at Bletchley? Of course I do”

“Here, now,” Harris replies firmly. “We’re not talking to everyone, you understand. I can imagine you might feel pretty sore about that, old man. I can imagine you feeling picked on. You always were a sensitive soul.”

• "I'm fine." (turn to 3611)

• "Damn right." (turn to 1319)

• Be honest (turn to 1319)

• Lie (turn to 3611)

**4555**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 902)

• Something else (turn to 3734)

**4556**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 2104)

• No (turn to 3243)

• Lie (turn to 4476)

**4557**

No time to waste. I drop to my knees and check the breeze-block. Sure enough, there’s nothing there. *Hooper took the bait.*

Suddenly, there’s a movement behind me. I look up to see, first a snub pistol, and then, Harris.

“Queen to rook two,” he declares. “I wouldn’t have fathomed it but Hooper did. Explained it right after we sprung him doing what you’re doing now. We weren’t sure what to believe but now, you seem to have resolved that for us.”

• Agree (turn to 272)

• Lie (turn to 1478)

• Evade (turn to 2016)

**4558**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1591)

**4559**

“I’m fine,” I reply. “This is all some misunderstanding and the quicker we have it cleared up the better.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” And then he comes right out with it, with an accusation. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 831)

• "I don't." (turn to 2214)

• Lie (turn to 2214)

• Evade (turn to 1509)

**4560**

I shrug, eloquently.

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 1440)

**4561**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 1483)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 451)

**4562**

I toss the component away into the bushes behind Hooper’s tent and return to my barrack, wishing myself a long sleep followed by a morning, free of this business.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2225)

**4563**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 2821)

**4564**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 4713)

• Something else (turn to 3920)

**4565**

“I did.”

I have become, somehow, an accustomed liar - the words roll easily off my tongue. *Perhaps I am a traitor*, I think, *now that I dissemble as easily as one.*

“Go on,” Harris says, giving me no indication of whether he believes my tale.

• "I saw him take it." (turn to 309)

• "It couldn't have been anyone else." (turn to 245)

**4566**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1042)

• Blame someone (turn to 2696)

**4567**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 4630)

• Look around for something (turn to 4032)

**4568**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 2542)

• Bargain with him (turn to 1669)

• Plead with him (turn to 191)

**4569**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3298)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3369)

**4570**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 1222)

• The jacket (turn to 3520)

**4571**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 632)

• No (turn to 376)

• Lie (turn to 376)

**4572**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 1144)

• Look around for something (turn to 3928)

**4573**

I pause for a moment longer. It doesn’t do to be too careless...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the bucket in my hand. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’ll never know if I hadn’t have waited that extra moment - maybe I still could have got away. But, how far?

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 3197)

• Lie (turn to 2963)

• Evade (turn to 3780)

**4574**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 1812)

• The jacket (turn to 4755)

**4575**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2562)

• The blanket (turn to 2541)

• Something else (turn to 416)

**4576**

I pat down my pockets but all I’m carrying is the intercept, which is no good at all.

• Something you're wearing? (turn to 2398)

• Look around instead (turn to 2343)

**4577**

“Someone threw this in through the window over night,” I reply, and open my jacket to reveal the component from the Bombe. “I couldn’t see who, it was too dark. But I know what it is.”

He reaches out and takes it. “Well, I’ll be damned,” he murmurs. “That’s it all right. And you didn’t have it on you when we put you in here. But it can’t have been Hooper - I had men watching him all night. And there’s no-one else it could have been.”

He turns the component over in his hands, bemused.

• Suggest something (turn to 3636)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 3952)

**4578**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2362)

• Disagree (turn to 2463)

• Lie (turn to 1764)

**4579**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2710)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 2710)

**4580**

“Here at Bletchley? Of course I do”

“Here, now,” Harris replies firmly. “We’re not talking to everyone, you understand. I can imagine you might feel pretty sore about that, old man. I can imagine you feeling picked on.”

• "I'm fine." (turn to 1536)

• "Damn right." (turn to 2002)

• Be honest (turn to 2002)

• Lie (turn to 1536)

**4581**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 2930)

**4582**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But I’ve done nothing to deserve this treatment. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2064)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**4583**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 4465)

• Don't confess (turn to 1546)

**4584**

There’s no time to lose. Throwing caution to the wind I make my way quickly to Hut 2, and around the back. I don’t think I’ve been followed, or seen but if I have, it’s too late. My actions are suspicious enough for anyone’s noose. I have no choice but to follow through.

The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 3304)

• Leave it (turn to 3389)

**4585**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 4535)

• Shrug (turn to 3950)

**4586**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1331)

**4587**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. Shouldn’t I have a lawyer?”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Drink (turn to 3132)

• Put the cup down (turn to 1072)

**4588**

“I’m suggesting you save your own skin. I’ve wrapped that component in one of your shirts, Hooper. They’ll be searching this place top to bottom. They’ll find it eventually, and when they do, that’s the thing that will swing it against you. So take my advice now.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 77)

**4589**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4491)

• Smash the window (turn to 374)

• Wait (turn to 1223)

**4590**

• The jacket (turn to 1378)

• The bucket (turn to 246)

**4591**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

Perhaps Hooper is there, in the dark, trying to help me after all?

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 4925)

**4592**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 3811)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1463)

**4593**

I hop up the steps and put my head inside all the same. Nobody about. Still too early in the AM for sparks, I suppose.

I head on around the back of the hut. The breeze-block with the cavity is on the left side.

• Check (turn to 4557)

• Look around (turn to 2416)

**4594**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 3596)

• Be disinterested (turn to 887)

**4595**

“We’ll fool him. He’s waiting to be sure that I’ve been strung up for this, so let’s give him what he wants. If he sees me taken away, clapped in irons - he’ll go straight to that component and set about getting rid of it.”

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 2455)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 2296)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 2868)

**4596**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4359)

• Blame someone (turn to 2161)

**4597**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3419)

• Something else (turn to 3142)

**4598**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 145)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 833)

**4599**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3953)

• No (turn to 3111)

• Lie (turn to 3111)

**4600**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 2728)

• Don't explain (turn to 3768)

• Lie (turn to 1738)

• Evade (turn to 333)

**4601**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3660)

• Something else (turn to 2803)

**4602**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But I’ve done nothing to deserve this treatment. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 1473)

• Blame someone (turn to 172)

**4603**

I have a single moment to shout something to Hooper before the door closes.

“I’ll get you Hooper, you’ll see!” I cry. Then:

• "Queen to rook two, checkmate!" (turn to 3024)

• "Ask not for whom the bell tolls!" (turn to 1150)

• "Messy, without one missing cache!" (turn to 2905)

**4604**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 1612)

• Lie (turn to 1612)

• Evade (turn to 2150)

**4605**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 2386)

• Wait (turn to 1080)

**4606**

“Yes. Probably under my bunk.”

Harris smiles wryly. “We’ll know that for a fake, then. We’ve looked there already. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 3906)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 1068)

**4607**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 3548)

• Wait (turn to 4907)

**4608**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 470)

**4609**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2810)

• Try the door (turn to 2197)

• Smash the window (turn to 2801)

**4610**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 1124)

• Wait (turn to 904)

**4611**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 1144)

• Look around for something (turn to 1092)

**4612**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 3022)

**4613**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 2528)

• No (turn to 3018)

• Lie (turn to 3018)

**4614**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4739)

• Try the windows (turn to 4657)

**4615**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 669)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**4616**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 2891)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 3099)

• "You're right." (turn to 1713)

**4617**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 3836)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**4618**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 1414)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 2140)

• Lie (turn to 1414)

• Evade (turn to 2720)

**4619**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 1964)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 519)

**4620**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1369)

• Blame someone (turn to 4671)

**4621**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 4398)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**4622**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1555)

• Tell the truth (turn to 837)

• Lie (turn to 791)

**4623**

“Only that this process is unreasonable, and I believe you’re behaving like a swine.”

“You imbecile,” Harris replies, with sudden force. He is half out of his chair. “You know the situation as well as I do, so why all this fencing? The Hun are poised like rats, ready to run all over this country. They’ll destroy everything, you do understand that, don’t you? You’re not so locked up inside your crossword puzzles that you don’t see that, are you? And this machine we have here - you men - you are the best and only hope this country has. God help her.”

I sit back, startled by the force of his outburst. His carefully sculpted expression has curled to angry disgust and there is spit flecking his lips. *He really does hate me*, I think. *He’ll have my neck just for the taste of it.*

• Calm him (turn to 1119)

• Oppose him (turn to 538)

• Dismiss him (turn to 2501)

**4624**

It’s useless. There’s nothing I can do but hope. I sit down on one corner of the bunk to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 429)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1029)

• Wait (turn to 2915)

**4625**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4041)

• No (turn to 3273)

• Lie (turn to 4043)

**4626**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 1813)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 1813)

**4627**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 3242)

• Smash the window (turn to 6)

**4628**

“Now steady on,” I reply, gesturing for him to calm himself.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 893)

• Blame someone (turn to 1973)

**4629**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 4348)

• Try the windows (turn to 4340)

**4630**

Enough of this. There isn’t any time to lose. Right now they’ll be following Hooper as he goes to bed, and goes to sleep; and then that’s it. The minute he closes his eyelids and drifts off that’s the moment that this trap swings shut on me.

So I punch out the glass with my bucket and it shatters with a terrific noise. Then I stop, and wait, to see if anyone will come in through the door.

Nothing.

• Wait a little longer (turn to 4991)

• Clear the frame of shards (turn to 1539)

**4631**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 4166)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4562)

**4632**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps the component has been found and the crisis is over.

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 79)

**4633**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1228)

• Blame someone (turn to 3356)

**4634**

“No.”

“Too bad.” Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 857)

• Bargain with him (turn to 4320)

• Plead with him (turn to 3470)

**4635**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2080)

**4636**

“Here at Bletchley? Of course I do”

“Here, now,” Harris replies firmly. “We’re not talking to everyone, you understand. I can imagine you might feel pretty sore about that, old man. I can imagine you feeling picked on.”

• "I'm fine." (turn to 4488)

• "Damn right." (turn to 3550)

• Be honest (turn to 3550)

• Lie (turn to 4488)

**4637**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 667)

• Be cautious (turn to 4814)

**4638**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 4540)

**4639**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 349)

**4640**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 1432)

• No (turn to 2325)

• Evade (turn to 2490)

• That's not it (turn to 544)

**4641**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 4005)

**4642**

“I can imagine how being surrounded by clever men is pretty threatening for you, Commander,” I reply with a sneer. “They don’t train you to think in the Armed Forces.”

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1894)

• Blame someone (turn to 3269)

**4643**

• The jacket (turn to 856)

**4644**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 4980)

• Evade (turn to 2285)

**4645**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 4437)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 758)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**4646**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 1097)

• Deny it (turn to 21)

**4647**

There is nothing to be gained here. I have the component now; maybe it will be of some value tomorrow.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 1964)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

**4648**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 4723)

• The jacket (turn to 4531)

• The bucket (turn to 3245)

**4649**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 4655)

• Smash the window (turn to 374)

**4650**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 391)

• Find something to help (turn to 28)

**4651**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 3892)

• Try the windows (turn to 4609)

**4652**

I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3766)

**4653**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 419)

• Try the door (turn to 129)

• Try the windows (turn to 546)

**4654**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1682)

• The blanket (turn to 902)

• Something else (turn to 2107)

**4655**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 374)

• Wait (turn to 1223)

**4656**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 945)

• Blame someone (turn to 121)

**4657**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 877)

• Try the door (turn to 2276)

• Smash the window (turn to 1362)

**4658**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1193)

• The blanket (turn to 2655)

• Something else (turn to 3324)

**4659**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4962)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 4962)

**4660**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3763)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**4661**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 289)

• The blanket (turn to 4953)

• Something else (turn to 4643)

**4662**

“Perhaps the accomplice thought it was Hooper being kept in here. Maybe they saw the guard...”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 2080)

**4663**

“I’m fine,” I reply. “This is all some misunderstanding and the quicker we have it cleared up the better.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” And then he comes right out with it, with an accusation. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1219)

• "I don't." (turn to 4038)

• Lie (turn to 4038)

• Evade (turn to 2911)

**4664**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 2386)

• Wait (turn to 1080)

**4665**

“No, of course not.” I push the teacup around on its base. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 870)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 4499)

• Lie (turn to 4499)

**4666**

“I always meant to tell you,” I tell him. “I thought perhaps I could find out who they were. Lead you to them.”

