

DAVID ALYN GORDON



# JIGSAW: RECONQUISTA

AN ADVENTURE IN TIME AND HISTORY



DAVID ALYN GORDON

READER MAGNET

JIGSAW:  
RECONQUISTA

Copyright © 2024 by David Alyn Gordon

To The Love of My Life  
Gwyneth



# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

---

I would like to thank the following people for making this work and series a reality:

My wife, Dr. Gwyneth Gordon, for her endless support through the years.

My family and friends for their encouragement.

My students, teachers, and staff at Grand Canyon College Preparatory Academy.

Miblar for the cover art.

Ms. Tonia Designs for the formatting.

Natalie Bavar for providing valuable feedback by both beta reading and line editing.

Nicki Snyder for her invaluable beta reading.

Katie and Ray Sayre at Casa Paloma in Tumacacori for providing a wonderful bed and breakfast establishment that helped me do my research for parts of this book.

Friedrich Katz and his book *The Secret War in Mexico: Europe, the United States, and The Mexican Revolution*.

John Christopher and his book *Transatlantic Airships: An Illustrated History*.

PBS Video: Latino Americans: Episode One: Foreigners in Their Own Land.

Wikipedia and YouTube Videos on the Mexican Revolution, the Battle for Nogales, early civil rights activists in Arizona, the history of Tempe, Four Minute Men, the Slacker Raids, the Creel Committee, the American Protective League, Eugene Debbs, the attack on Wall Street, the Zimmerman Telegram, the Bisbee Deportation, and the Committee on Public Information.



November 27, 2025  
Basiluzzo Island

**M**ariah awoke after a very nice night with Bonomi. He was still sleeping peacefully. She smiled and decided to wake him up by nibbling on his ear.

He woke up laughing. "I love it when you do that."

"I know. I'm sorry you have to go."

"Me too."

"You know, it's Thanksgiving today in the States," Mariah said, downcast. "I wonder what my family will be doing."

Bonomi massaged her shoulder. "I'm sorry that we can't let them know you're alright and that they have two grandchildren."

Mariah kissed him on the cheek. "It's okay. I'm just thankful for you and the kids."

The buzzer rang on the Suzerain's door.

"Shit," Mariah said, climbing out of bed. "Let me get on my clothes and put on that infernal mask." She threw on her robes and scrambled to put the mask in place, as she approached the intercom by the door. "Who is it?"

“Faubert and Herman, Suzerain,” Herman answered.

Mariah left the bedroom, entered the office, and sat down behind the desk. She then pressed the button to open the door.

Herbert, Faubert, and two security guards entered.

“What’s with the security guards, Herman?” Mariah asked, uneasy.

“They’re for you, Suzerain,” Herman replied.

“What do you mean?”

“We’ve discovered the identity of Angelo’s confederate.”

“Have you?” she said, as she moved her fingers to another button on her control panel.

“Yes, and it’s you!” Herman said, leaning across the desk to get in Mariah’s space.

“You’re insolent and incompetent, Herman,” Mariah shot back, slapping him across the face. “I am your *Suzerain*, you idiot. I run Novus Ordo. Angelo must have planted some fake evidence to incriminate me, and you fell for it.”

“I don’t think so,” Herman countered, smoothing away the pain on his face with his hand. “We were able to access the transmissions to Grey Branch that you sent in the last few days. You were clever enough to encrypt the messages, but not clever enough to cover your tracks.”

“I see,” Mariah said. “You’re very industrious, Herman, but this discovery won’t do you any good.”

Mariah pressed the button on her control panel to electrocute Herman and the others, but nothing happened.

A smile spread across Herman’s face. “We took the liberty of disabling the power to your panel with the exception of the conduit that opens the door.”

“Good thinking,” Mariah said, unable to hide her annoyance. “You definitely learned from the fate of your predecessors.”

“Thank you,” Herman said. He snapped for the security guards

to come forward. “If you’ll please cooperate and follow the guards, Suzerain. I promise you won’t be harmed... *for now*. But first, take off your mask. We want to see what Foundation operative we’ve been working for all this time.”

