

SPY WORLD



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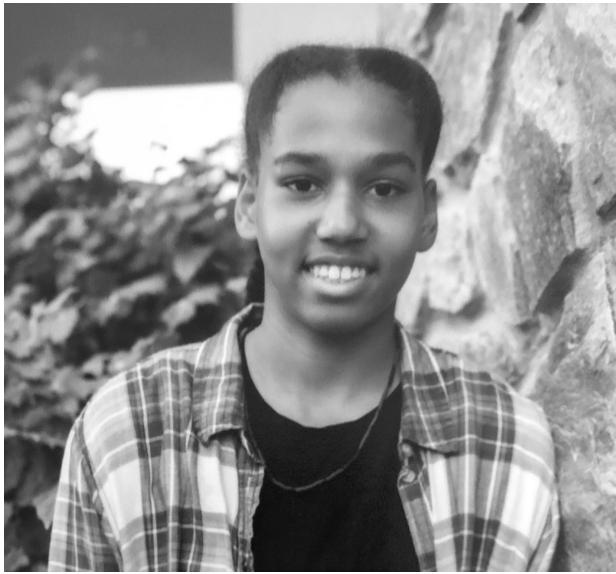
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Hey guys! If you're reading this, your interest was probably piqued by the amazing cover (what? It's true), so I should tell you what you're in for.

In this magazine, we've got stories, we've got poems, and we've got a spy profile on none other than the real-life Q, Charles Fraser-Smith! Sorry if I sound like a circus ad; I can get a little carried away. It's true, though!

Also included are a book review for the first book in an awesome series, a blog post, and well, if I tell you anymore this will basically be a table of contents without the page numbers.

So, what are you waiting for? An assignment from your teacher? Magazines are meant to be read! By readers! (That's you by the way.) Oh, you're probably waiting for me to finish...Well, I'm done now, so read on!

MGAP, Editor-in-Chief

**SPY WORLD
Magazine**

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Dear Editor,

I am riting this letter for the sake of the magizine. At first I was waitting for someone else to take action, but sience no one steped up, I shall do it myself.

In every single issue, without fail, there is at least one grammatical mistake and one sppeling mistake. This out rageous behavior must be stopped! I demand that your proof reader must be fird. And becaus l'am such a charitable person, you shal hire me instead because i went to a gramer school and ther is noone more exprienced in gramer and sppeling than me. You cann't refuse this ofer or I will sue.

Gramattically yours,
Ima di Unce

Letter to the Editor

Dear Ima di Unce,

I apologize for upsetting you. Any grammar or spelling mistakes that you have found in the issues most likely seem incorrect, but are, in fact, valid. I'm afraid that we can't hire you because we have no jobs left open, and you have terrible grammar. As for our proofreader, she has done an excellent job so far and we have no valid reason to fire her. Additionally, you cannot sue us because we won't hire you; that is irrational.

