

### Third From the Left

‘Miss! Come quick!’

Now what? It’s only been five minutes since Jayson Clarke reset the dials on the display Cipher Ring so the letters spelt PENIS. Our volunteer guide was not amused. Now, Tanesha Ali and her shifty little friends are huddled around a wall-mounted photo, pointing and giggling at God-knows-what. Why did I agree to supervise? Year 8s are arseholes in the classroom. They’re even worse on class trips.

Tanesha beckons me to hurry. ‘Seriously, Miss. You *NEED* to see this!’

‘What’s so urgent?’

‘Look!’ she says, pointing at a woman in the photo. ‘It’s you!’

‘You’re a time-traveller, Miss!’ Kira Levine laughs.

I lean forward to get a better look at the monochrome image of ten female Codebreakers in military garb, posing on the steps of Bletchley Park Mansion.

‘See?!’

The image is grainy. Overexposed. The hairstyle is all wrong. But my face—the same upturned nose, pointy chin, and deep-set eyes—stares back at me from an eighty-year-old photograph.

‘There’s certainly a strong resemblance,’ I say, noting the woman’s name. Third from the left—*M. Jones*.

‘She’s your doppelgänger, Miss!’ Taneesha squeals.

‘Maybe she’s a long-lost super-rich relative!’ Kira sputters.

I smile. ‘Wouldn’t that be something?’

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I turn my laptop around to show Mum the photo I snapped when our guide had his back turned. ‘I think I’ve found her,’ I say, enlarging the image.

Mum covers her mouth with her hand. ‘Oh, my!’ she gasps. ‘Was she a ... *Wren*?’

‘No. WWII Codebreaker.’

‘Like in the film?’

I nod.

She pulls the laptop closer and squints at the screen. ‘Uncanny. Remarkable.’

‘There’s more,’ I say, producing a brown folder. I take out stapled documents and hand them to Mum. ‘I’ve been in contact with the people at Bletchley. The woman in the photo ... her name was Margaret Jones. She was employed there from 1942 to 1945.’

‘Well, if she was working ...,’ Mum says almost dismissively.

I point to the bottom of the page. ‘She took a *personal* leave of absence from September ’43 to March ’44.’

Mum’s eyes widen.

‘Personal or *medical*?’ I ask.

‘The dates ... they add up, but it says here she was unmarried.’

‘*Exactly.*’

I turn the laptop back towards me. ‘Once I knew her name, I could research more. Margaret Elaine Jones, born 30 January, 1920. Attended Oxford, 1938-1942. Married Captain Roland T. Montgomery in 1948. She produced four children—Roland, Maggie, Timothy, and Elaine. Deceased, May 1996, age 76.’

‘This is a recent photo of Elaine,’ I say, showing Mum Elaine’s Facebook page. The familiar upturned nose, pointy chin, and deep-set grey eyes stare back at us through the ether.

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Gran sits next to the window in her favourite wing-back chair. She smiles when she sees us enter and gestures for us to sit.

‘It’s not Tuesday! What brings you here, lovey?’ she asks.

I take her frail hand in mine. ‘Gran, we believe we’ve found your birth mother.’