

TIME MACHINE[®]

SPECIAL EDITION

50th Anniversary of World War II

This book is a time machine. Travel back
50 years and decipher secret messages.



**WORLD WAR II
CODE BREAKER**

**This book is
your passport
into time.**



**Can you survive
World War II?
Turn the page to
find out.**

TIME MACHINE[®]

SPECIAL EDITION

World War II Code Breaker

by Peter Lerangis

illustrated by Alex Nino



A Byron Preiss Book

For my father, Nicholas P. Lerangis

Technical Sergeant,
U.S. Army Signal Corps
Pacific Theater, 1943–1945

With thanks and love

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ATTENTION TIME TRAVELER!

This book is your time machine. Do not read it through from beginning to end. In a *moment* you will receive a mission, a special task that will take you to another time period. As you face the dangers of history, the Time Machine often will give you options of where to go or what to do.

This book also contains a Data Bank to tell you about the age you are going to visit. You can use this Data Bank to travel more safely through time. Or you can take your chances without reading it. It is up to you to decide.

In the back of this book is a Data File. It contains hints to help you if you are not sure what choice to make. The following symbol appears next to any choices for which there is a hint in the Data File.



To complete your mission as quickly as possible, you may wish to use the Data Bank and the Data File together.

There is one correct end to this Time Machine mission. You must reach it or risk being stranded in time!

THE FOUR RULES OF TIME TRAVEL

As you begin your mission, you must observe the following rules. Time Travelers who do not follow these rules risk being stranded in time.

1. You must not kill any person or animal.
2. You must not try to change history. Do not leave anything from the future in the past.
3. You must not take anybody when you jump in time. Avoid disappearing in a way that scares people or makes them suspicious.
4. You must follow instructions given to you by the Time Machine. You must choose from the options given to you by the Time Machine.

YOUR MISSION

Your mission is to travel back to World War II and help crack the top secret enemy codes. To prove you have accomplished your mission, you must bring back two decoded messages—one German and one Japanese—that helped the Allies win the war.

“Attack at dawn!”

“U-boats now approaching!”

During World War II, both sides communicated via telegraph messages. But the messages were in code to confuse the enemy, so they looked more like this:

“WQSEU PMPIZ TLJJU LRBID!”

To decode these complex messages, the Allies had to work round-the-clock. Even the slightest delay might mean the loss of lives to a surprise attack.

If it weren’t for a brilliant international team of code breakers, the Allies might never have won the war. To accomplish your mission, you will brave terrible hazards. You will have to keep your wits about you to survive the horror and danger of World War II.



To activate the Time Machine, **click here.**

**TIME TRAVEL
ACTIVATED.
Stand by for Equipment.**



[Click Here](#)

EQUIPMENT

The code breakers are a small, secret group, and most members know each other. The number one piece of equipment you will need to infiltrate this select group is your brain. You will wear a standard, Army-issue set of khaki pants and shirt and a pair of spit-polished black shoes.

You may find yourself behind enemy lines, in combat, and in horrendous weather. So be sure to take a backpack filled with the following things, wrapped in water-tight plastic:

1. combat boots and fatigues
2. a German uniform
3. a dark, nondescript pair of pants and a spare T-shirt in case of bad weather
4. maps of Europe and the Pacific
5. a small camera to photograph secret messages
6. identification papers with made-up names and serial numbers (one each for England, the United States, and Germany).
7. the following data cards, which list the important events in World War II:

EUROPE

1939

September

- 1: Hitler invades Poland.
- 4: Britain and France declare war on Germany.
- 28: Poland surrenders.

1940

May

- 10: The Germans begin a massive attack westward, captur



ing the Netherlands and Belgium.

June

3: The *Luftwaffe*, the German air force, bombs Paris.

5: The Battle of France begins.

24: France surrenders and is divided into the occupied (north) and unoccupied zones; both zones cooperate with the Nazis.

July

10: The Battle of Britain begins. The *Luftwaffe* attacks the southern coast of England.

15: The Germans begin Operation Eagle, a plan to flush out and destroy British Royal Air Force (RAF) planes.

September

7: The *Luftwaffe* begins to bomb London (the Blitz). The bombing continues until May 1941.

15: The RAF wins decisively over the *Luftwaffe* in the Battle of Britain.

November

4: The *Luftwaffe* bombs Coventry, England.

December

18: Hitler issues plans to invade Russia.

1941

March

24: Nazi Field Marshal Rommel begins a North African offensive in Libya.

April

29: Rommel runs out of supplies on the Egyptian border; the German drive is halted.

June

22: Hitler's massive attack on the Soviet Union begins, several months late.

October

2: The Germans invade Moscow.

December

- 7: Japan attacks Pearl Harbor.
- 8: The U.S. declares war on Japan.
- 10: Germany and Italy declare war on the U.S.

1942

June

25–27: England's Prime Minister Churchill and the United States' President Roosevelt decide to attack the Germans in North Africa. They also authorize atom bomb research.

July

21: Again a victim of lack of supplies, Rommel's offensive sputters.

October

23: British General Montgomery starts the Battle of El Alamein against Rommel.

November

4: Rommel starts to retreat.

8: Eisenhower, the new Allied Commander, begins Operation Torch with massive landings in North Africa.

December

25: Defeated by the Russians in Stalingrad, the Germans begin to retreat.

1943

January

24: Hitler forbids the Nazi generals' plea to surrender in Russia.

30: The RAF begins a major air raid on Berlin.

February

2: The Germans surrender to the Russians.

14: Rommel sets back the Allies at Kasserine Pass.

April

7: Eisenhower's forces meet up with Montgomery's in Tunisia.

May

12: Rommel flees North Africa, leaving his troops to surrender.

July

10: Led by field commanders Patton and Montgomery, the Allies invade Sicily.

August

18: The RAF bombs German rocket-bomb factories in Peenemunde.

September

10: The Germans seize Rome.

1944

June

4: The Germans abandon Rome to the Allies.

6: The Allies launch a massive D-Day offensive (Operation Overlord) on the northern coast of France. The Germans are slow to respond.

13: German V1 rocket bombs land on London.

August

1: General George Patton's army breaks across France toward Germany.

25: The Allied French retake Paris.

September

3: The British seize Brussels and Antwerp; the Germans retreat from Finland.

8: New, sophisticated German rocket bombs (V2) fall on London.

12–14: The Americans cross the German border and capture the first German city (Aachen). The British push through Holland.

December

17: The Germans retaliate by pushing through Belgium and Luxembourg. The Battle of the Bulge begins.

31: The Allies win the Battle of the Bulge; there are 100,000 casualties on both sides, 50,000 Germans are captured.

1945

February

13–14: The Allies bomb Dresden, Germany, killing 135,000.

March

7: The Americans thwart the German demolition team, pour across Remagen Bridge over the Rhine, and capture Cologne.

April

10: Eisenhower's troops seize the concentration camp at Buchenwald and see the horrors of the "death camps" for the first time.

12: President Roosevelt dies; Harry Truman succeeds him.

16: The Russians attack Berlin from the east.

30: Hitler commits suicide; a week later, the remaining Nazis surrender.

May

8: V-E (Victory-Europe) Day.

JAPAN

1940

September

26: Despite warnings from the U.S., Japan invades Indochina.

29: U.S. Marines start building new defenses on Midway Island.

1941

July

26: Roosevelt freezes Japanese assets in the U.S. and halts trade with Japan.

August

17: Roosevelt tells the Japanese ambassador that the U.S.

will respond if Japan attempts to take over the Far East.

October

18: War Party leader General Hideki Tojo (“Razor Brain”) becomes the Premier of Japan.

December

7: The Japanese attack and destroy the American naval base at Pearl Harbor.

8: The U.S. declares war on Japan.

9–10: The Japanese attack the Gilbert Islands, Bataan Island (Philippines), and Guam. American Marines repel the Japanese at Wake Island.

28: The Japanese bomb Manila (Philippines).

1942

January

23: The Japanese take Rabaul in the Solomon Islands, which later becomes a major military base.

February

15: The Japanese take Singapore, capturing the entire British force there.

27–March 1. At the Battle of Java Sea, the entire Allied fleet is obliterated.

March

10: American, Dutch, and British troops surrender in Java.

11: Faced with defeat in the Philippines, General MacArthur is ordered by Roosevelt to leave.

April

3: Admiral Nimitz takes command of the Central Pacific, MacArthur of the Western Pacific.

18: Colonel Doolittle leads bombing raids on Tokyo.

May

7–8: The Battle of Coral Sea is the first battle of strictly planes against ships.

June

3–6: The Japanese attack Midway. By destroying four

Japanese carriers, the Americans end the Japanese sea offensive.

August

7: U.S. Marines invade Guadalcanal, the first American land offensive.

13: The Manhattan Project is established, which will develop the atom bomb.

November

12–15: The U.S. wins the Naval Battle of Guadalcanal in a series of night raids.

1943

April

18: American pilots kill Japanese Admiral Yamamoto (Commander in Chief of the Japanese Southeastern Air Fleet) by shooting down his plane over the Solomon Islands.

August

27: The Japanese evacuate New Georgia in the Solomon Islands.

November

19: Allied planes attack the Gilbert and Marshall islands on their way up the “ladder” of islands toward Japan.

20–24: At the savage battle at Tarawa, 1,000 American lives are lost and almost the entire Japanese force is killed.

1944

January

31–February 6: The Americans take the Marshall Islands.

March

22–April 22: The Americans take Hollandia, New Guinea; MacArthur establishes a base of operations there.

June

14–15: The Americans attack Iwo Jima, Saipan, and Kyushu, closing in on Japan.

July

9: Saipan falls.

18: Tojo resigns.

21–24: The Americans attack Guam and Tinian in the Marianas Islands.

August

10: The Americans win the Battle of Guam.

October

7–14: American carriers enter Japanese waters, attacking the Ryukyus and Formosa.

23–26: The Americans win the biggest naval battle in history at Leyte Gulf in the Philippines. The first kamikaze raids (suicide missions) begin.

November

5: The Americans bomb Singapore.

1945

January

4–9: MacArthur's troops take Luzon, Philippines, despite a barrage of brutal kamikaze attacks.

February

19: U.S. Marines arrive on Iwo Jima.

March

9–10: The Americans fire-bomb Tokyo, killing 100,000 people.

April

1—June 22: The Americans take Okinawa, losing 12,500 men, many to kamikaze attacks.

July

4: MacArthur proclaims the liberation of the Philippines.

16: The first atom bomb is set off in a test in New Mexico.

26–29: The Allies call for Japan's unconditional surrender; Japan refuses.

August

6: The atom bomb is dropped on Hiroshima; the city is devastated and over 100,000 are killed.

8: Russia declares war on Japan.

9: The second atom bomb is dropped on Nagasaki.

14: Breaking a deadlock in the Tokyo War Council vote, Emperor Hirohito decides on surrender.

September

2: Japan signs the treaty; World War II ends. V-J (Victory-Japan) Day.



To begin your mission now, **click here.**



To learn more about the time to which you will be traveling, **click here.**

DATA BANK

World War II was divided into two separate wars (sometimes called *theaters*, or *campaigns*)—one in Europe and one in the Pacific. The maps below will show you what those areas looked like.

EUROPE IN 1941

The map to the right shows what Europe looked like when the United States entered the war. (During the war, some of the borders changed as the Germans began conquering various countries.)

CAUSES OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

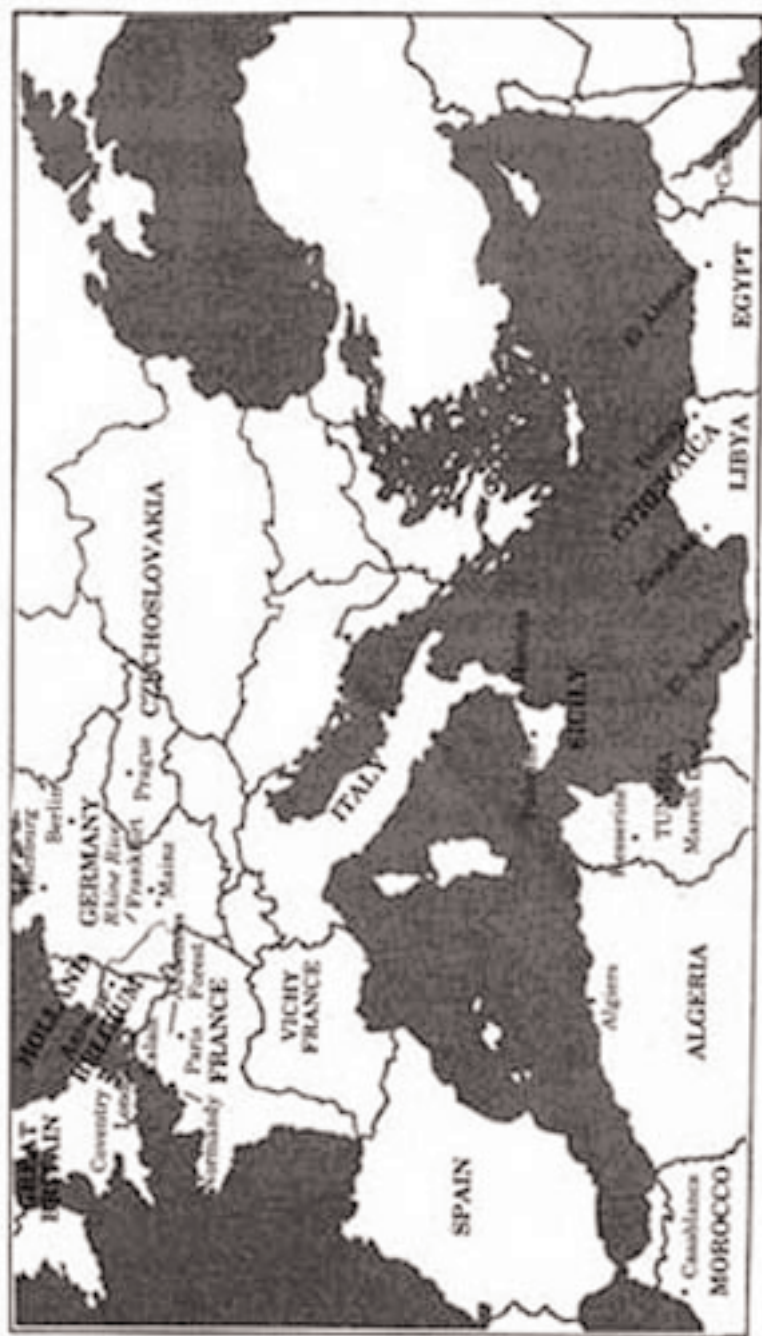
It took the evil mind of one man, Adolf Hitler, to throw an entire continent into war. As the leader (or *Fuehrer*) of Germany, Hitler had a simple, diabolical plan—to take over the world and establish a master race called “Aryans,” a vague term that described the kind of light-haired, light-skinned, robust people Hitler admired.

We know now that Hitler was a powerful madman. But how did he gain this power? To understand that, we must go back a few years to World War I.

By the time that war ended in 1918, Europe was devastated. The war had been incredibly expensive for all the European countries. The countries who had won the war, like Great Britain and France, banded together to form “the Allies.” They were helped financially by the United States.

But that wasn’t going to be enough to pay the bills for the war. The losing countries would have to contribute. Germany would have to pay 56 billion dollars.

It was an impossible task. Germany experienced horrible inflation. The country’s money became so worthless that German workers needed huge amounts just to get by. A loaf of bread that had



once cost one mark might now cost a million. Workers had to be paid twice a day—and the evening money would already be worth less than the afternoon money! Three hundred paper companies couldn't supply enough paper to make German money.

(It's hard to think about that kind of inflation. Just imagine buying a candy bar for \$300,000 at 11 a.m., and then going back to the store at 5 p.m. to see that its price had gone up to \$450,000!)

Just as Germany began to pull itself up in the early 1930s, a worldwide depression hit. It was no wonder that the Germans were looking for a strong leader.

Hitler's Nazi party was laughed at when it was founded in the 1920s. But as unrest grew among the German middle classes, Hitler became more and more popular. By 1933 he had enough followers to seize control of the government, and he named himself dictator.

In 1938, he began to conquer neighboring countries. Soon he began his horrible plan to rid Germany of Jews and other non-Aryans. He set up a massive, complex network of death camps, where millions of human beings were slaughtered via poison gas chambers, starvation, disease, and torture.

Germany formed an alliance with Japan and Italy, called "the Axis," and Hitler's quest grew into a savage war.

CAUSES OF THE JAPANESE WAR

How did Japan fit into this? Less than a century earlier, it had been an isolated country that stubbornly turned its back on the rest of the world.

But that all changed in the mid-1800s. With its population growing and its economy standing still, Japan needed more goods than it could provide for itself. So its leaders finally, reluctantly, opened trade with an eager America. Many Japanese felt humiliated to have to depend on another country. But they realized quickly that if they wanted to compete, they would have to learn about Western technology.

The old Japanese order, or *shogunate*, was overthrown and a

central government was formed. The military became determined to conquer neighboring countries that had the oil and mineral supplies Japan needed.

First they took Korea and Formosa, which had been Chinese territories. Then, after being hit hard by the worldwide Depression of 1929, they stepped up their invasions. They stormed Manchuria to the north and quickly decided to push east into the Pacific and west into China.

The Allied Western nations protested, but they were ignored. In 1940 Japan signed a pact with Germany and Italy. According to the pact, Japan could do whatever it wanted in the Orient.

But Japan knew the Allies would rise up to stand in the way. By 1941, the United States had blockaded the Japanese-American trade route, keeping the Japanese from much needed American goods. To the Japanese military leaders, there seemed only one thing to do before conquering Asia: cripple the United States before it could fight back.

On December 7, 1941, Japanese bombs fell on an American naval base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. On December 8, U.S. President Franklin Roosevelt declared war on Japan, and a true “world war” had begun.

SPECIAL INFORMATION

To prepare for your mission, here are some things you need to know:

1) *Ultra* was the secret name for the breaking of German codes, *Magic* for the breaking of Japanese codes.

2) Both the German and Japanese codes were transmitted by special coding machines. The German machine was known as *Enigma*, the Japanese as *Purple*.

3) The Poles and British began working together on the German



codes in the 1930s; the Americans began working on the Japanese codes in the late 1920s.

4) Small, decentralized field units were created to distribute decoded Ultra messages. These units were called *Special Liaison Units*, or *SLU's*.

5) Enigma messages were decoded at the Government Code and Cypher School, in Bletchley Park England.

6) The leader of the Purple code breakers for both the U.S. Army and Navy was William Friedman. “Hypo” was the name of the intelligence unit for the Pacific. It was headquartered at Pearl Harbor and led by Commander Joseph Rochefort.

