

You knock on the door. There is no response. You knock again. Finally, the door opens a few inches. A thick chain prevents it from opening further. A short, bulky man in a black suit and black tie peers out at you.

"What do you want?" he asks gruffly.

"I have some information that Ivan Ivenko wants very much. I am prepared to sell it for \$10,000."

"I see," the black-suited man replies. "And what is the nature of this information?"

"It is the meaning of the new whalsonig."

"Wait," the voice says, and the door slams in your face.

A few minutes later a tall woman opens the door. Her thick, reddish-blond hair is swept back tightly over her head.

"You may come in," she says in an icy voice.



The woman shows you into a lavishly furnished study, where a round-faced, bald man is seated at a large mahogany desk. He does not move, except to gesture toward a chair. You take a seat, quit