

A few hours later, you land at Halifax airport, pick up your baggage, and walk outside into the cold, misty night.

As you wait for a cab to take you to the Lord Dufferin Hotel, a black Ford drives up. A well-tailored young woman steps out and walks up to you.

"Jonah!" She gestures with her hand, indicating that she wants you to get inside the car.

Obbard must have gotten in touch with the Canadian Intelligence Office and asked them to provide you with assistance. As you step forward to get in the car, you exchange gloves with the driver, a heavyset man with a cap pulled down over his forehead. He smiles at you.

The woman knows your code name, so you have no reason to doubt that she is on your side. Yet, for some reason, you feel suspicious. Maybe you're just getting jumpy from being in this business so long.

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*If you get in the car, turn to page 24.*

*If you decide to step back and ask a few questions, turn to page 22.*