Harris looks at me with contempt. “You wretched little man. Don’t think your tongue will be able to get you out of trouble. You’re going to pay for what you’ve done, and you’re going to pay dearly. If a single man loses his life because of your pride and your perversions then God help your eternal soul. The fact is you committed a crime.” If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 5021)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**4667**

“Here at Bletchley? Of course I do”

“Here, now,” Harris replies firmly. “We’re not talking to everyone, you understand. I can imagine you might feel pretty sore about that, old man. I can imagine you feeling picked on.”

• "I'm fine." (turn to 3611)

• "Damn right." (turn to 3246)

• Be honest (turn to 3246)

• Lie (turn to 3611)

**4668**

“Ask the others,” I reply, leaning back. “They’ll tell you. If they haven’t already, that’s only because they’re protecting Hooper. Hoping he’ll come to his senses and stop being an idiot. I hope he does too. And if you lock him up in a freezing hut like you’ve done me, I’m sure he will.”

“We have,” Harris replies simply.

It’s all I can do not to gape.

“Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 4470)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 4866)

**4669**

“Try me. Just me and him.”

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 954)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 978)

**4670**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3552)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4731)

• Lie (turn to 3552)

• Evade (turn to 812)

**4671**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“I see.” He is starting to lose his temper - I can see it in the creases of his face. I have seen Harris angry a few times, with lackeys and secretaries and the like, usually over things sent late or incorrectly. But never with us. With the “brains” he has always been so cautious, treating us like children. And now I see that, like a father, he wants only to smack us when we disobey him. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Persist with this (turn to 4309)

• Tell the truth (turn to 430)

**4672**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3446)

• No (turn to 617)

• Lie (turn to 617)

**4673**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 1977)

• Try the door (turn to 2580)

• Try the windows (turn to 4987)

**4674**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1437)

• The blanket (turn to 4713)

• The pillow (turn to 1749)

• Something else (turn to 3920)

**4675**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 4042)

• Be cautious (turn to 3131)

**4676**

“Maybe I can help with that.”

“Oh, yes? And how, exactly?”

• "I'll talk to him." (turn to 5018)

• "We'll fool him." (turn to 347)

**4677**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1691)

• Slip out (turn to 3022)

**4678**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4953)

• The pillow (turn to 2028)

• Something else (turn to 4643)

**4679**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2892)

• The blanket (turn to 176)

• The pillow (turn to 4179)

• Something else (turn to 190)

**4680**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 1258)

• Listen at the door (turn to 2563)

• Wait (turn to 3591)

**4681**

No, I am content. I suppose I do not believe they will hang me. They will lock me up and continue to use my brain, if they can. I wonder what they will tell the world - perhaps that I have taken my own life. That would be simplest. The few who know me would believe it.

Well, then. Not a bad existence, in prison. Removed from temptation. A kind of imposed monasticism, with plenty more problems to solve, and more mysteries to fathom.

I wonder what else I might yet unravel before I’m done?

• The door is opening (turn to 3199)

**4682**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 4475)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 4631)

**4683**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3606)

• The jacket (turn to 4677)

**4684**

Quickly, I pull it free, and slip it into the pocket of my jacket.

Where now?

• Go back to the barracks (turn to 3720)

• Go to Hooper's dorm (turn to 2957)

• Escape the compound (turn to 2766)

**4685**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3072)

• Stay silent (turn to 1135)

• Confess (turn to 2169)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 1323)

**4686**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 3148)

• Dissuade (turn to 1442)

• Evade (turn to 3376)

• Say nothing (turn to 4142)

**4687**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2604)

• Something else (turn to 3010)

**4688**

It’s useless. There’s nothing I can do but hope. I sit down on one corner of the bunk to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 4502)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1793)

• Wait (turn to 1087)

**4689**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1181)

• Be cautious (turn to 4594)

**4690**

I lean back. “It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 4066)

**4691**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 2799)

**4692**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 3589)

• Wait (turn to 904)

**4693**

“Queen to rook two, checkmate!” I call, then laugh viciously, as if I am damning him straight to hell.

I only catch Hooper’s reaction for a moment - his eyebrow lifts in surprise and alarm. Good. If he thinks it is a threat then he just might be careless enough to go looking for what it might mean.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 1178)

• Dissuade (turn to 927)

• Evade (turn to 1595)

• Say nothing (turn to 2039)

**4694**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 4291)

**4695**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 591)

• Try the door (turn to 2294)

• Smash the window (turn to 3026)

**4696**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 550)

• Dissuade (turn to 1938)

• Evade (turn to 2262)

• Say nothing (turn to 3776)

**4697**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give the young man who put me in this spot to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 1855)

• No (turn to 622)

• Lie (turn to 3925)

• Evade (turn to 2704)

**4698**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 4713)

• Something else (turn to 3920)

**4699**

“You can’t do this!” I cry. “It’s murder! I demand a trial, a lawyer; for God’s sake, man, you can’t just throw me overboard, we’re not barbarians...!”

“You leave me no choice,” Harris snaps back, eyes cold as gun-metal. “You and your damn cyphers. Your damn clever problems. If men like you didn’t exist, if we could just all be *straight* with one another.” He gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear for the future of this world, with men like you in. Reich or no Reich, Mr Manning, people like you simply *complicate* matters.”

Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 437)

**4700**

“I’ve thought so before.”

“Let me tell you what happened this morning. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 27)

• Be dismissive (turn to 1285)

• Say nothing (turn to 5007)

**4701**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3045)

• No (turn to 271)

• Lie (turn to 3341)

**4702**

Curiouser and curiouser. I nod once to Harris and slip outside into the cold morning air.

Hooper’s confession only makes sense in one fashion - if I successfully implied to him that I had him framed, but he did not unpack my little clue well enough to go looking for the component. Well, I had figured him for a more intelligent opponent, but a resignation from the game will suffice. Or perhaps he knew he would be followed if he went to check, and decided he would be doomed either way.

Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 4355)

• Don't check (turn to 3965)

**4703**

“Then let him think he’s off the hook. Make a show of me. And then you’ll get your man.”

*Somehow*, I think. But that’s the part I need to work.

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 2596)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 4812)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 1772)

**4704**

I see. Perhaps you think I bullied the man into giving himself up. Perhaps he understood my little clue far enough to know it was a threat against him, but not well enough to understand where he should look to find it. So he took the easy route out and folded. Gave me the hand.

Hardly sporting, is that it?

• Confess (turn to 664)

• Don't confess (turn to 4071)

**4705**

I put my ear to the keyhole but can make out nothing. Are there still guards posted? Perhaps, if Hooper has managed to incriminate himself, the guards have been removed?

Perhaps the door is unlocked and they left me to sleep? I try the handle. No such luck.

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 148)

**4706**

“Absolutely.”

Harris opens the door and pushes me inside. “Captain,” he calls. “Could I have a moment?”

The Captain, looking puzzled, steps out. The door is closed. Hooper stares at me, open-mouthed, about to say something. I probably have less than a minute before the Captain storms back in and declares this plan to be bunkum.

• Threaten him (turn to 1807)

• Bargain with him (turn to 3639)

• Plead with him (turn to 4903)

**4707**

*But what is a country, after all? A country is not a concept, not an ideal. Every country falls, its borders shift and move, its language disappears to be replaced by another. Neither the Reich nor the British Empire will survive forever, so what use is my loyalty to either?*

*I may as well, therefore, look after myself. Something I have attempted, but failed miserably, to do.*

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 2638)

• Say nothing (turn to 2176)

**4708**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 199)

• No (turn to 1581)

• Evade (turn to 2496)

• That's not it (turn to 3282)

**4709**

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 4051)

**4710**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1405)

• No (turn to 3671)

• Lie (turn to 3671)

**4711**

“I suppose I do rather.” I laugh, but Harris does not.

“This damn business gets worse and worse,” he says, talking as he goes over to unlock and throw open the window. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 1466)

• Be cautious (turn to 1055)

**4712**

“Yes. I suppose he was their agent. I should have realised but I didn’t. Then he threatened to tell you. I thought you would have me locked up: I couldn’t bear the thought of it. I love working here. I’ve never been so happy, so successful, anywhere before. I didn’t want to lose it.”

“So what did you do with the component?” Harris talks urgently. He grips his gloves tightly in one hand, perhaps prepared to lift them and strike if it is required. “Have you passed it to this man already? Have you left it somewhere for him to find?”

• I still have it (turn to 4871)

• I don't have it (turn to 479)

• Lie (turn to 479)

• Tell the truth (turn to 4871)

**4713**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 1621)

• Slip out (turn to 215)

**4714**

Avoidance and delay, perhaps? The military machine never fights on a single front. They will have other approaches in play. If I move slowly enough, perhaps the situation will resolve itself some other way with my reputation reasonably intact.

Perhaps, in fact, they are playing the same game. Half an hour goes by before Commander Harris returns to the hut. He seems careful to leave the door open only for a moment, as if worried a loose word or two might slip inside.

He’s brought two cups of tea in metal mugs: he sets them down on the tabletop between us.

“Well then,” he begins, a little awkwardly. This is an unseemly situation, it would be appear. He pushes one cup halfway towards me. A small gesture of friendship. Is that enough to give me some hope?

• Take it (turn to 4315)

• Don't take it (turn to 257)

**4715**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3577)

• Try the door (turn to 3784)

• Try the windows (turn to 373)

**4716**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component that went missing this afternoon. I doubt that you’ve forgotten.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3440)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3919)

• Lie (turn to 3440)

• Evade (turn to 620)

**4717**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 999)

• No (turn to 3691)

• Lie (turn to 3691)

• Evade (turn to 4726)

**4718**

“Please, Harris. You can’t understand the pressure they put me under. You can’t understand what it’s like, to be in love but be able to do nothing about it...”

“Be quiet, man. We know all about your and your sordid affairs.” The Captain curls his lip. “Don’t you know there’s a war on? Do you know the kind of place they would have sent you if it haven’t had been for that brain of yours? Don’t you think you owe it to your country to use it a little more?”

*Do I*, I wonder? *Do I owe this country anything, this country that has spurned who and what am I since the day I became a man?*

• Yes (turn to 3064)

• No (turn to 3839)

• Lie (turn to 3839)

• Evade (turn to 2356)

**4719**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 104)

• Something else (turn to 3942)

**4720**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4771)

• Wait (turn to 750)

**4721**

“Someone threw this in through the window over night,” I reply, and open my jacket to reveal the component from the Bombe. “I couldn’t see who, it was too dark. But I know what it is.”

He reaches out and takes it. “Well, I’ll be damned,” he murmurs. “That’s it all right. And you didn’t have it on you when we put you in here. But it can’t have been Hooper - I had men watching him all night. And there’s no-one else it could have been.”