Mariah stood up and reached for the ends of her mask.

The security guards aimed their weapons at her.

“No tricks,” Herman said, unable to hide his excitement. “Do it slowly.”

She calmly took off her mask.

Faubert’s face went slack. “Mariah Fischer?”

“I thought you were *dead*,” Herman said.

“SURPRISE,” Bonomi yelled, jumping in from the bedroom and detonating a flash-bang grenade. The intense light temporarily blinded everyone in the room. “YOU WEREN’T ABLE TO SHUT THIS OFF, HUH,” Bonomi shouted, as he ran to Mariah and pulled her to his chest. “Don’t worry, my love, I’ve got you.” He took out his TMD and activated it. Both he and Mariah teleported away.

“They’re gone,” Faubert said, squinting at the area behind the desk.

“DAMN,” Herman barked. “Come on. Let’s quickly prepare the facility for when the Foundation operatives arrive. Did you and your team take charge of Lilith’s inventory?”

“Done,” Faubert replied. “We also have all the files necessary for Project Powder Keg and Operations Sonora, Panic, and Unification.”

“Good,” Herman said. “Now let’s create our own Novus Ordo through Global Harmony.”



October 3, 1815  
Washington D.C.  
Outside the House Chambers

Speaker of the House Henry Clay was not looking forward to having this discussion. *Dealing with the British in Ghent to end the war was preferable*, he thought to himself, as he eyed the solemn-looking figure pacing outside the entrance to the House chambers. Clay had been away in Europe for almost two years. A leading war hawk in what history would record as the War of 1812, he was appointed by President James Madison as one of the peace commissioners—along with future president John Quincy Adams and three others—in charge of negotiating an end to hostilities between the United States and Britain in the Belgian city of Ghent. After ten months of back and forth and with the Napoleonic Wars also winding down on the continent, the Treaty of Ghent was signed on Christmas Eve in 1814. After the treaty signature, Clay journeyed to London to assist Albert Gallatin, the secretary of the treasury, in formulating a commercial trade treaty with their new friend, Britain.

He grudgingly approached his ill-tempered visitor, holding out his hand. “Bartholomew,” Clay said, forcing a fake smile. “How good to see you. It’s been a long time.”

“Save it, Henry,” Bartholomew growled, slapping his hand away. “It took you long enough to come back to the country. Were you afraid to face us?”

“That’s Mr. Speaker to you, Mr. Sancroft,” Clay said, regaining his nerve. “And I don’t fear you.”

“You’re only the speaker because of *me*,” Sancroft countered. “My associates and I backed you only because we knew you and the other war hawks would do our bidding.”

“And on most of the terms, I have,” Clay responded.

“Really?” Sancroft said, feigning mock surprise. “But the Indians get to have their rights restored on the northwestern lands they left. You call *that* doing our bidding?”

“Words on a piece of paper, Bartholomew,” Clay said, trying to reassure him. “There are no enforcement mechanisms. The British have just finished two wars with major losses and economic consequences. They do not have the strength or will to come to the aid of the Shawnee. They abandoned their goal of an Indian barrier state between us and Canada during the negotiations. The Shawnee leader, Tecumseh, is dead, and his brother, the prophet Tenskwatawa, is discredited and in exile. The northwest is ours for the taking.”

“All except Canada, where the prophet can mount an offensive from afar.”

“Not likely,” Clay responded.

“You should have held out for annexing Canada,” Sancroft persisted. “Those are our lost colonies from the Revolution. Reunification was ours for the taking!”

“I share your sentiment, brother,” Clay said, attempting to soothe his patron. “But look at what we have achieved! We’ve

extended boundaries up north and in Spanish Florida. We've restored trade and drafted new commercial treaties. Freedom of the seas is now recognized. The country is in a stronger position now than when the war began."

"Maybe," Sancroft replied, his head bowed in disgust. "But we used to have *much* grander dreams."

