



Come all good people far and near,
Oh, come and see what you can hear.

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ALL GOOD PEOPLE

BY [LAH](#)

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U.N.C.L.E. Headquarters in New York City

He stared transfixed at the series of monitors. This was really happening. Within the blinking of an eye they could all be flash-burning to a quick death or facing a slow demise from radiation poisoning or trying to survive the horrors of a nuclear winter.

Sensing his newfound friend coming up to stand close enough to hear him without him raising his voice above more than a murmur, the Russian U.N.C.L.E. agent Illya Kuryakin remarked in a

tense tone, “In a few days, or perhaps in as little as a few hours, we will be nothing more than enemies again.”

“That won’t happen, Illya,” the American U.N.C.L.E. agent Napoleon Solo assured his colleague.

“I admire your optimism, Napoleon, especially in such dire circumstances, but isn’t that being rather unrealistic?”

“Not in the least.”

“So you truly believe neither side will launch their missiles?”

“I’m as unsure about that as you are,” Solo readily admitted.

Illya let his eyes move from the – for now – stationary rocket locating beacons blipping and bleeping steadily on the console screens. He gazed upon his friend who looked so calm, hands casually shoved in his trouser pockets, face serious but composed. He knew much of that was a cover of course. Napoleon Solo had a genius for showing the world a laid-back demeanor no matter what feelings were roiling under the surface. Still, this situation was so far beyond the bourn of what even they as agents for the United Network Command for Law and Enforcement dealt with on any kind of regular basis, Solo’s poise in the midst of it rattled Illya to his core.

“Then explain to me how you can say we would not be enemies if our countries push each other into nuclear war?”

“Our countries would be enemies, and you and I would be on opposing sides. But you would never be my enemy, Illya. Nor would most people within your country.”

“So you think I and a majority of my countrymen would abandon my nation’s cause in favor of that of yours?” he asked, definitely peeved by what he perceived as a form of American smugness that justness was always positioned squarely on their side of the fence.

“No,” Napoleon answered simply, with that one syllable persuading the initial perception of the American’s attitude to evaporate from the Russian’s mind.

“Napoleon,” ventured a now very frustrated Kuryakin, “you aren’t making any sense.”

“Humanity isn’t tied to any one nation,” Napoleon spoke certainly. “It’s universal.”

“So?”

“Illya, it’s like this: Within the global whole of humanity there are only two distinct sides – the good people and the bad people. Land boundaries don’t make people good or bad; neither do political ideologies or religious beliefs or social traditions. What makes people good or bad is how they engage with other people and how those other people engage with them in return.”

“A true concept but—”

“There is no but here, Illya. Nations go to war for reasons various and sundry. That’s happened throughout this world’s past history and will without doubt continue to happen in its future history. But in the end humanity comes to terms. Somehow, some way, the good people take a

stand and say 'Enough'. Somehow, some way, the good people hear the cries of other good people and respond to them. Somehow, some way, the good people seek other alternatives. Somehow, some way, the good people ultimately see that humanity is indeed one whole."

Illya Kuryakin blinked at Napoleon Solo. He was all at the same time amazed, inspired and cheered by his friend's idealistic viewpoint. And truthfully didn't he believe the same thing himself? Wasn't what Napoleon had said no more than what U.N.C.L.E. itself represented? The means to hear the cries of all good people and aid in the seeing of humanity as one whole to be forever protected? And wasn't he as dedicated to that protection – preservation if you will – of humanity and all its good people as were any within the Command, whatever nationality they claimed as their own?

"You're sure there are more good people than bad people then?" inquired Illya with a sheepish grin.

"Of that I have no doubt whatsoever," Napoleon confirmed with a brilliant smile.

Illya returned to watching the monitors. The immediate crisis was far from over, but he found there was an inner quiet in his soul that hadn't been there before. Somehow, some way, it would all be resolved. Somehow, some way, humanity would hear and see. Somehow, some way, all those good people would triumph.

"Napoleon," he addressed the other man without taking his eyes from the consoles.

"Yes, Illya?"

"Thank you for accounting me one of the good people."

"Tovarisch, you are one of the best people," finalized Napoleon in the most certain of tones.

—THE END—