7) Decoders are known as *cryptographers* or *cryptanalysts*.

DATA BANK COMPLETED.
CLICK HERE TO BEGIN
YOUR MISSION.



**Don't forget, when you see this symbol,
you can click it to check the Data File for
a hint.**





The cramped, dim room vibrates to a muffled *hummm*. There is no other sound, except for an occasional high-pitched beep. Around you, a tense group of sailors huddles in the dark. One of them trembles slightly. Another pretends to do a little work, adjusting dials on the radar screen or checking a graph.

Their eyes are trained on the man in the center of the room, who peers intently through a periscope.

A smile slowly spreads across the captain's face. "*Shirataka*," he whispers.

"I'm sorry, sir?" one of the crew members asks, his voice cracking.

Without answering, the captain backs away from the periscope. His smile is now a broad grin. "Take a look, gentlemen," he says, "at the enemy's sophisticated transport system."

Waiting your turn, you peer through the periscope . . . and peer.

What's the big deal? you wonder. There's nothing there but total blackness. You rub your eyes.

And then you see it—the gleaming hull of a huge flagship, peeking through black clouds that spew out of its smokestack. You catch a brief glimpse of Japanese writing on the hull.

"Radar's picking up nine ships!" someone shouts.

The captain nods. "Exactly what intelligence told us. They must be reading those Japanese codes as if they're newspaper reports!" He pulls you away from the periscope and looks through. "Who'd have thought they'd put that old coal-burner *Shirataka* smack in front of the rest? They're making our job easy!" He laughs.

His crew breaks out laughing, too. One of the men shouts,

“Awaiting instructions, sir!”

“Hang on till we’re closer, Mansfield,” the captain says. “They’ve got troop reinforcements aboard—two whole divisions just itching to give General MacArthur trouble. And we’re too close to winning this war to worry about—” Suddenly his face lights up. “There are the freighters! O.K., men, old Bamboo Number One convoy is about to hit the skids. They think they’re going to get to New Guinea—but we’ll make sure they don’t get past the Philippines, won’t we? Man the torpedoes!”

“YEEE-HAAHH!” A cheer rings through the stagnant air as the crewmen rush to their stations.

You realize you’re too far into the war—the Japanese codes are already being read and the Allies are obviously winning.

You take a look at the haggard, jubilant faces around you and wonder exactly what was it that caused these men to go to war. How did this whole thing start anyway?

You sneak a look at your list, which tells you that Japan’s first major act of war was the invasion of Manchuria in 1931.

FOOOOOMMMM!

With a sudden jolt, you tumble to the floor. The lights flicker on and off. An alarm squeals.

As the men scramble into position, you realize your sub is under attack! As fast as you can, you run out of the cabin into a dark hallway.



Go to the invasion of Manchuria in 1931.

[Click here.](#)



H *EIL HITLER!*

You put your hands over your ears. The roar from the crowd takes you by surprise.

And what a crowd! You've never seen anything like it. It stretches across an open field like an enormous human carpet. Around you, people are craning their necks to see something. Broad, ecstatic smiles are plastered across their faces, and many of them aren't much older than you are.

The guy in front of you is blond and about six feet two. He's wearing a khaki uniform with an armband. He's also blocking your view.

"Excuse me!" you shout. "I can't see!"

The boy turns around. You see the black swastika on his armband.

Next to him, a smiling, brown-haired guy says in German, "Who told you to grow so tall, Dieter?"

"Ach, of course," Dieter says. With a grin, he turns his back to you and crouches down. "Climb aboard, my friend! No one in Nuremberg today should miss an opportunity to see the great savior of Germany!"

Before you know it, you're clinging onto Dieter's shoulders and looking into the center of the vast crowd. Right down the middle there's a wide aisle, where two men are strolling toward a lectern. Behind the lectern are three vertical banners the size of ten-story buildings. A jagged swastika stares out from the center of each banner.

Dieter's eyes are now blazing with excitement. "Long live the Aryan race! Long live the Hitler Youth! Long live the Thousand-



Year Reich!” he shouts fanatically.

You hear a shrill, amplified, unintelligible voice. The crowd screams again:

“HEIL HITLER!”

Dieter shoves his arm in the air in a sharp, diagonal salute, along with everyone else. You nearly fall off his back.

You look over toward the lectern. One of the men who had been walking down the aisle is now addressing the throng. He seems so tiny and unimportant. You squint—and detect something very familiar about his face.

A black mark under his nose. The telltale square mustache that could belong only to Adolf Hitler.

The man begins to talk—no, *screech* is more the word for it. He goes on and on about the glory of the Nazi party, about Germany’s rise from the ashes, about ridding the world of all but the pure Aryan race.

All around you, the people are being whipped into a frenzy. You look into the glassy eyes of the man next to you and see that he is hooked. So, apparently, is everyone else. Hitler could tell them to stand on their heads, and in two seconds there’d be a hundred thousand feet in the air.

You feel sick to your stomach. How did the people of Germany ever get to the point that they could fall under Hitler’s spell?

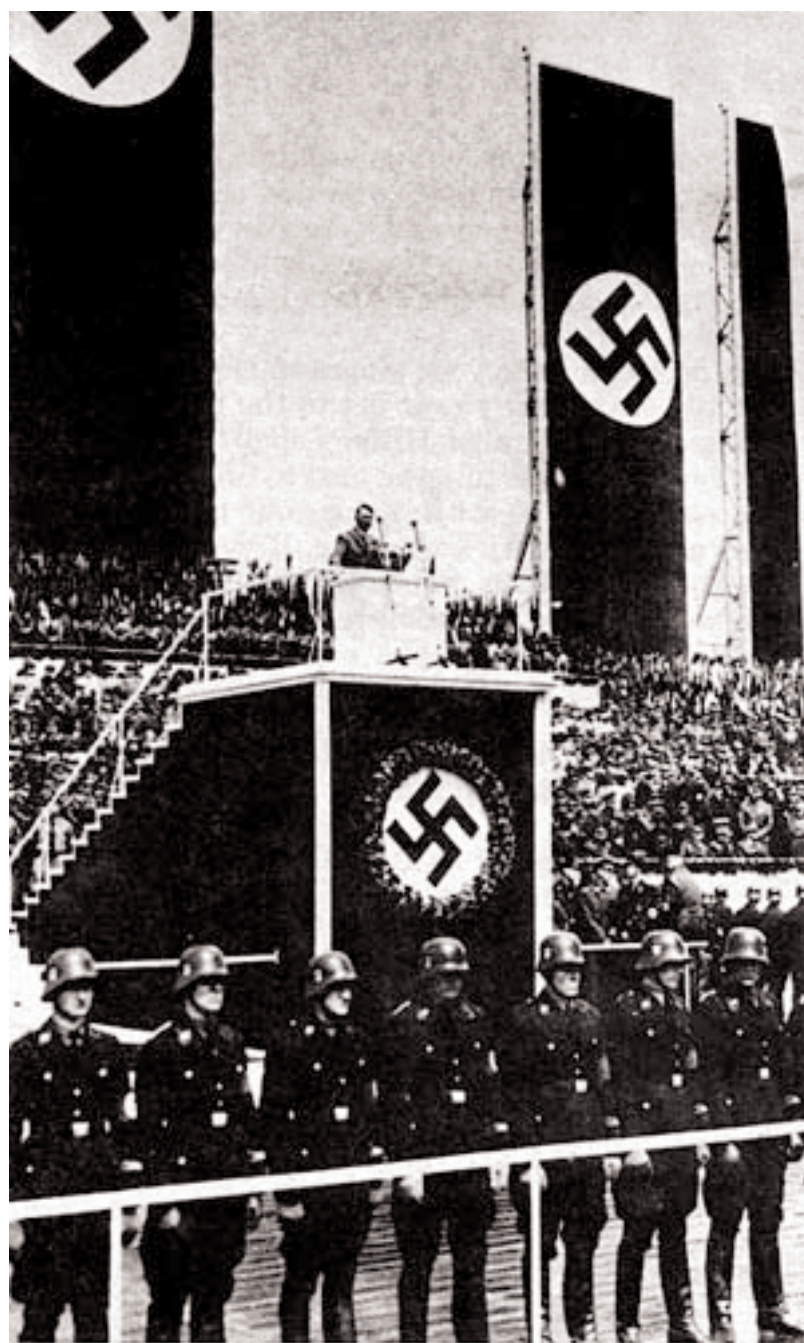
You want to go into the past to find out, but you also want to continue in your mission to get a secret decoded message. If you go back to the early 1930s, you might be able to infiltrate the British code breakers as they began solving the Germans’ code.



Go back to 1930 Germany. [Click here.](#)



**Go back to 1930 Great Britain.
[Click here.](#)**





You're being jostled on both sides by angry people as a loud voice echoes up and down the street. "Excuse me," you repeat about ten times, until you realize it's useless.

Putting your hands on the shoulders of a young man in front of you, you boost yourself up to get a glimpse of who's shouting.

"THE JAPANESE ARE CONQUERORS, NOT HEROES! THEY WILL DENY OUR SOVEREIGNTY AND MAKE OUR EMPEROR NOTHING BUT A POWERLESS PUPPET SERVING THEIR OWN INTERESTS!"

A young man is standing on a stack of cartons at the street corner. He is yelling so loud that the veins in his neck stand out.

Thump. You tumble to the ground as the man in front of you pulls his shoulders out from under you.

"Sorry," you say. "I just wanted to see. I'm new in these parts."

The guy looks at you strangely. "Friend of Japan?" he asks.

You must watch what you say. After all, you're in a country that's being threatened by the Japanese. "Um . . . I just *know* they're not going to win the war," you say meekly.

The man's eyes narrow. "What war?"

"What war?" you repeat. How are you going to get out of this one?

"Never mind," the guy says with a gleam in his eye. "You're right. You're one of the only ones who realizes there's a war ahead. Come with me!"

He grabs you by the hand and pulls you through the crowd. You

both duck into an alley between two stores and crouch down.

“Call me Jin-Dong,” the young man says in hushed tones. “Listen carefully. These towns-people are blind to the dangers that lay ahead. The military has practically taken over Japan. Sure, they’ve helped bring the country out of terrible poverty, but their plan is to conquer the world for the glory of their emperor. And guess where they’re starting, my friend?”

“Here?” you ask.

“Of course! If we don’t rebel, they’ll sweep through Manchuria and rob us of our natural resources. They’ll use us as a launching pad for an attack on China and Russia. We need people like you for the resistance. You’ve got to listen to me—”

BOOOOM! Just then a huge explosion resounds. A chunk of plaster falls from a nearby building. “Run!” Jin-Dong shouts.

He disappears out the back of the alley, leaving you all alone. You look toward the street. People are screaming hysterically, trampling over each other as they scatter in all directions.

You smell war in the air. You don’t want to be caught in the crossfire, but where should you go next?

You know the war was fought on another front—the European. Should you travel to Germany in the early 1930s, when the Nazis began to gain power?

Or should you continue on in your mission to find out about the code breakers? Maybe it would help to go back to when the Japanese code breaking began, in the late 1920s.

Suddenly the ground starts to shake. At first you think there’s a subway train underneath you. Then you think it might be an earthquake.

It doesn’t take long to find out what it really is. Your eyes widen as a line of armored tanks trundles down the street. One of them takes a potshot at a building, blowing off the entire second floor.

It’s time to jump!





Go to 1933 to see the beginning of the German campaign. **Click here.**



Go to the Pacific during the late 1920s to find out whatever you can about the Japanese code system. **Click here.**



At the sound of footsteps you turn to see a man scurrying up the stairs of a narrow, dark building. Raindrops are beginning to soak through to your scalp. You look around to see that you're on a deserted urban street. Could it be London? You look up at a street sign.

You're a little off. The sign is in Polish. But rain is rain no matter where you are!

"Hello!" you call out to the man.

He spins around, startled. "*Mon Dieu!*"

How strange—he's speaking French! You don't recognize him, but his broad, open features and cleft chin give him an air of strength and intelligence. He furtively pulls a leather briefcase behind him.

You decide to play a wild hunch.

"Codes?" you ask, pointing to the case.

He shifts his weight nervously from foot to foot. "I beg your pardon. Who are you?"

You think fast. "I'm the new assistant, sent from Great Britain to help with the German codes." You give him your name.

The man's face lights up. "Ah, yes! You frightened me there for a moment." He sticks out his right hand. "Captain Bertrand, radio intelligence officer, Second Bureau of the French General Staff; Section D, the Scientific, Technological, Intelligence, and Decoding Service."

"Whew," you say. "That's a mouthful."

He laughs. "I'm Gustave to my friends. Come along. I think

you'll be interested in my discovery."

He takes you inside the building, to a room where several energetic-looking men are working feverishly at their desks. They spring up to greet him. The room is a mess; coffee cups and cigarette butts are strewn everywhere. On a table in the center is a bulky machine that looks like a typewriter with light-bulbs attached to it.

"Gentlemen of the Polish intelligence staff," Bertrand says, "please meet our new assistant." He introduces you, but before anyone can say hello, he plunges on. "Now, as you know, I have been trying to crack the German code since 1926. You've been at it even longer. But it's 1931 now, and the Nazi party is no longer the joke we once thought it was. If Hitler has his way, both Poland and France will be threatened. Thus, our countries must work together."

He plops his briefcase down next to the strange machine. "And this, my friends, is the missing link we sorely need. The solution to the Enigma mystery."

"The key?" one of the Polish scientists says with wide-eyed expectation.

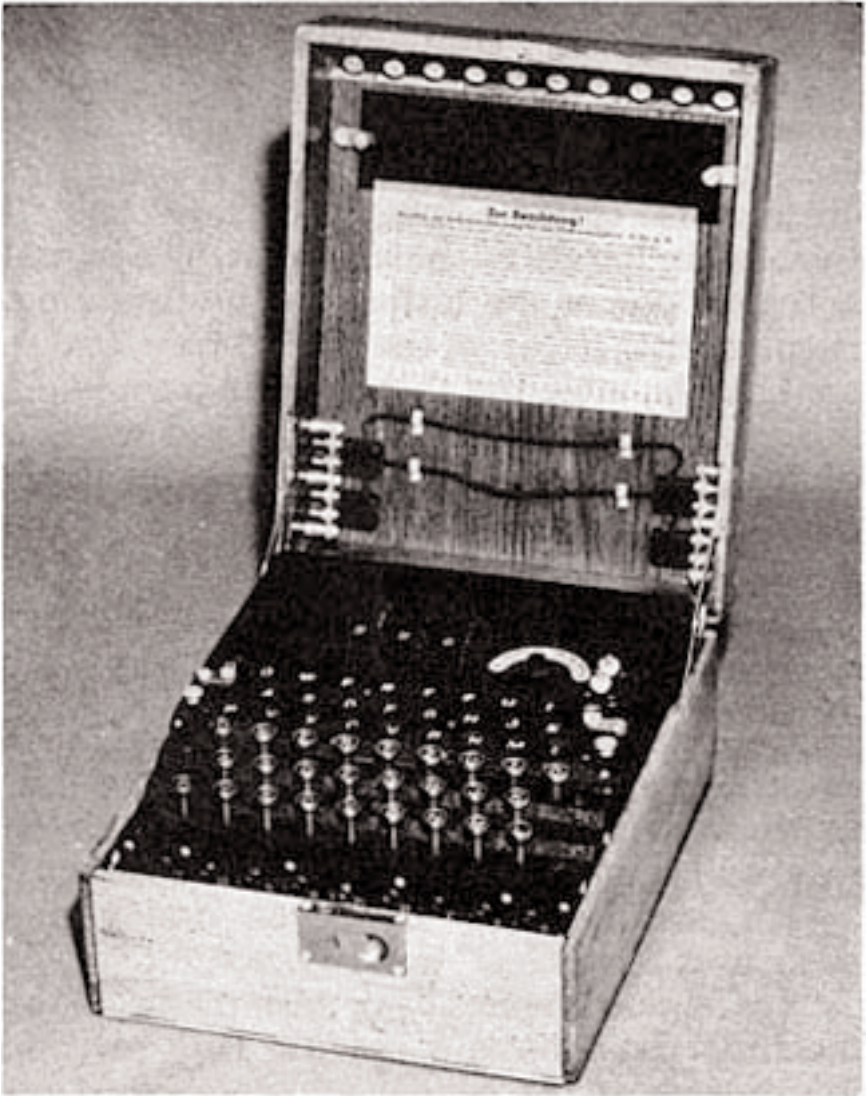
"Exactly, Captain Ciezki," Bertrand says. "Direct from good old Asche, my loyal German spy."

A happy whoop breaks out in the room. You want to join them, but you have no idea what Bertrand means by "the key."

As if reading your mind, he turns to you with a smile and taps the machine. "This is the Enigma code machine. When you press one of the letters of the keyboard, it sends an electrical current through a plugboard at the bottom, and then up to these three metal rings on top, also called rotors. Each rotor has all twenty-six letters of the alphabet. The signal activates one of the letters on the first ring, then another letter on the second ring, and so on. Finally, after the third ring, a completely different letter appears in a lighted window on top. Then the rings turn, like a car's odometer. So if the same letter is pressed again, an even different letter appears!"

"Wow!" you say. "How did you manage to get the machine?"

"It is being sold on the open market," Captain Ciezki says with a shrug. "But that doesn't help us much. As you can see, the elec-



trical connections can be arranged any which way, and the rings may be switched around.”

“It’s amazing they can even understand their own messages!” you say.

“Yes,” Ciezki replies. “For each message, the machine must have a specific ring setting, known only to the sender and receiver. That

setting is printed at the top of each message—like this.”

He picks up a coded message and shows it to you. The letters NZE are typed at the top, and underneath are groups of five-letter nonsense words.

“The person receiving the message turns the three rings so that the letters NZE are on top. Then he types the first six letters of the message.”

He types LQSWNO. The letters BQEBQE light up in sequence.

“We see that the letters BQE are repeated twice. All the messages begin this way—with a repeated group of three letters. This means that we must reset the rings to BQE. When *that’s* done, we start decoding.”

He types the next few letters: ROPAJQLLNPELM, and the letters GEHENSIEJETZT light up.

“‘Gehen Sie jetzt,’ ” Bertrand says. “That means *go now*.”

“It’s a cinch!” you remark.

Ciezki chuckles. “Not if you don’t have the key. The key tells how to set the plugs at the bottom of the machine. It also tells you which of the metal rings to use, and in what order—and each ring is really two interconnected wheels that must be turned to the correct position. The key tells which position!”

“So what are the odds of breaking the code?” you ask.