Sincerely,
The Editor

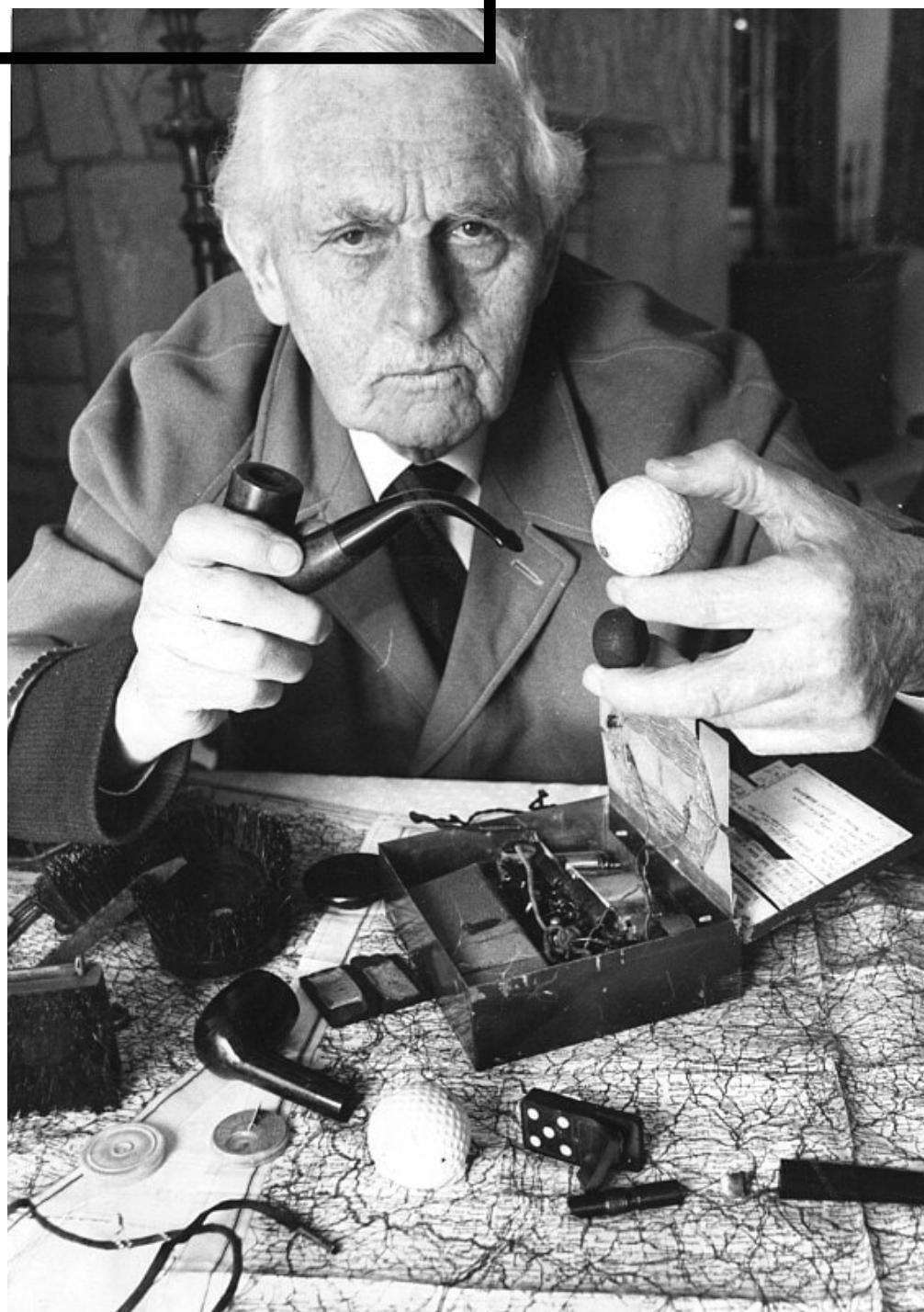
SPY PROFILE: CHARLES FRASER-SMITH

Below: Charles Fraser-Smith with some of his inventions

Charles Fraser-Smith was born in 1904 and orphaned at the age of seven. Because of this, he was brought up by a Christian missionary family. They inspired him to become a missionary himself, in Morocco. After he gave a sermon once he got back, something happened that would change his life.

The men from the Ministry of Supply heard his sermon, and were interested in his descriptions of his experience in mixed media things. They offered him a job, and a short while later Charles Fraser-Smith was working as a temporary civil servant for the Ministry of Supply's Clothing and Textile Department. Only he wasn't—not really.

Secretly, he was developing gadgets and other equipment for section XV of Britain's World

