

"Let's sit tight for a minute," you tell Klein. As you are speaking, you smell a strange odor.

"They're gassing us through the ventilation system," Klein cries.

You hold your breath, knowing you will have to open the car door and get out within a few seconds. Klein has his hand on the door handle. You hear the whirling sound of a helicopter, then police sirens. Klein's door opens. Coughing from the acrid smoke, you dive out the door. The Buick is going up in flames.



Keeping low, you run for safety. Klein is right behind you.

"Some business you're in," he says.

The helicopter is now on the ground, sur-