Sensing an opening to get back in his patron's favor, Clay patted Sancroft on the shoulder. "Some of your dreams have come true, but the others will take a little more time."

Sancroft looked up and managed a small smile. "We're a patient group. At least here, we got some of what we wanted. That didn't happen when we bankrolled Aaron Burr and his plans to annex the southwest and Mexico."

"You're lucky he didn't incriminate you," Clay said, remembering his successful legal defense of Burr and later conversations with President Thomas Jefferson.

"He might have if he had been convicted for treason."

"Maybe," Clay said. "Let me take you to dinner, and we can discuss future plans for improving the country and expanding its boundaries into Canada and the Spanish-held territories."

"Good," Sancroft replied. "We were also thinking of a more national role for General Jackson. He's a hero for what he did at New Orleans and shares our mindset on expansion and the Indians. What do you think?"

Clay gave another fake smile. To him, Jackson was just an uncontrolled prima donna and military adventurer. "He might be an interesting asset."





July 4, 1860  
Ranchero Vargas  
Just South of Tucson  
New Mexico Territory

**I**t was Independence Day, and even though the New Mexico territory was not technically part of that nation, there were celebrations across the areas that had been Mexico just six years before when the Gadsen Purchase between the two countries turned over what was now southern Arizona to the United States.

Alejandro Vargas was a respected landowner in what was once Mexican Sonora but was now southern New Mexico territory. His family had ranches in Mesa, Tucson, and Tubac. They were vacationing at the Tubac ranch, where it was cooler this time of year, when 11 riders, eight of them U.S. Army soldiers, approached the entrance gates. One of the ranchers greeted them on his horse and asked what they needed. One of the non-uniformed riders replied in Spanish that he needed to speak with Don Vargas. The rancher advised them to follow him and led them to the Vargas

house, where Alejandro was playing with his five-year-old son, Esteban, on the front porch.

When Vargas saw the riders behind his rancher, he called for his wife to come and take their son inside. The rancher came up to the porch and said the riders wished to speak with him. The riders positioned themselves next to each other along the front of the house. Vargas, fearful of the eight soldiers, welcomed the Americans and asked in Spanish what they wanted. The rider who spoke with the rancher rode up to the edge of the porch.

“Buonas dias, señor,” the rider said in Spanish. “My name is Clark Pendleton, and I’m with the United States Department of Interior. Are you Don Alejandro Vargas?”

“Sí,” Vargas replied.

Pendleton pulled out a document from his pocket and asked the rancher to give it to Vargas. The rancher did so, and Vargas opened the paper up but did not recognize the words on it. “What is this?”

“It’s a notice of eviction, Don Alejandro,” Pendleton said in Spanish. “You must leave your ranches here, in Mesa, and in Tucson.”

“Eviction,” Vargas repeated, shaking his head. “How can this be? This has been my family’s land since the Spanish ruled this area!”

“You didn’t correctly file your land grant papers with the United States Government, sir, and they foreclosed on the property when you didn’t correct the issue,” Pendleton said.

“No one told us there was a problem with the paperwork we filed.”

“I’m sorry, señor,” Pendleton said. “I’m just the messenger.” He looked at the other two non-uniformed riders. “These men are the new owners of the three properties, Señor Richard Sancroft and Señor Jonas Thorne.”

Sancroft and Thorne, neither of whom understood Spanish, rode up next to Pendleton when they heard their names mentioned.

“Is he going to cause trouble?” Sancroft asked.

“Just turn the soldiers on them and throw them out,” Thorne whispered.

“Relax,” Pendleton said. He turned and spoke to Vargas. “Señor, you have to vacate the properties now.”

“Outrageous,” Vargas replied. “I’ll take this to the government and courts. I’ll fight this.”

“That is your right, sir,” Pendleton responded, “but right now you and your family have to leave. These soldiers will escort you off the land.”

Vargas looked around at his ranch and pondered what to do. The soldiers would probably kill him before he could yell for his ranchers to help. And his family. He had to consider their safety. It was better to trust in the American court system than to give in to anger and possibly die. Justice had to prevail and right this wrong.