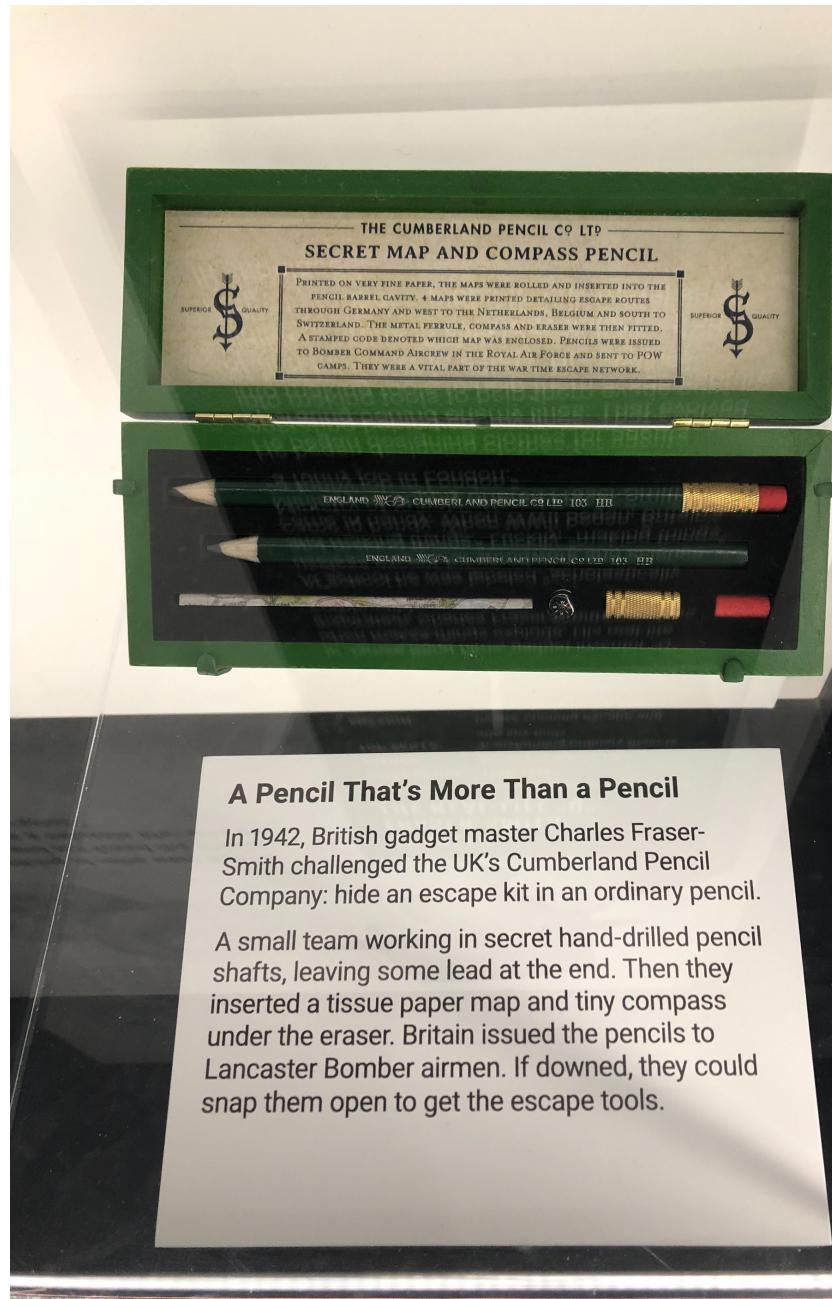


War II intelligence organization, the Special Operations Executive, or SOE. Even his secretary and boss weren't aware of this. Most of his gadgets helped SOE agents escape or hide or collect information. In fact, many believe he was the inspiration for the character "Q" in the James Bond series.

He disguised a garrote as a shoelace for a boot. He hid maps and saws in hair brushes. A container hiding documents had a left-handed screw-top so the Germans wouldn't find it. In one operation, code named "Operation Mincemeat," he designed a trunk, six feet two inches long and three feet wide to carry a body preserved in dry ice. All the materials he used were carefully sourced from the area they would be used in. Otherwise, the agent using it could be caught.

After the war, he bought a dairy farm that became successful. His family persuaded him to write about his job. And he did, after getting clearance first, of course. Since he kept examples of some of his gadgets, he opened an exhibit at the Exmoor Steam Railway. Once a week he would explain how his gadgets worked to visitors. He died of unknown causes in 1992 when he was almost 89.

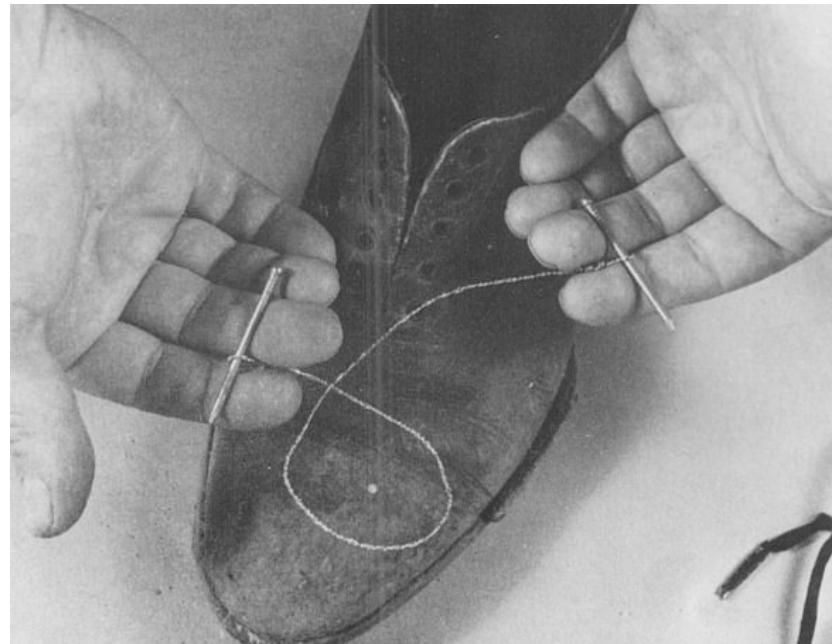
Above right: pencil map and compass
Below right: shoelace garotte
both designed by Fraser-Smith



A Pencil That's More Than a Pencil

In 1942, British gadget master Charles Fraser-Smith challenged the UK's Cumberland Pencil Company: hide an escape kit in an ordinary pencil.

A small team working in secret hand-drilled pencil shafts, leaving some lead at the end. Then they inserted a tissue paper map and tiny compass under the eraser. Britain issued the pencils to Lancaster Bomber airmen. If downed, they could snap them open to get the escape tools.



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Step 1: Fly a plane to Washington, D.C.

That seems easy enough. Unless, of course, you happen to look like a criminal. I was just about to exit the D.C. airport when two security guards took me at the elbows and started leading me away.

"Sir, you have been apprehended for drug dealing," the first one said.

Despite my protests, I was locked away in the airport jail for the whole night. In the morning, I was released with apologies from the head guard.