He turns the component over in his hands, bemused.

• Suggest something (turn to 1037)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 4533)

**4722**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1208)

• Tell the truth (turn to 506)

• Lie (turn to 2421)

**4723**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2378)

• The blanket (turn to 1159)

• The pillow (turn to 3541)

• Something else (turn to 1756)

**4724**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 1521)

• Be disinterested (turn to 992)

**4725**

“You mean he didn’t even hide it? Just put it in his shoe?”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 971)

**4726**

“I don’t have it any more. I passed it through the fence to my contact straight after taking it, before it was discovered to be missing. It would have been idiocy to do differently. It’s long gone, I’m afraid.”

“You fool, Manning,” Harris curses, getting quickly to his feet. “You utter fool. Do you suppose you will be any better off living under Hitler? It’s men like you who will get us all killed. Men too feeble, too weak in their hearts to stand up and take a man’s responsibility for the world. You’re happier to stay a child all your life and play with your little childish toys.”

• Answer back (turn to 3313)

• Say nothing (turn to 3454)

**4727**

I pause to glance around, and catch a glimpse of movement. Someone ducking around the corner of the hut. Or a canvas sheet flapping in the light breeze. Impossible to be sure.

• Check the breeze-block (turn to 1844)

• Check around the side of the hut (turn to 4162)

**4728**

“I saw Hooper take it.”

“Did you?” The worst of his rage is passing; he is now moving into a kind of contemptuous despair. I can imagine him wrapping up our interview soon, leaving the hut, locking the door, and dropping the key down the well in the yard. And why wouldn’t he? With my name tarnished they will not let me back to work on the Bombe - if there is the slightest smell of treachery about my name I would be lucky not be locked up for the remainder of the war. “I wish you’d stop with your deceptions and get to the truth, man. Every *minute* matters.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 3909)

• Persist with this (turn to 90)

**4729**

“Ask not for whom the bell tolls!”

He stares back at me, as if were a madman and perhaps for a split second I see him shudder.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 1215)

• Dissuade (turn to 4614)

• Evade (turn to 4944)

• Say nothing (turn to 1039)

**4730**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 362)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 4746)

**4731**

“I know where it is.”

Harris stares back at me.

“I see.” There’s a long pause, like the endless delay between feeding in a line of cypher to the Bombe and waiting for its valves and cylinders to heat up enough to being processing. “Would you like to explain?”

• Explain (turn to 773)

• Don't explain (turn to 962)

• Lie (turn to 4125)

• Evade (turn to 4617)

**4732**

I cast around the small room. There’s a bucket in one corner for emergencies - I suppose I could use that. I pick it up but it’s not very easy to heft. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 2793)

• Find something to help (turn to 281)

**4733**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 2423)

• Listen at the door (turn to 4563)

• Wait (turn to 1763)

**4734**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 3973)

• Look around for something (turn to 181)

**4735**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 3525)

• Try the windows (turn to 3318)

**4736**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3902)

• Try the door (turn to 1562)

• Smash the window (turn to 2484)

**4737**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 2901)

• Wait (turn to 4763)

**4738**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 838)

**4739**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4218)

• Try the window (turn to 2524)

**4740**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 3292)

• Wait (turn to 566)

**4741**

Moving quickly and quietly, I hoist myself up onto the window-frame and worm my way outside into the freezing night air. Then I’m away, slipping down the paths between the Huts, sticking to the shadows, on my way to Hut 2.

• Go the shortest way (turn to 3344)

• Take a longer route (turn to 288)

**4742**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 1655)

• No, that's not right (turn to 508)

• Tell the truth (turn to 1655)

• Lie (turn to 508)

**4743**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4317)

• No (turn to 1529)

• Lie (turn to 1529)

**4744**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 2011)

• Accept it (turn to 1142)

• Evade it (turn to 3946)

**4745**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 627)

• No (turn to 1086)

• Lie (turn to 4157)

• Evade (turn to 4157)

**4746**

I lean back. “It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 1172)

**4747**

“I still have it. Not on me, of course. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1440)

**4748**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2330)

• Something else (turn to 4363)

**4749**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 1024)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 3689)

**4750**

*But what is a country, after all? A country is not a concept, not an ideal. Every country falls, its borders shift and move, its language disappears to be replaced by another. Neither the Reich nor the British Empire will survive forever, so what use is my loyalty to either?*

*I may as well, therefore, look after myself. Something I have attempted, but failed miserably, to do.*

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 4440)

• Say nothing (turn to 915)

**4751**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4130)

• No (turn to 4762)

• Lie (turn to 4762)

**4752**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component.”

“Well, as soon as it went missing the machine started to malfunction. We recognised the discrepancies in our results straight away...”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 4587)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 1620)

• Lie (turn to 4587)

• Evade (turn to 2909)

**4753**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 924)

• "I don't." (turn to 4277)

• Lie (turn to 4277)

• Evade (turn to 3651)

**4754**

“Nothing,” I reply. “You’re just the other man in the room. One of us has to get the blame.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2784)

**4755**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 3069)

**4756**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 4694)

**4757**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Hooper!” Harris exclaims, in surprise.

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1185)

• No (turn to 4057)

• Lie (turn to 4057)

• Evade (turn to 4963)

**4758**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 2571)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**4759**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4250)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 978)

**4760**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4902)

• Try the windows (turn to 153)

**4761**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 2438)

• Smash the window (turn to 3894)

**4762**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 3947)

• No, that's not right (turn to 1083)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3947)

• Lie (turn to 1083)

**4763**

It’s useless. There’s nothing I can do but hope. I sit down on one corner of the bunk to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 4932)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1229)

• Wait (turn to 1646)

**4764**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 174)

• No (turn to 4634)

• Lie (turn to 174)

**4765**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 3241)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 3241)

**4766**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 2379)

• Try the windows (turn to 7)

**4767**

Morning comes. I’m woken by a rooster calling from the yard behind the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up from the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

The door handle turns and without knocking, Harris comes inside. “You’re up,” he remarks, and then, “You smell like an animal.”

• Be friendly (turn to 329)

• Be cold (turn to 2173)

**4768**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 997)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 2906)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1099)

**4769**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3232)

• Something else (turn to 93)

**4770**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 722)

• Smash the window (turn to 3026)

• Wait (turn to 4763)

**4771**

Curiouser and curiouser. I nod once to Harris and slip outside into the cold morning air.

Hooper’s confession only makes sense in one way - and that’s that he believed me, and reasoned that he would be followed. So to try and uncover the component would have got him arrest, to confess was just the same. He simply caved, and threw in his hand.

Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 1123)

• Don't check (turn to 2674)

**4772**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 6)

• Wait (turn to 1223)

**4773**

“I broke it,” I reply. There doesn’t seem any use in trying to lie. “I thought I could escape. But I couldn’t get myself through.”

The Commander laughs. “Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 334)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 4055)

**4774**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3013)

• The jacket (turn to 930)

**4775**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 2560)

• Try the window (turn to 1673)

**4776**

“Yes, perhaps. But also to ensure your name goes down in the annals of mathematics. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3787)

• Try the door (turn to 2158)

• Try the windows (turn to 705)

**4777**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 2829)

• The jacket (turn to 3520)

• The bucket (turn to 4570)

**4778**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 1891)

• The jacket (turn to 3672)

• The bucket (turn to 2238)

**4779**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 4330)

• The jacket (turn to 542)

**4780**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 785)

**4781**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 3137)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 3215)

**4782**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I won’t go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 605)

• Blame someone (turn to 3656)

**4783**

“None of us are blameless, Harris. But you’re not my priest and I’m not yours. Now, please. Let me go. I’ll help you find this damn component, of course I will.”

He appears to consider the offer.

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 4480)

• Blame someone (turn to 2696)

**4784**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 2385)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4864)

**4785**

“Perhaps Hooper had an accomplice. Someone else who works on site.”

Harris shakes his head, distractedly. “That doesn’t make sense,” he says. “Why go to all the trouble of stealing it only to give it back? And why like this?”

• Suggest something (turn to 2948)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 1837)

**4786**

“No, I suppose not.” I push the teacup around on its base. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 1661)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 625)

• Lie (turn to 625)

**4787**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 1904)

• Something else (turn to 4463)

**4788**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 2045)

• No, that's not right (turn to 2235)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2045)

• Lie (turn to 2235)

**4789**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 794)

• No (turn to 1991)

• Lie (turn to 1991)

**4790**

I pause for a moment longer. It doesn’t do to be too careless...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the broken window. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’ll never know if I hadn’t have waited that extra moment - maybe I still could have got away. But, how far?

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 58)

• Lie (turn to 1542)

• Evade (turn to 4403)

**4791**

“Yes, I considered it. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4579)

• No (turn to 2361)

• Lie (turn to 2361)

**4792**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 533)

• Disagree (turn to 3542)

**4793**

“No, I suppose not.” I push the teacup around on its base. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 3601)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 1869)

• Lie (turn to 1869)

**4794**

“I’m no traitor,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. He is sweating slightly - of course: this is his command that’s on the line. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1288)

• "I don't." (turn to 3166)

• Lie (turn to 3166)

• Evade (turn to 3379)

**4795**

“I’m not sure. I was asleep: I woke up when someone broke the window. I looked out to see who it was, but they were already gone.”

Harris looks at me with puzzlement. “Someone came by to break the window, and then ran off? That’s absurd. That’s utterly absurd. Admit it, Manning. You tried to escape and you couldn’t get through.”

• Admit it (turn to 512)

• Deny it (turn to 4685)

**4796**

“The Captain thought it was a good scheme. You’ll most likely get a promotion.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 187)

• Try the door (turn to 3158)

• Try the windows (turn to 4736)

**4797**

“I’m no traitor,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 2312)

• "I don't." (turn to 1543)

• Lie (turn to 1543)

• Evade (turn to 1531)

**4798**

No. What would be the use? He will be long gone, and the name he told me is no doubt hokum. No: I was alone before in guilt, and I am thus alone again.

“We recovered the part, just where you said it was,” Harris reports, as he puts the cuffs around my wrists. “Of course, a couple of the men swear blind they searched there yesterday, so I’m afraid, what with the broken window... we’ve formed a perfectly good theory which doesn’t bode well for you.”

“I see.” It doesn’t seem worth arguing any further. “I still have the intercept in my pocket,” I remark. “Wherever we’re going, could I have a pencil?”

He looks me in the eye.

“Certainly. And one of your computing things, if I get my way. And when we’re old, and smoking pipes together in The Rag like heroes, I’ll explain to you the way that decent men have affairs. You scientists.” He drags me up to my feet. “You think you have to re-invent everything.”

With that, he hustles me out of the door and I can’t help thinking that, with a little more strategy, I could still have won the day. But too late now, of course.

**The End**

**4799**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 3504)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1779)

• Give up (turn to 142)

**4800**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 4509)

• Lie (turn to 4509)

• Evade (turn to 2150)

**4801**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 3589)

• Wait (turn to 4624)

**4802**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft my shoe by its toe, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4253)

• Slip out (turn to 1025)

**4803**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 484)

• The blanket (turn to 81)

• Something else (turn to 2817)

**4804**

Well, then. To Hooper’s dorm. Time to wrap up this little game once and for all.

I creep around the outside of the Huts. All are quiet, steel-grey in the hazy moonlight; a few shining copper from arc-lamps strung from the trees. A few guards patrol the area at night but not many - after all, very few know this place even exists.