Ciezki sighs. “Without the settings and the key? Let’s see. . . .” He quickly jots some figures down on paper. “Three rings, with 26 letters, that’s 26 times 26 times 26, or 17,576 possibilities. But since they can be taken out and rearranged, that increases it sixfold . . . and then there are the plug connections and the reflector, not to mention the internal electrical connections. . . .” He writes furiously, then looks up. “For each letter, there are about five trillion trillion trillion trillion possibilities.”

“You’re kid—how—” you stammer.

“But if you know the ring setting, the odds are cut to one in two hundred million million million,” Ciezki interrupts.

“It’s almost impossible,” Bertrand adds, “and that’s why these papers are important! They give the current key!” He takes some

out of the briefcase and hands them to Ciezki. “But the bad news is that the Germans have somehow modified the construction of the machine to make the code even harder to break.”

Ciezki’s face clouds over. “We need to rebuild the machine before we start. Then we must figure a way to decode the messages without knowing the key—which they are certain to change from time to time. I’m afraid our chances of that are still infinitesimal.”

“Well,” Bertrand says, taking off his jacket, “what are we waiting for?”

You pretend to be tired and excuse yourself. Obviously you’re years away from the code breaking. Maybe you can help crack the code by going ahead in time to Great Britain.



Jump ahead seven years to Great Britain.

[Click here.](#)



Finally, peace and quiet! You're outdoors, surrounded by delicate, flowering trees and sweet smells. You feel like falling asleep.

Your reverie is broken by the halting, rhythmic sound of a voice speaking Japanese. You turn to see a small, thatched-roof building by a lily pond. The voice is coming from there.

You walk closer and peek into one of the windows. To the left of the room is a blackboard, and on it is written "JUNE 1928," next to some Japanese characters. A petite Japanese woman is standing in front of the blackboard, reciting something to a small group of people sitting at desks.

The students answer back in unison—and you do a double-take. Most of them are Caucasian, and most of them are wearing American military uniforms!

After the recitation, the teacher calls on one of the students, a handsome young man with brown hair and a shy smile. He stands up and reads from a sheet of paper in Japanese. His voice is strong and confident, and he doesn't falter once.

"Wonderful, as always, Mr. Rochefort!" the teacher says.

The man blushes as the class breaks out into spontaneous applause. You can't help but join in.

The teacher has spun around to see where the noise is coming from—and she's staring right at you!

You duck under the windowsill. Better jump in time now before you have to do any explaining. Besides, you've gotten off the track. What could this place have to do with code breaking?



Should you jump ahead a few months to the United States to see if the Americans really were involved in code breaking in the 1920s or should you go ahead closer to wartime?



Move ahead to 1920s America.

Click here.



Go to 1940s America. Click here.



You're at the end of a line. A couple dozen ragged people shuffle toward a man behind a table. The people are slumped and dirty looking, not like the fresh-scrubbed, enthusiastic Germans you've just seen.

"Come, come! We don't have all day. Collect your pay and move!" the man behind the table calls out in German.

You step forward, trying to figure out why the person in front of you looks so familiar. . . .

His face is haggard and his eyes are dull. They flicker toward you as he notices he's being stared at. At first you thought he was much older than you, but now that you see him face-to-face, you can tell that he's young—maybe even younger than you are.

All of a sudden you realize where you've seen the face before.

"Dieter?" you say timidly.

"I have nothing you can borrow," he says in a flat voice, as if he's said it a hundred times.

"No, no, I wasn't going to—"

"And I won't help you carry it home either," Dieter continues.

"Carry it?" You have no idea what he's talking about.

"I'll have my own hands full—and if I come home with even one mark missing, my parents will kill me!" He shakes his head. "It seems like I'm making so much money, but my dad says it's barely worth the paper it's printed on. My mom has to spend millions of marks for a loaf of bread—and we still can't afford to buy clothes!"

You glance ahead to see a short, frail woman with a wheelbarrow full of money. As she tries to push it away, no one helps her.



“That’s her *pay*?” you say in amazement.

Dieter gives you a wry smile. “Why? You expect to get more?”

“DIETER DIEFENBACH!” the man up front calls out.

You watch Dieter shuffle up to the table. His shoes are too small, and one of them has no laces.

You can understand how the Nazi party could have taken hold in Germany. These people are at the end of their ropes—their hopeless, hungry faces tell a chilling story. They are perfect prey for a charismatic dictator like Hitler.

“Name!” the man shouts. He’s looking straight at you!

Instinctively you give him your name. As the man leafs through a list, you slip away.

It’s time to get back to your mission. You need those decoded transcripts. To get them, you want to infiltrate the code breakers—preferably early on, so they’ll trust you throughout the war.

The British began breaking German codes in the 1930s and the Americans began breaking the Japanese codes in the late 1920s. That’s all you know, but it’ll have to do. Duck around a corner and jump in time.



Go ahead a year to Great Britain.

[Click here.](#)



Go back a few years to Japan. [Click here.](#)



All these new faces! My little Signal Intelligence Service is certainly growing—and getting younger.”

You’re in a narrow corridor. A wiry man with thinning gray hair and a brush mustache is rushing past you as he speaks. He winks at you with intense, twinkling eyes, which immediately dart back down to the sheaf of papers he’s holding. You catch a glimpse of the top sheet, which says MAGIC TRANSCRIPTS, AUGUST 6, 1940.

You return the man’s smile and follow him through a door into a brightly lit room, where dozens of men and women are hunched over desks. Against a wall is a huge, complex-looking machine with metal boxes, disks, and clusters of electrical wires.

The man walks toward two officers who are in a deep discussion. One of them, an older man with medals on his uniform, looks to be the highest-ranking person in the room. The other man has a boyish, open face that you instantly recognize—it’s Rochefort, the man who was such a good student in the Japanese classroom twelve years ago!

Rochefort looks up at you and the older man. “Ah, Mr. Friedman!” he says. “Any luck with the new code?”

“Hello, Captain Rochefort . . . Commander Safford,” Friedman says. He plops the papers down at their desk. “It looks as if the Japanese have switched to the new enciphering machine—this so-called Purple machine! They’re not sending messages on the old Red machine anymore—*those* messages we could read!”

“Well,” Rochefort replies, “the machines do have some things in common. I think we can assume that vowels are only coded as other

vowels, and consonants only as other consonants.”

“That’s a good start,” Safford says.

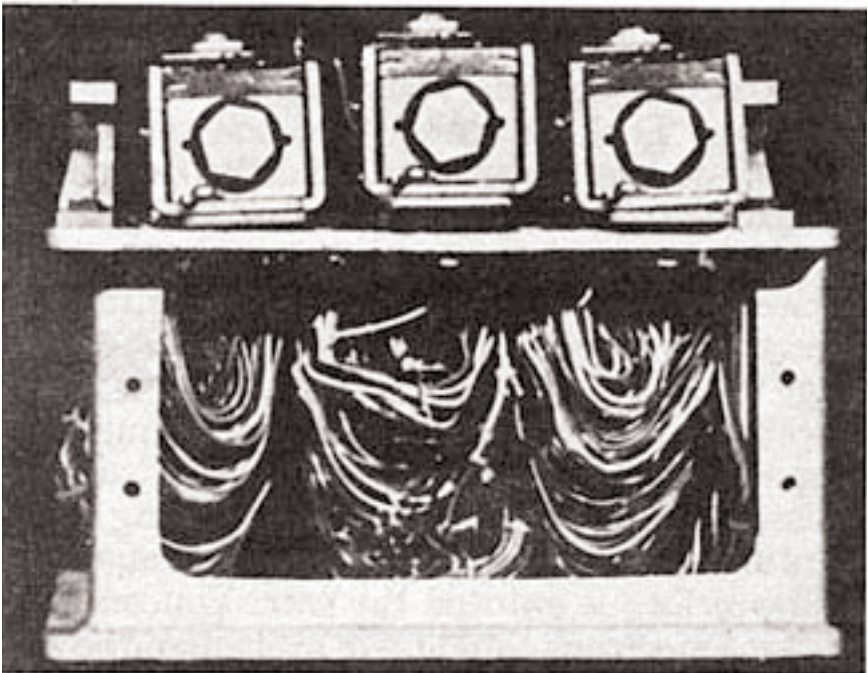
“Too bad you don’t have the same message in both codes,” you say, thinking out loud.

All three men stare at you.

You shrug defensively. “Well, let’s say a Red message and Purple message both came in, and you knew the messages said the same thing. You could decode the Red message, then put it side-by-side with the Purple one. Then you’d compare the two letter-by-letter to break the Purple code—but I guess that’s kind of a stupid suggestion.”

Friedman rubs his chin. “No . . . as a matter of fact, some of the Japanese units haven’t yet made the switch to Purple, so many of the messages are being sent out in both codes to avoid confusion.”

Excitedly, Rochefort rummages through his records. “Look at



these! Two messages, received at the same time, exactly the same length.”

The three men pore over it. “Yes. . . .” Friedman says, his eyes on fire. He makes dizzyingly quick calculations on a sheet of paper. “My Lord, that’s it. THAT’S IT!”

Slowly you back away. Remembering that the Pearl Harbor attack was in 1941, you realize Dewey was right about one thing. The United States *was* intercepting Japanese codes before it entered the war. You wonder if the Americans could have prevented the attack. Should you try to find out if there were any warnings before Pearl Harbor happened, or go straight to the day of the attack?

Friedman looks at you, elated. “You’ve helped us enormously, young friend. How can we repay you?”

“Well,” you say, thinking fast, “you can get me a replacement for my I.D. card.” You give Friedman a sheepish look. “I can’t seem to find it.”

Friedman cheerfully writes a note, gives it to you, and sends you to the security office. Within minutes you have a piece of paper identifying you as a cryptographer’s assistant.

But you don’t return to Friedman’s office. There are too many people there for you to sneak away with a copy of a message. You find an empty corridor and jump in time, hoping to discover if the United States did have warning about the attack on Pearl Harbor.



Go ahead a year to the time before Pearl Harbor. [Click here.](#)



Go ahead to Pearl Harbor Day, December 7, 1941. [Click here.](#)



Everything is so neat and proper—from the vast manicured lawn behind you to the long, two-story redbrick building you’re standing next to. Six ornate gables protrude from the roof, alongside an equal number of chimneys. There’s enough intricate stonework around the windows to keep your eyes busy for an hour.

“I say, who are you?” a voice calls out.

A man has walked out of the building and is heading toward you across the curved driveway that sweeps by the building. He’s in bad need of a haircut and his clothes are rumpled and dirty. “No, don’t tell me—I enjoy a mystery.” He eyes you up and down. “You’re young, presentable, and you made your way through security. I deduce you must be some cryptographic prodigy. . . .” His eyes light up. “Perhaps that new assistant I’ve been requesting for ages?”

“Yes!” you agree immediately.

The man looks overjoyed. “Wonderful! I’m Alan Turing. Welcome to Bletchley Park, the Government Code and Cypher School. Why didn’t they tell me you were coming?”

You think fast. “I’m, uh . . . on roving assignment between here and Poland.”

“Very well,” Turing says as he ushers you into the building. “I shall make sure your papers are in order. Then you are to come with me to meet the Bronze Goddess.”

You have no idea what he’s talking about, but it doesn’t matter. After a short trip to the security office, you have I.D. papers declaring you are an assistant for *Ultra*, the British decoding organization.

As Turing leads you to a room off the main foyer, his face lights up. “And now, my young friend, meet our beautiful goddess, otherwise known as the *Bombe*. . . . Voila!”

He flings open the door to reveal a room swarming with people who don’t even look up.

But it’s the bronze-colored monster in the center that grabs your attention. It’s taller than anyone in the room and about six feet wide. Lights, plugs, wires, and rotors stick out from it at all angles, and it makes a loud, hideous clacking noise.

“Amazing, isn’t it?” Turing says above the din. “It has the capability of figuring out complex mathematical problems many times faster than the human mind. It’s busy helping us crack the Enigma code by testing all possible letter combinations—a process we call *Ultra*, as you know.” He sighs. “Unfortunately, unlike our minds, it has no memory. Someday I predict artificial memory will be created—and a *true* computer will be invented. Of course, it would have to be the size of this building. . . .”

You’re dying to tell him about laptop computers, but instead you let him continue.

“Anyway, for years we’d known how the Enigma code works, but the messages had been too complex. Our Goddess hadn’t been of much help until our boys stumbled onto a German U-boat last winter—completely lifeless inside, the victim of some unknown tragedy. But among the dead crew was a new Enigma machine. We smuggled it here, and we’ve been working our dear *Bombe* to death with the new information. We’ve adjusted the settings umpteen times but so far we’ve had little luck.” He walks you over to a desk, where a balding, white-haired man sits next to a stern-looking woman. “In fact, I was working so hard that Colonel Menzies and Mrs. Owen sent me away for a rest—”

Just then Colonel Menzies bolts up from his desk. In his right hand is a thin strip of paper. “Turing!” he shouts. His hand trembles as he holds out the paper. “Here are the results from that last *Bombe* configuration you gave us. . . .”

Turing grabs the paper. Reading it over his shoulder, you shrug.



“It’s just a list of names.”

“*German* names!” Turing says, his voice choked with emotion. “Rolf, Hans, Franz . . . and look at the label above them: ‘Personnel Postings—Luftwaffe pilots!’ ”

“Which means—” you say.

“Which means we’ve done it!” Mrs. Owen blurts out, her face beaming.

Turing grabs you by the shoulder and shrieks, “WE’VE DONE IT!”

A wild roar breaks out from the other workers, who swarm around Mrs. Owen and Colonel Menzies. You shiver with excitement. It’s spring of 1940, a year and a half before the United States even entered the war, and already the German codes have been broken.

All sorts of questions pop into your mind: Were the Allies really reading all the Nazis’ secret messages throughout the war? If they were, why did the war drag on until 1945? Did the code breaking help the Allies at all? You hope so, because your mission is to bring back a message that helped the Allies win the war.

A message that helped the Allies win the war. . . . You think that over. There were plenty of decisive battles in World War II—some of them must have paved the way for an Allied victory. Maybe one of those battles was tipped off by an Ultra message.

You take your data card out of your pocket. Sure enough, there’s a list of major battles—*lots* of them. You pick the Battle of Britain, which is only six months ahead. While no one is looking, jump in time.



Go ahead to July 1940, to the Battle of Britain. [Click here.](#)



The breeze of the Spanish coast gives way to the smell of musty wood. You're inside Bletchley Park again, when suddenly you hear the sound of footsteps.

It's a trim young British officer, pacing up and down the hallway. He does a double-take when he sees you. "I don't believe we've met."

As you reach for your I.D. card, you hear a voice from behind. "Ah, you've returned! My, you don't seem to have changed in three years!"

You turn to see Alan Turing bustle toward you. You can swear he's wearing the exact same clothes he had on last time.

"Thank you, Mr. Turing," you say.

"Any progress on the V1 bomb sites yet, Alan?" the young officer asks.

Your mood lifts. The British know about the V1 bombs, which the German soldier in Spain thought were top secret.

"No, R.V.," Turing says. "Nothing since that Ultra signal telling us about the bomb's existence."

The officer sighs. "Well, at least we had our spotter planes out in full force. I was hoping we'd destroy them all by D-Day of Operation Overlord—"

"WE'VE GOT IT!" a voice suddenly shouts from within the radio room. You follow the officer as he runs inside.

There, a half-dozen men and women are gathered around a radio receiver. Their faces are beaming. A blond woman turns toward you and the young man. "Professor Jones," she says, "one of our spot-

ters is looking at a V1 bomb in its launching ramp, in Peenemunde, Germany!”

Professor Jones’s face lights up. “Excellent! We’ll be able to bomb the site before the V1’s are off the ground!”

A stocky radio operator laughs. “They won’t know what hit them! They’re still waiting for us in Greece.”

You’re reminded of what you saw in Spain. You realize you’re not supposed to change the course of history, but you can’t help blurting, “You know, a Marine’s body washed ashore with the plans for that attack—”

A roar of laughter explodes in the room. “Yes, the body that we dressed up and planted with fake papers,” one of the operators says. “I never thought the Nazis would fall for that one!”

So the body was a trick! It seems like a gruesome thing to have done, but somehow you can’t help but smile.

Professor Jones isn’t laughing, though. In fact, he’s looking at you suspiciously—but at your backpack, not your face! You reach behind you and notice a piece of clothing sticking out. You pull it out to see what it is. . . .

Professor Jones’s jaw drops. You’ve just yanked out your German uniform.

You turn and run out the door as quickly as you can and jump in time.



Go ahead five months to see if Ultra helped with D-Day. [Click here.](#)



Y*ecch.* You're facedown on a greasy floor, with your knees curled up practically to your face. There's a deafening engine noise around you, as if you're stuck in the middle of a lawnmower. You try to move your arms, but you can't.

With horror, you see that there's a thick rope wrapped around you. Are you in the middle of some prisoner-of-war camp?

"Where are you, you rotter?" you hear a voice call out.

You crane your neck upward. You're not in a prison at all—you're tangled up in rope behind the seat of a small, one-man reconnaissance plane. Thick clouds rush by the windows.

But who's the pilot talking to?

Smack. He pounds his fist on his control panel. "You're supposed to be right down there—near Benghazi, just off the coast of Cyrenaica! You're supposed to be meeting a convoy for fuel! Our intelligence is never wrong about these things—we've been picking off convoys all over the place! Come out, come out, Rommel!"

He's talking to himself; he doesn't seem to know you're there. Carefully you untangle yourself from the rope. You have no idea where "Cyrenaica" is, so you quietly take out your map and see that it's in the North African country of Libya.

A couple of questions pop into your head. If the Allies are shooting down convoys, aren't the Nazis suspicious that their codes are being read? And where's Rommel? Did he change his plans because he suspected Ultra?

The only way you can find the answers is to infiltrate the Nazis even though you'll be taking a dangerous detour from your mission.

Suddenly the plane zooms out of the cloud cover, and the pilot sits bolt upright in his seat. “The convoy! Those filthy, sneaking—they’ve changed their course! I’ve got to let Montgomery know right away!”

He touches his mike and says a small prayer. Then he sighs and says, “Kesselring, I know I’m close to your slimy Nazi headquarters in Sicily. And I know you’ll probably pick up the signal I’m about to send. But just you try to shoot me down!”

He rips the mike from its stand, sends a signal to Montgomery’s headquarters, and flies away at full throttle.

You hang on to the seat where it’s bolted to the floor. The engine is screaming with the strain.

After what seems like ages, you hear the sound of another plane. You sneak a peek out the window. The plane is coming right toward you. It’s long, black, and—

Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-tat! You see short bursts of light from the distant plane. It must be firing a machine gun!

Suddenly there’s a sharp jolt. You’re slammed back down to the floor. The plane begins to spin. You’re feeling dizzy. The pilot lets out a blood-curdling scream.