"It was a simple case of mistaken identity," he said by way of explanation. "We are really sorry for your...inconvenience, sir."

"Don't you think it's a little late for that?" I mutter.

Step 2: Get a taxi to the International Spy Museum.

I tried to, but the driver said he didn't know of such a place and

refused to use a GPS. I had heard there was a palace-like building nearby, and described it to him. Apparently he knew the place and we started off.

I was getting hungry and must have said something about bacon, because the driver said: "Bacon? Well why didn't you say so!" and changed directions.

\$300 and a whole day later I was at some random place in Virginia that belonged to some guy named Bacon.

Step 3: Get an Uber back to D.C.

I ended up telling the driver how I got here and she said that she could take me to the place I wanted to go. She also said I was an idiot for not noticing how long the drive was: "you were already in D.C.--it should have only taken 30 minutes max, and there were signs saying 'welcome to Virginia!'".

I may or may not have told her to shut up and drive.

Step 4: Walk to the International Spy Museum.

I got to the palace-like building--which I still don't know the name of--and looked around for the Spy Museum. If I put my back to the garden behind the building, I could just see the museum. All I had to do was cross the street and it was a straight shot from there. So, I stood there and waited for the stop sign to change. Half an hour later, I was

getting impatient. When would the stupid sign change? Then I realized I had been looking at a stop sign, not the stop light. Feeling like the idiot I was, I crossed the street.

Step 4 (actually, 5): Walk to the International Spy Museum.

And I did. Then I walked around the whole building before I found the entrance. Finally! I stopped short when I saw the sign on the door. The museum was closed for Labor Day weekend. One plane ticket, \$300 in cab fare and then \$301 more (the second driver's rates were outrageous!) and the International Spy Museum was closed for a holiday. I had forgotten about Labor Day when I made my plans.

I vowed I would never be unobservant again; it could be very expensive. As I turned to walk away, I bumped into a signpost and broke my watch.



Above right: The International Spy Museum

Right: Bacon Castle

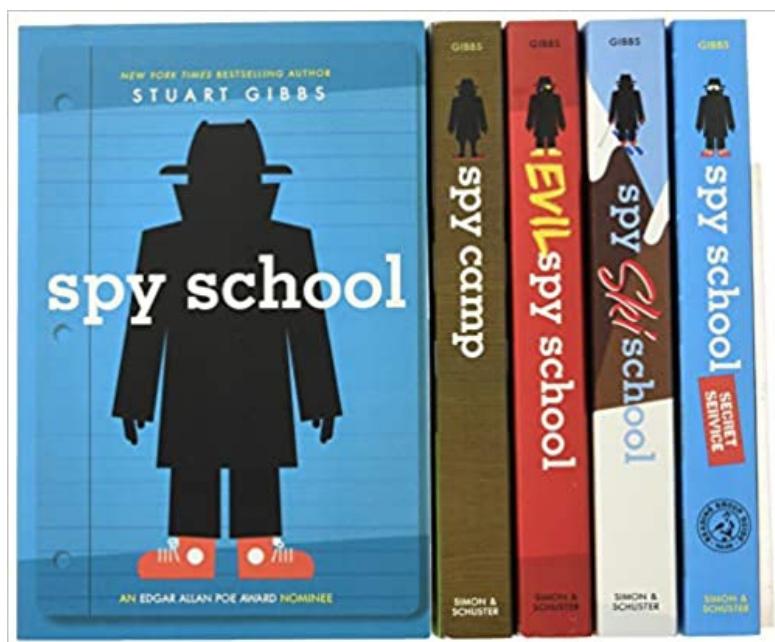


Spy School: A Book Review

I am recruiting you for the CIA. Yes, you heard that right. But, you have a choice. Will you join in on the events in the book *Spy School* by Stewart Gibbs? Or will you write it off (excuse the pun) as a piece of fiction for children? This review will decide for you whether you are worthy or not to embark on this journey with Ben Ripley and his gang. In order to not be worthy you have to be uninterested in the book series. This is very unlikely and if this is you, you don't know what you're missing. The choice is yours. . .

If you aren't sure what *Spy School* is about, read this. Ben Ripley is a 13 year old boy who gets recruited to the CIA school. His family and his friend thought he was going to a science academy in Washington D.C. As he gets trained, it soon becomes apparent that the only reason for his recruitment was that he was good with codes and such. AKA, he was very clumsy and failed Advanced Self-Preservation. One of the students that he was "friends" with turned out to be a mole and betrayed the whole school. Ben, Erica, and Zoe all worked together to stop him from blowing up the school.

I have summarized the first book of the series for you. I have not included all the details so that the book will still be somewhat interesting when you read it. There are six books that follow the first one. Your mission is to now share this story with your friends. Of course you should read the whole series because all the books are good. Now you may not be able to attend spy school, but you can still enjoy reading about those who did. You will be so immersed with the storyline that you might believe that it's real!



