

You rush to the phone and dial the N&S hotline.

"Nicholson here," a crisp voice answers.

"This is Jonah," you reply. "Priority 1. Need helicopter and CE force 3 immediately. Can you pick me up by helicopter at the hospital?"

"One moment, please," the voice replies coolly, "checking your code name. Is this SIG directive?"

"Look, this is urgent," you reply. "If you're not qualified for this, get me someone who is. We have only minutes to spare."

"OK, hold on," the voice replies.

You hear a commotion at the other end; then another voice comes on.

"Hello, who is this?"

"This is Jonah," you say impatiently.

"Jonah, this is Lieutenant Gascoyne, the CID."

"Can you get a helicopter and CE force 3 to the hospital at once?" you shout into the phone.

"Hold on," Gascoyne replies.

You wait for what seems like hours, looking alternately at your watch and the darkening sky.

"Sorry, Jonah," Gascoyne says. "Our helicopter is in the shop. We have a car on the way to the hospital to pick you up. Be there in half a minute."

You wait impatiently. Finally, a gray Dodge sedan with three marines in it screeches to a halt. You run out and jump in. The car accelerates rapidly and careers through the narrow streets of Provincetown. A few minutes later, you are on the road to Galley Ponds.

The marines look grim and determined. As you approach the edge along the coast, you discuss whether to storm the lighthouse or try to stay undercover. The driver brakes sharply as you approach a curve. Suddenly, you hear shots. The car