He’s been hit! As he slumps over his seat, the plane plunges straight down.

Leave now, while you still can!



Go ahead a few days and find Rommel.

Click [here](#).



Go ahead a few days to Sicily and find Kesselring. [Click here](#).



You find yourself staring at a large oak doorway. To your left and right, solemn portrait paintings stare out of gilded frames above a plushly carpeted hallway. You seem to be in some sort of mansion, but why?

“Colonel Clarke,” you hear, “you’re wasting your time with this letter.”

The voice is coming from the room behind the oak door. You crouch down to the door’s keyhole and peek in.

There, a well-dressed man with a pencil-thin mustache is sitting at a desk, holding a letter in his hand. An Army colonel sits in a chair on the other side of the desk.

“But Governor Dewey—” Clarke begins.

The mustached man cuts him off. “It’s common knowledge in Washington that the Japanese code was broken by the United States Signal Intelligence Service in August of ’40. It’s also known that you had intercepted the 1941 attack order on Pearl Harbor! And yet the Japanese took us completely by surprise. Something happened to that interception, Colonel.”

“Sir,” Clarke says, “that is a very debatable subject.”

Dewey narrows his eyes and leans across the desk to Clarke. “Indeed. Tell me, Colonel, wasn’t there strong public sentiment against the United States’ involvement in the war in 1941?”

“Well, certainly there was some—”

“Of course. But President Roosevelt knew that we needed to get involved, to protect our Allies and also to boost our economy. After all, the war would mean more production, more jobs! So what bet-

ter way to convince the public than to ignore the decoded message, or suppress it! That way, the attack would remain a surprise, and every decent citizen would favor war. A perfect plan. The only problem is, all those innocent lives were wasted at Pearl Harbor! And Colonel, I am determined to let the American people know what happened. To tell you the truth, I wouldn't be surprised if Roosevelt himself is behind this letter! He knows that I stand a good chance to defeat him in the presidential election, and he thinks this letter will shut me up!"

"First of all, Governor, I give you my word that Roosevelt knows nothing about this letter. General Marshall sent it on his own accord. More importantly, as the letter states, the Japanese still have no idea that we're reading their codes. If you publicize this information, they'll surely change their codes, which will prolong the war and waste many *more* innocent lives."

Dewey furrows his brow. "Come now, Colonel, do you expect me to believe the Japanese are *still* using the same two codes they used at the beginning of the war?"

"I assure you that's so. In fact, one of them is our lifeblood in intelligence."

"Mmm," Dewey says, scanning the letter again. "Well, what about this stuff about Eisenhower? What do the Japanese codes have to do with him? He's in Europe!"

Clarke sighs. "Well, sir, I must tell you something in utmost confidence."

"Go ahead," Dewey says with a shrug, "this room isn't bugged."

You press closer to the keyhole.

"Well," Clarke says, "long ago the British broke the German Enigma code. Churchill considers it to be decisive in the European war."

Dewey sits up. He looks shocked.

Clarke continues, "But so much information about the Nazis has come via the *Japanese* codes that those codes have become our main basis of information regarding Hitler's intentions in Europe."

Dewey's defiant look melts away. He drums his fingers nervous-

ly on the desk. “All right, Colonel. It’s a deal. I shall have my campaign speech rewritten and delete all references to the codes.”

You feel like cheering—who knows what would have happened if Dewey had spilled the beans?

But your thoughts are interrupted by a voice behind you: “Hey, you! What’re you doing by that door?”

It’s a guard. You break into a run and dash around the corner. You spy an open door and quickly hide behind it. You don’t dare to breathe until the custodian goes past.

You let out your breath and start to think. Dewey said that the Japanese code was broken in August of 1940 by a United States government organization. You need to track that organization down.



**Go back four years and stay in
Washington. [Click here.](#)**





You're in a long, cramped passageway. At the end of it, dappled bright light streams in through a metal grid. You must be in some sort of ventilation shaft.

You crawl to the grid and look through. A man in a Naval uniform is standing at the head of a long conference table, around which twelve other officers sit attentively.

He begins to read from a sheet of paper: " 'July 14, 1941 . . . memo from Signal Intelligence Service to the United States Office of Naval Operations . . . Magic reports show that Japanese Foreign Minister has established firm relationship with both Hitler and Mussolini, as well as neutrality pact with Russians. Latest signal says in part: "Army will need only one division to seize Singapore and two divisions to seize Netherlands Indies . . . with new air forces and submarine fleets established, we will crush British-American military power." ' "

"They don't exactly sound as peace-loving as old Ambassador Nomura makes them out to be!" one of the officers remarks.

"Maybe Nomura doesn't know about their plans," another suggests. "Maybe the plans are going on above his head."

"Sure," says a third. "Hot air rises!"

The officers break into laughter, including the leader. He puts down the sheet and announces, "Boys, I don't think we need to worry about the Japanese for quite some time!"

Wrong! you want to yell out. If it's July 1941, they've only got five months.

You notice the message didn't say anything specifically about

Pearl Harbor. *Were* there any messages that tipped off the attack? You wonder if the attack order itself was intercepted. You also wonder what the Japanese are up to—is it possible their Ambassador *didn't* know about the attack? Jumping in time is the only way to find the answers.



Go ahead to Japan in November.

[Click here.](#)



Go ahead five months to December 7, the day of the attack. [Click here.](#)





The blood drains from your face. You're diving straight down through thick clouds in a propeller plane.

Next to you, your copilot is staring straight ahead, his hands on the steering wheel. "You're back," he says tersely.

"Huh?" you say. Your knuckles turn white as you clutch a handle on the control panel. Right above it is a handwritten sign that says GOD BLESS THE RAF and two black-and-white photos: a smiling family in a garden and a pretty, blond-haired woman.

The pilot eases the plane to a horizontal position. As you wait for your stomach to settle, he grabs the photo impulsively and kisses it. "Beautiful, isn't she? Elizabeth, her name is. Elizabeth Packham." He smiles. "But it'll be Elizabeth Hollings after she marries me! We've even got a house picked out—right near my parents in Coventry—"

"Hollings, change your course! Messerschmitt fighters attacking north by northeast!" the radio signal blares.

"All right, man the gun turret," Hollings tells you. "Old Dowding managed to save us for this day. We're not going to let him down!"

Gun turret? You turn around to see a small, glass-domed area in the roof behind you. Inside it is a machine gun on a swivel base—and a British soldier!

You realize with dread that Hollings must think *you* are that other soldier!

The soldier is preoccupied scanning the skies. You're lucky he hasn't noticed you yet. You leave your seat, step toward the turret, and

duck into a cramped equipment area out of both men's lines of sight.

"Here they come!" Hollings shouts.

The gunner doesn't seem to hear Hollings, but he doesn't need to. His eyes are on the Nazi planes and he fires a volley of shots.

KA-BOOOM! With a resounding crash, a Luftwaffe fighter explodes into flames—then another, and another! On your left and right, you see other British planes swooping in for the kill.

Before long, the surviving Luftwaffe planes are retreating. Hollings lets out a victorious cheer. The gunner climbs down, slaps Hollings on the back, and takes the copilot seat.

Looks like Dowding's tactics worked—thanks to Goering's decoded signal, picked up by Ultra!

A voice comes over the radio: *"Excellent work, men! You'll be happy to know Prime Minister Churchill sends his personal congratulations to you all!"*

Both Hollings and the gunner beam with pride. "That, sir," Hollings replies into his headset, "is the greatest honor we could ask for."

You're intrigued by how much Churchill's name affects these guys. But most of all, you're feeling claustrophobic. You've got to get out of this tiny, cramped plane.

If you go ahead two years, you can see the British campaign against the Axis in North Africa. Maybe *there* you'll find your message.



Jump ahead a few months and meet Churchill. [Click here.](#)



Go ahead a couple of years to North Africa. [Click here.](#)





You're on a landing craft, chugging along the coastline. Everything around you seems to have lost color: the sky is medium gray, the water light gray with whitecaps, your ship a black-and-gray fortress. Ugly, rigid objects protrude from the water near the coastline, like black steel tentacles.

The grim-faced soldiers around you stare out to the beach. They're loaded down with guns, ammunition, and backpacks that are the size of their torsos. One of them, a private who has the name BLANCHARD sewn above the breast pocket on his shirt, turns to you. His face is ashen, and the look of terror in his eyes makes you shiver.

"I think I'm going to get sick," he says.

You don't blame him. The ship is rocking like crazy. "Just hang on," you say. "It won't be long."

"Yeah," Blanchard says with a weak nod.

Just then the ship makes a sharp left toward the beach. The soldiers begin to shift their weight forward, edging toward a huge steel door at the bow of the ship.

And that's when the enemy fire begins. You see distant bursts of light, followed by a sound like the barrage of explosions at the end of a fireworks display.

Slowly, the big door swings down to form a platform leading into the water.

"YEEEE-AAAAAAH!" The first soldier lets out a bloodcurdling cry as he runs off the platform.

"S-see you on the beach," Blanchard says.



You're caught up in the crush of soldiers, and before long you're trudging through chest-high water. You think it's raining, but it's really the spray from machine-gun fire strafing the water around you. A soldier to your right lurches backward and falls into the ocean, his arms flailing. Blanchard, who's behind the soldier, rushes to save him.

"Watch it!" another soldier shouts. "There's a bomb crater there—"

But it's too late. Blanchard disappears under the water so suddenly, the shock doesn't even have time to register on his face.

You turn away in horror. Under that frightened exterior, your friend was a brave man.

You know the Allies must storm Europe in order to push toward Germany, but what a treacherous way to begin! Right now, you realize the luckiest people in the war are in Patton's camp in Kent.

You've got to get out of here. You're not going to find a decod-

ed message in the ocean.

Zhhhiinnnnng! A bullet whizzes by, inches from your ear. The next one might not miss. Holding your breath, you duck under water, where no one will see you, and jump in time.



Go ahead a few weeks to an Allied SLU during the retaking of France.

[Click here.](#)





A warm breeze caresses you, relaxing your nerves. Over a sand dune, you can see a calm, turquoise sea stretching to the horizon. For a moment, you think you're in the Bahamas or Hawaii—

"If you ask me, sir, the man is a rat."

Your imagination comes crashing back to reality. You turn around to a sight of jeeps, olive-drab tents, and men in British uniforms. One of them is a lean, hawk-faced older man with perfect posture and a stern glint in his eye. On his head is a tilted black beret.

"A rat, Monty?" someone says to him with a chuckle. You look over to see a broad profile—Prime Minister Winston Churchill of Great Britain. "No, that's too complimentary a name for Herr Rommel. The Nazi commander in North Africa deserves much worse. In fact, I think that's a good name for you and your troops. Yes—General Bernard Montgomery and his Desert Rats!"

Around them, several soldiers burst into laughter. Montgomery glares at them.

"We must talk, old man," Churchill says. He puts his arms around Montgomery and walks him away from the camp. You hide in a thick clump of reeds as the men pass by.

"Sir Winston," Montgomery says, stiffly. "I haven't had the opportunity to express the honor I feel at your having chosen me as leader of the Eighth Army—"

"Yes. Now, let us dispense with idle chatter, Monty," Churchill says. "Tell me of this Ultra message I missed while I was in

Moscow.”

“Well, sir, it seems our boys at Bletchley Park picked up a signal from Field Marshal Rommel to Hitler. Not only Rommel’s entire plan of attack through North Africa, but the list of the units involved and the date of attack!”

Churchill’s face breaks into a slow smile. “Capital, Monty. Just capital. I think we’ll have to meet Herr Rommel—when he least expects it—and with more force than he dreams possible.”

“I thought we’d call it Operation Beachhead,” Montgomery says.

“No, no, more powerful!” Churchill answers. He stops walking, then turns to Montgomery, matter-of-factly. “Operation Torch—much better sound. Now, shall we draw up plans?”

“Yes, sir,” Montgomery says, and the two men turn back toward Montgomery’s tent.

You freeze. They’re walking in your direction. Jump in time before they see you.



Travel ahead two months to Operation Torch. [Click here.](#)



A cloud of smelly cigar smoke wafts past your nose. You wave it away.

You're in a large room with oak-paneled walls. There's one other person there—a large man, bald except for wisps of white hair on either side of his broad, fleshy face. He's standing at a window, puffing on a cigar and looking out into the cold, rainy day. His body is slumped, as if he has the whole weight of the world on his shoulders.

And he probably does. The monogrammed *WC* stationery on his desk confirms your suspicion that this is Winston Churchill, England's leader throughout World War II.

If you don't hide, he'll discover you. You turn to tiptoe away.

Too late. "Ho there!" Churchill calls out. "I say, how did you get in here?"

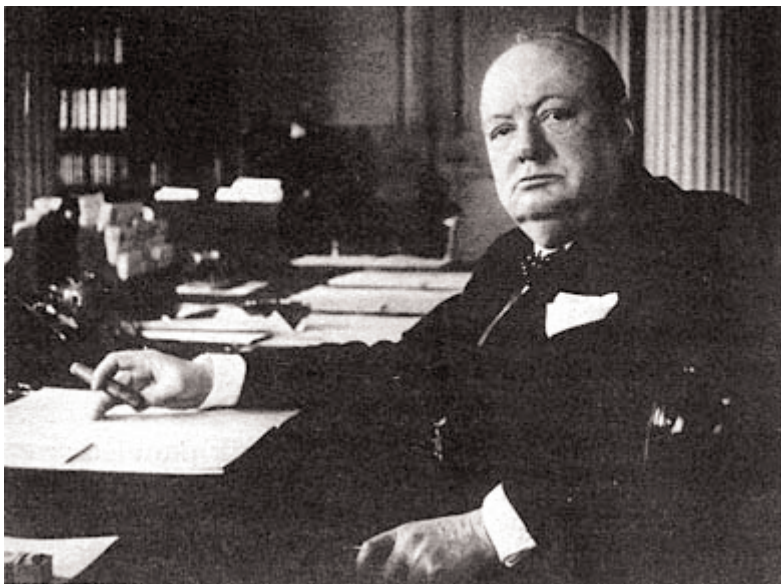
You turn around. Churchill's small, deep-set eyes burn into you. "Um, I'm Alan Turing's new assistant . . . from Bletchley Park."

Churchill nods and sits down at his desk. "Of course. I've been expecting you."

Expecting you? Amazed, you sink into a chair. Churchill chomps on his cigar. His face is clouded over with gloom. "It has been said that one can never have too much knowledge." He sighs. "But now I'm not quite so sure."

"I—I know just what you mean," you say solemnly. You're lying.

Churchill raises an eyebrow. "I dare say, without your Ultra interceptions we may not have survived the Battle of Britain. However, I am deeply disturbed by this message your people sent me."



He indicates a piece of paper on his desk. Your eyes skim the text:

ULTRA SUMMARY: BOMBING RAID TO COMMENCE EVENING 14 NOVEMBER 1940, TOWN OF COVENTRY.

Coventry. The name rings a bell. But before you can figure out why, your eye catches the date on Churchill's desk calendar—November 14 . . .

"As you already know," Churchill says, "in a few hours, our gracious Nazi adversaries will be demonstrating their superior martial skills by blowing our innocent women and children to smithereens."

The wall clock says 3:30. "How long will it take to launch a counterattack?" you suggest. "Or evacuate the town?"

Churchill nods. "If I do that, my friend, the Nazis will surely suspect that we have been intercepting their transmissions. As you know, fighting this war without Ultra would be like playing tennis without an arm."

He turns away and places his hand on a telephone. His face seems sunken with sorrow. "And yet, all those lives . . ."

You quietly reach for your camera. If you can get a shot of the Ultra summary—

Just then there's a knock at the door. "Someone here to see you, sir," a voice calls in. "From Bletchley Park."

Churchill shoots you a baffled look. "Another? I was expecting only one—"

You spring up from your chair. "I'll get it!" In a split second you're out the door.

Hop ahead in time to escape.



Go ahead a few hours to Coventry to see what happened. [Click here.](#)



Admiral Nagano, the United States will eventually be drawn into a war with us. We must destroy their naval fleet at Pearl Harbor if we are to survive!”

A fiery young Japanese officer stands chest-to-chest with his older superior, who shakes his head in response. They are both too intent to see you. You slip into an area sealed off by rice-paper screens.

“Admiral Yamamoto,” Nagano says, “I realize you’ve been appointed Commander of the Japanese Combined Fleet. And of course I know of your genius and heroism. But you must also realize that I, not you, am the Chief of the Naval General Staff. I have seen much fighting, and I tell you we must wait. Your memory is short. You do not remember our recent war game, which showed us that we do not have enough air cover for an attack. And how can we hope to sustain a *sea* battle when we have not yet developed a torpedo effective in shallow water?”

“But these details may take years to accomplish!” Yamamoto counters. “We are already expanding our empire. If we are to achieve our goals, we cannot delay! I say strike the Americans before they’re ready—within the month. By the time they recover, we will have conquered all lands from Manchuria to China to New Guinea!”

Nagano sighs. “I cannot help but admire your passion, Yamamoto. I will authorize the assault on Pearl Harbor, but only under the condition that we be able to call it off at the last moment.”

A smile creeps across Yamamoto’s face. “You are a wise man, Admiral Nagano.”



You realize the Pearl Harbor attack wasn't as decisive as you thought it was—even as late as *November*, they weren't sure about it! Maybe there really were no clear Magic messages about it.

The two men are getting up. Yamamoto is heading your way. Quick, slip into time. Maybe you can find a Magic message the day of the Pearl Harbor attack. If you do, you'll be able to prove that the United States *was* warned about Pearl Harbor in advance!



Go ahead a month to Washington on
December 7, 1941. [Click here.](#)



R*RRRROOOMMM!*

You tumble to the ground. Chunks of cement, brick, and stone hurtle past you on all sides. Through the dust you see a massive cathedral collapse into rubble.

Before the dust settles, firemen are dousing buildings that have burst into flames. How did they get there so fast?

You see the words COVENTRY FIRE DEPARTMENT on the side of a fire truck. Obviously Churchill didn't evacuate the town, but maybe he notified the fire officials in advance.

"Let go of me!" a voice screams. "I've got to go back inside!"

You look over to see a young boy about your age struggling against the grip of an older man. A woman looks on in horror, holding the hands of two young children. In front of them, a wooden-frame house is on fire. Its roof is about to topple inward.

"It's too late, son!" the man yells. "You'll be killed!"

"But Elizabeth is in there!" the boy pleads. "I've got to get her out!"

A fireman rushes toward them with a length of hose. "Hold on to your son, Mr. Hollings!" he calls out. "Whoever was in there is either burnt or crushed."