THE BALLAD OF THE STEALTHY SQUIRREL

Once there was a squirrel, clever but vain
Who boasted to the passers-by, even in rain,
"I've got me a mission," he'd say, rubbing his stubble.
"From the Squirrel Corporation for Agents of Trouble!"

"What is my mission from SCAT, do you say?
Why, to get through the nets meant to keep me at bay!
I'll get through the nets, right to the strawberries,
Then take just a bite, the gardeners I'll harry!"

He'd then scamper off, laughing with glee
Back towards the beds, oh, what a sight to see
From one juicy strawberry he'd take just a nibble
From the next, a big bite, down his chin juice would dribble

The gardeners then put over the beds an extra layer,
To try to keep the squirrel out of their hair.
But this attempt was in vain, for then soon on the morrow,
They found the nets chewed through, bringing much sorrow.

Nothing could keep this squirrel from his snack
And day after day, teh beds he would sack.
He ate and he ate, and then ate some more
When he would stop, no one was really sure.

And then one day it happened, to everyone's shock,
He was still in his rest, though it was 12-'o-clock.
When someone stopped by, a blue jay named Kelly
He told her he had an ache, deep down in his belly.

So you see, my dear friends, what happens to those
Who do not great things-it really does show
That too much of a good thing-yes even ice cream-
Is always a bad thing, no matter your dream.



The Mystery of Nicholas van Dower

Twelve year old Zach Davis stared at the bike in front of him in the used sport equipment store. It looked relatively new with only a little rust on the metal parts. Zach reached out his hand to turn over the price tag. Thirty-five dollars. Though it wasn't that much money for a bike, Zach still doubted his dad would buy it for him.

His dad wasn't a penny pincher, per say; he just didn't have that much money. Since he didn't have a well-paying job, Zach's dad fixed people's phones and such on the side.

"Hey, kid," a rough voice behind Zach said. "You wanna buy that? Brakes need some work, but other than that it's like new. Wait, aren't you the kid who never buys anything? Get out, unless you have any money on you."

Zach sighed and shouldered past the man, out the door, and onto the street. As he walked past an alley, something in it caught his eye. He walked over and stooped to get a closer look. It was a small machine, a little smaller than his fist, and it was covered with rust and dirt.

"If I get this home and clean it up a bit, maybe Dad can use some of its parts for extra money. If he gets enough money, he could buy me that bike! We probably have bike brakes laying around to fix it up," Zach thought excitedly, hurrying home.

And he did just that. When he reached his small apartment he went straight to his room. Taking out some steel wool, Zach began to gently scrub away the rust. Soon it was clean. As he was setting it down on his desk, he noticed a tag on it that said:

Property of Nicholas van Dower

If found, please return to:

102 Cranberry Lane

This might be a problem. His dad said that he didn't like to steal. If there was a name tag on it, he would go to the address and return the item. If no one with that name lived there anymore, then he would keep it.

Zach tried to remove the tag but it wouldn't budge. So he decided he would tell his dad he had already looked at the address but the person wasn't there. "Maybe there are more of these. I should look," he thought, heading back outside.

After a few days, Zach had gathered fifteen little machines all with the same name on them. Now cleaned, they sat on his desk waiting to be disassembled.

It was Saturday, and on Saturdays Zach always cleaned the house. There wasn't much to clean but it got dirty really quickly. As he was cleaning his room, he found a small object stuck to his wall. It was black and had a little glass section facing his desk. Zach tried to pull it off the wall, but it was tiny, about the size of a marble and he couldn't get a good grip on it. He'd have to show his dad when he got home from work. Maybe he would know what it was.

At eight o'clock his dad returned and ate the meal Zach had made. He watched his dad eat because he had eaten earlier. Usually his dad could tell when he had something on his mind, so he waited for him to say something.

"You want to tell me something," said his dad. Not a question, but a statement.

"Yeah," Zach admitted. "But I'll wait until you're finished with your dinner. I want to show you something in my room, but it can wait. It's fine."

Finally Zach's dad finished his meal. Once the dishes were washed, they went to Zach's room. In it, he showed his dad the little gadget on the wall. His dad frowned once he saw it.

"Do you know what it is?" asked Zach. "It won't come off; I already tried."

His dad didn't respond, but walked calmly out of the room. A minute later, he returned with a paint scraper in his hand. Pressing it against the wall next to the gadget, Zach's dad soon popped the thing off the wall.

"It's a bug," he said simply. "Probably from those machines you have there. No doubt the owner wanted to see what you were going to do with them."

Zach shivered. Thankfully the bug had been at such an angle that it wouldn't have seen much more than his desk.

"What are you going to do?" Zach asked.

"I'm going to smash this with a hammer," said his dad, "then we're going to return these to their proper owner."

