

"We surrender," you call out.

"Very well," a thick-accented voice calls down the stairs. "March up, one at a time. Hands straight up over your heads . . . DuMont first."

You motion to DuMont, and he raises his hands and starts up the stairs. You throw down your weapon and prepare to follow.

"Very good," one of the agents says after the other has linked you and DuMont. "So we have pulled in another fish. And, Victor, this is Jonah, is it not? You are surprised we know your code name—such an unlikely name for you. Yes . . . we know all about you. Well, Jonah, you are going to be swallowed by a whale."

He cackles at his little joke.

The agents bind, gag, and blindfold you. Later they take you and DuMont for a ride, then march you down a wooden ramp. You can smell a mixture of salt air and gasoline. Now you are boarding a boat.