

Caleb couldn't believe what he was reading. He was about to share it with the rest of his team when he remembered that they had been ambushed, they had been found out. No one was supposed to know where they were, yet they knew. There was a mole. Remember...Trust no one.

He gathered the team and they left the building. Once outside, they found a staff car that was just sitting there with the keys in the ignition. They "helped" themselves to the car and left. The team ignored the guard at the gate even though he saluted them as they left.

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Back at the safe house, they found that Dorothy was still there.

"I thought I told you to go back to London." Caleb was getting angry that she had disobeyed his order.

"I was going to, but then I couldn't get in touch with anyone to meet me." Dorothy was having none of Caleb's attitude, and gave what she got. "I can't just call them up on a moment's notice and you know it."

"You are not safe here."

"Neither are you. Where is Sgt. David?"

With everything that happened, Caleb hadn't had time to process what happened in the ambush.

"He didn't make it. We were ambushed, and he was shot. I decided to go ahead with the plan we had. I got him killed." Caleb was mentally falling into a dark place. "We were warned about it and am responsible for his death."

Dorothy placed a hand on his shoulder. "You made a tactical decision to not try to improvise deep in enemy territory. You did what you thought was right and gave the least amount of risk. He followed orders. We are at war. It happens, and you need to deal with it. You are not the only one it has happened to and you are not the last one it will happen to. I know it is hard, but you need to put it behind you and move on. Your men and mission are still counting on you. Why don't you try to rest? Sleep would do you some good."

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Caleb looked out from the cliffs and could see a beach. In the sand on the beach, just where a canyon opened up, he could see a bomb that was counting down. To his left was a body of water, to his right was an opening to a series of canyons that ended at the beach. Looking into the canyons, he could see a large amount of people walking towards the beach. He needed to warn them of the bomb! He couldn't move. His legs just wouldn't do what he wanted them to do. He had to stop them from coming any closer! The timer was counting down! He yelled at them. No good. They couldn't hear him. The timer!

The people just kept coming. There were two men out in front that had made it to the beach. Good! Surely they would see the bomb and warn the others.