

A ghost will find his way home. I learned this nine months ago, when my twin brother, Toby, died in a field hospital in Stevensburg, Virginia. It was no more than a few moments between the last beat of his heart and when I knew. I was here, in the parlor, using the last light to cut linen strips for the Boston Ladies' Aid. Toby's presence was a wave crashing over me, knocking the breath from my body.

Three days later, we received the letter.

Many people have asked me if it is strange to be a twin. I'd say it is far stranger to be a single twin. I was Toby's alter and double, and we created shelters for each other in the physical world. In life, he'd been shy, and his death before he'd seen a day of combat seemed sadly apt.

And yet, in death, Toby isn't ready to go, or to let me go. We used to predict our futures in the downstairs coat cupboard. As I gaze at his photograph, I can hear his whisper in my head, confiding his dreams to spy for the Union, regaling me with stories of Nathan Hale, and how wars are won through ciphers and invisible ink *A spy sees everyone, but is seen by no one*, he loved to say. *Remember that.*

Other times he is silent, but I sense him, gentle and restless. Spying. He guards me always, just he as did in life. He has brought me closer to the other side, and I know that I am Changed.

And this is why my eyes open before I hear the wheels of the carriage at the bottom of the drive. It's dark outside, an elsewhere hour between midnight and dawn. I lie awake but frozen, waiting for a sound that has not yet become audible.

A carriage is approaching.

And now Jessie is barking, and now there's faint light through my window. Ellis has emerged from his room above the stable, lantern swinging from his hand. But I am paralyzed, every muscle rigid. I hear Uncle Henry's lumbering tread, Aunt Clara's petulant "Henry? Who is it, Henry, at this hour?"

Mrs. Sullivan and Mavis are awake, too, of course, but servants are trained to move in silence.

What if the carriage brings us news of Quinn and William? Or even my cousins themselves—that would be too much luck, perhaps, but I'm not sure that I'm strong enough to hear less. Another loss, after Toby, might be more pain than I could accept. And we are never given more than we can bear, are we?

When I sit up, I am pinpricked in fear.