After the bug was smashed and thrown away, the two of them headed over to Cranberry Lane to find the house and Nicholas van Dower, whoever he was. When they got to the address, Zach's dad knocked on the door. It was soon answered by a kindly old man with neat white hair and wire-rimmed round glasses.

"Hello," said the old man, smiling. "And who might you be?"

"I'm Samuel," said Zach's dad, "and this is my son Zach. He found some of your little machines. Well, assuming you are Nicholas van Dower, that is."

"Ah. Yes, I am Nicholas. Unfortunately, I have lost control of some of my machines lately, in my old age. You see, they require a lot of attention to be cleaned and such—or they get upset."

"How can they get upset?" Zach interjected. "They're not even alive."

"I was just getting to that. Why don't you come inside?" The man stepped in and motioned to a couch in the living room.

Once everyone was seated, Nicholas continued. "My machines are as alive as any. They don't really have feelings, but if I neglect them they start to disappear. They just up and walk, because I make them with legs and wheels. When they reach alleys or other obscure places they usually stop because of rust. Extremely inconvenient, if you ask me."

"I have a bag of them right here," Zach said, holding up the trash bag they had brought with them. "I already cleaned them."

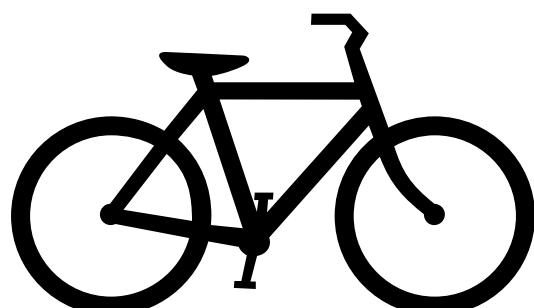
"Really?" Nicholas took the bag and opened it. "Splendid! Thank you very much, I really appreciate it."

"There was a bug on my son's wall," Zach's dad spoke up. "Why was it there?"

"A bug?" The old man seemed confused. "But I never...oh yes, I remember now. I programmed it to show its surroundings if a group of them were together. That way I could try to find them. It never occurred to me that someone would bring them into their house. I'm sorry, I really am."

"It's alright, I guess. Thank you for your time." Father and son left the old man's house for their own.

On his birthday, Zach's dad gave him a brand new bike, making him feel guilty for doing what he had to try to get one. Now that he had a bike, Zach rode over to Nicholas's house every Saturday after he cleaned to help with the machines. He loved doing it, of course, but the fifteen dollars he got each time was an added bonus.



Poems

Cryptography
On guard
Decipher
Espionage
Script



The tapping of keys
Strings of code across the screen
A turtle creeps on



Code-breaking

I sit
And glare, waiting
Slowly an idea forms
In my mind. Could it be the one?
Yes! Solved.

```
1  <!DOCTYPE HTML>
2  <html>
3
4  <head>
5    <meta http-equiv="Content-Type"
       content="text/html; charset=UTF-8" />
6  <title>Hello World</title>
7  </head>
8
9  <body>
10   Hello World!
11  </body>
12
13 </html>
```

There once was a coder named Jayden
Who coded to get all their pay in
It was all going fine
'Til they got sucked inside
And now there's a code that's called Jayden

Above: Hello World!
The first thing you learn in html.

