

Fine Lines

By Peter Lambden

“A, J, D, B,” Luca read confidently.

“Good,” said the commissioner. “The final line please, comrade.”

Luca tensed. All correct and he'd be drafted to the front lines. Too many wrong and he'd be shipped off to treat the wastelands. He was aiming for a solid middle; a quiet, safe role in logistics.

“O, B, D, N...” The last was a “C”.

“O”, he stated.

The commissioner smiled and nodded knowingly.

“Nineteen correct, and a bonus point for sheer gall.

That's twenty. Pick up your papers tomorrow. Enjoy the front lines.”

“But...”

“O was close enough,” smiled the commissioner. “Next!”