

"What sort of security do they have here?" you ask, as Klein drives you along the twisting streets of Cambridge in his old blue Mercedes.

"Just a uniformed guard and an internal alarm system," he replies.

In a few minutes, Klein pulls up in front of the two-story, windowless, gray granite building and parks about forty feet behind a maroon Buick. Suddenly, the Buick begins to back up. It slams its bumper against the Mercedes. Another car sneeches to a stop right behind you. The Mercedes is wedged in, unable to move.

An electronically amplified voice calls, "Both of you get out of the car, hands up, or you'll go up in flames!"

You activate your radio distress beeper. You know the SIG helicopter is in the air within 10 miles of your car. It travels at 120 miles per hour, so there's a 50 percent chance it can reach you within 2½ minutes. The police would not be far behind.

---

*If you say to Klein, "Let's stand a few minutes, I can get us some help," turn to page 34.*

*If you say, "We'd better go along with them," turn to page 76.*