Vargas sighed and looked at Pendleton. “My family and I will need a day to pack the belongings we need to bring with us.”

Pendleton smiled. “You have it. We’ll camp out here, Don Vargas, and leave at dawn tomorrow.”

“Thank you for your consideration. I’ll have my servants bring you food and water.”

“Thank you for your generosity in this difficult moment. I know this is hard.”

Vargas nodded at Pendleton and walked into his house to speak to his family.

Pendleton told the soldiers to set up camp.

“Why are they setting up camp?” Sancroft asked. “Aren’t they leaving now?”

“They need to pack their belongings,” Pendleton replied. “We’ll leave at dawn.”

“Why so much time?” Thorne, said, groaning. “Can’t their servants help them clear out within the hour?”

“It’s better this way,” Pendleton said. “Shows us as gallant.”

“Fine,” Sancroft replied, unconvinced. “We’ll head back to our camp. My sister is pregnant, and my brother-in-law, here, doesn’t want to be away from her very long. Can you spare two soldiers for an escort?”

“Of course,” Pendleton said. He turned and asked the lead soldier to pick two men to escort the new property owners back to camp.

“If they’re not gone by 8:00 a.m. tomorrow, we won’t be so gallant anymore,” Sancroft said.

“Understood,” Pendleton said, tipping his hat to Sancroft.

Sancroft, Thorne, and their escort rode off.

“When we get to Tucson, Jonas,” Sancroft said to his brother-in-law, “let’s get a new representative from the Department of the Interior. This one is too nice.”

“Absolutely,” Thorne said. “Can’t build an empire with people like that in the government.”

Back at the ranch, Pendleton muttered under his breath, “What an ass.”

July 12, 1917  
Warren Ballpark  
Bisbee, Arizona

**T**hey were innocent miners who only wanted the Phelps Dodge management to treat them like human beings and bring dignity and safety to their workplace. The strike they organized with the aid of members of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) was peaceful, and the demands, including increased safety protocols, the acceptance of union membership, and six dollars a day for salary, were very reasonable. Eighty five percent of the miners joined the strike.

Instead, the corporation and their handpicked law enforcement and public leaders treated them like criminals and traitors, posting notices across Bisbee and in the local paper that the strikers were nothing more than “vagrants, traitors, and disturbers of the peace.”

To counter the threat posed by the IWW-led strikers, who called themselves the Metal Mine Workers Union Number 800, Cochise County Sheriff Harry Wheeler and his allies in the Citizens

Protective League and the local Phelps Dodge Corporate Executives recruited 2200 ruffians called “deputies” from Bisbee and Douglas.

The corporation had followed a similar plan in Jerome, Arizona a week before, arresting 60 IWW members and deporting most of them, via cattle rail cars, to Needles, California.

On July 12th, at 4:00 a.m., the “deputies” under Wheeler’s direction went to their assigned positions across Bisbee under cover of darkness. They wore white identification armbands to avoid confusion with the men they were about to detain.

At 6:30 a.m., they moved, arresting every suspected striker and supporter of the union they could find. Some also took several grocery store owners into custody, robbing their money and pillaging their inventory in the process. In total, they took about 2,000 men. Efforts to call for assistance outside Bisbee were futile. The sheriff and his confederates had cut off communications in the town.

After herding the strikers and their supporters to the Bisbee post office, the deputies hauled the men to the Warren Ballpark and held them there until the cattle cars from El Paso arrived at the train station. While at the park, the men were made to stand in the sweltering heat without water.

Pleased with how the morning raid went, Wheeler, beaming with delight, joined one of the Phelps corporate executives who came to the ballpark and patted him on the back, proudly proclaiming, “That’ll teach those Socialist radicals to come to Bisbee. These Unionists will think twice about making trouble in our town again.”

“I think you’re right,” the executive replied.

Just then, a broad-shouldered, blonde man wearing a suit and hat approached the Sheriff and executive. He was accompanied by two similarly dressed men.

