

Operation Princess:

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

We all stared in disbelief at what we were watching.

'She ~~looks~~ looks so normal!' Just like any old housewife.' Agent 2100 quietly muttered to the group of men surrounding him.

Boss paused the footage, took a draw of his cigar and said with a hoarse voice,

'Gentlemen, take special note of how she addresses the crowd. She looks poised, but it is all an act.'

Boss pressed play and the footage continued rolling. ~~She~~ She stepped on to the tarmac at Kennedy Airport, and a piercing silence, filled with awe, consumed the news reporters, who were trying to get the all important snapshot of the woman herself.

Clearing her throat, ~~she~~ ~~gained~~ the attention

She began to speak to the crowd,
'Hello everybody! I am very excited to be here,' she exclaimed. The news reporters looked shocked, I don't think they knew what to expect. Boss paused the footage yet ~~again~~ again. In a stern voice he said,

'This is her. Svetlana Alliluyeva. ~~Operation~~ Operation Princess has begun. Stalin's daughter has arrived.

* * *

~~instead~~ quietly
1 April 1968

I knocked on the door of her apartment, and a bubbly voice with a thick Russian accent ~~replied~~ ^{answered},
'I'll be there in just one second.'

I could hear her fumbling around, cleaning up quickly. She opened the door and let me inside.

'Good to see you Agent, I was just

about to make myself some rose
petal tea, if you'd like some

→ about Svetlana's transition into
the americanised Lana Peters.

→ through the eyes of the main
agent assigned to her case.