Hollings . . . Elizabeth . . . it finally dawns on you where you've heard of Coventry before. It's the home town of the RAF pilot you flew with in the Battle of Britain!

And Elizabeth was the name of his beautiful girlfriend, whose picture was taped to his control panel.

"My brother would be in there by now!" the boy is crying out.



“*He* wouldn’t be afraid! Let me go!” His face is streaked with soot and tears.

As you watch the house crumble inward, you feel a lump in your throat. You hope Churchill’s decision was worth this price.

CRRRRACK! You look to your left and see that the stone wall of a four-story building is about to topple onto your head. Quick, escape in time!



Go ahead two years to the next major Allied battle, in North Africa. [Click here.](#)





Suddenly your feet are freezing cold. You look down and realize you're ankle deep in water. A few yards away, people are running toward the shoreline, shouting in Spanish, "A soldier! A soldier!"

Your eyes follow them. You gasp in horror. A body has washed up on the shore, facedown in the sand. It's dressed in a British Royal Marine uniform, and its right hand is clutching a briefcase.

A few curious shorebirds skitter away as the Spaniards drag the body onto the sand.

Behind you, someone shouts, "Stand back!" The language is Spanish, but there's a definite German accent. You turn to see a Nazi soldier running down the beach. He lifts his legs awkwardly as his jackboots sink into the sand.

"Look lively!" he shouts to you. Why would he speak to you? You glance down and realize that you're still in a German uniform.

You follow him to the body. He snatches the briefcase, opens it, and rifles through. The words MOST SECRET are stamped on the top folder. The soldier looks through the folder and lets out an ugly laugh. "Look at this," he says, and shows you detailed plans for a fake Allied attack on Sicily. It seems the Allies have designed it to divert the Nazis while General Patton's army really attacks Greece.

Is the Allies cover going to be blown by a dead British soldier who just happened to wash up near a Nazi base in Spain?

The Nazi officer snickers. "Truly the tide is turning for us," he says. "First the news today about the development of the miraculous V1 flying bombs, and now this! I believe May 1943 will go down

in history as the beginning of the end for the Allies.”

You have a feeling the Allies are in deep trouble. Patton’s men will be sitting ducks, and these flying bombs don’t sound like a lot of fun, either.

“I’ve got to get this information to headquarters,” the soldier says. You are angry that the Allies are about to be ambushed in Greece and you can do nothing to stop it. But who knows? Maybe they’ll be tipped off by a German signal.

If they are, you want to be at Bletchley Park when the signal comes in. Quick, duck behind a rock, change into your regular clothing, and jump in time.



Go right to Bletchley Park. [Click here.](#)



Take a detour to see if Patton’s army really was ambushed. [Click here.](#)



You're standing outside a brick building on a cold wintry morning. The building's parking lot is almost empty, but you spot one man in a crisp uniform walking inside. You follow, hoping he'll let you in.

He sees you out of the corner of his eye. "Don't tell me you're one of those young genius cryptographers they've been sending us," he says with a wry grin.

You quickly show him your I.D. card from Friedman.

He looks at your card, then shakes your hand—hard. "Colonel Rufus Bratton," he says, as you fight back a grimace of pain. "You know, I think you and I are the only two people in Washington foolish enough to be awake this early on a Sunday."

He claps you on the shoulder and leads you inside. You notice the hands of his watch pointing to 8:45. That's 3:45 a.m. in Pearl Harbor. There's still time. . . .

"Well, I wanted to check the latest Magic signals," you say, dropping a heavy hint.

"Mm-hm. Well, a long-winded signal was sent to the Japanese Ambassador yesterday. We intercepted it and sent it right to the Army Chief of Staff, General Marshall himself. And let me tell you, I'm pretty worried about it."

Now you're getting somewhere. Could this be the clue you're looking for? "Which part of it?" you improvise.

"Well, all thirteen parts of it sounded a little fishy to me! I mean, they completely reject our negotiating points, and then give a bogus call for peace. Then all those same old complaints about the United

States and Great Britain. . .”

By now you’re entering a radio communications room. A cluster of officers is gathered around a transcript on a desk.

“Colonel Bratton!” one of them says. He snatches the transcript and runs toward Bratton. “There was another part to that Magic signal last night. We just got it.”

Bratton grabs the sheet. As he reads aloud, the officers stare at him with nervous expectation:

“ ‘Magic transcript, Tokyo Number 907: Will the Ambassador please submit to the United States government (if possible to the Secretary of State) our reply to the United States at 1:00 p.m. on the seventh, your time.’ ”

Bratton immediately turns white. “One p.m. Washington time? That’s before sunrise in Japan.”

“A strange hour for them to insist a message be delivered,” one officer says. “It’s as if they had to get it to the United States in time for something.”

“And we all know what that something must be, don’t we, Lieutenant?” Bratton says. “Just as we suspected, they must be planning an attack—but where?” He whirls around to the telephone and dials a number. “This is Bratton. Get me General Marshall. . . . He’s *what*? I can’t wait! I need to talk to him now! . . . Yes . . . yes, of course have him call me!”

He slams the receiver down. The noise resounds through the room like a gunshot.

When Bratton turns to you, he looks as if he’s aged twenty years. His voice is a choked, disbelieving whisper. “He’s . . . he’s out on his Sunday morning horse ride, and they have no way of knowing exactly where to find him.”

“Well . . . call the president!” you blurt out.

Bratton shakes his head. “These Magic signals have a strict chain of command. We report only to the Army Chief of Staff, who can then notify the Secretary of War, the Secretary of State, and the President. The Navy has its own system. And the route cannot be deviated from”—his brow furrows—“by order of General

Marshall.”

You’re astounded. *This* is the side that went on to win the war? It seems hard to believe.

Was Governor Dewey wrong about Pearl Harbor? Could it be there was no advance warning? Slip outside and travel in time to find out.



Go ahead a few hours to Pearl Harbor.
[Click here.](#)



Coffee!” a voice cries out from behind a row of file cabinets.

You peek around. It’s Rochefort, but not the way you expect to see him. Gone is the calm, youthful glow. Instead his face is gaunt and lined with tension, his eyes bloodshot and baggy-lidded. He’s wearing a red smoking jacket, and as he drags his heels across the room, you notice the worn-out leather bedroom slippers on his feet.

There’s a metal coffee pot percolating on a hot plate by the wall. You go over to it and pour a cup. The stuff looks like sludge, but you take it to him anyway. In this state, Rochefort probably won’t mind.

He’s standing next to a huge machine, which is taller than he is and twice as long. Its tubes and dials clank and whirl, then spit out sheets that contain mostly gibberish.

“Thanks,” Rochefort says, looking at the sheets. “I’ve got to keep working at the decoding machine while I can. Admiral King’s going to call soon. If he doesn’t agree with the analysis I sent him, we may all be peeling potatoes on some battleship for the rest of the war.”

“What do you mean?” you ask.

Rochefort shakes his head ruefully. “Here we are, the United States Navy Combat Intelligence Unit, right? We’re set up in Pearl Harbor, we’ve even got a nickname—Hypo. We’ve cracked a supposedly uncrackable code; we’ve used Magic to figure out the Japanese game plan, and now people think we’re incompetent! And all because of what happened at Pearl Harbor *four months ago*. I mean, we held up our end. There just wasn’t the heavy volume of signals you’d expect before a major attack. And the Japanese were

talking about striking Russia, Southeast Asia. . . . In fact, it seemed they weren't exactly sure what they were doing until the last minute!" He sinks into the chair in front of his desk. "Sorry, kid, I'm rambling. . . ."

"No, no!" you say. "I want to hear what you sent Admiral King."

Rochefort shrugs. "I told him the three things we've learned from Magic lately: First of all, we've learned that Australia is not a main objective of Japan—"

"Australia?" You haven't heard much about that country in the war.

"Well," Rochefort says, "the Japanese have penetrated all the way down through the Philippines, the Marianas, the Gilberts, and now New Guinea. From there it's just a short hop across the Coral Sea to Australia. But it looks like they plan to stop there. Which brings me to the second thing we found out—they're setting up a base in Rabaul, New Britain, for something called 'Operation MO' in Southeast Asia; and there are plans for a *really* huge offensive somewhere in the Pacific." He pounds his fist on the desk. "I just wish I could figure out where that one is going to take place—*then* King would trust us!"

You wonder if Rochefort's predictions will come true. If only you can get hold of one of the Magic messages he relied on. . . .

Rochefort's eyelids grow heavier. You inch closer, hoping he'll fall asleep, so you can grab the sheets from his hand.

"Well," says Rochefort, suddenly alert, "I've got to get back to work." He stands and turns to the machine.

This isn't going to work. You've got to get the message elsewhere—after you find out if Rochefort's predictions come true!



Go ahead a month to Southeast Asia.

Click here.



Try to help Rochefort figure out that "mysterious offensive." Click here.



A foghorn blasts through the murky night. Waves quietly lap against the shore, almost touching the feet of a group of ragged German soldiers sitting on the beach.

You duck behind a pile of ammunition and watch them. Rommel is standing and looking out to sea. You follow his glance.

Slowly, bobbing on the water like beach balls, two black metal barrels float toward the shore.

Rommel's lips curl into a strange expression halfway between a smile and a sneer. His eyes are fixed on the barrels. "Take a message," he says to a soldier, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "Dear Field Marshal Kesselring. We have just received your shipment of oil. Many thanks."

You stifle a laugh. Rommel hears you and spins around. Take off, now!



Jump seven months ahead, to the end of Operation Torch. [Click here.](#)



You thought Captain Rochefort looked bad the last time you saw him, but that was *nothing*. Now he's shuffling around like an old man, his hair a stringy, matted mess. His red smoking jacket is practically gray. The calendar on his desk says May, but you could swear that he hasn't slept since you saw him in April.

This time the room is crowded with workers on the brink of exhaustion. One officer is sitting bolt upright, furiously scribbling notes. Another's head falls onto a desk overflowing with papers, cigarette butts, and apple cores.

"AF and AL Occupation Forces," Rochefort is muttering as he examines a transcript. "An anchorage for a mid-Pacific striking force . . . hm, here are more indications of fueling at sea, and all these orders to expedite What do you think this means, Holmes?"

The captain rubs his chin. "Well, obviously this is the build-up for that big offensive. Now, we know 'AL' is the code name for the Aleutian Islands, but this 'AF'"

"If my hunch is correct," Rochefort says, "AF represents the Midway Islands. The Aleutians are all the way up in Alaska. I think that's just a decoy to throw us off track. . . . Where have *you* been?"

That last sentence was directed at you. "Uh . . . on special assignment from Admiral King!" you ad-lib.

"What do you think of my assessment?"

"Sounds reasonable," you say with a shrug.

"Of course it's *reasonable*, but we still have no conclusive evi-

dence! We've got to *prove* what AF means, because if we're wrong, there goes the entire American war effort—not to mention Hypo's credibility!"

Holmes makes a grimace. "Well, I hope it's not Midway. Terrible place. I did some studies there years ago and there never seemed to be much fresh water."

You have an idea. "Is there any safe way to communicate with Midway?" you ask.

"There's an underground telegraphic cable to Hawaii that the Japanese haven't tapped."

"Well, if Midway's attacked, you can always signal in case you need more water."

Rocheft rolls his eyes. "Don't you have anything better to do—"

"No! That's it!" Holmes says, bristling with excitement. "You're a genius!"

"What?" Rocheft says.

Holmes puts on a headset and picks up a mike. "Midway Command, this is Captain Jasper Holmes at Hypo. Send out an immediate signal—uncoded! Say that your freshwater distilling plant has broken down. Do you read?" He puts the headset down and shouts out: "Operators, listen for immediate signal from Tokyo!"

Rocheft's weary eyes begin to show some spark. "Holmes, you ingenious little—"

"What? What?" you plead.

But Holmes and Rocheft aren't listening to you. They pace like caged animals behind the radio operators for five minutes . . . fifteen minutes . . .

Finally the teleprinter begins to clack away with a new signal. Rocheft rips it away and types the message into the huge decoding machine.

Moments later the translation pops out. Rocheft's eyes skim over it. You think he's going to explode with joy when he reads it. "Tokyo is reporting a shortage of fresh water"—he pauses and

looks up, his eyes blazing—“on AF!”

“There’s our answer!” Holmes says.

Rochefort jumps in the air. He lands on his feet, laughing, his sweaty face a mixture of bliss and utter exhaustion.

“Now that that’s over,” Holmes says, “do you think you can take a bath, Rochefort?”

The room rocks with laughter. You choke back a giggle. Suddenly Rochefort looks hurt.

You don’t want to get involved with an argument between Rochefort and Holmes. It’s time to move ahead to the next major battle of World War II—the Battle of Midway.



Go ahead one month. [Click here.](#)





You're specializing in dark, cramped areas these days. This time you're under a wooden desk. You're about to peek out, until you hear a bellowing German voice:

"What do you mean, Abwehr can't account for the leakage?"

You curl back under the desk. All you can see is two pairs of polished leather jackboots walking around. One pair paces angrily across the room.

"I can only report what they told us, Herr Kesselring!" a voice answers the first.

"Colonel, do you really believe that the Abwehr, the intelligence bureau of the world's greatest government, would have *no inkling* how the Allies located our secret convoys?" Kesselring pounds a foot on the ground, and you feel your teeth jam together. "They annihilated our ships as if they were bath toys!"

"Well, sir, their spotter planes happened to fly over us—"

"*Happened to?* You forget, the last convoy went out while a dense fog was over the port in Naples! How could they have seen us?"

Suddenly another pair of jackboots stomps into the room. "Heil Hitler! Abwehr has decoded a further signal from the Allies. They have sent congratulations to a secret agent in Naples along with the news that his pay has been raised!"

"Thank you, Sergeant!" Kesselring says with glee. "So *that's* how they've been doing it! Colonel, I order you to fire the Italian admiral in charge of the Naples port! We'll see to it that he never allows damage to occur to the Third Reich again!"

The colonel begins to walk toward the desk, but you won't be there when he arrives!

Have the Nazis really thwarted the Allies? Maybe if you travel ahead a few days to an Allied camp you'll find out.

Or maybe not. Being in a Nazi headquarters gives you a clue about how to achieve your mission. Maybe you can find decoded Nazi signals *before* the signals are sent! Why not go to Rommel's camp toward the end of Operation Torch, when the Allies are on the verge of victory?



Go ahead seven months to the end of Operation Torch. [Click here.](#)



Go ahead a few days to warn the Allies. [Click here.](#)



B*A-ROOOOM!* You lurch to the ground, aware only that the long macadam runway in front of you has split open violently. Chunks of blacktop are being thrown about like leaves in an autumn storm.

You're vaguely aware that you're on an aircraft carrier. You're vaguely aware of the bell-bottomed sailors falling backward.

All you can think about at the moment is that you're sliding toward the edge of the deck. In an instant you're dangling from the railing of the carrier. You look below and see nothing but roiling blue-gray water.

"HELP!" you shout.

But no one hears you. Sailors run around, manning hoses and frantically shouting damage reports. You hear a voice yell, "Headquarters, this is *Yorktown*, reporting a direct hit from enemy fire. Location is the Coral Sea between Australia and Port Moresby, New Guinea. We'll need major repairs. Awaiting instructions."

"*HE-E-E-E-E-LP!*" You're starting to slip. You see your life racing by you. You close your eyes.

Suddenly you feel yourself rising. You look up to see a young lieutenant pulling you aboard.

"Th-thank you. . . ." you sputter.

The lieutenant looks left and right. "You're a stowaway, right?"

"Well. . . ."

"That's all right. No need to make excuses. I did it when I was your age. Come on."

Bombs explode in the water around you as he whisks you across



the deck. You run into a cabin, where radio equipment is beeping and crackling from a table by the wall. "Listen, I've got to dispense with protocol. My name is Miller. We've lost some of our men and I need someone to record transmissions. Can I trust you?"

"Yes," you say. "But what's going on?"

"We're fighting against Japanese Operation MO. That's a code name Hypo headquarters picked up, and they figured out it meant Port Moresby. Well, we and the carrier *Lexington* were already in Southeast Asia, so they rushed us over. Anyway, as usual, Hypo was right. But it hasn't been easy. The Japanese bombers are really picking us off." He laughs. "Crazy, isn't it? We can't see land and we're not even close enough to fire at their ships. This whole rotten battle is being fought by air!"

You think back to Rochefort's prediction about Operation MO. Admiral King must respect him now!

"Now," he continues, "make sure you date all transmissions. Today's is May eight, nineteen forty-two—"

"Yorktown," the radio interrupts, "*this is Pacific Fleet. Are you reading?*"

You lean into the mike. "Uh, yes!"

"*First the bad news. The Lexington is sunk. Repeat, Lexington is sunk.*"

The color drains from Miller's face.

"*The good news is what we did to the three Japanese ships. We sank the Shoho; we put the Shokaku out of commission, and we chased away the Zuikaku. I think we got them where we want them, old buddy!*"

"YA-HOOOO!" Miller bellows. He grabs the mike and speaks into it: "Judging from our damage, we'll be taking repairs in port for a few months. Remind me to take you out on the town!"

"Roger!"

Miller busies himself at the radio. The bombing noises around you have stopped. Slowly you back out the door and slip into time. You're dying to find out what Rochefort's "mysterious offensive" will be.

A month has passed since you last saw Rochefort. Maybe he's found out by now.



Travel ahead a few hours to Washington, D.C. [Click here.](#)





You can't breathe. You inhale but your mouth fills with saltwater. You flail your arms helplessly as waves roll over you, plunging you underwater.

When you surface, you see a long, heavy aircraft carrier sinking into the ocean.

"Here!" a voice shouts. "We have room!"

You turn to see a small lifeboat crammed with soldiers aboard. One of them reaches out to you and pulls you up.

"Wh-where am I?" you stammer. "What day is it?"

"Easy, kiddo, you're all right now," the soldier says with a smile. "It's June 6, 1942, and you're with what's left of the *Yorktown* crew . . ."

Your heart sinks as you see the mighty steel hull disappear underwater.

"Yep, she was a beauty," the soldier continues. "Damaged after the Battle of the Coral Sea, told it would take months to repair, back in working order in two days! Stood up well to the enemy in the Battle of Midway, too, before the tar was bombed out of her. Remember now?"

You nod. "Is . . . is the battle over?"

"Last we heard, four Japanese carriers were destroyed. If it's true, their entire sea offensive is over! I tell you, it's a good thing *someone* in the top brass knew this attack was coming beforehand!"

You smile. You know who that someone was.

Before long, you're picked up by an American destroyer. One by one, you and your jubilant comrades are hoisted aboard. One of the

ship's deckmates calls out, "All hands on deck, men! We're shipping out to Guadalcanal—now!"