Cipher vs. Code

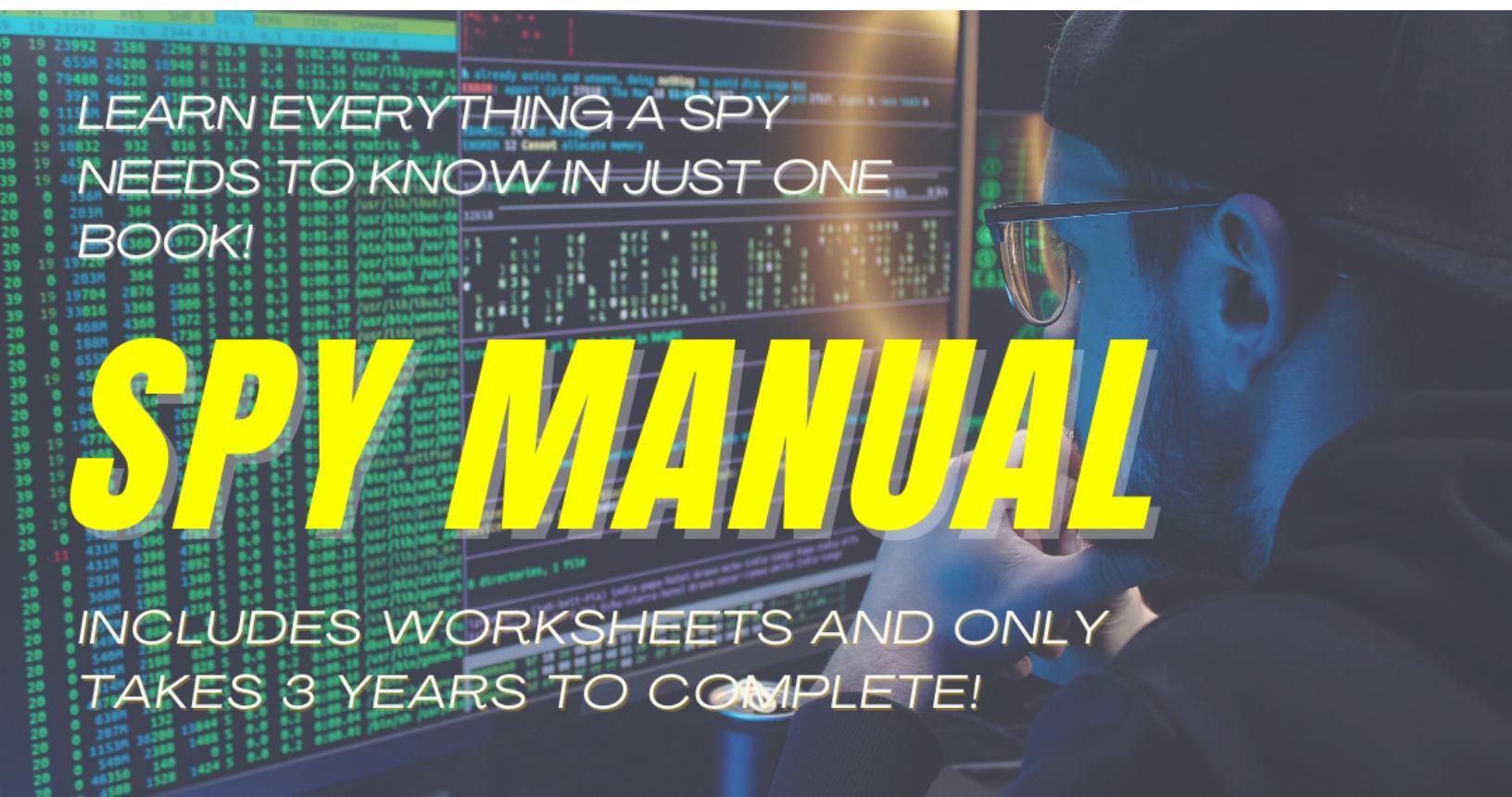
Hey, thanks for reading my blog. Unless, of course, you're strapped to a chair with your kidnappers forcing you to read this. (Not that I would know anything about that, right?) heh, heh, heh...

Anyway, enough of that. I'm going to (try to) inform you about codes and ciphers. It took me a while, but I finally figured out the difference: codes replace every word of the alphabet with a system of numbers or symbols, and ciphers shift the letters in a word or replace them in some way, though they still remain letters.

Some types of code are: Morse Code, Pigpen Code, Binary Code, and many more. Some types of cipher are: Railfence Cipher, Fox/Dog Cipher, and the Reverse Alphabet Cipher. There are, of course, many, many more codes and ciphers, but those are some of my favorites. I also like mirror-writing, where you write words so they can be read in the mirror,

zint gtil

It's just plain fun!



How to Make a Cipher Wheel

Have you ever wanted to send a secret message to a friend? Or maybe you wanted an extra layer of protection for your diary or journal from siblings? Either way, it's not that hard to encipher either. If you do it often, it'll become as easy as writing *packaword* (or maybe that's just me). I'm talking about a cipher wheel. Cipher wheels have twenty-six different alphabets, though one of them is just the regular one which doesn't really count. In this article I'll teach you how to make and use your own cipher wheel.

On a piece of paper, draw a circle about three to four inches in diameter. I used construction paper because it's sturdier. Draw a separate circle about one inch larger than the first and cut both circles out. Write the alphabet evenly spaced around the edges of both circles. You might want to use a ruler. Pin the circles together, the little one on the big one, so you can see the letters.

To use your cipher wheel, first pick a letter to represent A. line the A on the big circle with your chosen letter on the little circle. Now you can write out your message using the letters on the little circle to represent the letters on the larger circle.

When choosing your letter for A, I don't recommend the first five or six letters. This is because if someone somehow figures out that you used a cipher wheel, they will start at the beginning of the alphabet in trying to decode your message. If it's not at the beginning, it will take them more time to crack it and give you more time to stop them.

Another precaution you could take is removing spacing. If they knew where a word ended, they could just try to decode that word until it looked like a real word. If there was no spacing, they would have to go further into the message until they confirmed that it was or wasn't the letter you used.

My cipher wheel stuck a little when I turned it. This is because the pin I used was one of those brass ones with the wings to secure it. Next time I would probably use a hole-punch to make the hole in the center of the two circles before I pinned them together. I hope this helped, and happy coding! (or ciphering, whatever).