Our quarters are arranged away from the House; where we sleep is of less importance than where we work. We each have our own Hut, through some are less permanent than other’s. Hooper’s is a military issue tent: quite a large canopy, with two rooms inside and a short porch area where he insists people leave their shoes. It’s all zipped up for the night and no light shines from inside.

I hang back for a moment. If Harris is keeping to the terms of our deal then someone will be watching this place. But I can see no-one.

• Open the outer zip (turn to 1024)

• Look for another opening (turn to 3886)

• Hide the component somewhere (turn to 1615)

**4805**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 2293)

• No (turn to 2700)

• Lie (turn to 2700)

• Evade (turn to 479)

**4806**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 4370)

• No (turn to 1010)

• Lie (turn to 1010)

**4807**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 248)

• No, some other way (turn to 3052)

**4808**

“Yes. I suppose he was their agent. I should have realised but I didn’t. Then he threatened to tell you. I thought you would have me locked up: I couldn’t bear the thought of it. I love working here. I’ve never been so happy, so successful, anywhere before. I didn’t want to lose it.”

“So what did you do with the component?” Harris talks urgently. He grips his gloves tightly in one hand, perhaps prepared to lift them and strike if it is required. “Have you passed it to this man already? Have you left it somewhere for him to find?”

• I still have it (turn to 2040)

• I don't have it (turn to 1295)

• Lie (turn to 1295)

• Tell the truth (turn to 2040)

**4809**

“I am what I am,” I reply. “I’m the way nature made me. But they’re going to hang me unless you help me, Hooper. Don’t let them hang me.”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2506)

• Try the door (turn to 3377)

• Try the windows (turn to 4400)

**4810**

“We’ll fool him. He’s waiting to be sure that I’ve been strung up for this, so let’s give him what he wants. If he sees me taken away, clapped in irons - he’ll go straight to that component and set about getting rid of it.”

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 being debriefed by the Captain. Let’s see if we can’t get his attention somehow.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 3884)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 4696)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 321)

**4811**

“What could I do?” I’m shaking now. The night is cold and the heat-lamp in this hut has been removed, presumably to keep me alert and on edge. “I don’t want to go to prison.”

“You committed a crime,” Harris answers. If I had any sense that he understood my predicament, and that he felt for my state of being, it collapses like a chain with a broken link. “You thought you could repair it with another, more serious crime?” He shakes his head. “I thought you men were supposed to be clever. But this is the action of a frightened woman. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 4625)

• Blame someone (turn to 628)

**4812**

I look in through the door and catch Hooper’s expression. I had half expected him to be smiling be he isn’t. He looks shocked, almost hurt. “Iain,” he murmurs. “You couldn’t...”

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“This scheme of yours had better come off,” he hisses in my ear. “Otherwise the Captain is going to start having men tailing *me* to see where I go on Saturdays.”

• Reassure (turn to 2239)

• Dissuade (turn to 4651)

• Evade (turn to 3602)

• Say nothing (turn to 29)

**4813**

“Now steady on,” I reply, gesturing for him to calm himself.

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 679)

• Blame someone (turn to 388)

**4814**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 1415)

• Be disinterested (turn to 4846)

**4815**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 2502)

• The blanket (turn to 1309)

• The pillow (turn to 5019)

• Something else (turn to 3677)

**4816**

“No. It’s not treason. It’s a trade, plain and simple.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4865)

• Try the windows (turn to 3483)

**4817**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 1951)

• No (turn to 3896)

• Lie (turn to 836)

• Evade (turn to 836)

**4818**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 921)

• Try the door (turn to 2555)

• Try the windows (turn to 3726)

**4819**

“That’s not important now. What matters is what you do, this evening. All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM.”

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3787)

• Try the door (turn to 1427)

• Try the windows (turn to 3663)

**4820**

“All right. All right. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Shame,” he remarks. “I should have left that window open and put a guard on you. Might have been interesting to see where you went. Anyway, I’m glad you’re still here, even if you do smell like a dog.”

• Be optimistic (turn to 3812)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 3025)

**4821**

I lift the cup and take a sip, staring him hard in the eye as I do so. He watches as I do so.

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 1191)

• Disagree (turn to 4901)

• Evade (turn to 4901)

**4822**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3261)

• The pillow (turn to 1484)

• Something else (turn to 706)

**4823**

Better to live on the run than die on the spit. Creeping around the edge of the compound, I make my way to the front gate. As always, it’s manned by two guards, but I slip past their box by crawling on my belly.

And then I’m on the road. Walking, not running. Silent. Free.

For the moment, at least.

**The End**

**4824**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4164)

• Slip out (turn to 2814)

**4825**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 907)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 471)

**4826**

“How should I know?” I reply, defensively. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 781)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 1721)

• Lie (turn to 1721)

**4827**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 747)

• Blame someone (turn to 1738)

**4828**

“It will. Hooper’s running scared,” I reply, hoping I sound more confident than I feel.

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 2379)

• Try the windows (turn to 7)

**4829**

In case I’m being followed, I divert around the perimeter of the compound. It’s a much longer path, and it takes me across some terrain that’s difficult to negotiate in the dark - muddy, and thick with thistles and nestles.

Still, I can be confident no-one is following, as I hear nothing. I crouch down behind the rear wall of Hut 2. The component is still there, wrapped in a tea-towel and shoved into a cavity in a breeze-block at the base of the Hut wall.

• Take it (turn to 2594)

• Leave it (turn to 2143)

**4830**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1569)

• Smash the window (turn to 20)

• Wait (turn to 3515)

**4831**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 2338)

• Something else (turn to 2476)

**4832**

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. For what that’s worth. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 2718)

• Be disinterested (turn to 4040)

**4833**

If I leave the component here somewhere it should be somewhere I can rely on Hooper finding it, but no-one before Hooper. In particular.

• Behind the tent (turn to 973)

• Inside the porch section (turn to 3504)

• On top of the canvas (turn to 1779)

**4834**

The rest of the night passes slowly. I sleep a little, dozing mostly. Then I’m woken by the rooster in the yard. The door opens, and Harris comes in. He takes one look at the broken window and frowns with puzzlement.

“What happened there?”

• Admit doing it (turn to 231)

• Deny doing it (turn to 790)

• Show him the component (turn to 4453)

**4835**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 1486)

• Disagree (turn to 521)

• Lie (turn to 49)

**4836**

“I can imagine how being surrounded by clever men is pretty threatening for you, Commander,” I reply with a sneer. “They don’t train you to think in the Armed Forces.”

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 2581)

• Blame someone (turn to 1079)

**4837**

I pause a moment, trying to choose my words. To just come out and say it, after a lifetime of hiding... I wouldn’t know how. To put it into words, bluntly and directly: that is a circle I cannot square.

“I’ve done things,” I begin, uncomfortably. “I didn’t want to. I tried not to. But in the end, you understand. I had to. It felt like cutting off my own arm not to. Things I know I shouldn’t have. Things I perhaps regret.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3238)

• That's not it (turn to 3097)

**4838**

• The jacket (turn to 3600)

• The bucket (turn to 1199)

**4839**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 504)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2448)

**4840**

“He has? I knew he would. The worm.”

“Steady now. Matters aren’t over yet. There’s still the issue of the component. It hasn’t turned up. He didn’t lead us to it. I guess he figured you must have had something on him. I don’t know.”

He looks quite put out by the whole affair. He is not the kind of man to deal well with ambiguities and probabilities, far preferred the clarity of fact and falsehood.

• Be interested (turn to 343)

• Be disinterested (turn to 3858)

**4841**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 57)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 1376)

**4842**

“Perhaps Hooper had an accomplice. Someone else who works on site.”

Harris shakes his head, distractedly. “That doesn’t make sense,” he says. “Why go to all the trouble of stealing it only to give it back? And why like this?”

• Suggest something (turn to 4662)

• Suggest nothing (turn to 1056)

**4843**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3590)

• The jacket (turn to 2368)

• The bucket (turn to 1004)

**4844**

“I certainly don’t. But still, I’m surprised. I had Hooper down for a full-blown double agent, a traitor. He knows he’ll face the rope, doesn’t he?”

“Don’t ask me to explain why he did what he did,” Harris sighs. “Just be grateful that he did, and you’re now off the hook.”

Curiouser and curiouser. I nod once to Harris and slip outside into the cold morning air.

Hooper’s confession only makes sense in one fashion - if I successfully implied to him that I had him framed, but he did not unpack my little clue well enough to go looking for the component. Well, I had figured him for a more intelligent opponent, but a resignation from the game will suffice. Or perhaps he knew he would be followed if he went to check, and decided he would be doomed either way.

Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 3323)

• Don't check (turn to 631)

**4845**

Curiouser and curiouser. I nod once to Harris and slip outside into the cold morning air.

Hooper’s confession only makes sense in one fashion - if I successfully implied to him that I had him framed, but he did not unpack my little clue well enough to go looking for the component. Well, I had figured him for a more intelligent opponent, but a resignation from the game will suffice. Or perhaps he knew he would be followed if he went to check, and decided he would be doomed either way.

Of course, however, there is only one way to be certain that Harris is telling the truth, and that is to find a quiet moment and check the breeze-block at the back of Hut 2.

• Check (turn to 4355)

• Don't check (turn to 3224)

**4846**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4702)

• Wait (turn to 1575)

**4847**

That is Harris returning. Our little computation here is complete.

That is the true secret of the calculating engine, and the source of its power: not in the components themselves, but in how they are wired together. The diversity of patterns and structures they can form. Much like people - it is how they connect that determines our victories and tragedies, and not their genius.

Which makes me wonder. Should I give up my beautiful young man to them as well as myself?

• Yes (turn to 1252)

• No (turn to 4798)

• Lie (turn to 1739)

• Evade (turn to 3447)

**4848**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 4224)

• Disagree (turn to 607)

• Evade (turn to 607)

**4849**

I shake my head violently, to say no, that’s not it, but whatever is wrong with tongue is wrong with neck too. I look across at the table at Harris’ face and realise with a start how sympathetic he is. Such a kind, generous man. How can I hold anything back from him?

I take another mouthful of the bitter, strange-tasting tea before answering.

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 1848)

• Disagree (turn to 3260)

• Lie (turn to 435)

**4850**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 2132)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 4681)

**4851**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Smash the window (turn to 1362)

• Wait (turn to 4688)

**4852**

“Well, I’m glad his conscience finally caught up with him,” I reply dismissively.

“The Captain went back into that hut and he confessed immediately. We were so surprised we didn’t let you go.” He wrinkles his nose. “I’m rather sorry about that now, but I suppose we’ll let you go know. I suggest you have a wash.”

And with that he gestures to the doorway.

• Go (turn to 4278)

• Wait (turn to 2327)

**4853**

From inspiration - or desperation, I am not certain - a simple approach occurs to me. I toss the component away into the bushes behind Hooper’s tent and return to my barrack, wishing myself a long sleep followed by a morning, free of this business.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2236)

**4854**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 3998)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 2319)

• "You're right." (turn to 1246)

**4855**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 810)

• No (turn to 4197)

• Lie (turn to 836)

• Evade (turn to 836)

**4856**

I nod. “I don’t need twelve minutes. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to pass it to Hooper once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 971)

**4857**

“So he’s an idiot, and he hid it in his shoe.”

“No,” Harris replies. “That isn’t really what I mean. I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 1465)

**4858**

I say nothing. It’s true, isn’t it? I can’t deny that I know there is a world out there, a complicated world of pain and suffering. And I can’t deny that I don’t think about it a moment longer than I have to. What use is thinking on a problem that cannot be solved? It is precisely our ability to avoid such endless spirals that makes us human and not machine.

