

LICENSE TO SUMMON

HANDOUT #2

THIS DOCUMENT IS CLASSIFIED GLASS SURGEON. IF YOU DO NOT HAVE SECRET GLASS SURGEON CLEARANCE, DO NOT READ THIS DOCUMENT. RECLASSIFIED GLASS WESTMINSTER 1975. IF YOU DO NOT HAVE GLASS WESTMINSTER CLEARANCE, DO NOT READ THIS DOCUMENT.

Quaere House,
Wiltshire
18th November, 1959

Dear Eddie,

It gives me no small measure of relief to report that F. (Subject 21) has finally gone to his just rewards. Death, in the end, came swiftly for him with the sudden onset of pneumonia. It was merciful in comparison to the things he did in the war. Even before he was recruited by Hitler's warlocks, he was more of a monster than anything you've got down in the holding cells. F. pioneered the use of Zyklon-B on prisoners. He tortured them, desecrated their bodies, made a Hell on Earth the likes of which I can scarcely imagine. When three prisoners went missing, he retaliated by walling ten others up in a disused bunker. He spied on them every day, watching them starve to death, studying their response to hunger and darkness. The Catholics are talking about making a saint of one of them, a Polish priest named Kolbe who was the only man to survive ten days in the bunker. F. gave him a lethal injection to finish him off.

He told me all that, and much more, and I never saw the slightest flicker of remorse. All he talked about was work - he worked on the Peenemunde soul-capacitors from '42 after the SS kicked him out for cruelty(!), and was one of the Reich's most notorious necromancers. We should have left him to die in Norway, not spirited him back to our gilded cage. I worked beside him on WESTMINISTER for six years, and not a day went by when I didn't want to pull out my service revolver and put a bullet in that twisted brain.

Monsters can wear a human face without having to steal a man's body.

F. is dead now, and buried. B & I did it in the dead of night, without any ceremony. The world thought he died on the Eastern Front in '44; let that be the truth of it. It turned my stomach to inter him near our fondly-remembered dead, even if it was an unmarked grave. He can share their silence but not their honours, by God!

I shall be in London next week, to discuss my retirement from the service with the Board. I would very much like to meet with you and unburden myself a little before they lay down a discretion geas. We have seen too much, you and I, for either of us to sleep soundly in the end.

Yours faithfully,

(Signature not present in carbon copy)