Substitution
by stephen hastings-king

Once there was a man who wrote in code. He was comfortable among substitutions. He never spoke about work. He never spoke about other-than-work. One day he was killed. He was stuffed into a duffel bag and left in a bathtub. Some weeks later he was found by mistake. Soon a story surfaced about a man who thought in code. It said he was comfortable among substitutions. He never spoke to anyone about work. He never spoke to anyone about other-than-work. One day he was killed. His body was stuffed into a duffel bag and left in a bathtub. Some weeks later he was found by mistake. Once there was a man who worked in code. He was comfortable among substitutions. He never spoke about work. He never spoke about other-than-work. One day he was killed. He was stuffed into a duffel bag and left in a bathtub. Some weeks later he was found by mistake. Soon a story surfaced about a man who thought in code. It said he was comfortable among substitutions. He never spoke to anyone about work. He never spoke to anyone about other-than-work. One day he was killed. His body was stuffed into a duffel bag and left in a bathtub. Some weeks later he was found by mistake. Once there was a man who wrote in code. He was comfortable among substitutions. He never spoke about work. He never spoke about other-than-work. One day he was killed. He was stuffed into a duffel bag and left in a bathtub. Some weeks later he was found by mistake. Soon a story surfaced about a man who thought in code. It said he was comfortable among substitutions. He never spoke to anyone about work. He never spoke to anyone about other-than-work. One day he was killed. His body was stuffed into a duffel bag and left in a bathtub. Some weeks later he was found by mistake. Once there was a man who worked in code. He was comfortable among substitutions. He never spoke about work. He never spoke about other-than-work. One day he was killed. He was stuffed into a

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