“God have mercy on your soul,” Harris says finally, as he gets to his feet and heads for the door. “I fear no-one else will.” Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4118)

**4859**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3660)

• Something else (turn to 3503)

**4860**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 3109)

• Accept it (turn to 1926)

• Evade it (turn to 3299)

**4861**

“When you have eliminated the impossible...” I begin, but Harris cuts me off.

“We are left with two possibilities, quite clearly. You, or Hooper.” The Commander pauses to smooth down his moustache. “Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 2994)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 3679)

**4862**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 4028)

**4863**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 2106)

• Wait (turn to 1080)

**4864**

I leave the cup exactly where it is. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 1588)

• Disagree (turn to 2770)

• Evade (turn to 786)

**4865**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 3667)

• Try the window (turn to 2714)

**4866**

“Then you know I’m right. You knew all along. Why did you threaten me?”

“We don’t know anything, except that we have a traitor, holding the fate of the country in their hands. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 3386)

• Offer nothing (turn to 1346)

**4867**

“I don’t know.”

“You can do better than that. Remember, there’s a hangman’s noose waiting for traitors.”

• Theorise (turn to 2163)

• Shrug (turn to 3950)

**4868**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2459)

• The pillow (turn to 4429)

• Something else (turn to 161)

**4869**

“Or be thrown into the river.”

“Hmm.” Harris chews his moustache thoughtfully. “Well, that would put us in a spot, seeing as how we’d never know for certain. We’d have to be ready to change our whole approach just in case the part had got through to the Germans. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 531)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 4879)

**4870**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2506)

• Try the door (turn to 2795)

• Try the windows (turn to 1563)

**4871**

“I still have it. Not on me, of course. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4850)

**4872**

• The jacket (turn to 4755)

**4873**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 237)

• Blame someone (turn to 4125)

**4874**

“No, I suppose not.” I push the teacup around on its base. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 753)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 94)

• Lie (turn to 94)

**4875**

“I’ve done nothing that I’m ashamed of.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 3621)

• Blame someone (turn to 46)

**4876**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1441)

• No (turn to 2203)

• Lie (turn to 2203)

**4877**

“It’s not that bad. I can still fix it.”

Harris shakes his head. “This isn’t a problem to be cracked. This isn’t a puzzle. I’m sorry, but this is bigger than you now. Look. You can go to prison for what you’ve done, or we can change your identity and move you somewhere where your... indiscretions... can’t hurt anyone any more. But right now none of that matters. What happens to you, doesn’t matter. All that matters is where that component is. So I’d like you to tell me, now. Where is it?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 71)

• Blame someone (turn to 121)

**4878**

“So would you,” I reply tartly. Harris raises an eyebrow.

“I’ve been through worse than this,” he replies matter-of-factly. “It’s hardly my fault if you sleep in your clothes.”

I glare back at him.

He goes over to the window, unlocks it and throws it open, relishing the fresh air from outside. “Hooper’s confessed, you know.”

• Be eager (turn to 908)

• Be cautious (turn to 3712)

**4879**

“Then you’d better get searching,” I reply, tiring of his complaining. *A war is a war, you have to expect an enemy.* “It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 319)

**4880**

“That’s exactly it,” I say quietly. “Harris. You understand. There are some things... which can get a man into a lot of trouble. Things one shouldn’t do.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t stiffen. He doesn’t lean away, or remove his hands from the table-top as though my condition might be infectious. I thought they trained them in the army to shoot my kind on sight but he does not.

Of course, he does not offer any sympathy either. He only nods, once. The understanding that has passed between us here is a mere turning cog in his calculations, with no meaning or righteousness to it.

“I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 1486)

• Disagree (turn to 521)

• Lie (turn to 49)

**4881**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 2621)

**4882**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 1551)

• The blanket (turn to 2626)

• Something else (turn to 454)

**4883**

“There’s nothing to explain,” I reply stiffly. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 945)

• Blame someone (turn to 121)

**4884**

I say quiet, listening, not sure how this will go.

“In case I’m not making myself clear,” Harris continues, “I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 114)

**4885**

• The jacket (turn to 4073)

**4886**

“Yes. Probably under my bunk.”

Harris smiles wryly. “We’ll know that for a fake, then. We’ve looked there already. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 4703)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 3955)

**4887**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 201)

**4888**

“I climbed out of the window overnight,” I explain. “I went and got this from where it was hidden, and brought it back here.”

“This is all too far-fetched,” Harris says. “I’m glad to have this back, but I need to think.”

Getting to his feet, he nods once. “You’ll have to wait a little longer, I’m afraid, Manning.”

Then he steps out of the door, muttering to himself.

• Make your peace (turn to 1020)

**4889**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 216)

• The jacket (turn to 1470)

**4890**

“Here at Bletchley? Of course I do”

“Here, now,” Harris replies firmly. “We’re not talking to everyone, you understand. I can imagine you might feel pretty sore about that, old man. I can imagine you feeling picked on.”

• "I'm fine." (turn to 2230)

• "Damn right." (turn to 4468)

• Be honest (turn to 4468)

• Lie (turn to 2230)

**4891**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 4246)

• Listen at the door (turn to 2527)

• Wait (turn to 3961)

**4892**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1309)

• Something else (turn to 1433)

**4893**

“You treated me like vermin. Like something abhorrent.”

“You are something abhorrent.”

“I wasn’t. Not when I came here. And I won’t be, once you’re gone.”

I get to my feet and open the door of the Hut. The Captain storms back inside and I’m quickly thrown out. Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 77)

**4894**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. He is sweating slightly - of course: this is his command that’s on the line. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 1288)

• "I don't." (turn to 3166)

• Lie (turn to 3166)

• Evade (turn to 3379)

**4895**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 1326)

• The blanket (turn to 1838)

• The pillow (turn to 4376)

• Something else (turn to 3967)

**4896**

“Right now, I think you take that role, Harris,” I reply coolly.

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 2840)

• Be dismissive (turn to 4857)

• Say nothing (turn to 2097)

**4897**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 81)

• The pillow (turn to 4966)

• Something else (turn to 2817)

**4898**

“The component?”

“Yes,” Harris replies levelly. “The component.”

“Well, as soon as it went missing the machine started to malfunction. We recognised the discrepancies in our results straight away...”

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3465)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 3586)

• Lie (turn to 3465)

• Evade (turn to 2741)

**4899**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 1918)

• No (turn to 1529)

• Lie (turn to 1529)

**4900**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure Hooper and the Captain will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

• Smash the window (turn to 1233)

• Wait (turn to 4688)

**4901**

I open my mouth to disagree, but somehow the words will not come out. It is like Harris has taken a screwdriver to the sides of my jaw. My tongue feels thick and heavy.

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3604)

• That's not it (turn to 4288)

**4902**

I wait a few minutes, to be sure the Commander will have gone, then try the door. It’s locked, all right. I’m not really one for picking locks. Never tried it. I don’t think I’ll be getting out that way.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1098)

• Try the window (turn to 576)

**4903**

“Please, Hooper. You don’t understand what’s at stake. They have information on me. What I’ve done. I don’t need to tell you what I’ve done, you know. I know you do. And I know you think it’s wrong, but please man, have a soul. They were going to ruin me. And the component - it’s nothing. It’s not the secret of the Bombe, or even of what we’re doing here. It’s just a part. The German’s think it’s a weapon - a missile component or a detonator. Let them have it! Please, man. Just help me.”

“Help you?” Hooper stares, as I have gone mad. “Help you? You’re a traitor, Iain. You’re a traitor. A snake in the grass. And you’re *queer*.”

• Deny it (turn to 4428)

• Accept it (turn to 2676)

• Evade it (turn to 2247)

**4904**

“I’m looking forward to having a wash and a change of clothes; which should make a little less evil to be around.”

“Very droll,” he replies. “Let me tell you what happened this morning, and see if it takes the smile off your face. Our men watching Hooper’s tent saw Hooper wake up, get dressed, clamber out of his tent and then remark with surprise as, while looking for his shoes, he stumbled on something just at the entrance of his tent.”

• Be interested (turn to 27)

• Be dismissive (turn to 1285)

• Say nothing (turn to 5007)

**4905**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 1018)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 513)

• "You're right." (turn to 4990)

**4906**

I open my mouth to disagree, but somehow the words will not come out. It is like Harris has taken a screwdriver to the sides of my jaw. My tongue feels thick and heavy.

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 3331)

• That's not it (turn to 4792)

**4907**

It’s useless. There’s nothing I can do but hope. I sit down on one corner of the bunk to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

• Look of out the window (turn to 4591)

• Listen at the door (turn to 1793)

• Wait (turn to 1087)

**4908**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 1205)

**4909**

I toss the component away into the bushes behind Hooper’s tent and return to my barrack, wishing myself a long sleep followed by a morning, free of this business.

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 2861)

**4910**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2027)

• The blanket (turn to 176)

• Something else (turn to 4924)

**4911**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 3089)

• The blanket (turn to 3877)

• Something else (turn to 228)

**4912**

The weight of the Bombe component safely in my jacket, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 1418)

**4913**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 716)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3708)

• Lie (turn to 1585)

**4914**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 78)

• The blanket (turn to 104)

• The pillow (turn to 2988)

• Something else (turn to 3942)

**4915**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 2338)

• The pillow (turn to 4831)

• Something else (turn to 2476)

**4916**

“Tell Hooper I’ve confessed. In fact, better yet, let him see you march me off in handcuffs. Then let him go, and watch him. Ten to one he’ll go straight to wherever he’s hidden that component and his game will be up.”

Harris nods slowly, chewing over the idea. It isn’t a bad plan even - except, of course, Hooper has *not* hidden the component, and won’t lead them anywhere. But that’s a problem I might be able to solve once I’m out of this place; and once they’re busy, dogging Hooper’s steps from hut to hut.

“It’s an interesting idea,” the Commander muses. “But I’m not so sure he’ll be that stupid. And if he’s already passed the part on, well, the whole thing will only be a waste of time.”

• "Trust me. He hasn't." (turn to 1283)

• "You're right. Let me talk to him." (turn to 1783)

• "You're right." (turn to 1246)

**4917**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 4709)

**4918**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. I’ve cracked him a little at least. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 2164)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 385)

**4919**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 3882)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 1915)

**4920**

“I’d be happy to help,” I answer, sympathetically, leaning forward across the table. “I’m sure there’s something I could do.”

“Like what, exactly?”

• "Put me in with Hooper..." (turn to 510)

• "Tell Hooper I've confessed..." (turn to 4547)

**4921**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 4306)

• Evade (turn to 205)

**4922**

“Awkward,” I reply, sipping at my tea as if we were the best of friends.

His gaze is unexpressive: I’ve seen Harris broad and full of laughter, but today he is rigid, as much part of the military machine as the devices in Hut 5.

“I’m sorry to pull you up so roughly,” he says. “But you know why you’re here, of course.”

• Yes (turn to 3343)

• No (turn to 1155)

• Evade (turn to 1570)

• Lie (turn to 1155)

**4923**

“I suppose so,” I reply. “I’ve certainly done things I regret. Things I shouldn’t have done.”

“I see,” Harris answers. “You’ve left yourself open. To pressure. Is that what you’re saying?”

• Yes (turn to 2862)

• No (turn to 2733)

• Evade (turn to 86)

• That's not it (turn to 2808)

**4924**

• The jacket (turn to 1065)

• The bucket (turn to 3964)

**4925**

Morning comes with the call of a rooster from the yard of the House. I must have slept after all. I pull myself up off the bunk, shivering slightly. There is condensation on the inside of the window. I have probably given myself a chill.