“Sheriff Wheeler,” the man said.

Wheeler looked over the man, afraid that this was someone from Phoenix or the National Government who somehow made

it here to tell them to release the strikers and their friends. What they had done this morning was not legal, after all.

“How can I help you?” Wheeler asked, hoping he was not going to be the one taken into custody today.

“I’m Lionel Hoffman from the American Protective League.”

“American Protective League,” Wheeler repeated, searching his thoughts. “I’ve heard of you. You’re the government boys who are supposed to lock up any traitors threatening the war effort.”

“That’s right, and me and my men want to congratulate you on the job your people have done today.” Hoffman offered his hand, which Wheeler and the Phelps executive gladly shook. “We need more patriots like you if we’re going to win this war at home and defeat the traitors in our midst.”

“I totally agree,” Wheeler replied. “Now, what can we for you?”

“With your permission, me and my men would like to take about ten of the IWW prisoners and bring them to our headquarters for questioning. We need to find out what else they have planned for the southwest and the rest of the country. We do not want any repeats of what happened here and in Jerome.”

“Absolutely not,” the executive concurred.

“Good,” Hoffman said. “If we could kindly have the assistance of a couple of your fine deputies, we’ll take a few of these men off your hands.”

“It would be our pleasure,” Wheeler replied.

The Sheriff called for the two deputies that were closet to him and ordered them to follow Hoffman’s instructions. The American Protective League (APL) men had sheets of paper with the names of the people they wanted. They were all IWW members and were a mix of the demographics of the mining community. Some were white. Others were Latino and Native American.

After the prisoners had been rounded up, cuffed, and taken to the APL cars outside the ballpark, Hoffman thanked Wheeler

and his people for their cooperation. “It would be helpful if you... *lost* any paperwork on the men we have taken. We don’t want a trail leading back to us.”

“Understood,” Wheeler replied, thinking, *this is a man after my own heart*. “We’ll keep this hush hush on our end.”

“Good,” Hoffman said, shaking Wheeler’s hand. “Thank you again.”

Hoffman entered the passenger side of the lead car and signaled for the drivers to start their engines and move.

About ten minutes later, they were outside of the Bisbee area. Hoffman looked at his driver. The man looked like he was about to vomit.

“What’s wrong, Simon?” Hoffman asked in Arabic, a language meant to be unfamiliar to the ten strikers.

“These men stink,” Simon replied, also in Arabic. “They need a bath when we get them back to headquarters.”

“Oh, they’ll get one,” Hoffman replied. He chuckled. “That will be the one good thing they get coming with us. They’ll wish they stayed with their friends on the crap-infested cattle cars after we’re done with them.”

Simon smiled.

“I think we’re far enough out of Bisbee,” Hoffman said, motioning for the driver in the car behind them to stop.

Hoffman took out his pocket watch. “I hope all our recruitment missions go this smoothly. He looked at his APL identification papers and smiled. “I’m thankful to Mr. Hoffman and his friends for the papers they provided.”

“It’s not like they need them anymore, Mr. Noebert,” Simon said, laughing.

“Quite so,” Noebert replied, pressing the big hand on the watch. “Global Harmony Reigns.” A yellow light enveloped them. The strikers started to freak, trying to hop out of the cars. The APL



members pulled them back, telling them not to worry in both English and Spanish.

A few seconds later, the yellow light completely engulfed the cars. After another minute, the light and the vehicles both vanished.



November 20, 2025  
Saberstein Foundation Headquarters  
Arizona State University

Cheryl was scared and hesitant. Tori had been back for weeks but hadn't tried to talk to her about her experiences with Mueller and The Nightfall Detective Agency. Josh had always kept her updated on what was going on with Tori, but it was not the same. *This is a chance to start over*, Cheryl thought. *Why isn't Tori taking advantage of it?* Cheryl sighed. *Well, if she won't take the first step, I will.* She opened the door to Tori's office.