Above: Cipher wheel

All for Naught

Brook Cassidy was an average 13-year-old girl in the year 2073—except for the fact that her mom was the head coder for the biggest corporation of the 21st century, of course.

Ever since her last birthday when her mom had given her a hoverboard, Brook always rode home on it, enjoying the extra four inches it gave her as she hovered off the ground.

One day, when she got home and started rummaging through her backpack for homework, Brook realized that she had left her computer at school. She groaned when she saw that she was going to have to borrow her mom's because the library was closed.

Finally, after much begging and pleading, and a number of promises, Brook convinced her mom to let her use her computer for the schoolwork that was due the next day and required the computer.

As Brook went to open the webs browser on her mom's computer, she noticed a file labeled:

Top Secret-Do Not Open

She snorted a laugh at the sheer stupidity of the title. If something is top secret, the last thing you should do is shout it to the world. But then her curiosity kicked in. Why would her mom label this one file top secret, when Brook wasn't supposed to look at any of them? Even though she had promised her mom she wouldn't, Brook went ahead and opened the file. The screen filled with the familiar code she had taught herself and now knew like a second language. As Brook scanned through the lengthy code her mom had written her eyes widened.

From what she understood, if someone used this code they would be able to control the devices of everyone in the world! Obviously her mom's bosses wanted this code, but why?

After she closed the file, Brook went to her mom's email. Maybe she could find some clues there. Sure enough, after looking through over a week's mail (her mom never deleted anything) she found what she was looking for.

In a very official-looking message, her bosses explained that they wanted the code so they could know what it looked like and make sure no one was using it. *Seriously?* Brook thought. How does that even work?

She took a picture of the email as evidence, then closed the page and turned to her homework, her mind whirling at what she had just seen.

* * *

Two days later was a Saturday, but Brook's mom's work was still open. This was perfect. If Brook could sneak into her mom's work, she might be able to get a recording of her mom's bosses editing their real plans.

So, after lunch, Brook set out on her hoverboard to her mom's work. When she got there she contemplated how to get in. Finally she decided to just walk right in and present she belonged. I mean, she *had* been there on "Bring Your Kid to Work Day," but still.

After stashing her hoverboard behind a bush, Brook walked confidently in. Surprisingly, no one tried to stop her. She rode the elevator to the top floor, where the bosses worked, and looked around. No one.

Creeping along the hallway, Brook came to a door labeled "Meeting Room." She could just hear voices coming from inside. As she pressed up against the door, she hit the record button on her phone and brought it close to the door.

Inside, the bosses were talking about how they wanted to use the code so they could get even more money. Perfect. And then they started talking about lunch. What?! Chairs started scraping the floor as people started to leave.

Panicking, Brook glanced wildly about and then dashed over to a janitor's closet. When she tried the door, it opened. She slipped inside and swiftly closed the door behind her.

After what seemed like ages Brook heard no more footsteps. But when she opened the door, there was the janitor, looking just as surprised as she was. Mumbling excuses, Brook sprinted for the nearest exit. Once outside she retrieved her hoverboard and headed home, scolding herself for coming at the lunch hour.

When she got home, Brook nervously walked up to her mom, who was eating lunch.

"Mom?" she ventured, clutching her hoverboard tightly.

"What is it, hon?" asked her mom, looking up from her food.

"I-I-I have a confession to make."

"Do you now?"

"Yeah. I opened that top secret file on your computer."

"What?!"

"And I read the email your bosses sent you about it."

"You did-Brook Louise!"

Brook cringed but kept going. "I also went to your work and recorded your bosses saying they wanted to use the code themselves. That's where I was just now. AND before you ground me or anything, I think you should call the police. I've got all the proof right here on my phone."

Brook's mom stared at her for a minute, and then started laughing.

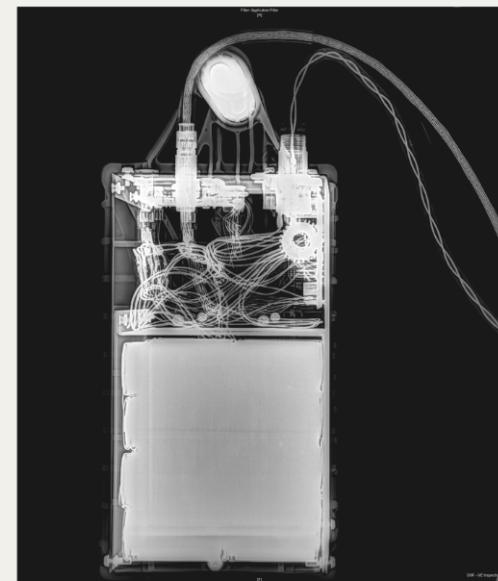
"Well," she said, "I guess you didn't read all the code, then?"

"Um, no, but most of it," Brook replied defensively.

"At the end there was a bit that said if they ever tried to actually use the code, it would automatically call the police."



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