It’s not long after that Harris enters the hut. He closes the door behind him, careful as ever, then takes a chair across from me.

“You smell like a dog,” he remarks.

• Be optimistic (turn to 3812)

• Be pessimistic (turn to 3025)

**4926**

“Explain what you should be doing, do you mean, rather than bullying me? Certainly.” I fold my arms. “I know where your component is because it’s obvious where your component is. That doesn’t mean I took it, just because I can figure out a simple problem, any more than it means I’m a German spy because I can crack their codes.”

“Tell me, then,” he asks. “What’s your theory? You’re a smart fellow - as smart as they come around here, and that’s saying something. What’s your opinion on the missing component? Accident, perhaps? Or do you blame one of the other men? Hooper?”

• Blame no-one (turn to 5016)

• Blame someone (turn to 46)

**4927**

I let him have his rant. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 67)

• Try the door (turn to 4348)

• Try the windows (turn to 4340)

**4928**

“Very well then.” I swallow nervously, to make it look more genuine. “No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 1064)

• Tell the truth (turn to 777)

• Lie (turn to 5026)

**4929**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 4555)

• The blanket (turn to 902)

• Something else (turn to 3734)

**4930**

“I can imagine how being surrounded by clever men is pretty threatening for you, Commander,” I reply with a sneer. “They don’t train you to think in the Armed Forces.”

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 893)

• Blame someone (turn to 1973)

**4931**

“He’s petty enough, certainly. He’s a creep.” I wipe a hand across my forehead. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 4894)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 4794)

• Lie (turn to 4794)

**4932**

I peer out of the window, but it looks out onto the little brook at the back of the compound, with no view of the other huts or the House. Who knows if there are men up, searching the base of Hut 2, following one another with flashlights...

The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 1598)

**4933**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 3756)

• No (turn to 511)

• Lie (turn to 3756)

**4934**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 3977)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 4600)

• Lie (turn to 3977)

• Evade (turn to 3183)

**4935**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 1808)

• Stay silent (turn to 3178)

• Confess (turn to 1513)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 1435)

**4936**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 1993)

• Look around for something (turn to 3102)

**4937**

“I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 4054)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3911)

**4938**

“All right,” he declares, gruffly. “We’ll try it. But if this doesn’t work, I might just put the both of you in front of a firing squad and be done with these games. Worse things happen in time of war, you know.”

“Alone,” I add.

“Alone?”

“Alone.”

Harris considers it. I watch his eyes, flicking backwards and forwards over mine, like a ribbon-reader trying to load in its program.

• "Well?" (turn to 4143)

• "For God's sake, man, what do you have to lose?" (turn to 2414)

**4939**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Smash the window (turn to 2901)

• Wait (turn to 566)

**4940**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 641)

• The blanket (turn to 3877)

• Something else (turn to 660)

**4941**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. I’ve cracked him a little at least. He’s angry at my slippery answers. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 4821)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 4000)

**4942**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 1600)

• Smash the window (turn to 2484)

• Wait (turn to 4624)

**4943**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 3854)

• No (turn to 1485)

• Lie (turn to 1485)

**4944**

“We’re still in ear-shot if they let Hooper go. Best get us inside and then we can talk, if we must.”

“I’ve had enough of your voice for one day,” Harris replies grimly. He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2216)

• Try the door (turn to 4739)

• Try the windows (turn to 4657)

**4945**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 481)

• No (turn to 2599)

• Lie (turn to 3635)

**4946**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

But I am no traitor. At least, not to my country. To my sex, perhaps. But how could I support the Reich? If it were to come to power, I would be worse off than under the already dire circumstances of my existence.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 3348)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 1990)

**4947**

“Then let him think he’s off the hook. Make a show of me. And then you’ll get your man.”

*Somehow*, I think. But that’s the part I need to work.

Harris gets to his feet. “All right,” he says. “I should no better than to trust a clever man, but we’ll give it a go.” Then, he smiles, with all his teeth, like a wolf. “Especially since this is a plan that involves keeping you in handcuffs. I don’t see what I have to lose.”

He raps on the door for the guard and gives the man a quick instruction. He returns a moment later with a cool pair of iron cuffs.

“Put ‘em up,” Harris instructs, and I do so. The metal closes around my wrists like a trap. I stand and follow Harris willingly out through the door.

But whatever I’m doing with my body, my mind is scheming. *Somehow,* I’m thinking, *I have to get away from these men long enough to get that component behind Hut 2 and put it somewhere Hooper will go. Or, otherwise, somehow get Hooper to go there himself...*

Harris marches me over to Hut 3, and gestures for the guard to stand aside. Pushing me forward, he opens the door nice and wide.

“Captain. Manning talked. If you’d step out for a moment?”

• Play the part, head down (turn to 3607)

• Look inside the hut (turn to 3438)

• Call to Hooper (turn to 207)

**4948**

I creep forward to the tent, intent on lifting the zip to the front porch area just a little - enough to slip the component inside, and without the risk of the noise waking Hooper from his snoring.

The work is careful, and more than little fiddly - Hooper has tied the zips down on the inside, the fastidious little bastard! - but after a little work I manage to make a hole large enough for my hand.

• Slip in the component (turn to 2397)

• No, some other way (turn to 2658)

**4949**

“No. I have no idea.”

He’s talking about the missing reel from the Bombe. Russell discovered it this afternoon when the machine began producing strange results. We were all in the Hut when it happened and it had been in place when we sat down to work. The conclusions had been obvious to all four of us immediately, but had gone undiscussed, even after the empty socket was located, the wiring torn on either side.

“Lucky these things are easy to replace,” Russell had remarked, and that had been that. We had stopped work, sent out for a new part to be machined. And drunk our tea and watched each other.

“Come now,” Harris says, quite the reasonable gent. “As I told you. We’re not interviewing everyone. Only you. So. I think you can be a little more forthcoming.”

• "I know nothing." (turn to 2762)

• "I know where it is." (turn to 1171)

• Lie (turn to 2762)

• Evade (turn to 3547)

**4950**

It’s no good. Nothing I can do will be any less than obvious - something appearing where something was not there before. The men watching Hooper will know it is a deception and Hooper’s protestations will be taken at face value.

If I can’t find a way for Hooper to pick the component up, as if from a hiding place of his own devising, and be caught doing it, then I have no plan at all.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 4912)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

• Toss the component into the bushes (turn to 4395)

**4951**

“You want me to tell you what happened? You’ll be disgusted, I’m quite sure.”

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 4156)

• No (turn to 1910)

• Lie (turn to 2314)

**4952**

“I was quite certain, after a while. After we’d been talking. He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 485)

• No (turn to 1023)

• Lie (turn to 1023)

**4953**

The blanket. Perfect. I scoop it up off the bed and hold it in place over the window. This should do it. Then I heft the bucket - this really is quite a fiddly thing to be doing, and I need far longer arms, especially in cuffs - and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 4044)

• Slip out (turn to 3069)

**4954**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 2543)

• The blanket (turn to 3599)

• Something else (turn to 1854)

**4955**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3232)

• The pillow (turn to 2920)

• Something else (turn to 2673)

**4956**

“I know nothing about it.” My voice is shaking with anger as I try to speak. I’m not accustomed to facing off against the Commander - against any man with a gun in his holster. “I don’t know what gives you the right to pick on me. I demand a lawyer.”

“This is time of war,” Harris answers. His tone of voice has fallen down into darkness. “And by God, if I have to shoot you to recover the component or stop it falling into the wrong hands, I will, do you understand me?”

There’s an icy silence. He’s angry. He waves an impetuous hand across the field table.

“Now, drink your tea and talk.”

• Take the cup (turn to 1045)

• Don't take the cup (turn to 3008)

**4957**

Satisfied, I return the short way up the paths between the huts to the barrack block and the broken window.

It’s a little harder getting back through - the window is higher off the ground than the floor inside - but after a decent bit of jumping and hauling I manage to get my elbows up, and then one leg, and finally I collapse inside, quite winded and out breath.

• Wait (turn to 375)

**4958**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 3244)

• The blanket (turn to 134)

• The pillow (turn to 1942)

• Something else (turn to 1277)

**4959**

I set the cup carefully down on the table once more. “Why?” I ask coldly. “What’s in it?”

“Lapsang Souchong,” he remarks, placing his own cup down on the table with a clink. “Such a curious flavour. It might almost not be tea at all. You might say it hides a multitude of sins. As do you, isn’t that correct?”

• Agree (turn to 2056)

• Disagree (turn to 649)

• Evade (turn to 649)

**4960**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a bucket. It’s rather like the sledgehammer for the proverbial nut.

• Just do it (turn to 1810)

• Look around for something (turn to 3502)

**4961**

“No. I passed it on to Hooper.”

“I see. And what did he do with it?”

• Evade (turn to 4322)

• Tell the truth (turn to 3609)

• Lie (turn to 791)

**4962**

“No, Harris. The young man wasn’t blackmailing me.” I take a deep breath. “It was Hooper.”

“Now look here,” Harris interrupts. “Don’t start that again.”

“It’s the truth, Harris. If I’m going to jail, then so be it, but I won’t hang at Traitor’s Gate. Hooper was the one who told the boy about our work. Hooper put the boy on to me. I should have realised, of course. These things don’t happen by chance. I was a fool to think they might. And then, once he had me compromised, he demanded I steal the part from the machine.”

“Which you did.” Harris leans forward. “And then what? You still have it? You put it somewhere?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 1718)

• Lie (turn to 1718)

• Evade (turn to 4800)

**4963**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1185)

• No (turn to 2634)

• Lie (turn to 2634)

• Evade (turn to 3681)

**4964**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 3599)

• Something else (turn to 1854)

**4965**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 1298)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 2473)

**4966**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The blanket (turn to 81)

• Something else (turn to 2817)

**4967**

I suppose my fist would do a good enough job. But I’d cut myself to ribbons, most likely. And the noise would be terrible. There must be a way of making this easier. I’m supposed to be a thief now. What would a burglar do?

• Work slowly (turn to 2240)

• Find something to help (turn to 4198)

**4968**

“I’m not saying anything of the sort,” I snap back. “What is this, Harris? You’re accusing me of treachery but I don’t see a shred of evidence for it! Why don’t you put your cards on the table?”

“It’s simple enough,” Harris replies. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 2049)

• Disagree (turn to 1292)

• Lie (turn to 202)

**4969**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 1735)

**4970**

Let me see. There’s the bunk, a bucket, nothing else. I have my jacket but nothing in the pockets - no handkerchief, for instance.

• The bunk (turn to 3960)

• The jacket (turn to 1065)

• The bucket (turn to 3053)

**4971**

“And the other men? Do we have a hut each? Surely there aren’t enough senior officers to go round.”

“Collins and Humph were outside when the theft occurred. Everyone confirms that,” Harris replies. “That leaves you, Hooper, and the other two, who vouch for each other and frankly I’m inclined to believe them. But that’s all we know. No-one here is in the business of guessing, you know that. Our business is to decode. To get to the bottom of whatever’s going on. You’ve not placed yourself beyond suspicion and until you do so...” Harris shrugs. “I’m afraid I have fewer and fewer choices as time goes on. If that component has left these grounds then every minute is critical.”

• Offer to help (turn to 162)

• Offer nothing (turn to 403)

**4972**

“Or be thrown into the river.”

“Hmm.” Harris chews his moustache thoughtfully. “Well, that would put us in a spot, seeing as how we’d never know for certain. We’d have to be ready to change our whole approach just in case the part had got through to the Germans. I don’t mind telling you, this is a disaster, this whole thing. What I want is to find that little bit of mechanical trickery anywhere. I don’t care where. In your luncheon box or under Hooper’s pillow, whatever. Just somewhere, and within the grounds of this place.”