Tori was sitting behind her desk, refamiliarizing herself with the latest temporal protocols. She looked up and instinctively smiled when she saw Cheryl. She caught herself and turned back to the protocols.

"You shouldn't be here," Tori said, her eyes focused on her iPad. "This isn't the right time."

All of Cheryl's fear and anxiety transformed into a wave of anger. How could Tori just brush her off like that? She stepped into Tori's office and closed the door. "WHEN THE FUCK WILL BE

“THE RIGHT TIME?” Cheryl yelled, fuming. “You’ve been back for *weeks* and haven’t called me *once*. I didn’t even get a text message or a fucking email!”

Tori said nothing.

“SAY SOMETHING, DAMN IT! And have the decency to look at me when you talk to me.”

Tori lifted her face. “I’m sorry,” she weakly replied, struggling to look Cheryl in the eye. “I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“Well, you *have*,” Cheryl shot back, tears running down her face. “Why won’t you talk to me?”

“I don’t think us getting back together like nothing happened is such a great idea.”

“Isn’t that something we need to discuss together?” Cheryl asked, sniffing. “Don’t you think you owe me that?”

“I thought this was better,” Tori said, sighing. “I was trying to spare you the pain.”

“Well, you screwed *that* up,” Cheryl said, walking over to Tori’s desk, sitting down, and taking her former lover’s hand. Her tone softened. “Look, I don’t care what happened with Mueller. I don’t care that you were a vampire. We can start over now, in the present, and see where this new road takes us. Can’t we at least *try*?”

Tori smiled at Cheryl and squeezed her hand. “I’m sorry, but it won’t work. Trust me on this.”

Cheryl narrowed her eyes and wrenched her hand out of Tori’s grasp. “To hell with you!” she yelled, storming out of the office and almost plowing into Miguel Rivera, her Foundation partner.

“There you are!” he said, frowning. “What’s wrong? Everything okay?”

Cheryl counted to three in her head and took a deep breath before replying. “I don’t want to talk about it. What’s up?”

“Operations wants you. It’s about some dead bodies found in the Nogales, Mexico area.”

Cheryl sighed. “Fine, let’s go.”

“Actually, they just want to talk with you right now,” Miguel said.

“Fine,” she replied, stomping over to operations.

Miguel stared after her, sad that he couldn’t alleviate her suffering.

In her office, Tori couldn’t stop crying. She did what had to be done, but it still felt like hell. The phone on her desk rang.

“I can’t even cry in peace!” she said, wiping her nose and picking up the receiver.

Ferrara was on the line, but she was also crying.

“Director, what’s wrong?” Tori asked, her heart sinking.

“Noah’s gone.”

Tori pounded her fist on the desk and cried even harder.



March 1, 1917  
Mexico City

**E**steban Vargas was furious. His meeting with the Carranza Government representatives had not gone well. The publication of the Zimmerman Telegram had further stoked the anti-American sentiment in Mexico that had been steadily increasing since the U.S. invasion of Veracruz and General Pershing's chase of Pancho Villa. Vargas tried to convey to the Carranza representatives that now was the time to unify the Mexican people and rally them to Reconquista, the retaking of what was once Mexican northern Sonora, by allying with the Germans and attacking California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas.

By doing so, Vargas and other dons who were robbed of their United States-held properties following the Mexican American War and Gadsden Purchase could repossess their real estate holdings and thrive once more on their ancestral lands.

The Carranza people did not want to hear Vargas's fantasies. They knew Mexico could not survive a protracted war with the

United States and that Germany might not be a reliable partner no matter what it promised in the Zimmerman Telegram. Better to be neutral, they advised him, and see what develops later. In the meantime, the Germans could keep up their trading activities and other missions in Mexico as long as they did not drag the country into the war.

Vargas, resigned to the Carranza government not changing its position, went to drown his sorrows at a local Mexico City bar. After ordering a glass of *cerveza*, he was interrupted by a German-looking gentleman.

“May I join you, Don Esteban?” the man asked in English.

“Who are you?”

