

When you call out DuMont's name, there is a moment of silence. Then a voice responds cordially.

"Yes, who is it?"

You hear another voice from upstairs—this one in a broken accent—"Hoy, who's down there? Ken, get back here and get those dogs here!"

You have to act fast.

"Stand away," you shout. You draw your PPK 9-mm and shoot off the lock. You kick the door open and shine your Insta-flood lamp onto the