• "Then let him he think he's off the hook." (turn to 1582)

• "Then you'd better get searching." (turn to 4879)

**4973**

Making a wide circuit I creep around the tent. It has plenty of other flaps and openings, tied down with Gordian complexity. But nothing afford itself to slipping the component inside.

• Try the porch zip (turn to 1816)

• Try on top of the tent (turn to 1099)

• Give up (turn to 3500)

**4974**

I settle down to wait.

Night falls. The clockwork of the heavens keeps turning, whatever state I might be in. No-one can steal the components that make the sun go down and the stars come out. I watch it performing its operations. I can’t sleep.

Has Hooper taken my bait?

• Look of out the window (turn to 367)

• Listen at the door (turn to 703)

• Wait (turn to 2681)

**4975**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the door (turn to 846)

• Smash the window (turn to 3292)

**4976**

I hang back a moment. Something does not seem quite right. After all, Hooper did not steal the component. He has no reason to confess to anything. Perhaps this is another trap?

“Well?” Harris asks. “What are you waiting for? Please don’t tell me *you* want to confess now as well, I don’t think my head could stand it.”

• Confess (turn to 3593)

• Don't confess (turn to 1546)

**4977**

“I can’t remember.”

He draws his gun and lays it lightly on the field table.

“I’m sorry to threaten you, friend. But His Majesty needs that brain of yours, and that brain alone. There are plenty of other parts to you that our country could do better without. Now I’ll ask you again. Did you hide the component?”

• Yes (turn to 1636)

• No (turn to 3888)

• Lie (turn to 3888)

• Evade (turn to 2150)

**4978**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is a shoe.

• Just do it (turn to 1156)

• Look around for something (turn to 586)

**4979**

I head on around the back of the hut. The breeze-block with the cavity is on the left side.

• Check (turn to 1844)

• Look around (turn to 4727)

**4980**

“All right.” With a sigh, your defiance collapses."If you’re searched my things then I suppose you’ve found my letters. Haven’t you? In fact, if you haven’t, don’t tell me.

Harris nods once. “I’ve seen the same story a hundred times before,” he says. “A young man like yourself - clever, somewhat removed from the world. The kind that doesn’t go to parties, you might say. Who takes himself a little too seriously, perhaps. Takes things too far. Further than a man should allow a thing to go. That’s the story, isn’t it? You took things too far, and then you couldn’t take them back. And now they have you.”

• Agree (turn to 4596)

• Disagree (turn to 2648)

• Lie (turn to 2530)

**4981**

“Well?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 1729)

• No (turn to 387)

• Lie (turn to 1729)

**4982**

“For God’s sake, man, what do you have to lose?”

“We’ll be outside the door,” Harris replies, seriously. “The first sign of any funny business and we’ll have you both on the floor in minutes. You understand? The country needs your brain, but it’s not too worried about your legs. Remember that.”

Then he gets to his feet, and opens the door, and marches me out and across the yard. The evening is drawing in and there’s a chill in the air. My mind is racing. I have one opportunity here - a moment in which to put the fear of God into Hooper and make him do something foolish to place himself in harm’s way. But how to achieve it?

“You ready?” Harris demands.

• Yes (turn to 3662)

• No (turn to 3122)

• Lie (turn to 3662)

**4983**

“No,” Harris declares, finally. “I think you’re lying about Hooper. I think you’re a clever, scheming young man - that’s why we hired you - and you’re looking for the only reasonable out this situation has to offer. But I’m not taking it. We know you were in the room with the machine, we know you’re of a perverted persuasion, we know you have compromised yourself. There’s nothing more to say here. Either you tell me what you’ve done with that component, or we will hang you and search just as hard. It’s your choice.”

He gets to his feet, and gathers his gloves from the table top.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 2846)

• Confess (turn to 259)

• Stay silent (turn to 1410)

**4984**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 3480)

• Something else (turn to 331)

**4985**

It’s no good. That’s only half a solution. I couldn’t be happy with that.

• Back to the barracks (turn to 3885)

• To Hooper's dorm (turn to 4804)

**4986**

“I still have it. Not on me, of course. The missing component of the Bombe computer is hidden in a small cavity in a breeze-block supporting the left rear post of Hut 2. I put in there anticipating a search. I intended to dispose of it once the fuss had died down. I suppose I was foolish to think that it might.”

“Indeed you were. And, Mr Manning: God help you if you’re lying to me.”

Harris stands, and slips away smartly. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4079)

**4987**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 4761)

• Try the door (turn to 117)

• Smash the window (turn to 3894)

**4988**

“If I wanted to escape, I would have made damn sure that I could,” I tell him sternly.

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3958)

• Confess (turn to 563)

• Stay silent (turn to 1544)

**4989**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 4891)

**4990**

“You’re right.” I shake my head. “You’re right. I don’t see how I can help you after all. So, there’s only one conclusion.”

“Oh, yes? And what’s that?”

“It’s your problem. Your security breach. So much for your careful vetting process.” I lean back in my chair and fold my arms so the way they shake will not be visible. “You’d better get on with solving it, instead of wasting your time in here with me.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 319)

**4991**

I pause for a moment longer. It doesn’t do to be too careless...

Then the door locks turns. The door opens. Then Jeremy - one of the guards, rather - sticks his head through the door. “I thought I heard...”

He stops. Looks for a moment. Sees the bucket in my hand. Then without a moment’s further thought he blows his shrill whistles and hustles into the hut, grabbing me roughly by my arms.

I’ll never know if I hadn’t have waited that extra moment - maybe I still could have got away. But, how far?

I’m hustled into one of the huts. Nowhere to sleep, but they’re not interested in my comfort any longer. Harris comes in with the Captain.

“So,” Harris remarks. “Looks like your little trap worked. Only it worked to show *you* out for what you are.”

• Tell the truth (turn to 4718)

• Lie (turn to 3728)

• Evade (turn to 4420)

**4992**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 3070)

• The blanket (turn to 1518)

• The pillow (turn to 2274)

• Something else (turn to 1798)

**4993**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1309)

• The pillow (turn to 2534)

• Something else (turn to 1433)

**4994**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 4384)

• The blanket (turn to 2146)

• Something else (turn to 368)

**4995**

“I wouldn’t put it past him. He’s a creep.” I wipe a hand across my forehead. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 1041)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 1133)

• Lie (turn to 1133)

**4996**

I slip off my jacket and hold it with one hand over the glass. This should do it. Then I heft back my arm, and take a strong swing, trying to imagine it’s Harris’ face on the other side.

The sound of the impact is muffled. With my arm still covered, I sweep out the remaining glass in the frame. I’m ready to escape. The only trouble is - when they look in on me in the morning, there will be no question what has happened. It won’t help me one jot with shifting suspicion off my back.

• Wait (turn to 3335)

• Slip out (turn to 1241)

**4997**

“I’m not trying to do anything except save my neck.”

“Let’s hope things work out,” Harris agrees darkly.

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 2972)

• Try the door (turn to 1568)

• Try the windows (turn to 31)

**4998**

There is nothing I can do to speed up time. The night draws on at its own pace. I suppose by morning I will know my fate.

• Wait (turn to 552)

**4999**

“I can imagine how being surrounded by clever men is pretty threatening for you, Commander,” I reply with a sneer. “They don’t train you to think in the Armed Forces.”

“Talk,” Harris demands. “Talk, now. Tell me where you’ve hidden it or who you’ve passed it to. Or God help me, but I’ll take your wretched *pansy* body to pieces looking for it, do you understand me?”

His eyes bore into me like drill-bits.

• Tell him (turn to 1648)

• Blame someone (turn to 2467)

**5000**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 116)

• "You're right." (turn to 2458)

**5001**

“I’m sure I saw him this evening, talking to someone by the fence on the woodland side of the compound. He’s probably passed it on already. You’ll have to ask him.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 2004)

**5002**

“Just adding to the drama,” I tell him, confidently. “I’m sure you can understand that.”

“I think we’ve had enough drama today already,” Harris replies. “Let’s hope for a clean kill.”

He hustles me up the steps of the barracks, keeping me firmly gripped as if I had any chance of giving him, a trained military man, the slip. It’s all I can do not to fall into the room.

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. I can only hope that Hooper bites on my baited hook. If he thinks I’m mad and bitter enough to have framed him somehow, and arrogant enough to have taunted him with a clue to where the damning evidence is hidden... if he hates me enough, and is paranoid enough, then he might unravel my little riddle and go searching around Hut 2.

Thinking back, I should have wrapped the part from the Bombe in one of his shirts before hiding it, that would have been a clever move. I really do make a terrible spy.

• Wait (turn to 2052)

**5003**

There is nothing to be gained here. I have the component now; maybe it will be of some value tomorrow.

• Return to my barrack (turn to 990)

• Escape the compound (turn to 4327)

**5004**

“Queen to rook two, checkmate!” I call, then laugh viciously, as if I am damning him straight to hell.

I only catch Hooper’s reaction for a moment - his eyebrow lifts in surprise and alarm. Good. If he thinks it is a threat then he just might be careless enough to go looking for what it might mean.

The Captain comes outside, pulling the door to. “What’s this?” he asks. “A confession? Just like that?”

“No,” the Commander admits, in a low voice. “I’m afraid not. Rather more a scheme. The idea is to let Hooper go and see what he does. If he believes we have Manning here in irons, he’ll try to shift the component.”

“If he has it.”

“Indeed.”

The Captain peers at me for a moment, like I was some kind of curious insect.

“Sometimes, I think you people are magicians,” he remarks. “Other times you seem more like witches. Very well.”

With that he opens the door to the Hut and goes back inside. The Commander uses the moment to hustle me roughly forward.

“And what was all that shouting about?” he hisses in my ear as we move towards the barracks. “Are you trying to pull something? Or just make me look incompetent?”

• Reassure (turn to 5002)

• Dissuade (turn to 4123)

• Evade (turn to 2232)

• Say nothing (turn to 3939)

**5005**

“Ask the others,” I reply, leaning back. “They’ll tell you. If they haven’t already, that’s only because they’re protecting Hooper. Hoping he’ll come to his senses and stop being an idiot. I hope he does too. And if you lock him up in a freezing hut like you’ve done me, I’m sure he will.”

“We have,” Harris replies simply.

It’s all I can do not to gape.

“Hooper’s in Hut 3 with the Captain, having a similar conversation.”

• "And the other men?" (turn to 1153)

• "Then you know I'm right." (turn to 3174)

**5006**

Work carefully? It’s difficult to work carefully when all one’s has is nothing but brute force.

• Just do it (turn to 584)

• Look around for something (turn to 326)

**5007**

I say quiet, listening, not sure how this will go.

“In case I’m not making myself clear,” Harris continues, “I mean, he managed to find it, by accident, somewhere where it wasn’t the night before. And at the same time, you’re sitting here with your window broken. So, I rather think you’ve played your last hand and lost. There’s no way Hooper stole that component and then just left it lying around in the doorway of his tent. No way at all. So I came to tell you that the game is up for you.”

He nods and gets to his feet. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 2080)

**5008**

I go over to the window and try to jimmy it open. Not much luck, but in my struggling I notice this window only backs on the thin little brook that runs down the back of the compound. Which means, if I smashed it, I might get away with no-one seeing.

From outside, I hear a voice. Hooper’s. He’s haranguing someone, for something.

