Cipher #4 Solution – December

Ian pushed the door open and held it, leaning away to give her room to pass, and then followed her down the stone steps, watching her dark braid swing back and forth and brush the top of her plaid backpack.

On the sidewalk she turned toward him. “It’s gorgeous out today. Don’t you love it when it’s all brisk and shade-shiny?”

Ian nodded and began walking, his duty done, but the girl fell into step beside him.

“I’m Allison Watchman.”