

You nod and pick up the phone. The caller identifies himself as Claude DuMont. He tells you he is being held at a house on Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

"The only way you can save the whales is to get Russian cooperation," you say. "U.S. submarines are already destroying the whales so the Russians can't learn their secrets. If they learn that the Russians already know, they will stop."

"I understand," DuMont says.

You hope he understands you were lying.

One of the thugs grabs the phone and talks into it. The other one looks at you quietly, then says, "You did okay. I'll chain you to your bed. We may need your services again."

He marches you down the hall.

"Hey, Vladimir," the other one calls.

At that moment, you see a chance to break away. You run into a bathroom, lock the door, climb out the window, and jump, just in time to escape a hail of bullets. You land with a thud on the muddy ground, pick yourself up, and run.