• Listen at the keyhole (turn to 300)

• Try the door (turn to 676)

• Smash the window (turn to 3692)

**5009**

“Here at Bletchley? Of course I do”

“Here, now,” Harris replies firmly. “We’re not talking to everyone, you understand. I can imagine you might feel pretty sore about that, old man. I can imagine you feeling picked on. You always were a sensitive soul.”

• "I'm fine." (turn to 4663)

• "Damn right." (turn to 4349)

• Be honest (turn to 4349)

• Lie (turn to 4663)

**5010**

“Very well. I see there’s no point in covering up. You know everything anyway.”

Harris nods, and waits for me to continue.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3201)

• No (turn to 2958)

• Lie (turn to 282)

**5011**

“Quite terrible. I would never have guessed.”

“Well.” Russell harrumphs. “Quince was saying this morning, apparently his grandfather was German. So perhaps it’s to be expected. See you there?”

I wave to him and move away, my thoughts turning to the young man in the village. My lover. My contact. My blackmailer. Hooper may have taken the fall for the missing component, but if it was his recovering it from Hut 2 then I have nothing to sell to save my reputation, if I have any left.

If he didn’t, of course, and Harris was telling the truth about his sudden confession, then I will be able to buy my freedom once and for all.

• Get the component (turn to 1123)

• Leave it (turn to 2172)

• Act normal (turn to 3716)

**5012**

I shift in my seat. “Not really. The boy was a simpleton, obviously. My intellectual inferior. His good opinion meant nothing to be. Harris, please do not misunderstand me. I was simply after his body.”

Harris, to his credit, doesn’t flinch. Well, perhaps not: but he’ll have nightmares of this moment tonight. I’m almost tempted to reach out and try to take his hand to worsen it for him, but I hold back.

“Go on with your confession,” he replies. I shrug.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 1237)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 1237)

**5013**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The jacket (turn to 4802)

**5014**

“I don’t think Hooper could have planned this in advance. So he’d need to get word to whoever he’s working with, and that would take time. So I think he would have hidden it somewhere, and be waiting to make sure I soundly take the fall. That way, if anything goes wrong, he can arrange for the part to be conveniently re-found.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not certain whether he can trust me. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 3763)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**5015**

“Quite right,” I answer smartly.

He stares back at me. “Let’s get straight to the point. Do you have the component?” Harris demands. “Do you know where it is?”

• "I do." (turn to 737)

• "I don't." (turn to 3921)

• Lie (turn to 3921)

• Evade (turn to 1310)

**5016**

“An accident, naturally.” I risk a smile. “That damned machine, Harris; it’s made from spare parts and string. Even these huts leak when it rains. It wouldn’t take more than one fellow to trip over a cable to shake out a component and have it roll away across the floor. Have you tried looking under the thing?”

Harris doesn’t smile. “Do you suppose we haven’t? Do you supposed we haven’t combed every inch of this place already?”

In a sudden moment I understand that his reply is a threat.

“Now,” he continues. “Are you sure there isn’t anything you want to tell me?”

• Tell him (turn to 3006)

• Evade (turn to 3339)

**5017**

I put my ear down to the keyhole, but there’s nothing now. Probably still a guard outside, of course, but they’re keeping mum.

• Try the window (turn to 1161)

**5018**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 2302)

• "You're right." (turn to 963)

**5019**

The pillow is fat and fluffy. I could put it over the window and it would muffle the sound of breaking glass, certainly; but I wouldn’t be able to break any glass through it either.

• The frame (turn to 4389)

• The blanket (turn to 1309)

• Something else (turn to 3677)

**5020**

The bucket? Hardly. The bucket might do some good if I wanted to sweep up the glass afterwards, but it won’t help me smash the glass quietly.

• The bunk (turn to 587)

• The jacket (turn to 3281)

**5021**

“All right. I’ll tell you what happened.” And never mind my shame, I think.

“I can imagine how it starts,” he growls.

“There was a young man, Harris. I met him in the town. A few months ago now. We got to talking - not about work, you understand. I said I was an accountant for a firm, just as I was supposed to. Although he seemed to know that wasn’t true. That got me wondering if he wasn’t one of us.”

Harris is not letting me off any more. “You seriously considered that possibility?”

• Yes (turn to 3226)

• No (turn to 1163)

• Lie (turn to 1194)

**5022**

The frame is heavy and solid. I couldn’t lift it or shift it without help from another man. And it wouldn’t do me any good here anyway. I can reach the window perfectly well.

• The blanket (turn to 1728)

• Something else (turn to 4457)

**5023**

“No. Not for more than a moment, of course. Everyone here is marked out by how little we would be willing to say about it.”

“Only you told this young man more than a little, didn’t you?”

I nod. “He seemed to know all about me. He... he indicated he was quite enchanted by my achievements.”

The way Harris is staring at me I almost expect him to strike me, but he does not. He replies, “I can see how that must have been attractive to you,” with such plain-spokeness I almost have to ask him to repeat it.

Of course, there is no-one else in the hut to hear the remark. He will no doubt deny it later.

• Yes (turn to 794)

• No (turn to 1991)

• Lie (turn to 1991)

**5024**

“No, of course not.” I push the teacup around on its base. “All I can say is, ever since I arrived here, he’s been looking to ways to bring me down a peg. I wouldn’t be surprised if he set this whole affair up just to have me court-martialled.”

“We don’t court-martial civilians,” Harris replies. “Traitors are simply hung at her Majesty’s pleasure.”

• "Quite right." (turn to 577)

• "I'm no traitor." (turn to 3439)

• Lie (turn to 3439)

**5025**

The bunk has a solid metal frame, a blanket, a pillow, nothing more.

• The frame (turn to 173)

• The blanket (turn to 2626)

• The pillow (turn to 4882)

• Something else (turn to 454)

**5026**

“I’m sure I saw him this evening, talking to someone by the fence on the woodland side of the compound. He’s probably passed it on already. You’ll have to ask him.”

Harris harrumphs. He’s thinking it all over.

• Wait (turn to 3345)

**5027**

“Hooper, I’ll make a deal with you. We both know what happened in that hut this afternoon. I know because I did it, and you know because you know you didn’t. But once this is done I’ll be rich, and I’ll split that with you. I’ll let you have the results, too. Your name on the discovery of the Bombe. And it won’t hurt the war effort - you know as well as me that the component on its own is worthless, it’s the wiring of the Bombe, the usage, that’s what’s valuable. So how about it?”

Hooper looks back at me, appalled. “You’re asking me to commit treason?”

• Yes (turn to 440)

• No (turn to 3443)

• Lie (turn to 4282)

• Evade (turn to 4282)

**5028**

“I’m no traitor, damn it. You *know* I’m not. How much work have I done here? Against the Germans? Cracking their codes? Understanding their secrets? I’ve given it my all! And you know as well as I do, if the Reich were to invade, I would be a dead man for being what I am. So please, Hooper. I’m not doing any of this lightly. But I’m in a jam!”

“Assuming I wanted to help you,” he replies, carefully. “Which I don’t. What would I do?”

“Nothing. Almost nothing.

All you have to do is go to the back of Hut 2. There’s a breeze-block with a cavity. That’s where I’ve put it. I’ll be locked up overnight, I should think. But you can pick it up and pass it to my contact. He’ll be at the south fence around two AM."

“If you think I’ll do that then you’re crazy,” Hooper replies.

At that moment the door flies open and the Captain comes storming back inside.

Harris hustles me over to the barracks. “I hope that’s the end of it,” he mutters as he pushes me up the steps.

“Just be sure to let him out,” I reply. “And then see where he goes.”

And then they slam the door shut, and it locks. How am I supposed to manage anything from in here?

• Wait (turn to 3577)

• Try the door (turn to 2550)

• Try the windows (turn to 1958)

**5029**

“I’ll talk to him.”

“What?”

“Put me in with Hooper. Maybe I can get something useful out of him. As his colleague.”

Harris shakes his head. “He despises you, doesn’t he? I don’t see why he’d give himself up to you.”

• "Try me. Just me and him." (turn to 4669)

• "You're right." (turn to 2148)

**5030**

“No,” Harris declares, finally. “I think you’re lying about Hooper. I think you’re a clever, scheming young man - that’s why we hired you - and you’re looking for the only reasonable out this situation has to offer. But I’m not taking it. We know you were in the room with the machine, we know you’re of a perverted persuasion, we know you have compromised yourself. There’s nothing more to say here. Either you tell me what you’ve done with that component, or we will hang you and search just as hard. It’s your choice.”

He gets to his feet, and gathers his gloves from the table top.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 3941)

• Confess (turn to 2683)

• Stay silent (turn to 399)

**5031**

• The jacket (turn to 4073)

• The bucket (turn to 1566)

**5032**

“Well, then,” I answer, nervously. “What would he do? Either get rid of it straight away - or if that wasn’t possible, which it probably wouldn’t be, since he’d have to arrange things with his contacts - so most likely, he’d hide it somewhere and wait, until you had the rope around my neck and he could be sure he was safe.”

“Makes sense,” Harris agrees, cautiously. I can see he’s still not entirely convinced by my tale, as well he might not be - I’ve hardly been entirely straight with him. “Which means the question is, what can we do to rat him out?”

• Offer to help (turn to 2576)

• Don't offer to help (turn to 2258)

**5033**

I have no God to make peace with. I find it difficult to believe in goodness of any kind, in a world such as this.

I have no place here. No way to fit. I am the intercept - caught, in the middle, cryptic and understood only thinly, through devices and machines.

• You seem very calm (turn to 613)

• You should try to escape! (turn to 2121)

**5034**

“So would you after the night I’ve had.”

“Well, I’m afraid it is going to get worse for you,” Harris replies soberly. “We followed Hooper, and he took himself neatly to bed and slept like a boy scout. Which puts us back to square one, and you firmly in the frame. And I’m afraid I don’t have time for any more games. I want you to tell me where that component is, or we will hang you as a traitor.”

He passes a hand across his eyes with a long look of despair.

“I’m going to go outside and organise a rope. That’ll take about twelve minutes. That’s how long you have to decide.”

• Protest (turn to 2734)

• Stay silent (turn to 1505)

• Confess (turn to 1914)

• Frame Hooper (turn to 3899)

**5035**

“Yes. Something like that. It’s a very lonely life otherwise. And the work we do - well. It only makes it worse. There’s barely a moment to oneself.”

“That’s how it is in the Service,” Harris answers. “I know you didn’t sign up for it but, well. There’s plenty of other men who didn’t who are serving now, too. Now, go on with your confession.”

That gives me pause, for a moment. I hadn’t thought of it as such. But I suppose that’s what this is. I am about to admit what I did, after all.

“There’s not much else to say. I took the part from Bombe computing device. You seem to know that already. I had to. He was going to expose me if I didn’t.”

“This young man was blackmailing you over your affair?”

As Harris speaks I find myself suddenly sharply aware, as if waking from a long sleep. The table, the corrugated walls of the hut, everything seems suddenly more tangible than a moment before. *Perhaps whatever it was they put in my drink is wearing off?*

• Say yes (turn to 12)

• No, that's not right (turn to 4442)

• Tell the truth (turn to 12)

• Lie (turn to 4442)

**5036**

*Of course not. I am alone; that is what they wanted me to be, because of who and what I love. So I have no nation, no country.*

“I’m afraid we have only one option, Manning,” Harris says. “Please, man. Tell us where the component is.”

• Tell them (turn to 1347)

• Say nothing (turn to 4185)

**5037**

“Really, Commander,” I reply. “It rather sounds like you want to spank me.”

“For God’s sake,” he declares with thick disgust, then swoops away out of the room. Then the door closes. I am alone again, as I have been for most of my short life.

• Make your peace (turn to 4118)