You quickly consult your data card. Guadalcanal is the next major battle of the war. The Allies will begin a long island-hopping campaign that begins there and travels up through the Solomon Islands to the Marianas Islands, the Philippines, and eventually Japan itself. Surely you'll be able to get a Magic transcript in *one* of those places! When you're on deck, duck into an empty storage room and hop in time.



Go ahead one month to Guadalcanal.

Click here.



The light of the rising sun filters through a camouflage tent. Inside, you can see two silhouettes moving around. You're in the middle of a Nazi encampment, protected by an enormous trench filled with German soldiers. No one sees you yet, so you duck behind the tent, reach into your backpack for a German uniform, and change.

"But Marshal Rommel," comes a voice from inside the tent, "we're sustaining heavy losses on the front. The Mareth Line is extremely long, and we lack sufficient ammunition and personnel. I propose we withdraw and regroup on a shorter perimeter—"

"You *propose*?" the other person answers. You see one of the silhouettes thrust an angry profile toward the other. "Do you believe you are the first to think of such an idea? Do you think I relish the idea of my men being driven out of Tunisia by that bag of bones Montgomery?"

"Then why—"

"I have sent signal after signal to the Fuehrer, giving every last detail of our troop strength. I have come as close as a Nazi can to pleading. And what is his response? 'Hold the line at any cost!' " Rommel throws his arms up in frustration. "I hope our leader regains his senses in time for our offensive in Italy!"

Every last detail of our troop strength. If that was the signal Rommel sent to Hitler, then the Allies must have picked it up. No wonder the Nazis were losing!

"You! Who are you, lurking out there?"

A shiver runs through you. Rommel must have spotted your

shadow. He is standing at the open flap of the tent, eyeing you angrily.

You remind yourself that you're wearing a German uniform. Standing erect, you say, "Intelligence operator, sir. Uh . . . *Schmidt* is the name."

"Hmmm. Schmidt. I don't recall the name." He looks both ways, then pulls you into the tent. "Anyway, I trust the message was sent last night exactly as I dictated?"

You nod.

"That I have put together two Panzer divisions and two Italian divisions?"

"Yes, sir." You hope you're right.

"All details of exactly where the armored thrusts are to take place?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you used the correct settings on the Enigma machine?"

"Yes, *sir!*" You want to smile. If only he knew what a dumb move it was to send that signal. Montgomery must have been ecstatic.

"ENEMY SIGHTED!" a voice screams.

Rommel races to the tent flap and looks out. Over the barren desert comes a huge British battalion, far bigger than Rommel's.

Rommel's eyes are practically popping out of his head. "How did they—"

BLAAM! A mortar shell rocks the ground. Rommel hits the floor, and so do you.

You pick yourself up and run out of the tent. But before you can think of where to go, you're thrown backward by the force of another nearby explosion. Quickly, you jump blindly in time. You want to be any place but here!



Click here.





Laughter rings out all around you. You're in a small room with about five men and women. They are doubled over, slapping their knees, clutching their stomachs.

You can't help but join in, even though you have no idea why.

"The poor Italian guy didn't know what hit him!" one of them says. "He cables Kesselring that he'll stop singing opera in the office if he can have his job back!"

Your smile drops. They're talking about the guy in Naples that Kesselring fired. This must be an SLU, and they've read Kesselring's signal. But that means they know the Allies' spy has been discovered. So why are they laughing?

"Old Winterbotham is a genius!" a red-haired man says. "Imagine, sending out a signal, *in a code he knew the Nazis could read*, to a 'spy' that doesn't even exist! Kesselring thinks he's solved the information leakage!"

You realize now that the Allies not only have the ultimate secret, but a great way of *keeping* it secret!

"Looks like Ultra is still secure from the Nazis!" a bright-eyed woman remarks.

A serious-looking man nods. "Well, let's not forget we're under strict orders to keep it a secret from our *own* people. The fewer people who know, the less chance we have to jeopardize Ultra." He scans the room. "The last thing we want is for soldiers in our compound to wonder where all this laughter is coming from."

Everyone nods quietly, and the man continues: "Now, it's time for some of you to return to duty!"

The woman and two of the men turn to leave, and you follow them.

“Hey! How did you get in here?” the serious-looking man calls out to you.

You’re prepared for this. Holding out your I.D. card, you introduce yourself.

But you’re cut off by the voice of a woman huddled over a telegraph machine. “Uh-oh! Another Ultra signal. Enemy air raid expected right here in Constantine!”

The three soldiers about to leave all reach into a cupboard for tin hats. That must be a standard protective measure. The red-haired woman hands you one and walk out with her.

As you exit, she asks you, “Is this your first time in Algiers?”

“Yes,” you answer, as the two of you enter a crowded hallway. Suddenly you become aware of people staring at you.

A soldier races up to the woman. “I didn’t hear the air raid drill,” he says, his brow furrowed with panic. “Why do you have your hats on?”

The woman’s face turns red. She whips off her hat. “Oh! I—uh, you see . . .”

Oops. It isn’t easy to keep a secret when your life is on the line! You slip away before you get into trouble.

You want to get back on track with your mission. You remind yourself of an idea you had in Kesselring’s office: At the end of Operation Torch, when everything is turning against the Nazis, you may be able to pick up a decoded German message in Rommel’s camp before it’s sent.

You find a dark, quiet corner and jump in time.



Go ahead to the last battle of Operation Torch. [Click here.](#)





Fighter Command Special Liaison Unit to Air Chief Marshall Dowding. . . . Do you read me, sir?"

A voice crackles over the radio, but no one hears it. You're on a balcony, overlooking a huge table, on which men and women in British uniforms are poring over maps of England. There are no windows around, and from the damp coolness in the room, you have a feeling you're underground.

Off to your left on the balcony, several British officers are arguing, drowning out the sound of the radio message. A quiet white-haired man stands erect in the middle of them all.

"Marshall Dowding," one of the officers says to the older man, "the Nazi planes are raiding our southern airfields in Kent and Portsmouth. Our ground defenses simply aren't adequate! We *must* counter the Luftwaffe with a full-fledged Royal Air Force attack. The German Air Force outnumbers us three to one, but perhaps we'll scare them away with a show of strength!"

Dowding nods. But his ear has picked up the radio signal. "Excuse me," he says.

He goes to his radio set and picks up the mike. "Dowding here," he says.

"*SLU, sir.*"

"I'll take it in my office." Dowding puts the mike down and nods to the officers. "One of our Special Liaison Units has a message." He starts to walk by you. You're dying to hear the SLU message.

"Excuse me, sir," you say. "I'm Alan Turing's assistant." You show your I.D. card.

He gives you a puzzled look. "Turing? What does he—oh, never mind, follow me. You may want to hear this."

Just what you hoped for! You follow Dowding into his office.

"Go ahead, sir," Dowding says calmly into another radio set.

"We've picked up a series of Ultra signals from Reichsmarschall Goering, Master of the Luftwaffe. It was a strategy directive, sir! He intends to overwhelm our airfields with his planes. He believes this will draw out our entire RAF, which he can quickly destroy . . ."

You expect Dowding to be upset, but instead a smile creeps across his face. "Thank you, sir," he says into the mike. "Your report couldn't have come at a better time. My thanks to the bronze goddess."

"What are you going to do?" you ask Dowding as he puts down the mike.

"The only thing I can do," he says. "If we send a full attack, they'll wipe out the RAF, and that'll be a pretty mess for England, won't it? But if I send a few planes at a time—just enough to disrupt their bombers, no more—we may be able to wear them down. We'll suffer losses, but we'll also save our air force." He taps his desk. "I think it will work."

He turns back to his radio set, and you realize you've seen Ultra at work for the first time. You wonder if Dowding's strategy will really pay off.

You begin to look for an Ultra transcript to copy, when Dowding suddenly turns around. "Now," he says, "what was it that Turing wanted?"

You swallow hard. "Well, you see, I forgot to get a cup of tea!" You grab the doorknob. "I'll be right back."

"Grand idea," Dowding says. "Bring some biscuits, too, will you?"

You're out of the office before he can finish the sentence. Jump in time now; Dowding will miss his tea, but he'll get over it.

If you go ahead a month, you'll find yourself in the middle of the Blitz. If you go ahead a little further, you may be clear of danger—or maybe not.



Go ahead a month. [Click here.](#)



Go ahead two years. [Click here.](#)



S*quish.* You take a step, and warm water oozes up between your toes. Your shoes feel disgusting. In fact, your whole sopping-wet body feels disgusting.

You're in a secluded passageway aboard another ship. Quickly you reach into your backpack for the spare clothes you so brilliantly wrapped in plastic. They're pretty drab, but who worries about fashion in a war? Besides, they're dry as a bone. You quickly change and put your wet clothes away in the plastic.

Just then you hear the tromping of footsteps around the corner. You walk over to see a group of about twenty civilians sitting down in a semicircle. Most of them are dark-skinned and young. You realize they're dressed just as drably as you are. It's too crowded to get by, so you join them.

A naval officer stands in front of them. "Greetings, our brave and loyal friends from the Solomon Islands! The United States Navy is deeply grateful that you have volunteered to be coast watchers. As you know, the Japanese have changed their naval code, making it impossible for us to read. We need new means of intelligence. Now, although we do have control of the air field on Guadalcanal Island, the Japanese have been able to send troop ships at night, through the narrow channel north of the island—"

"The Slot!" one of the coast watchers shouts.

"Exactly. And we've had trouble in the Slot. One of our PT boats was just reported missing there. You all know the coastline along the Slot: the inlets, the vegetation, the hiding places. We need you to serve as lookouts. And we promise that the resources and good

will of the United States will be forever open to you all! Step forward to receive your assignments.”

You’re curious about these coast watchers, but you don’t actually want to *be* one. Slowly you back toward the passageway you came from.

But just as you reach it, a voice shouts, “Hey! Come back here!”

It’s one of the coast watchers. He thinks you’re deserting! You run into the passageway and hope the darkness will cover you so you can disappear in time.

You must decide what to do quickly. You could find a coast watcher at work to see just what they do for the war or move further ahead in time in search of Magic messages you can copy.



Go ahead a year to 1943 and join an American ship in the South Pacific.

Click [here](#).



Go ahead a month to see what exactly a coast watcher does. Click [here](#).





Your uniform is drenched with sweat. In front of you is a black American soldier, sitting next to a teleprinter. He's reading a typewritten message and mumbling to himself, as if translating.

The others are gathered around him, so no one sees you. You catch a glimpse of a newspaper on a nearby desk. Its date is December 2, 1943. Below the date are the words FOR SERVICE-MEN IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

Somehow you've ended up in the wrong place. It doesn't seem likely you'll find a German message here.

Maybe a *Japanese* message, though. . . .

The black soldier's face breaks into a wide smile. "This is it!" he says. "It's from Oshima, the Japanese ambassador to Berlin. He just met with our favorite fun-loving Fuehrer. Now he's radioing to Tokyo to tell them all about it."

"Anything we can tell the boys in Europe?" another soldier asks.

"I think so, Adams," the lieutenant replies. "They *might* be interested in hearing a detailed account of the Nazi preparations for the battle in France!" His eyes scan the sheet. "Look at this—troop strengths and locations, types and quantities of artillery—"

"Yee-HAH!" Adams cries out. He pretends to be a radio announcer with a mike. In a solemn voice, he says, "Here we are in the miraculous little intelligence unit that wasn't content to win only the Pacific war. No, sir, these geniuses helped win the German war as well!"

They all laugh. You realize that the "battle in France" is the one

that was kicked off by D-Day. And for the first time, you see how the two different parts of the war were connected—by code breaking!

But there's no chance you're going to copy this message—and they won't fall for your Bletchley Park I.D. all the way in the Pacific. You need to escape ahead a few months to the Allied preparations for D-Day in Europe. You may find what you're looking for there.



Click here.



B*ONNNGGG!*

You jump away from the ear-splitting chimes of a clock on the mantle.

You can see the Washington Monument through a window. Carefully you look around and realize you're all alone in someone's office.

And what an office! Polished oak walls, leather chairs, wooden file cabinets, thick carpeting, and a huge desk in the center with a 1929 calendar on it.

You glance at a stack of papers on the desk. The top sheet says TRANSCRIPT OF CODED JAPANESE MESSAGES. FOR THE EYES OF SECRETARY OF WAR HENRY STIMSON ONLY! You reach out to pick it up.

Suddenly the doorknob rattles. You drop the sheet. You run to the nearest filing cabinet and pretend to be putting some folders away.

"We—we left them on your desk, Mr. Stimson," comes a nervous voice. You look over your shoulder. Two young Army officers have entered the room on the heels of a gray-haired man with a salt-and-pepper mustache.

Stimson casts you a quick glance, then grabs one of the transcripts off the desk.

The two officers look at him expectantly, as his expression turns from impatience to outrage to disgust. Then, with a dramatic gesture, he rips up the transcripts and throws them in the trash. "I will have to suspend the agency responsible for these appalling activities."

The two men are speechless. Stimson looks from one to the other, making sure the weight of his words is felt. “My good men, *gentlemen* do not read one another’s mail!”

You’re amazed. He thinks code breaking is bad manners—and he’s the Secretary of War! Unbelievable as it seems, in 1929 the U.S. government hadn’t accepted the *idea* of code breaking.

Lost in thought, you drop a folder full of papers. It splatters onto the ground. Stimson wheels around toward you. You meet his piercing glance.

“Just a moment,” he says, “I don’t believe I’ve seen you before.”

You back away. “Wish I could talk, but I’ve got to go to the . . . uh, copy machine!”

“The *what?*” Stimson bellows.

But you’ve already slipped out the door. You want to jump ahead to a time when breaking codes isn’t considered such an “ungentlemanly” thing to do. You might be able to pick up a transcript if you visit a government office *during* the war.



Stay in Washington and go ahead fifteen years. [Click here.](#)







Yukio, is he dead?" a Japanese soldier snarls, clutching a knife.

You're squatting behind a thick bush. Through the branches you can see the soldier and his partner. They're in a clearing, staring at a slumped figure bound to a tree.

Yukio looks as if he's going to be sick. "Yes, yes, of course. Haven't we done enough to him—"

He's cut off by the sound of footsteps tramping through the underbrush. In a flash, both soldiers race away.

You begin to run out into the clearing, then suddenly stop. You feel the blood rush from your head. The sight is gruesome—a thin, dark man, tied to a palm tree with stab wounds all over his body.

At that moment, three American GIs crash through the underbrush and into the clearing. "It's one of our coast watchers," says the biggest of them.

A curly-haired GI looks at the man sadly and removes his hat. "Brave guy. They really tortured him—"

He's interrupted by a low moan. You can't believe it. The man is alive! You run toward him.

The soldiers give you a brief, curious look, but they're more interested in the dying man. "Can you tell us your name?" the red-haired guy gently asks.

"J-Jacob . . . Vou-Vouza . . ."

"Jacob," the big GI says, "how much did you tell the Japanese?"

A proud, defiant look spreads across Jacob's face. "Not a word," he answers. "But I have much information to tell you."

The soldiers smile. “Let’s get him to a medic,” the big one says. They gently lift him up.

You’re touched and amazed by this man’s bravery. But as you watch him being carried away, the third GI eyes you. “Hey! Where’d you come from, anyway?”

Run into the brush and escape.



Go ahead a year to 1943. [Click here.](#)



GET THE BRITISH DOG!"

The words are Italian. A soldier is rushing toward you with bayonet drawn.

You scream with horror. You're in Sicily, all right—on the wrong side!

"Over here, mate!" another voice shouts. It's coming from a nearby grassy hill. You can't see anyone, but you run toward the voice and jump over the hill.

Sure enough, there's an entire British squadron hiding there. As soon as you tumble among them, their leader peers over the hill and says, "Show them the way to go home, boys."

At once, the soldiers spring to their feet, rifles drawn. With a resounding *crack-crack-crack-crack*, their bullets speed toward the enemy.

The Italian soldiers freeze in their tracks. They're not nearly as organized as the British, and it's useless to fight back. In an instant, they've fled in the other direction.

"Too bad," the British leader says. "I was hoping we'd run into some Nazis."

"I guess they're all waiting for us in Greece," says a ruddy-faced soldier.

The entire group breaks into laughter. You have no idea what's so funny. After all, the main attack is supposed to happen in Greece, isn't it?

The blond soldier notices you're not smiling. He playfully chucks you on the shoulder. "Cheeky thing to do, eh?" he says.

“Putting a dead man in a Royal Marine uniform, giving him fake papers, and throwing him off a sub so he washes up in Spain!”

So, the dead body was a decoy to mislead the Nazis!

You don’t know whether to be amused or repulsed. It was a grisly thing to do, but it obviously helped give the Allies an advantage in Italy.

Before long, you’re following the men to their camp, which is near a beach. You see a familiar figure there, waiting impatiently—General Montgomery. Your squadron leader tells him about the victory over the Italian army. Montgomery is about to react when a soldier rushes toward him with a sheaf of papers.

“Intelligence report, General!” the man says. “The Nazis are diverting two Panzer Grenadier Divisions our way!”

“What about Patton’s army?” Montgomery immediately asks.

“They’re sweeping towards Palermo and Messina, right through the center of the island, sir! We succeeded in drawing the Panzer tanks away from that area.”

“Of course,” Montgomery grumbles. “We storm the beach, we take the frontal attack, and who gets the glory? That whip-cracking, vulgar American!”

“Sir?” your squadron leader says.

“Nothing, Smythe,” Montgomery replies. “Just talking to myself. Come, let’s move onward!”

Whip-cracking, vulgar American? Montgomery makes Patton sounds as if he is a terrible man, not a hero. You wonder what he’s really like. As the soldiers rush to break down the camp, you sneak away and jump in time.



Go ahead five months to see if Ultra helped with D-Day. [Click here.](#)



Go ahead a few months and meet Patton. [Click here.](#)



Here, take this!” A helmet is shoved into your hands. An Air Force officer frantically waves you toward a plane on the runway of an aircraft carrier. He must think you’re a fighter pilot!

“But—but I’m not—”

The whirring of propellers drowns you out. Your copilot grabs you by the arm. “Too late for second thoughts!” he yells.

Before you know it, you’re sitting in a cockpit, clutching the steering wheel for dear life.

You lurch backward as the plane speeds up the runway. “You should feel lucky, pal,” the pilot shouts over the engine noise. “This is the most important mission of the war! April 18, 1943, is a date that’ll go down in history, I bet.”

“Oh, yeah?” is all you can say.

“Yep. Amazing, huh? Our good old Magic boys really hit the jackpot—gave us every last detail of our target. We have an appointment with Admiral Yamamoto, Commander in Chief of the Japanese Southeastern Air Fleet—if you know what I mean!”

“Sure . . .” you say uncertainly.

