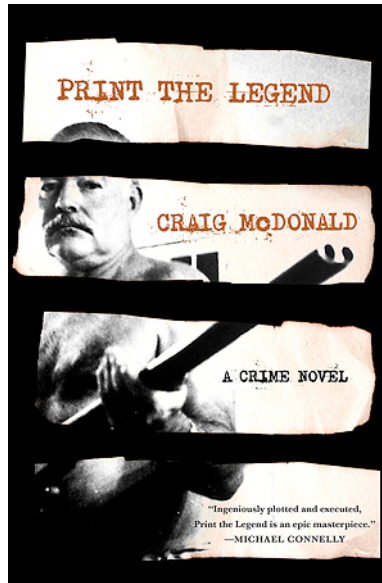


---

***CREEDY:  
WASHINGTON, D.C., 1957***

---



*“Just the minute the FBI begins making recommendations on what should be done with its information, it becomes a Gestapo.”*

— J. Edgar Hoover

The Director smiled, then looked up from the folder balanced on his lap. “So to all appearances, Agent Creedy, Hemingway has actually come to regard these altered materials you planted among his papers as genuine — as his own work?”

“Utterly. Mr. Hemingway was in New York City last week with his wife and Denis Zaphiro. He’s begun a memoir about his Paris days. My inserted chapter about Hemingway and Lassiter is there in his manuscript he’s traveling with. I photographed several of the pages of the Hemingway memoir manuscript after breaking into the hotel room. If you’re interested...” He handed the Director the tiny roll of film. “Hemingway seems *very* sentimental about his past.”

Hoover shrugged. “Aren’t we all? Well, you’ve convinced me, Agent. You may plant that longer manufactured holograph in the Hemingway papers when you think it is propitious and most damaging to Mr. Hemingway’s reputation and literary legacy.”

The Director gave Creedy a rare, frosty smile. “You’ve redeemed yourself, Mr. Creedy.”

**<http://www.craigmcdonaldbooks.com/legend.php>**