

Answer THE OTHER question from the elective you have studied on pages 14–24

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Question Number

Write the question number in the space provided.

It had been dark outside for a while now. The snow was still falling heavily. He hated this part of the evening.

David had been his friend since the day he was born, or for as long as he could remember anyway. It had been a shared dream of theirs to become ~~agents~~ the faces of America, to join forces and rule this nation together. Work at the Whitehouse was tough, never ending, exhausting. But they loved every minute of it. They had made it a ritual to stop at Cafe Angelique after work before heading home to the ~~wife~~ wife and kids. He wanted this ritual to stop.

It all began when a file rather large file was placed on his desk with the ~~to~~ thick black label "PRIVATE" in capitals. At first he felt excited.

Communist file after communist file, these were people who were bound to get caught by the government sooner or later. His heart dropped at the sight of the file titled "ROSENBERG". He didn't want it to be true.

David and his wife Estelle had ~~amired~~ a close relationship

to family in Russia. David had always complained about how much he hated those "family calls" and often exchanged very few sentences in Russian before hanging up. The never ending file made him ~~quest~~ dread the coffee after work.

"Could this be true?" He thought to himself.

His mind was completely blank when the boss arrived at his door, the papers scattered across his desk. "Oh good, I'm glad you got them. It's happening tonight. Coffee?" his tone was bright and somewhat excited.

"I..." he began, his face still blank, "I... I just... don't understand"

"They are bloody fakes! That's what! You just can't trust anyone these days... Those commies are bloody everywhere... Ignorant pricks..." He^{boss} turned to look at David's office and waved his hand as if nothing was the matter. "I'm giving that a no to a coffee break, see you later Charles." The room was quiet again.

The files made so much sense but also no sense at the same time. His friend. All his life. Now this? The walk toward the coffee shop was long and miserable. He was a great fan of the snow, but tonight it was extra heavy, extra thick. He didn't want to go to the coffee place with Dave.

It looked warm and inviting in the coffee shop. The lady often gave them discounts on the fruit buns, but tonight the buns in the window just weren't appealing. ~~He was hesitant~~ He stood outside in the cold, watching his friend, his best friend closely examine the menu even though he ordered the same thing each time. David's kids came to his mind.

"Christ sake what have you got yourself into" his tone bit the air as he swung the cafe door open. He stormed to the table and threw the files on the menu. "Is it true?"

David looked confused at the files, not a word was said. "Well?" he continued, "is it?" David shook his head.

The tension in the coffee shop filled as he continued his speech of disappointment. "How could you Dave? ~~To~~ You turned on your own friend. You betrayed your own nation. How could you? And your kids, they won't have a home or a family. They will forever be known as the traitors kids. Poor Michael and Robert."

David looked up at him apologetically. "I'm so sorry, you really were my friend, my best friend. I need to get home to the kids, to Estelle. I'm sorry." he exclaimed.

"They want you dead by tomorrow morning, you and Estelle. I suggest you run real quick." He felt pity for his traitor friend.

"I guess this is goodbye then. Thank you for being a great friend."

"Yes. Good bye my friend." David's voice was shaky.

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The following morning was still cold. The snow still heavy. The radio in the kitchen screamed of angry ~~voices~~ ^{chants}. "Free the Rosenbergs! Free the Rosenbergs!" while others chanted "Kill those Commies spies! Kill those commie spies!" As a dark cloud loomed over him.

"Oh darling have you heard..." his wife began, "How awful! And the kids! Oh how could they! Can't you help?"

"My love," he began "anyone who helps traitor spies instantly becomes a traitor, I can't do that to this family, this nation.² My reputation... I just can't."

"We can pray for them" she ~~exactly~~ said ~~comfortably~~ comfortingly.