“Hoo boy, once we pull this off, it’s curtains for the enemy—especially now that we’ve got Admiral Nimitz’s fleet charging through the Central Pacific, and General Montgomery conquering the South Pacific! You know, I still can’t believe Yamamoto was smart enough to pull off a sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, yet he still can’t figure out that we’re reading his codes. Ah well, too late now.”

Within seconds you’re in the air, surrounded by a strike force of

sleek American fighter planes. You're dying to find out where you're going, but you can't figure out a way to ask.

"There it is!" the pilot suddenly shouts.

Through the clouds come seven Japanese fighter planes. "Which one?" you say.

The pilot grits his teeth. His fingers clutch the trigger of the plane's machine gun. "The one with Yamamoto inside."

RACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK. Machine-gun fire rips through the air all around you. In the midst of the Japanese formation, a bomber plane's fuselage explodes. The plane jerks violently to the left and begins plunging to the earth.

"We . . . we got him," your pilot says softly. On his face is a combination of triumph, shock, and sorrow. You have a pit in your stomach, having just witnessed the assassination of Japan's most dynamic leader. It's a victory, a sneak attack made possible by Magic—yet the sight of the plane hurtling toward death is enough to make you sick.

You can barely comprehend what comes next: a deafening explosion, a flash of white light, a sick sense of dizziness. You feel as if your cheeks are being pulled back toward your ears.

Clouds whip past your windshield. When they clear, you become rigid with shock. The ground is rushing toward you at breakneck speed! You look over to the pilot, but he's slumped over the dashboard.

Quick, you've got to get out of there!



Go ahead a year, into the thick of the island-hopping South Pacific battles.

[Click here.](#)



With a resounding *whack*, General Patton pounds his fist on a wooden table, causing a radio set to jounce. Around him, SLU soldiers stand back warily.

A skinny, meek-looking young man speaks up. "I'm sure he'll give the O.K. soon. . . ."

Patton shoots him a murderous glance.

"Sir!" he quickly adds.

"I have news for you, Private," Patton says through clenched teeth. "*Soon* is a word that hasn't entered Montgomery's vocabulary! Here we are in August, two months after D-Day. We have raced through Northern France with record speed. Now the Nazis are caught between us and Montgomery's army—and all we can do is twiddle our thumbs in some God-awful wasteland below Argentan! And why? Because that blasted town divides the British and American operational zones, and Montgomery has to give us *permission* to advance!"

The private shrugs. "Well, it's only been twenty-four hours—"

"*Only twenty-four hours?*" Patton bellows. He lifts a sheet of paper off the desk and waves it in the air. "Bernstein, *you* were the one who showed me the Ultra signal from the Nazi general to his commander. They think we *are* advancing, and they know they don't stand a chance! By now those Panzer tanks are probably racing back to catch last call at the beer halls in Munich! If we'd spent the last twenty-four hours advancing, we'd have squeezed them into oblivion!"

He angrily throws the paper on the desk. It floats to the floor,

several feet away from you. Across the top, it says ULTRA SUMMARY. Just what you need to complete your mission! Your heart starts racing. You edge toward it while Patton thunders on.

You're inches away from it, when suddenly Patton's angry eye catches you. You lurch to attention.

"You know what the problem is?" he says.

You gulp and shake your head no.

"The problem is that Montgomery's too stubborn and old-fashioned to use Ultra information. It goes against his blasted turn-of-the-century training! All he's doing is prolonging this war!"

You wonder which war: World War II or the war between Patton and Montgomery?

Just then the short-wave radio begins to squawk, and Bernstein puts on his headphones. Immediately his eyes light up. "It's General Bradley's office, sir. He says to send half the Fifteenth Corps to Argentan and half to trap the Germans who are escaping eastward!"

A smile flashes across Patton's face. "Bloodshed again! I love it!" he yells. The others look at him as if he's crazy.

Patton stares them all down. "Well, don't just stand there! LET'S GET 'EM!"

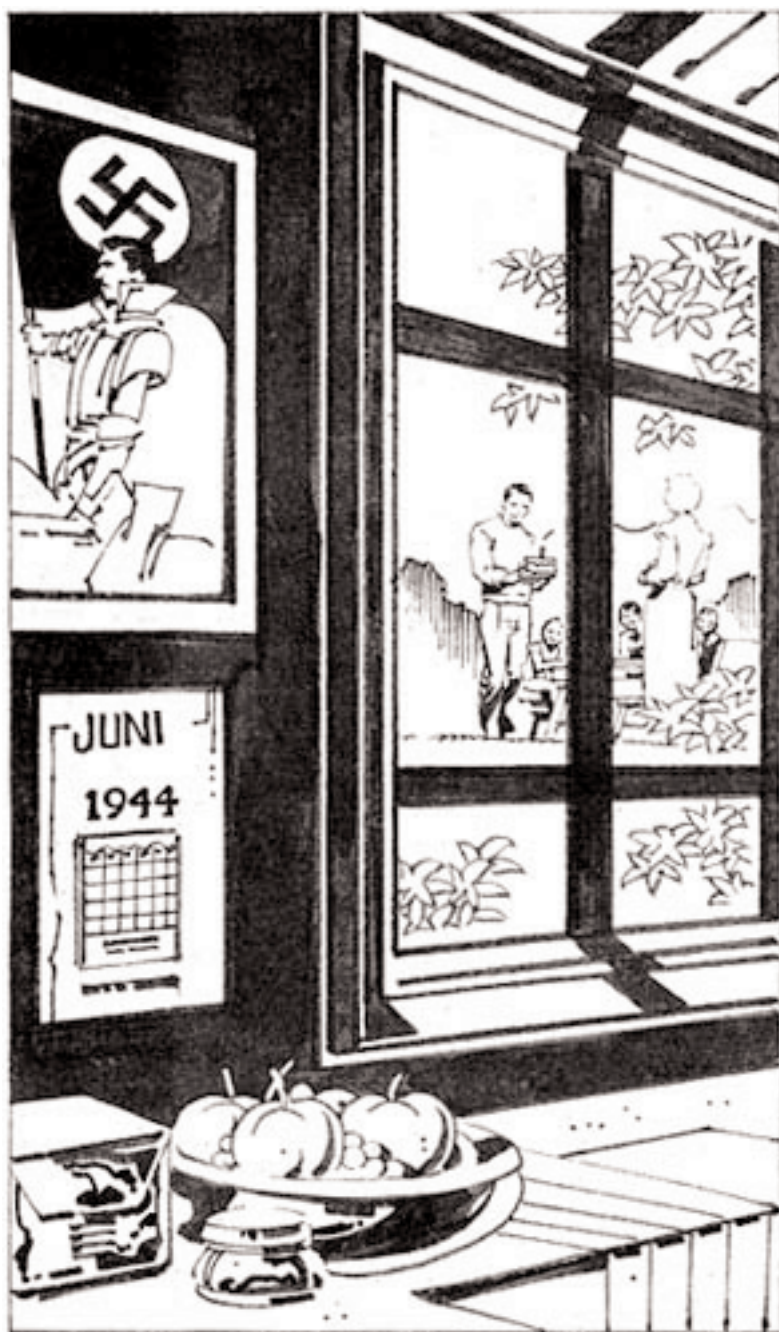
Bernstein hunches over the radio to give the attack order, and the other soldiers rush out with Patton to prepare for battle.

You're alone. You can't believe your good fortune. Looking left and right, you carefully pick up the dropped paper and scan it. It summarizes an important Ultra message that tells of Nazi troop movement eastward. You quickly take your camera out and snap a photo of it.

Even though you finally have a copy of an Ultra message, you don't want to leave without seeing the end of the European war!



Go ahead four months to see the Allies' approach to Germany. [Click here.](#)





You're in the kitchen of a quiet, comfortable home. A warm baking smell makes your mouth water. On the wall, a calendar says June 6 in German. Above it hangs a multicolored drawing of Hitler in white armor, holding a lance and sitting on a horse. You'd laugh at it if it weren't so creepy.

Then you remember that June 6 is D-Day! What are you doing in this empty kitchen in Germany?

From out the window you hear squeals of delight. "Oh, Edwin, you shouldn't have!" a woman's voice calls out in German. You sneak over to the window and observe a woman and several children sitting at a picnic table. Then the woman stands up. Walking across the yard toward her, a birthday cake in his hands, is a familiar man.

Field Marshal Rommel!

So this is where the Nazi commander was on the day of the war's most important invasion—home!

Squaawwwk! Tssschh . . . Oberkommando Wehrmacht . . .

Your heart jumps into your mouth. The hideous, scratchy sound takes you by surprise. You look into a small room off the kitchen and see an elaborate radio set, its tubes all lit up.

The Nazis are trying to reach Rommel—probably to tell him about the surprise at Normandy!

You glance out the window to see Rommel trotting toward the house. His brow is knitted with concern, and his wife and children are devouring the cake.

The last place you want to be when Rommel hears the news is in

his kitchen. Quick, escape into time!



Go to Normandy and try to find a secret code message. [Click here.](#)



R*owf! Rowf!"*

"Easy, Willie!"

You see a white bull terrier chasing a squirrel up a tree. Behind the dog is a tall, barrel-chested man with a craggy face and sparse white hair. A pistol dangles from his belt, as does a long, black-leather riding crop. His cavalry boots are polished so perfectly they seem to mirror the ground.

You look around at an enormous encampment by a seashore. There are makeshift huts as far as you can see in all directions. Nurses and medics bustle in and out of a hospital, while soldiers eagerly rip open letters as they walk out of a post office. Supplies are being unloaded from a convoy of ships docked off-shore.

A tingle runs up your spine. These must be preparations for a great battle.

"Old Blood and Guts must be bored stiff, huh?" says someone behind you.

You turn around with a start. A woman with twinkly eyes is watching the man chase his dog. She looks about twenty or so.

You smile. "Uh . . . Blood and Guts?"

"The Old Man's nickname—General Patton. You must be new here if you don't know that. So am I." She offers her hand, and you shake it. "Sarah Weeks. The intelligence department."

"Me too!" you say. "Intelligence."

"Yeah? I guess they're really trying to beef up for D-Day at . . . uh, Calais."

That wasn't what you expected to hear. "Don't you mean



Normandy?” you say.

“Ssssh!” she says, laughing. “You never know who’s a spy around here. Didn’t Allied Command brief you? We’re trying to fool the Nazis into thinking our attack will occur in Calais, France—way east of Normandy. That’s why we’re set up here in Kent, just across the English Channel from Calais!”

You can’t believe what you’re hearing. “You mean this whole thing is a *decoy*?”

“Of course! All fifty divisions! What a way to fight a war, huh? We just sit here until the attack. That’s the hardest part for the Old Man. He’s not happy unless he’s under fire. But General Eisenhower won’t turn him loose until after D-Day.”

Out of the corner of your eye, you notice Patton glaring at the two of you.

Sarah doesn’t notice. She chuckles and says, “You should see some of the Ultra signals we’re getting. Rommel is so confused he

doesn't know what to do. The Nazis are busy trying to put back together all those V1-bomb plants we bombed!"

"YOU TWO! ATTENTION!"

You and Sarah immediately stand erect. You feel the blood rush from your head as Patton stalks toward you, his heels digging into the ground. "THIS IS THE ARMY, SOLDIERS—NOT A COUNTRY CLUB! REPORT FOR K.P. DUTY IMMEDIATELY!"

You follow Sarah as she marches to the mess hall. You don't want to waste your time peeling potatoes on Kitchen Patrol! Instead of going inside, you duck behind a lean-to and travel in time.



Go ahead a month to D-Day. [Click here.](#)



Go ahead a month and see what Rommel is up to. [Click here.](#)



I HAVE CHOSEN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP BUNKER HILL OFF THE COAST OF OKINAWA!”

The words are Japanese, and the voice is so loud it’s almost a shriek. It pierces right through the noise of an airplane engine at full throttle.

It’s May 11, 1945. It looks as if you’ve moved ahead to the battle of Okinawa—but on the wrong side!

You try to sit up, but you’re pinned behind the pilot’s seat. The airplane isn’t much bigger than a compact car.

“You have chosen well, Sergeant Otsuka,” a voice answers over the radio. “You will be happy to know that two hundred of your planes have penetrated the assault area. The glory of the Emperor and of Greater Asia will be enhanced by your noble mission.”

“THANK YOU! IT IS A GREAT HONOR!”

You wonder what exactly his mission is, and why he’s shouting. You crane your neck to see out the windshield. Looming into view is the battleship *Bunker Hill*.

As the plane screams toward it, you realize it’s way too close to avoid American gunfire. This is suicide, you say to yourself.

Suddenly the pilot screeches, “BANZAIIIIIII!”

It *is* suicide! You’re on a kamikaze plane, and this pilot is about to give his life by smashing into the battleship!

With horror, you jump ahead to the end of the war—and make sure you’re on the right side this time.





Go ahead three months to the American advance in the South Pacific. **Click here.**



It sure doesn't seem like the day of the war's most infamous attack. A couple of white-clad sailors are cheerfully mopping the deck of what looks like a battleship. Seagulls caw overhead, mixing with the sound of one sailor's singing voice:

"Hut-sut Rawlson on the rillerah, and a brawla, brawla, soo-it . . ."

He does a little dance step with his mop, then stops when he catches a glimpse of you. "Hey!" he calls out, grinning. "Quit spying, kid! Why aren't you in church with your mom and dad?"

A sickening chill runs through you. Japanese bombers are on the way to Pearl Harbor, and this sailor is totally oblivious. Your throat clenches with a desire to blurt out the truth, to tell him his life is in danger. But you can't. Instead you just stare.

He approaches you with a curious smile. "Nelson's the name. What's the matter, overwhelmed by my singing? Say, there's an ensign on board who says he knows what the lyrics mean. Imagine, the top hit song in the U.S. and nobody can figure out—"

Suddenly Nelson's smile vanishes. His eyes rise upward. You become aware of a distant buzzing noise.

"Those aren't ours . . ." Nelson whispers.

You look into the sky. Like a flock of dark, droning birds, a formation of planes pierces through the morning haze near the horizon. As they speed closer, you can see a bright red circle on the side of each plane—the symbol of the Japanese Empire.

"All hands on deck!" Nelson shouts. "We've got Zeros coming



at us like locusts!”

A few other sailors rush out of the cabin and look up. Their faces show a mixture of fear, bewilderment, and disbelief. “Those must be maneuvers,” one of them says, his hands folded skeptically. “At least they better be—everybody’s on shore. It’s Sunday!”

A bomber gracefully swoops down toward a nearby battleship, dropping a torpedo into its midsection. The *boom* is deafening.

Now nobody’s skeptical. The sailors race around, tearing the awnings off the ship’s antiaircraft guns.

Nelson is in a blind panic. “What are you doing? The aircraft ammo boxes are on shore!” he screams.

Meanwhile other sailors are rushing about collecting machine guns, rifles, anything they can get their hands on.

Their firearms look pathetic against the approaching onslaught.

The sailors take aim as a slick, shiny bomber dives toward your ship. It levels out and passes overhead. You watch helplessly as a trapdoor in its bottom opens up—and a black, metallic torpedo comes whistling down right over your head.

There’s no time to think. Jump in time—anywhere!



Click here.





A British soldier groans as he sits down in a grassy field near a river. Around him, hundreds of others are patiently waiting for something to happen.

“Sit on your shrapnel wound again, Withers?” another soldier asks with a grin.

Withers grimaces. “It’s not funny, Bowles. In fact, you and I are lucky we survived our little skirmish with the Panzer Division.” He shifts uncomfortably. “If you want to know my opinion, old Monty should have let the Americans advance to Argentan earlier. Those Panzers would never have escaped to torment us!”

It looks like Patton was right about Argentan. You look around for a place to sit, but it’s so crowded you have to go off to the sidelines.

You find yourself near a wooded area, where a group of men emerges from a tent.

“Please, no more of this Ultra nonsense!” says one of the men.

The voice is unmistakable—Montgomery’s. You slip behind a clump of bushes.

“But sir—” another man begins.

Montgomery cuts him off. “This secret-code thing is being given far too much importance. It’s all so . . . so cloak-and-dagger. You know, *Patton’s* sort of thing. One simply can’t let it take the place of sound military thinking, Greer.” He cocks an eyebrow. “I may be old-fashioned, but you may have noticed I’ve managed to collect an army for the war’s first major offensive across the Rhine. And where’s old Blood and Guts now?”

Greer squirms. “Uh, that’s what I wanted to tell you, sir. We’ve just received word that Patton crossed the Rhine today.”

Montgomery’s jaw drops. For once, he’s speechless.

Greer continues, “He went to one of the spots that Ultra had identified as weakly held and he had no trouble crossing . . .”

“But—but he doesn’t have the equipment!” Montgomery sputters.

Greer just shrugs. You can’t figure how *how* Patton did it, but of course you have an idea *why*. Knowing him, he just had to find a way to show up his old rival Montgomery!

You let out a chuckle.

Montgomery and his men fall silent. “Who’s back there?”

You had better go now. You can either jump back a few hours to find out how Patton crossed the Rhine or pay a visit to Hitler to see how he’s reacting to the Allies’ crossing into Germany.



Go back five hours, farther south on the Rhine. [Click here.](#)



Go ahead a week to Berlin. [Click here.](#)



You! Hand me those transcripts!" a captain commands.

You're in a huge radio control room. A decoding machine the size of a truck is chugging noisily against a wall. You go over to it and take the sheets out of a holding bin.

As you take it to the captain, you sneak a glance down at the top sheet and read it: MAGIC TRANSCRIPT/JULY 21, 1945/PACIFIC STRATEGIC INTELLIGENCE SECTION.

"Make it snappy, kid!" the captain barks.

You quickly hand the papers to him.

"Another message from Sato about the Russians, Captain Woolsey?" another officer asks.

Woolsey smiles and shakes his head. "Very strange, Hamilton. We've just wiped them up in Okinawa and the Philippines, we've fire-bombed Tokyo, and they seem more worried about trying to make peace with the Russians. They've been going nuts ever since Moscow decided to let the Japanese-Russian non-aggression pact lapse. Look at all these diplomatic messages that our Washington boys picked up!" He riffles through a stack of decoded messages. "All these pathetic pleas from Ambassador Sato to Prime Minister Molotov in Moscow . . . and all these refusals. Now Sato's afraid Russia will attack Manchuria, and he's recommending surrender!"

"What does Admiral Togo say to that?" Hamilton asks.

Woolsey shrugs. He looks at the stack you just gave him and his eyes widen.

Hamilton looks eagerly over his shoulder. "What does it say?"



“It’s from Togo,” Woolsey announces.