“My name is Noebert, and I understand you’re not happy with the position of your government toward the United States. Can I buy you a drink and have a conversation?”

Vargas turned away from Noebert. “Go away.”

Noebert sat down. “I think we may be of help to each other.”

“I’m not a traitor,” Vargas snapped.

“Of course not. You’re a *patriot*.”

“Nice try, but with this government at the helm, a traitor is what I’ll be, and I have no interest in getting executed and disgracing my family after all the years I’ve put into restoring our position just because I let a German buy me a drink.”

“But what if the Carranza Government doesn’t last?” Noebert said. “Your country is in the middle of a civil war. In this climate, a government can fall just as easily as it can rise, especially with a little help behind the scenes.”

Vargas turned, looked at Noebert, and tried to size him up. He wasn’t sure he could be trusted. “How did you say you were connected to the German government?”

“I didn’t.”

“Intelligence, then.”



“Would you like to take a trip with me? I have something to show you that may convince you that we represent the winning side.”

“If you have something like that, then why haven’t you shown my government yet?”

“Because they are spinless worms,” Noebert replied, rolling his eyes. “We want Mexican leaders with strength and vision on our team. Over the last several weeks, the Carranza people have shown us that they lack the fortitude and drive needed to achieve Reconquista.”

“How do I know you’re not an agent for the Carranza’s out to test my loyalty?”

Noebert raised an eyebrow. “A suspicious nature. I like that. Come with me, and I’ll prove to you that we want the same things.”

“I don’t think so.” Vargas finished his drink and stood up. “Adiós.” After taking only a few steps, he started to feel disoriented. Vargas listed to the right, but Noebert stood up and caught him before he fell.

“Come on, Don Vargas. You’ve had too much to drink,” he said, smiling.

About an hour later, Vargas woke up. He was in the passenger seat of Noebert’s car, and light seemed to surround them. He wrinkled his nose and turned to the driver’s side, where Noebert was smoking a cigarette and looking out the window.

“Where are we?” Vargas asked, rubbing his eyes.

“You’re where I wanted to take you,” Noebert replied. “Sorry, I had to put something in your drink before you got it. It was really important that I brought you here, and I just couldn’t let you walk away.”

“You bastard. Just take me home.”

“Come on,” Noebert said invitingly. “At least see what’s out here.”

Vargas growled at Noebert but figured that one look couldn’t hurt. He opened the passenger side door and left the car. They were

in some sort of hanger. He looked to his right and was dazzled by a long, football-shaped, metal skeleton being constructed. It was about 500 feet long and had fins and rudders. As he moved closer to the front of it, he could see construction crews installing a bombardier station and propellers. Further up, another crew was working on a gondola. Yet another crew was working on installing the covering of the ship—she was named the Sonora.

“It’s a zeppelin,” Vargas said, eyes glued to the massive construction.

“It is,” Noebert replied, grinning. “And if you join us, it’s yours to use for the Reconquista.”

Vargas whipped around to face Noebert and smiled. “Let’s talk.”

We hope you enjoyed *Jigsaw: Reconquista*

To find out what happens next, please order  
*Jigsaw: Sonora*  
now available on Amazon, Kindle, and  
Kindle Unlimited



**Buy Now**



# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

---

David Gordon has been a social studies teacher, principal, and founding owner of the Grand Canyon College Preparatory Academy in Tempe, Arizona. He grew up reading and watching science and historical fiction. He is also a big baseball fan. David has combined his various passions in the Jigsaw series, which focuses on time-traveling teens thrust into major historical events—many of which never made the standard history books. He was born in New York and now lives in Arizona with the love of his life Gwyn. They are both dog people and enjoy travel and food—Italian, Asian, Middle Eastern, and Indian cuisines. Currently, he is also an Instructional Assistant at Roosevelt Elementary School in Mesa, Arizona and a blogger/journalist for Blog for Arizona.

**Please sign up for the Jigsaw Universe Newsletter at  
[www.davidalynngordon.com](http://www.davidalynngordon.com)**

