

"I WILL NOT RAISE RABBITS." "WELL, I WOULD NOT HAVE COOKED THEM FOR YOU ANYWAY."

"SO WHY SCRANTON?" ASKED THE ELDERLY MAN WHILE LOOKING AT THE MAP. THE SOVIETS REALLY HAD DONE EXCELLENT WORK.

HIS EQUALLY ELDERLY COMPANION SHRUGGED; BUT NOT A RUSSIAN SHRUG, THANKS TO DEDICATED TRAINING. "FOUNTAINS OF YOUTH MUST APPEAR *SOMEWHERE*; YOUR SCRANTON MERELY GOT LUCKY." HER FINGERS TWITCHED FOR AN ABSENT CIGARETTE. "WE DID NOT ENCOURAGE SUCH THINGS FORMING, OR LASTING, AT HOME."

"TOO SUPERNATURAL?" CHUCKLED THE FORMER CIA MAN.

"TOO TEMPTING. STALIN... LIVED QUITE LONG ENOUGH." THE AGENT SMILED. "BUT WE HAVE NOT. A REASONABLE TRADE, NO? YOUTH RETURNED TO US... IN INTERNAL EXILE."

"NOT QUITE THE SAME THING, DEAR."

-MOE LANE

[HTTP://WWW.MOELANE.COM](http://www.moelane.com)

[HTTPS://WWW.PATREON.COM/MOELANE?TY=H](https://www.patreon.com/moelane?ty=h)

[HTTP://WWW.WIRED.COM/2015/07/SECRET-COLD-WAR-MAPS](http://www.wired.com/2015/07/secret-cold-war-maps)