All work stops. Bleary-eyed cryptographers and harried radio personnel all turn toward Woolsey, who reads aloud:

“ ‘Even if the war drags on and it becomes clear that it will take much more than blood-shed, the whole country as one mass will pit itself against the enemy in accordance with the Imperial Will, as long as the enemy demands unconditional surrender.’ ”

The entire room seems to sag. A solemn voice says, “It looks like the bomb. . . .”

You feel a pang of horror. They must be talking about the atom bomb. As Woolsey silently locks the Magic transcripts in a desk drawer, you back toward the door.

Woolsey mentioned the messages were coming in to Washington. And you have a feeling that now, as the war comes to an end, there are going to be plenty more.



Go ahead a few days to Washington.

[Click here.](#)



CRAASSHH! You jerk your foot away as a candelabra hits the floor right near you. In the distance there's a muffled booming noise, like thunder.

You look around. You're in an empty room with no windows. The only light comes from a small, dim lamp on a desk. Beside the desk is a well-worn sofa.

It's cool and damp, and you shiver. This place reminds you of a tomb.

"I must die here, in Berlin," a hoarse voice says.

You sneak over to the door, peer into the next room—and immediately pull your head back. The voice was Hitler's. He's shaking hands with a group of beleaguered-looking Nazi officers. At his side is a plump woman with a scared, ashen face. She looks as if she's been crying.

"My Fuehrer, the poison has taken effect on the secretaries and all subordinates," one of the officers says.

"Thank you, Herr Goebbels," Hitler says softly. "Herr Bormann, you will of course see that my will is executed properly. Now, the time has come for my wife and me to take our lives. Farewell to you both."

So this is it, you realize. The Nazis have given up. In your mind, you run through the events of the war with Germany: England's forestalling of the Luftwaffe in the Battle of Britain, the Allies' bombing of German supply convoys in North Africa, D-Day, the crossing of the Rhine . . . you realize none of them could have happened without the breaking of the German code!

Satisfied that you have all the information you need here in Berlin, it is time to leave.



**If you haven't been to the Japanese war,
[click here.](#)**



**If you've been through the Japanese war,
go ahead to V-J Day and celebrate.
[Click here.](#)**



Yes, I read you . . . but we have no Ultra traffic at all . . . yes . . .”

You’re in another SLU. A man in a sergeant’s uniform is talking to someone via a headset. A calendar on the wall written in French tells you it’s December 10, 1944.

You sit among a team of men and women who are working too hard to notice you. It’s a perfect place to eavesdrop.

The sergeant puts down his headset and turns to a dark-haired officer standing near him. “That was General Bradley’s chief intelligence officer,” he says. “Says that the morale among the latest German prisoners of war is higher than ever. His reconnaissance has detected a build-up of forces behind the Rhine, too. So he suspects the Germans are planning to break through our lines and make a major thrust to Antwerp to cut off our supply source.”

The officer looks skeptical. “I don’t know about that, Pappas. Where does he think they’ll push through?”

“The Ardennes Forest, near the French border with Luxembourg and Belgium—the weakest part of our line, Lieutenant.”

“That’s because it’s impassable!” The lieutenant laughs. “If the Nazis plan to break through, they better do like Hansel and Gretel and leave a trail of bread crumbs to find their way out!”

Ardennes Forest. It sounds familiar. You look at your data card and realize it’s where the Battle of the Bulge happened!

“Besides,” Pappas suggests, “Ultra has been quiet. If the Nazis were going to attack, they’d be chattering away!”

“Exactly. Send a recommendation to headquarters that we sit

tight. Until we hear from Ultra, I don't think we have anything to worry about."

What's going on here? You know the Battle of the Bulge *did* happen. It looks as if the Allies depended so much on Ultra that they ignored other clues!

You need to find out if you're right. You walk nonchalantly into the hallway and time-travel to the Battle of the Bulge.



Jump ahead three months. [Click here.](#)



It's deadly quiet. You're in a large meeting room, and on an oval-shaped table in the center are two tidy, thin stacks of paper. The only other things in the room are chairs, a blackboard, and a closet.

You take a close look and notice the two stacks of paper are identical. On top of each is the heading MAGIC SUMMARY /JULY–AUGUST 1945, followed by a report on the most important Magic messages.

And right there in the report are some entire decoded messages.

Eureka! You grab one of the summaries, take it to the window, and put it in the direct sunlight. You don't want to miss one detail.

The sound of approaching footsteps makes your heart stop. For a moment, you freeze in your tracks. You can't take the papers with you, because you're supposed to make a copy. And if you put them down and escape, you'll probably never see them again.

There's a third choice—the closet. You can hide in there, then come back out when the coast is clear.

The doorknob rattles. You realize there's not even enough time to return the papers to the table. Clutching them, you dive into the closet, then crouch by the keyhole and peek through.

Several grim-faced men walk into the room. Most of them are wearing military uniforms with decorations. They stand aside as a trim, tight-lipped man in a business suit enters. He goes over to the table, adjusts his glasses, then sits and reads through the sheets. The men sit around him.

"There were supposed to be two copies, President Truman," one

of them says. "I don't know what happened—"

"Well, get a hold of one of your clerks and find out," Truman says distractedly.

You hear hasty footsteps out the door.

When Truman finishes reading, he shakes his head sadly. "Where do the Japanese *get* all these people? It says here they've got thirty-six active divisions and *two million* soldiers!" He frowns and raps his fingers on the table. "They must be recruiting the grandfathers by now."

A ruddy-faced younger man pipes up. "We'll whup them in no time! Let's send more bombers!"

Truman sighs. "No. They're stubborn fighters. As General Marshall says, we'll lose up to a million American lives if we invade. Even when they know defeat is near, they'll hold ground and fight back."

"As long as they *can* fight back," says a gray-haired man, softly.

For a few moments, no one says a word. Their eyes dart nervously from side to side. You can see Truman's cheekbones shifting as he grinds his teeth.

Finally Truman lifts his head. "I think you're right," he says. "We need extraordinary means to end this war!"

"But surely, sir, you can't be swayed by those tests in New Mexico!" a bearded man replies. "There are so many risks involved—"

"One doesn't win a war without taking risks," Truman says sharply. "Besides, according to these Magic transcripts, Russia's on the verge of declaring war on Japan. Now, I *know* the Soviets are supposed to be our allies, but they've been playing both sides of the fence throughout the war. I just don't trust 'em."

"I agree," the gray-haired man says. "We've worked too hard in this war to see the Russians storm through Japan and take it for their own."

Truman nods. "Gentlemen, history will brand me a hero or a butcher, but I've made up my mind. I shall give the order today for an atom bomb to be dropped over a major industrial port city. Our

order of preference will be Hiroshima, then Kokura, Nagasaki, and Niigata, depending on the weather over each. If the enemy doesn't surrender then, we will drop a second bomb."

Your heart skips a beat. You feel so helpless; there *must* be a better way! Your mind runs back over everything you've seen—the way Magic predicted the attacks on the Solomons and Midway, the way it helped stop the German-Japanese convoys, its role in the taking of Hollandia, and Yamamoto's death. . . .

With dread, you realize even Magic can't prevent the beginning of the nuclear age.

Just then the man who had left bursts back into the room. "Sir, my clerk says he set those papers down moments before we came in. He claims that if someone took them, the culprit's liable to be hiding in this room!"

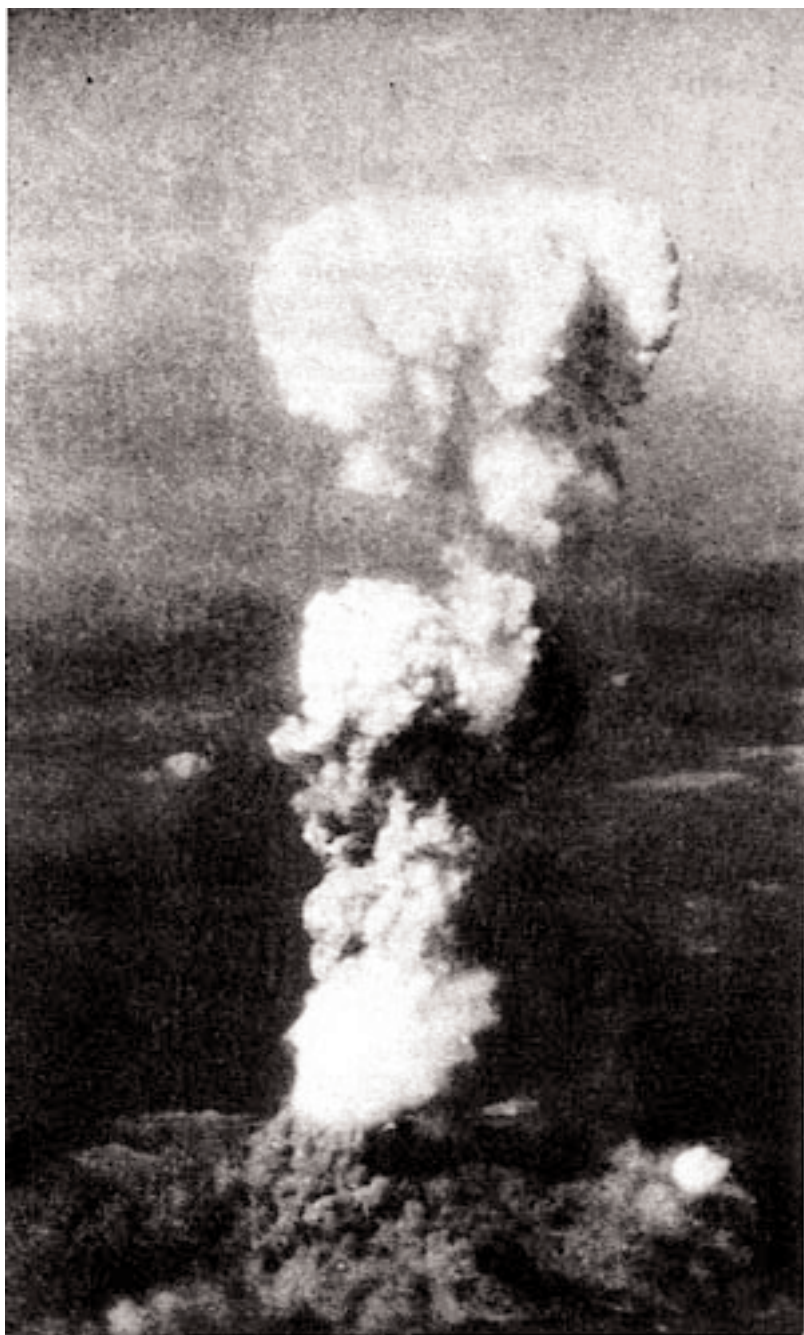
Quick, take a flash photo of the transcript in the closet, *then* escape into time!



**If you haven't been to the German war,
go back twelve years. [Click here.](#)**



**If you've been to the German war,
[click here.](#)**





You feel yourself being sucked forward. Leaning back to support yourself, you see an American bomber plane take off.

You're on another aircraft carrier—and you have *no* intention of going back up in a plane again! Looking out to sea, you spot a cluster of tiny islands, surrounded by ships. Large clouds of smoke drift up from many of the boats.

POOOOOM! You can see why. American planes are dropping bombs on them with deadly accuracy.

As another plane roars down the runway, you race inside the cabin. Immediately you hear the clacking of a teleprinter behind a door to the left. You push through to see a radio control room. Calmly, you sit at a table and pretend to know what you're doing. You shuffle some papers around, hoping one of them is a Magic transcript.

Next to you, a black-haired lieutenant talks into his mike: "Enemy sustaining heavy losses off the following Marianas islands: Saipan, Guam, and Tinian. Report hundreds of Japanese aircraft shot down as against a couple dozen of our own. Sir, we're picking them off like . . . like game birds, sir."

"All *riiight!*" yells a soldier who has over-heard. "It's the Great Marianas Turkey Shoot!"

Laughter breaks out from everyone in the room—except for one person.

A steady stream of frantic Japanese chatter blares over his radio and he responds with his own *English* chatter into the mike:

“ ‘Kate’ plane pilot now due east of Tinian . . . telling plane E1-30 to change course 10 degrees northward . . . Hellcat formation spotted over Saipan . . . you’ve got three planes there, boys . . . copilots are arguing now . . . kamikazes sighted . . . ”

You realize he’s translating the Japanese voice transmissions! You’ve been hearing so much about Magic that you haven’t realized how important this kind of last-minute intelligence is.

But it’s a Magic transcript you need, so you’ve got to move ahead to find one. You could go ahead to the next battle, or go to the end of the Pacific war. At this late date there should be a lot of frantic messages.



Go ahead four months to Okinawa.

[Click here.](#)



Go ahead a year to the South Pacific at the end of the war. [Click here.](#)



It's a lovely day for a picnic. The river winds lazily through the woods and grassy fields. It laps up against the dock of a nearby boathouse.

Have you gone back too far, to a time before the war? You decide to go to the boathouse. Maybe there's someone inside you can talk to.

As you approach the stone building, you hear crashing noises within. You're in luck; you trot toward the dock.

Suddenly the boathouse door flies open. "Move!" a voice calls out.

You dive under the dock. It's Patton! He stomps down onto the wooden planks above you, followed by a small army of men. Looking up through the cracks, you see them racing toward the water—carrying rowboats!

As the boats splash into the water, Patton throws back his head and guffaws. "Last one to Germany is a rotten egg, Monty!" he roars.

He jumps in the lead boat, and the fleet begins to cross the river. On the other side, the German shore is still and unguarded.

You remember Patton learned about this spot via Ultra reports. Leave it to him to use Ultra for every possible advantage over the Nazis—not to mention the advantage over Montgomery!

You watch, mesmerized. The war sure has come a long way since that Nuremberg rally. After terrorizing the world, after rallying hundreds of thousands of people and massacring millions, the Nazis are too weakened to stop a flotilla of rowboats. With Montgomery and



Patton both crossing into Germany, you know it's only a matter of time for the Third Reich.

You wonder how Hitler, who thought he was destined to conquer the world, is feeling right now.



Find out. Go ahead a month and a half to Berlin at the end of the European war.

[Click here.](#)



HONNNNNNNK!

You jump at the ear-splitting noise. Spinning around, you see a sailor with a strange, maniacal grin on his face.

Just then you're whacked violently from behind. You tumble to the ground to the sound of a high-pitched shriek.

Horried, you look up. The soldier who knocked you down is screaming and jumping wildly.

You suddenly become aware of blaring music . . . and neon lights . . . and ticker tape floating down from a brown-brick skyscraper . . . and more brightly lit movie theaters than you can count! The grinning sailor hands you a noisemaker and helps you up. He's surrounded by friends who are screaming, dancing, and kissing any young women they see.

"Man, I wish they had something like Times Square where I come from!" he exclaims.

You smile, remembering that there were two huge celebrations in the United States—one after the victory in Europe, and one after the victory in Japan. "Is this V-J Day?" you ask.

The sailor roars with laughter. "What's happened? You were sleeping when MacArthur signed the Japanese surrender this afternoon? Of course it's V-J Day!"

You feel light-headed with joy. Before you can even think, you let out a loud whoop. Those tense hours struggling with the Enigma and Purple codes, the bullet-riddled surf at Normandy, the horror of Pearl Harbor . . . it's all in the past.

"I wanna see the lights, Daddy!" a child's voice rings out. You

look over to see a young boy being lifted onto the broad shoulders of a GI. The boy stares up in amazement. You follow his glance to see a massive neon sign towering over a building. On it, two neon figures glow at either end of a four-story-high waterfall made entirely of multicolored lights.

“They’re just standing in all that water!” the boy says. “Did you get to go in the water when you were in the war, Daddy?”

You look at the GI as he puts his arm around his wife and laughs.

And that’s when when you recognize the face. A face that you watched disappear under the raging sea off the coast of Normandy, France. You look at his shirt to make sure.

The name BLANCHARD is printed above the pocket. He did it, you say to yourself. Somehow he did it.

“Yeah,” the man says, “Daddy spent a lot of time in the water.”

“Lucky!” his son says.

You’re not sure, but you think you see a tear forming in the corner of Blanchard’s eye. “You’re right,” he says. “Your daddy is very, very lucky.”

You feel yourself blushing, so you turn away. You can’t imagine how he could have survived—but then again, you can’t imagine how a lot of things happened in the war. How a madman could have become one of the most powerful men in the world; how young Japanese pilots could have smashed themselves into battleships and considered it an honor; how secret codes with trillions of possible solutions could have been broken by a few scientists.

But most of all, you can’t imagine how two great world powers could have remained ignorant to the fact that their every signal was being read throughout the war. And how they never managed to crack the Allies’ important codes.

You sigh. Some things will probably never have an explanation. But after all your travels, there are a few other things you know for sure. Germany and Japan were tough, ruthless enemies in World War II. It took six years to defeat one, four years to defeat the other. Would that have been possible without Ultra and Magic? Maybe, but you’re sure glad that question never had to be answered.





You take one last look at the rowdy, jubilant crowd around you. Patting the copies of the Magic and Ultra summaries in your pocket, you find a deserted side street and jump to the present.

MISSION COMPLETED.

DATA FILE

Page 10: Don't worry; you can go back to the other one later.

Page 21: Things often begin where you least expect them.

Page 24: The experts must have suspected something, right?

Page 64: What's in a code name?

Page 71: Remember the rules of time travel.

Page 100: You won't be where you think you are.

About the Contributors

PETER LERANGIS has had over twenty-five books published, including *Time Machine #22: The Last of the Dinosaurs*, *Time Traveler #4: The Amazing Ben Franklin*, *Explorer #3: In Search of a Shark!*, and the YA novelizations for the movies *Little Monsters*, *Sing*, *Star Trek IV*, and *License to Drive*. He has also ghost-written for many series, including *Hardy Boys Casefiles*, *The Three Investigators*, *Nancy Drew/Hardy Boys Super Mysteries*, *Sweet Valley High*, *Sweet Valley Twins*, *Couples*, *Roommates*, and *G.I. Joe*. As an actor and a singer, Peter has had lead roles in many plays and was in the Broadway show *They're Playing Our Song*. He grew up in Freeport, New York, and graduated Harvard College with a degree in biochemistry. Now he lives in New York City with his wife and two-year-old son, Nicholas, and he wrote this book in the Times Square skyscraper mentioned above.

ALEX NINO is an internationally respected illustrator. His work has appeared in such publications as *Metal Hurlant* in France, *Starlog* in America, and in hundreds of magazine in his native Philippines. His paintings and illustrations have been published as portfolios, book jackets, and graphic stories. He is also the winner of an Inkpot Award. Mr. Nino is the co-illustrator of *Time Machine #4: Sail With Pirates* and *Time Machine #7: Ice Age Explorer*.